



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/nation122jannewy>

43021

CURLINGHAM
PUBLIC
LIB.

copy

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
INDUSTRY

43021

FOUNDED 1865

BERLIN
PUB.
LIB.

VOLUME CXXII

JANUARY 6, 1926, TO JUNE 30, 1926

—

THE NATION, Inc.
20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

BERLIN
PUB.
LIB.

- Osservatore Romano* opposes fascisti; EP. 73
 Ottinger, Albert; EP. 654
 Our press. W. H. Stallings; C. 117
 Owl on President's bedpost; EP. 465
 Oxford, England
 Stories of Oxford; Dt. 287
- P
- Pacifists
 Never satisfied. B. F. Lane; C. 86
 Page, Walter Hines, and Wilson, Woodrow
 Estrangement; EP. 3
 Pangalos, T. H. See Greece—Democracy: Eastward Ho!
 Parker, Alton B.
 Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt.
 O. G. Villard; S. 716
- Parks
 National park in the East. A. A. Shurt-
 leff; C. 87
 Parmelee, Mary M.
 Way of salvation; C. 88
 Parsons, Luke F. Obituary; EP. 516
 Passaic strike. See Strikes—United States
 Pavers, James H.
 Rolland bibliography; C. 450
 Pennell, Joseph. Obituary; EP. 491
 Pennsylvania
 Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare. F. R. Kent; S. 398
 People's reconstruction league
 Conference in Washington; EP. 21
 Percin, Alexandre
 Visited with disgrace; EP. 192
 Périhole, H. Meilhac and L. Halévy; D. 17
 Perkins, Randolph; E. 571
 Perplexed teacher. B. S. Greenberg; C. 13
 Perth Amboy
 A call to Perth Amboy. G. M. Garsson; C. 317
- Petroleum
 Special appeals in oil scandal trials; EP. 356
- Philippine islands
 A "united front" in the Philippines; IP. 266
 Extermination of rebel Moros; EP. 622
 Filipinos warned against pleading for inde-
 pendence; EP. 304
 Mission of Colonel Thompson; EP. 381
 Past and future in the Philippines. L. S.
 Gannett; S. 283
 President Coolidge on self-government of;
 EP. 2
 Problem of casual offspring; EP. 167
 Problem of the Moros; EP. 681
- Pickens, William
 Youth attacks the "color line"; S. 607
 Pidgeon, Harry; E. 439
 Pilsudski, Joseph
 Personal qualities; EP. 621
 Pinafore; D. 484
- Platt, Chester C.
 Parasites and college endowments; C. 12
 Tampa—Florida's big city; S. 171
- Play jury
 The play jury functions; E. 685
- Poe, Edgar Allan
 Poe's idea of beauty. J. W. Krutch; S. 285
- Poems
 Astrology. L. N. Jennings. 36
 Ballad of old Doc Higgins. L. Speyer. 179
 Body beleaguered. J. N. North. 227
 Cafe. W. Bynner. 641
 Ditty. A. Tate. 699
 Encounter. L. T. Nicholl. 344
 Flight. W. Bynner. 453
 Free. L. R. Gottschalk. 89
 Goats. C. E. S. Wood. 234
 Home song. C. McKay. 318
 I shall know. E. L. Walton. 258
 Important if true. N. H. Dole. 140
 Lothrop, Montana. W. Chambers. 726
 Memories of A—. A. MacLeish. 671
 Modeler's middle-age. L. T. Nicholl. 289
 On a death mask. E. L. Masters. 118
 Poems. W. Chambers. 370
 Poems from desert Indians. F. Densmore. 407
 Pueblo legend. L. W. Spencer. 64
 Restoration. D. Morton. 502
 Santo Domingo corn dance. L. Riggs. 497
 School-teacher. S. Bert Cooksley. 583
 Shadows for Florida. C. Rakosi. 499
 Substitution. L. T. Nicholl. 448
 The acolyte. J. Rorty. 506
 The foreigner. W. Bynner. 297
 The great steel city. B. Biber. 982
 The Nation's prize poem. G. Cohn. M.
 R. Bradshaw. S. A. Colbentz. S. B. Field.
 C. E. S. Wood. R. Whitaker; C. 316
 The pale woman. S. B. Field. 611
 The spire. E. L. Masters. 556
 Thoughts at the year's end. B. Deutsch
 (prize poem). 143
 To a friend. H. Long. 14
 Wild Game. D. Davidson. 605
- Poetry
 Bottom of the well; E. 131
 Divergent schools; E. 26
 The poetry prize. S. T. Byington; C. 633
 The poet's way; E. 494
- Poland
 Diagnosis of political troubles; EP. 621
 The Pilsudski overturn; EP. 568
- Political ideas
 The political theory of Harold J. Laski. W.
 J. Shepard; S. 147
- Political satire
 Taking the devil out of the devil dogs. W.
 Hard; S. 629
 Pomeroy's past. C. Kummer; D. 510
 Porter, Anna
 Equality among women; C. 205
- Portugal
 Portugal's African slave states. A. E. John-
 son; IS. 264
 Pound, Arthur; E. 307
 Prayer as weapon in miners' strike; EP. 49
 Primaries
 Blamed for corruption; EP. 681
- Prisoners—Political
 Liberation demanded; EP. 1
 Prize contest for college students
 Announcement of awards; EP. 75
- Prize essay
 A student factory hand. M. L. Sutherland;
 S. 110
- Prohibition
 Amorouness and alcohol. M. Austin; S. 691
 Government cannot enforce prohibition; EP. 167
 Expediency of prohibition; EP. 167
 Prohibition and politics; E. 306
 Prohibition on trial. H. C. Engelbrecht; S.
 471. 503
 Reactionary dries. S. Danziger; C. 697
 Smoking out dry-wets; EP. 271
 The anti-saloon league. S. E. Nicholson; C. 312
 "Vote as you drink"; E. 621
 Wet or dry?; E. 384
- Proskauer, Joseph M.
 Settles strike; EP. 241
- Protocol powers' ultimatum to China. 497
- Public hearings
 One-sided public hearings. S. T. Byington;
 C. 182
- Pulitzer Prize
 Sinclair Lewis refuses award; E. 546
- Pulitzer prizes
 Year's awards; EP. 517
- Pullman company
 The Pullman peon. B. Stolberg; S. 365
- Purpose of plant quarantine. W. M. Jardine; C. 33
- Q
- Quackery
 Success "done" S. Chase; S. 501
- Quakers. See Friends, Society of
- Quill
 Moves to Brooklyn; Dt. 669
- R
- Races of man
 "The only pure race." A. A.; C. 110
- Radio control
 Radio censorship and the "listening mil-
 lions." M. L. Ernst; S. 473
 Who shall control the air? M. L. Ernst; S. 413
- Radio. See also Free speech by radio
- Railroads—United States
 Peace by persuasion; E. 51
 Union-management cooperative plan; EP. 683
- Railway, William M.
 Race segregation; C. 478
- Rakosi, Carl
 Shadows for Florida; P. 499
- Rangel, Jesus; EP. 1
- Raphaelson, Rayna
 A Chinese ruler runs away; S. 690
- Raquel Meller. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 510
- Reade, Arthur E. E.
 The dictatorship in Greece; IS. 402
- Reader, Constant
 He doesn't find us dry reading; C. 450
- Redmayne, Sir Richard; E. 571
- Reed, James A.; EP. 329
- Reforms brought about
 We hone so. J. P. Eastman; C. 634
- Reeve, J. C.
 The automobile tyranny; C. 206
- Reinhold, Sally Edwards
 Equality among women; C. 205
- Religion
 Congregationalist progressivism; EP. 653
- Reserve officers' training corps
 Activities in colleges; EP. 436
- Richman, Lena
 Working hours for women; C. 343
- Riggs, Lynn
 Santo Domingo corn dance; P. 407
- Riple, Madge A.
 Samoa again; C. 555
 Samoa: Shall we navalize or civilize it?; S. 393
- Rinsau (Duluth); EP. 651
- Rives, Amélie, and Emery, Gilbert
 Love in a mist. Criticism. J. W. Krutch;
 D. 481
- Robertson, J. D.
 Conservative New Zealand; C. 87
- Rolland, Romain
 Romain Rolland's sixtieth birthday. R. F.
 Zuehlín; C. 182
 Rolland bibliography. J. H. Pavers; C. 450
- Roman catholic church. See also Mexico—The
 clergy or the constitution
- Roman catholic church in Mexico
 The catholic position. J. A. Ryan; S. 650
 The Mexican position. J. M. Bejarano; S. 661
- Romantic young lady. G. M. Sierra; D. 561
- Roosevelt monument; E. 52
- Roosevelt, Theodore
 Rivalry of Roosevelt and Wilson worshippers;
 E. 52
- Rorty, James
 The acolyte; P. 506
- Rosen, K. N.
 Tolstoi's granddaughter; C. 698
- Rosenbloom, Samuel
 Otto Carque's book again; C. 34
- Rubber
 Rubber and Mr. Hoover; E. 50
 Truth about rubber prices; EP. 127
- Rumania
 Averescu made premier; EP. 383
 Averescu: Rumania's Mussolini. J. Fuchs;
 IS. 526
 Averescu wins in election; EP. 682
 Crown prince renounces throne; EP. 73
 Overthrow of Bratianu; EP. 382
 Upset of Tsankoff ministry; EP. 21
- Russia
 Figures attesting industrial revival; EP. 622
 Ivy L. Lee favors recognition; EP. 357
 USSR declines invitation; IP. 635
 War guilt becomes plainer; E. 77
- Russia—Economic revival
 Dishonest comment; EP. 709
- Russia—Foreign relations
 Germany, Russia, and the league. L.
 Fischer; S. 667
 Russian-German treaty; EP. 490
- Russia—Moral issues
 Sex standards in Moscow. P. Blanshard;
 S. 522
- Russell, Dora
 Should wives have wages?; C. 603
- Ruyssen, Th. See Macedonia; the Slav in
- Ryan, John A.
 Liberty and the Roman catholic church—
 The catholic position; S. 660
- S
- Sacco-Vanzetti case; EP. 569, 655, 711
- St. John's college vs. Washington Square col-
 lege; E. 334
- Saintsbury, George
 Saintsbury. O. W. Firkins; C. 34
- Salesmanship
 A dollar down; E. 307
 Critical observations; Dt. 697
- Samoa
 Samoa Again. M. A. Ripley; C. 555
 Samoa—"Our sole despotism"; E. 334
 Samoa: Shall we navalize or civilize it. M.
 A. Ripley; S. 393
- Santa Fé, New Mexico
 Quiet, happy, and productive artists; EP. 513
- Sargent, John Singer
 John Singer Sargent's letters. R. W. Hale;
 C. 233
- Sayre, John Nevil, and Cavert, Samuel M.
 Militarism in education; C. 181
- Scandinavia—Literature
 Realism in Scandinavia. J. Moritzen; S. 531
- Schaibly, John G.; S. 203
- Scheffauer, Herman George. See Tolstoi, Leo
- Schmitt, Eugen Heinrich. See Tolstoi, Leo
- Schubert, W. F.
 Case of South Tyrol; IS. 18
- Schuyler, George S.
 The Negro-art hokum; S. 662
- Schweiger, F. Werfel; D. 427
- Scripps, Edward W. Obituary; EP. 331
- Scriptures
 Jazzing the scriptures; E. 172
- Seeger, Eugene
 Agreement in Brazil; C. 88
- Seiler, Conrad
 Los Angeles must be kept pure; S. 548
- Serbia
 Serbia's guilt at Serajevo; I. 96
- Seventeen. B. Tarkington; D. 123
- Shadwell, Bertrand
 Speed control for automobiles; C. 63
 "Straight-flung words and few"; C. 452
- Shakespeare, William
 Taming of the shrew. Criticism. J. W.
 Krutch; D. 69
 The merchant of Venice. Criticism. J. W.
 Krutch; D. 69
- Shallenberger, Ashton C.; EP. 127
- Sheldon, Edward, and McArthur, Charles
 Lulu Belle. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 238
- Shepard, Walter James
 The political theory of Harold J. Laski; S. 147
- Shill, Chao-Ying
 Another joke on the "errand boy"; C. 555
- Shimidzu, Hiroshi
 Organized workers in Japan; IS. 676
- Shipley, Maynard
 Crime and capital punishment; C. 139
- Shipman, Frank R.
 Atlanta's Negro barbers; C. 343
- Ships
 The hobo of the seas; E. 307
 Wind-driven, sailless rotor boat; EP. 543
- Shipstead, Henrik; EP. 74
- Shurtleff, Arthur A.
 National park in the East; C. 87
- Sierra, G. Martinez
 The romantic young lady. Criticism. J. W.
 Krutch; D. 561
- Silesia
 Famine in Lower Silesia; IP. 214

- Sinclair, Upton
Ornithological note; C..... 450
Sins of Sinclair. U. Sinclair; C..... 86
- Skeel, Emily E. F.
Delphi lives again; C..... 670
- Smith, Alfred E.
"Al" Smith is right again; E..... 596
Construction of modern apartments; EP.. 49
Housing the people; E..... 246
Retention of natural resources; E..... 170
- Smoot, Reed; E..... 195
- Society for the prevention of crime in New York city
Plan meriting award of \$2,500; E..... 24
- Sociology
The land of the lazy; E..... 658
- Solis-Cohen, Leon M.
The pacifism of Oscar S. Straus; C..... 582
- Solomon Said—Bo Ho; C..... 317
- Song of the flame; D..... 94
- South Africa
The color question in South Africa. R. S. Alexander; S..... 694
- Spain
Catalonia demands autonomy; EP..... 491
- Spencer, Lilian White
Pueblo legend; P..... 64
- Sperling, L. N.
A view of "Israel"; C..... 525
- Speyer, Leonora
Ballad of old Doc Higgins; P..... 179
- Sport of kings; D..... 587
- Sports
Creation of professional football league; EP..... 357
Stabler, Walter; EP..... 331
- Stallings, W. H.
Our press; C..... 117
- Stevens, Doris
Home as a joint-stock company; S..... 81
- Steyne, Alan N., and Canfield, Hubert
Wanted: barroom ballads; C..... 316
- Still waters. A. Thomas; D..... 295
- Stolberg, Benjamin
The Pullman peon; S..... 365
- Straus, Henrietta
Bach festival; M..... 615
Marion Talley and older; M..... 322
Puppet and conductor; M..... 164
"The immortal hour"; M..... 509
- Straus, Oscar S. Obituary; EP..... 516
- Straus, Oscar S.
The pacifism of Oscar S. Straus. L. M. Solis-Cohen; C..... 582
- Strauss, Johann
The king of the waltz. H. E. Greene; S.. 180
- Stravinsky, Igor. See Music—Two parodies
- Streit, Clarence K.
Admiral Bristol; C..... 117
- Strikes—Great Britain
A solution of the British coal question. C. E. S. Wood and S. B. Field; C..... 554
British general strike. H. J. Laski; S.. 663
Coal strike and beyond. H. J. Laski; S.. 578
Eight-hour-day betrayal; EP..... 709
End of general strike; EP..... 567
Enhanced prestige of Baldwin; EP..... 567
Essence of Britain's strike; E..... 571
General strike's first week; EP..... 541
Law and the British strike. R. L. Moore; C..... 698
Mr. Benn sees it through. E. Benn; S..... 666
National strike in Great Britain. J. R. MacDonald; S..... 628
Stanley Baldwin's guilt; E..... 544
Talk of nationalization of mines; EP..... 594
"Wicked and criminal fight" in England; E..... 519
- Strikes—United States
A strike and an American. O. G. Villard; S..... 500
Furs and fur workers; E..... 598
Gloomy outlook for Passaic strike settlement; EP..... 622
Health conditions of striking fur workers; EP..... 436
Help for Passaic strikers; EP..... 381
Legitimate use of injunction in Bergen County; EP..... 515
Low wages, high profits; E..... 333
New Jersey under "the terror." F. Kirchwey; S..... 470
Passaic police blunder; EP..... 269
Passaic strike; EP..... 381
Settlement of fur-workers' strike; EP.. 711
Situation on the Western Maryland; EP.. 489
Sheriff's dictatorship; E..... 466
The war in Passaic. M. H. Vorse; S..... 280
- Strindberg, August
Easter. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 375
The Dream Play. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 122
- Stronger than love. D. Nicodem; D..... 69
- Students
Opponents of militarism; C..... 62
- Student, A.
Anti-militarism at City College; C..... 451
- Student conferences, international and domestic; EP..... 683
- Studer, Norman
The new college journalism; S..... 579
- Sudermann, Hermann
Magda. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 187
- Suffrage
How to make Americans vote; E..... 492
- Sukhomlinov, W. A. Obituary; EP..... 219
- Summerton, Edgar
Eton, a school for "poor boys"; C..... 87
Eton college—again; C..... 724
- Sun Chuan-fong; E..... 684
- Supreme kingdom
Rival of the Ku klux klan; EP..... 168, 490
- Sutherland, Margaret Lindsay
A student factory hand; S..... 110
- Sweden
The protest of the Swedish importers. J. Moritzen; IS..... 459
- Sweetheart time; D..... 123
- Swift, Jonathan. See Literature—Two hundred years of Gulliver
- Syria
Acid test of mandates system. E. M. Earle; S..... 28
Appeals to the league; I..... 705
French bombard Damascus; EP..... 592
French occupation; IP..... 42
Intrigue in the Middle East. A. E. Johnson; IS..... 141
Rebuke to the French in Damascus; I..... 618
- T
- Tabloid newspaper. See Newspapers—Journalistic jazz
- Tacna-Arica question
Bolivia offers to buy territory; EP..... 330
Misguided diplomacy; E..... 713
- Talley, Marion; EP..... 219; M..... 322
- Taming of the shrew. W. Shakespeare; D.... 69
- Tariff—Beet-sugar industry
Please pass the sugar; E..... 5
- Tariff commission. See United States—Tariff commission
- Tariff
Trusts and the tariff. S. Danziger; C.... 232
- Tarkington, Booth
Seventeen. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.. 123
- Tate, Allen
Ditty; P..... 699
- Taxation—United States
President signs tax bill; EP..... 243
Ruff enough. F. Hinkhouse; C..... 139
The sacred ointment. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 310
- Tea at Tintagel and in general; Dt..... 205
- Tennessee
A liberal in Tennessee. J. T. Moutoux; S.. 696
Hog-calling contest at university; EP..... 595
- The monkey talks. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 69
- The two orphans. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 457
- The virgin. A. C. White and L. Bennison; D.. 262
- Thoby, Perceval. See Haiti—Haiti misruled
- Thomas, Augustus
Still waters. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.. 295
- Thomas, Charles M.
Our destiny—Calvin; C..... 634
- Thomas, Norman
In regard to coal; C..... 477
- Thompson, Carmi A.; EP..... 381
- Thomson, Dorothy
Women correspondents and other ideas; S.. 11
- Thurston, Lorin A.; E..... 334
- Times reviews Magdalen King-Hall; EP..... 655
- Todd, Hiram C.
In justice to Hiram C. Todd; C..... 670
- Tolstoi, Leo
Letters to Eugen Heinrich Schmitt. Tr. by H. G. Scheffauer..... 134, 177, 200
Tolstoi's granddaughter. K. N. Rosen; C.. 698
- Touring car passes; E..... 105
- Traister, Aaron
Those military instructors; C..... 610
- Tramp steamship. See Ships—The hobo of the seas
- Trapp, Martin Edwin; EP..... 49
- Treat, Ida
Paris styles in shirts; S..... 362
- Tribune (Chicago)
A recruit to sanity. M. H. Friedman; C.. 670
- Tutun, Jacob J.
Admission to citizenship; EP..... 655
- Twitcheil, George B.
When the clergy keep silent; C..... 610
- Two orphans; D..... 457
- Tyler, Marian
Jazz leaves home; M..... 68
- Tyranny world-wide; EP..... 681
- Tyrol
Case of South Tyrol. W. F. Schubert; IS.. 18
- U
- Unique pamphleteering; EP..... 193
- United States—Administration
Delay in return of sequestrated property; EP..... 304
- United States—Army
Our naval and army waste; E..... 221
- United States—Congress
Rejection of Wallace McCamant for federal judgeship; EP..... 304
Senate committee to investigate tariff commission; EP..... 304
- United States—Department of justice
John Garibaldi speaks. F. R. Kent; S.... 85
- United States—Federal trade commission
The richest country on earth; E..... 656
- United States—Foreign relations
Difficulties with Mexico; EP..... 437
Our Mexican diplomacy; E..... 130
Our war claims against Britain; E..... 353
The gunboat policy sheds blood in China. L. S. Gannett; S..... 496
The Mexican complications; E..... 272
- United States—Insular possessions. See also Philippine islands and Virgin islands
- United States—Insular possessions
A "united front" in the Philippines; IP.... 266
Justice for the Virgin islands; E..... 273
Past and future in the Philippines. L. S. Gannett; S..... 283
- United States—Intellectual life
Can an artist live in an American university? I. Edman; S..... 409
They wanted to tell. F. Dell; S..... 146
- United States—Interstate commerce commission
Confirmation of Thomas F. Woodlock; EP.. 355
Disapproval of Van Sweringen merger; EP..... 330
Rejection of Thomas F. Woodlock; EP..... 218
The Van Sweringens turn Nickel Plate into gold. H. S. Bird; S..... 277
- United States—National parks service
The battle of Jackson's Hole. S. Burt; S..... 225
- United States—Navy
Our naval and army waste; E..... 221
- United States—Politics and government
Bigger and better mergers; E..... 194
Confused situation in Indiana; EP..... 464
Coolidge placating the farmer; EP..... 464
Defeat of Senator McKinley of Illinois; EP.. 463
How to make Americans vote; E..... 492
Our faltering faith in democracy; E..... 438
Pennsylvania and Oregon; E..... 597
Pennsylvania senatorial fight; EP..... 463
Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare. F. R. Kent; S..... 398
Please pass the sugar; E..... 5
Prohibition and politics; E..... 306
Secrecy in the senate. G. W. Norris; S.. 498
The Brookhart victory; E..... 657
The defeated railway merger; E..... 273
The democrats stand by Mellon. F. R. Kent; S..... 281
The farmer has lost his club. F. R. Kent; S..... 340
The Massachusetts escalator. F. R. Kent; S..... 553
The secret sorrows of the White House. F. R. Kent; S..... 138
"Vote as you drink"; E..... 624
Wet or dry?; E..... 384
Will the democrats come back? F. R. Kent; S..... 475
- United States—Tariff commission
Facts coming to light; EP..... 73
Investigation demanded; EP..... 22
Man who threw the tariff bomb. S. Bent; S..... 83
Norris indicts president; E..... 131
Persecution of Culbertson; EP..... 102
Turn about of William S. Culbertson; EP.. 594
Wanted: a little sympathy; E..... 308
- United States—Treasury department
Settlement of war claims between United States and Germany; EP..... 355
- United States Daily; EP..... 219
- V
- Vacations
Workers unity house; EP..... 683
- Van Doren, Mark
First glance; S..... 14, 36, 64, 89, 149, 183, 207, 234, 289, 318, 344, 370, 411, 453, 479, 506, 556, 589, 641, 699
- van Loon, Hendrik Willem
Cartoons..... 27, 53, 78, 107, 133, 173, 197, 223, 249, 276, 309, 335, 361, 387, 441, 469, 495, 520, 547, 573, 599, 627, 659, 687, 715
- Vestal, Albert H.; E..... 571
- Villard, Oswald Garrison
A strike and an American; S..... 500
Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt; S..... 716
The nakedness of Colonel House; S..... 388
The true Woodrow Wilson; S..... 639
- Virgin islands
Congress to accord civilian government; EP..... 356
Justice for Virgin islands; E..... 273
- Vorse, Mary Heaton
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; S..... 175
The war in Passaic; S..... 280
- W
- Wadsworth, James W., jr.
Honest politician; EP..... 683
- Wages for wives
Equality among women. A. Porter and S. E. Reinhold; C..... 205
Home as a joint-stock company. D. Stevens; S..... 81
Marriage a financial partnership. F. G. Buckstaff; C..... 232
Negative report. A. G. Hays; S..... 54
Should wives have wages? D. Russell; C.. 609
Wages for wives—a Russian view. E. J. Hecker; C..... 400

- Hurlbut, William
Bride of the lamb. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 427
Huxley, Aldous. E. Muir; S. 144
Hydro-electric power
Raiding water-power; E. 170
- I
- Ibsen, Henrik
John Gabriel Borkman, Hedda Gabler, Little Eyolf, The Master Builder. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 212
Imperialism
Our financial battle-line; E. 131
In fairyland; Dt. 554
Incapacity of democrats; EP. 47
India
Bombing villages; A British army report; I. 297
Government yields to workers; EP. 102
Investigation of substitutes for poppy crop; EP. 303
Liquor fight in India; I. 460
Progressive restriction of opium export; EP. 303
Suspension of excise duty; EP. 102
The "natives" of India. V. V. Oak; C. 369
Indian lad shocks dancers; Dt. 504
Influence of "house organs." G. P. Lischer; C. 35
Injunction against labor organizations
Requires jury approval; EP. 331
Iolanthe. W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan; D. 540
Installment selling. See Salesmanship—A dollar down
Interest on investments; Dt. 12
International electrotechnical commission
Standardization of terms and tests; EP. 516
International decency
Two appeals; IP. 485
International film arts guild
Moving-picture "classics"; EP. 219
International ladies' garment workers
Jobbers cause of chaos in trade; EP. 623
International mercantile marine
The shipping trust dissolves; E. 518
International theatrical exposition
The new stage-craft; E. 247
Italy
Borah and Smoot on debt; EP. 382
Debt agreement; EP. 382
Fascism in the Dodcanese. R. Byron; IS. 405
Fascist trial at Chieti ends with farcical sentences; EP. 356
Financing Italy's madness. J. Murphy; S. 250
Inconclusive trial of Dumini; EP. 330
Italian literature today. A. Livingston; S. 529
New victims of fascism; EP. 542
Professors in opposition to fascism; EP. 504
Scenes from the Italian farce; IP. 677
Suppression of professors; EP. 382
- J
- Jacob, Sir Claud. See Aeronautics, military—Bombing villages
Jacobstein, Meyer
In regard to coal. N. Thomas; C. 477
Proposes coal legislation; EP. 381
Colloquy with W. R. Wood; E. 308
James, W. Frank; EP. 515
Jameson, J. F. and Ford, Worthington C.
Ethics among historians; C. 117
Japan
Campaign against military training; EP. 1
Japan's new labor party. L. S. Gannett; IS. 70
Japan's new labor party. L. S. Gannett; Organized workers in Japan. H. Shimidzu; IS. 676
Jardine, William M.
Purpose of plant quarantine; C. 33
Jazz banned by France and England; EP. 383
Jenks, Jeremiah W.; EP. 304
Jennings, Leslie Nelson
Astrology; P. 36
Jest. S. Benelli; D. 212
Jews in Europe
Drive for \$15,000,000; EP. 219
John Gabriel Borkman. H. Ibsen; D. 212
Johnson, Albin E.
Intrigue in the Middle East; IS. 141
Portugal's African slave states; IS. 264
Joneses, keeping up with; E. 545
Juno and the Paycock. S. O'Casey; D. 348
- K
- Kahn, Otto H.; EP. 101
Kansas
Harvest days in Kansas. W. G. Clugston; S. 720
Religious bigotry in Kansas. B. Bradshaw; C. 525
Karolyi, Michael, count
Karolyi in America. W. Hard; C. 478
Kaufman, George
The butter and egg man. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 238
Kelley, Florence
Word on women's wages; C. 34
- Kelley, William D.
"Pig iron" Kelley. H. T. Lefler; C. 505
Kellogg, Frank R.
Address to Associated Press; EP. 489
Kent, Frank R.
John Garibaldi speaks; S. 85
Mr. Coolidge "finds himself" again; S. 606
Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare; S. 398
"Suspicious Cal"; S. 32
The Democrats stand by Mellon; S. 281
The farmer has lost his club; S. 340
The Massachusetts escalator; S. 553
The secret sorrow of the White House; S. 138
Will the democrats come back?; S. 475
Kent, Ralph
Democracy: Eastward Ho!; S. 519
Key, Ellen
Ellen Key; E. 493
Kind Lady and Old Reprobate; Dt. 399
Kind Lady and Gentleman with Bottle; Dt. 581
King-Hall, Magdalen; EP. 655
Kirchberger, M.
The mind of a creditor nation; C. 505
Kirchwey, Freda
New Jersey under "the terror"; S. 470
Kirkwood, Laura Nelson. Obituary; EP. 245
Kitty's kisses; D. 587
Kneisel, Franz. Obituary; E. 359
Knox, William Boardman; E. 275
Kropotkin, Peter
The Kropotkin memorial. A. Cobden-Sanderson; C. 257
Krutch, Joseph Wood
A Dublin success; D. 348
A new Carmen; D. 68
Another modern; D. 187
Bigger and better; D. 616
Hard facts; D. 295
Iolanthe; D. 540
Long Island sentiment; D. 211
Melodrama up to date; D. 426
Mid-season; D. 93
Of revues; D. 40
Oil and vinegar; D. 238
Poe's idea of beauty; S. 285
Raquel Meller; D. 510
Review; D. 675
Señorita Nora; D. 561
Silver Lining; D. 374
The good old days; D. 457
The powers of darkness; D. 16
The tragedy of masks; D. 262
Three bad plays; D. 484
Weak women; D. 122
Whips and Scorns; D. 122
Kuh, Frederick
Should Germany have colonies?; IS. 562
Kulscioff, Anna. Obituary; EP. 129
Kummer, Clare
Pomero's past. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 510
Kwei Chen
The "hope of China"; C. 477
- L
- Labor
Labor capitalism. M. H. Hedges; C. 233
Labor capitalism—where does it lead? C. 136
Long; S. 525
"Labor economics." A. B. Mavity; C. 525
Picketing in Olympia, Washington; EP. 2
Unionization the prescription; Dt. 369
Lalou, René
New hooks in France; S. 530
Lamont, Thomas W.
Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mussolini. J. G. McDonald; C. 206
Lamont, Thomas W.; EP. 101
Landes, Bertha K.
Elected mayor of Seattle; EP. 305
Lane, Bertha F.
Never satisfied; C. 86
Lane, Franklin K. See atrocities
Langley, Allan Lincoln
A word on musical criticism; C. 63
Laski, Harold J.
The British general strike; S. 663
The coal strike and beyond; S. 578
The political theory of Harold J. Laski. W. J. Shepard; S. 147
Lassiter, William; E. 714
Lawrence, David; EP. 219
Lawson, John Howard
Nirvana. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 295
League of nations
Advisory opinions; E. 220
An alliance of victors; EP. 594
Backstairs negotiations at Locarno; EP. 303
Brazil resigns from membership; EP. 682
Friends imperil court; EP. 168
Future endangered by dissensions; EP. 218
Germany, Russia, and the league. L. Fischer; S. 667
Invitation to world court conferences rejected; EP. 463
Is world court an agency for peace?; E. 104
Most dangerous crisis in its history; EP. 270
Mr. Hard is taken to task. C. Magruder; C. 116
New world court. W. Hard; S. 6, 30, 58
Reply to Mr. Hard. W. Lippmann; S. 60
Report on France's Syrian record; EP. 270
Status of world court; EP. 329
Syria appeals to the league; I. 705
- The facts about Locarno. O. T. Crosby; IS. 188
The league unveiled; E. 332
USSR declines invitation; IP. 635
United States enters world court; EP. 163
Vacillation of President Coolidge; EP. 168
Voting of cloture in senate; EP. 102
World court—"a polite gesture." S. O. Levinson; S. 113
World court attacked by Borah and Reed; EP. 243
Lecoq, Charles
Daughter of Madame Angot. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 41
Lee, Ivy L.; EP. 357
Lefler, Hugh T.
"Pig iron" Kelley; C. 505
Lese majeste in United States; EP. 47
Levinson, Salmon Oliver
World court—"a polite gesture"; S. 113
Levy, B. G.
From Mexico; C. 35
Lewis, David J.; EP. 73
Lewis, Nell Battle
University of North Carolina gets its orders; S. 114
Lewis, Sinclair
Refuses Pulitzer prize; E. 546
Lewisoohn, Irene
Burma. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 374
Lewisoohn, Ludwig
Catullus in Verona; S. 640
Lewisoohn, Ludwig. See Sperling—A view of "Israel"
Lewisoohn's "Israel." L. Godkin; C. 62
Liapicheff displaces Tsankoff; EP. 21
Liberalism
First aid to the senile. W. T. Brown; C. 724
Liberty's benevolence toward Mexico; EP. 437
Lindsey, Ben R.
Contest with the ku klux klan; EP. 22
Linz, Dr. Washington. See Brazil—Agreement in Brazil
Lippmann, Walter
Reply to Mr. Hard; S. 60
Lippmann, Walter; EP. 594
Lischer, George P.
Influence of "house organs"; C. 35
Literary criticism
Confusion of tongues; E. 26
Literary talent
Getting a hearing. D. O. Woodbury; C. 62
Literature
A literary Main street; E. 546
A view of "Israel." L. N. Sperling; C. 525
Catullus in Verona. L. Lewisoohn; S. 640
Condensation of novels; E. 3
Italian literature today. A. Livingston; S. 529
Melchizedek, Ucalegon, and Ishi; E. 597
New books in France. R. Lalou; S. 530
On contemporary books; E. 626
Pulitzer prize awards; EP. 517
Realism in Scandinavia. J. Moritzen; S. 531
The autobiography of youth; E. 386
The writer's dilemma; E. 572
Two hundred years of Gulliver; E. 274
Yiddish—A childless language. A. Brody; S. 631
Little Eyolf. H. Ibsen; D. 212
Livingston, Arthur
Italian literature today; S. 529
Lloyd George, David
Controls campaign chest; EP. 169
Distrusted by own partisans; EP. 169
Forecast of 1916; EP. 491
Liberals support land campaign; EP. 218
Loeke, Edward
The climax. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 616
London, Meyer
Meyer London; E. 686
Long, Cedric
Labor capitalism—where does it lead?; S. 136
Long, Clarence R.
Learning to live; C. 724
Long, Haniel
To a friend; P. 14
Longshoremen
Inadequate compensation law; EP. 711
Lorenz, Arthur F.; EP. 47
Los Angeles
Los Angeles and its news; E. 275
Love and death; D. 94
Love in a mist. A. Rives and G. Emery; D. 484
Lovejoy, Owen R.
Retirement from N. C. L. C.; EP. 271
Lozowick, Louis
Marc Chagall; A. 294
Luetkens, Gerhard
Germany and Austria today; S. 314
Lulu Belle. E. Sheldon and C. McArthur; D. 238
Lynching
Case against, in Mississippi; EP. 3
Florida achieves record; EP. 569
Sheriff fights mob in Kentucky; EP. 128
Year starts unpromisingly; EP. 103
- M
- McM., E.
Freedom of the seas; C. 317
McCamant, Wallace; EP. 304
McDonald, James G.
Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mussolini; C. 206
MacDonald, J. Ramsay
The national strike in Great Britain; S. 628
What's wrong with England's Tory government?; S. 492

- Macedonia
The Slav in Macedonia; I..... 240
McGillivuddy, Owen E.
Canada and the great lakes; IS..... 732
McKay, Claude
Home song; P..... 318
Mackaye, Benton
The new northwest passage; S..... 603
MacLeish, Archibald
Memories of A——; P..... 671
Magda, H. Sudermann; D..... 187
Magruder, Calvert
Mr. Hard is taken to task; C..... 116
Mama loves papa; D..... 263
Mann, Thomas
Dating "Royal Highness." Th. Engelmann;
C..... 725
Marguerite, Victor; IP..... 485
Markle, Alvan
Proposal to end coal strike; EP..... 22
Makropoulos secret. K. Capek; D..... 165
Marsh, Benjamin
The farmer's plight; C..... 478
Masefield, John; E..... 307
Masque of Venice; D..... 348
Master Builder. H. Ibsen; D..... 212
Masters, Edgar Lee
On a death mask; P..... 118
The spire; P..... 556
Matteotti, Giacomo
In memory of Matteotti; IP..... 618
Matteotti's widow speaks; IP..... 513
Maurer, James H.; EP..... 623
Mavity, A. B.
"Labor economics"; C..... 525
Mayo, Morgan
The "old Negro" as artist; C..... 724
Medinger, Senator Dr. Wilhelm
Czecho-Slovakia and German music; C..... 317
Mei Kuang-ti
Is the west awakening?; S..... 446
Meilhac, Henry, and Halévy, Ludovici
Périchole. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 17
Melchizedek, Ucalagon, and Ishi; E..... 597
Mellon, Andrew
Farm relief vs. protective tariff; EP..... 710
Letter re Haugen farm-relief bill; E..... 712
The Democrats stand by Mellon. F. R.
Kent; S..... 281
World's worst guesser; EP..... 243
Mels, Edgar
The alien property scandal; S..... 392, 445
Harry Daugherty's past; S..... 551
Memorials
Atrocious soldier monuments; EP..... 516
Monuments and monuments; E..... 171
Roosevelt vs. Wilson: fourth round; E..... 52
Statues of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry
Finn; EP..... 623
The essence of monuments. F. Germer; C..... 401
Mencken, H. L.
Mencken versus Poe. P. Munter; C..... 634
Mencken, H. L.; E..... 440
Merchant of Venice. W. Shakespeare; D..... 69
Mercier (cardinal), Desideratus. Obituary;
EP..... 102
Mergers
Bigger and better mergers; E..... 194
Bread trust ordered dissolved; EP..... 435
Evaluation of good features; EP..... 542
The defeated railway merger; E..... 273
The Van Sweringens turn Nickel Plate into
gold. H. S. Bird; S..... 277
Trend toward bigger mergers; EP..... 271
Trusts and ultra-trusts. J. B. Day; C..... 698
Metropolitan life insurance company
Cash support of housing project; EP..... 305
Offers to put \$50,000,000 into housing; EP..... 331
Mexico
Answers our government; EP..... 102
Difficulties with United States being set-
tled; EP..... 437
Liberty and the Roman catholic church:
I. The Catholic position. J. A. Ryan; S..... 660
II. The Mexican position. J. M. Beja-
rano; S..... 661
Liberty wants boundary wiped out; EP..... 437
Misleading stories; EP..... 191
Our Mexican diplomacy; E..... 130
State department outburst; EP..... 49
The clergy or the constitution; I..... 350
The Mexican complications; E..... 272
Meyer, Annie Nathan
Help Atlanta university; C..... 287
Meyer's Sprachführer; Dt..... 450
Micholls, Roger M. B.
Eton college—another view; C..... 369
Militarism
Decline of defense day; EP..... 541
Opponents of militarism. Student; C..... 62
Military training
Again the students speak; E..... 105
Aggressive tactics of Colonel Mumma; EP..... 436
Anti-compulsory-drill leagues; EP..... 436
Anti-militarism at City College. A Student;
C..... 451
Ejection of army-reserve officers from a
Brooklyn forum; EP..... 464
Militarism in education. S. M. Cavert and
J. N. Sayre; C..... 181
Not legally compulsory in Massachusetts;
EP..... 653
Opposition of Federal council of churches;
EP..... 653
President opposed to it; EP..... 709
Resolutions in opposition; EP..... 74
Stupid college boys. J. Garrott; C..... 634
Those military instructions. A. Traister;
C..... 610
Military training camps, citizens'
Condemned by Pennsylvania workers; EP..... 623
Milk
Bootlegging milk; E..... 713
Grand jury testimony; EP..... 490
Missionaries
An American missionary protest; I..... 512
Uphold friendly cooperation with China;
EP..... 330
Mississippi. See Lynching
Modern industrialism invades Japan; Dt..... 33
Molnar, Ferenc; D..... 587
Monroe doctrine
False interpretation of; EP..... 654
Moon is a gong. J. Dos Passos; D..... 348
Moore, A. Harry; EP..... 101
Moore, R. L.
The law and the British strike; C..... 698
Morgenthau, Henry; EP..... 304
Moritzen, Julius
Realism in Scandinavia; S..... 531
The protest of the Swedish importers; IS..... 459
Morning and evening star; EP..... 24
Morocco
More war in Morocco. R. Dell; IS..... 617
The white menace; E..... 625
Morton, David
Restoration; P..... 502
Moscow art theater
Carmenita and the soldier. J. W. Krutch;
D..... 68
Daughter of Madame Angot. J. W. Krutch;
D..... 41
Love and death. Criticism. J. W. Krutch;
D..... 94
Périchole. J. W. Krutch; D..... 17
Moutoux, John T.
A liberal in Tennessee; S..... 696
Move on; D..... 123
Movies
The menace of the movies. E. M. A.; C..... 634
The movies move. H. B.; C..... 697
Muir, Edwin
Aldous Huxley; S..... 144
Virginia Woolf; S..... 721
Mumma, Morton C.; EP..... 436
Munro, C. K.
At Mrs. Beam's. Criticism. J. W. Krutch;
D..... 540
Bean-strings. Criticism. J. W. Krutch;
D..... 540
Munsey, Frank A.
Futility; E..... 25
Munsterberg, Margaret
Cooking without a cookbook; S..... 255
Munter, Paul
Mencken versus Poe; C..... 634
Murphy, James; EP..... 244
Murphy, James
Financing Italy's madness; S..... 250
Mussolini betrays himself; S..... 338
Murray, Gilbert; IP..... 485
Murray, Mary A.
Do women want protection?; C..... 670
Muscle Shoals
Betrayal into hands of power interests; EP..... 269
Senate and House report; EP..... 515
Senate turns over Muscle Shoals to power
trust; EP..... 329
Music
A word on musical criticism. A. L. Lang-
ley; C..... 63
Bach festival. H. Straus; M..... 615
Country dance tunes; E..... 106
Czecho-Slovakia and German music. Sena-
tor Dr. W. Medinger; C..... 317
Jazz leaves home. M. Tyler; M..... 68
Marion Talley and Older. H. Straus; M..... 322
Puppet and conductor. H. Straus; M..... 164
"The immortal hour." H. Straus; M..... 569
Two parodies. B. H. Haggin; M..... 40
Mussey, Henry Raymond
A dream of a new college; S..... 576
Mussolini, Benito
Fears masks; EP..... 192
Menaces Europe; E..... 171
Modifies wild speech; EP..... 217
Mussolini betrays himself. J. Murphy; S..... 338
Otto H. Kahn bows before solitary figure;
EP..... 101
Rivista Penale prosecuted for publishing
attack on Germany; EP..... 330
Roman dreams; EP..... 73
Shakes big stick at Italo-American radi-
cal; EP..... 330
The menace of Mussolini and Horthy. R.
Dell; S..... 230
Thomas W. Lamont lauds achievement;
EP..... 101
N
Nagel, Charles
A warning to capitalists; C..... 257
The House autobiography; C..... 504
Nash, Arthur
Golden Rule Nash. Robert W. Bruère; S..... 9
National amateur athletic federation
Professionalism the huzaboo; EP..... 23
National child labor committee
Retirement of O. R. Lovejoy; EP..... 271
National collegiate athletic association
Deplores commercialism; EP..... 23
National food products corporation
Holding company's policy; EP..... 168
Neal, John Randolph. See Tennessee—A liberal
in Tennessee
Negroes. See also lynching
Negroes
Accittal of Henry Sweet; EP..... 593
Atlanta's Negro barbers. F. R. Shipman;
C..... 343
Awards for cultural endeavors; EP..... 103
Indianapolis adopts segregation ordinance;
EP..... 329
Lynchings in Florida and Mississippi; EP..... 103
Marquette college admits Negroes. E. S.
Carpenter; C..... 724
Negroes in college. W. E. B. Du Bois; S..... 228
On the color line. H. Neumann; C..... 698
Race segregation. W. M. Railey; C..... 478
The rising tide of prejudice; E..... 247
Youth attacks the "color line." W. Pickens;
S..... 607
Negro art
The Negro-art hokum. G. S. Schuyler; S..... 662
The Negro artist and the racial mountain.
L. Hughes; S..... 692
The "old Negro" as artist. M. Mayo; C..... 724
Nelson, William R.
Estate passes to perpetual board of trust-
tees; EP..... 245
Neumann, Henry
Half a century of ethical culture; S..... 521
On the color line; C..... 698
Newark, New Jersey
New Newark museum. E. H. Cahill; C..... 88
New Masses welcomed; EP..... 465
Newspapers
Canadian hostility toward American publi-
cations; EP..... 542
Collapse of Vanderbilt ventures; EP..... 543
Defiance of a judge's order; EP..... 331
Journalistic jazz. S. Bent; S..... 341
Newspaper circulation figures. S. Bent; C..... 400
The new college journalism. N. Studer; S..... 579
Unsuspected use of tabloid paper; EP..... 437
Newton, Carolina
Sigmund Freud's seventieth birthday; C..... 524
New York (city)
From Dayton to New York; E..... 595
New York (city)—Department of health
Fur and fur workers; E..... 598
New York society for ethical culture
Half a century of ethical culture. H. Neu-
mann; S..... 521
New York (state)
Civic bodies demand passage of housing
bill; EP..... 305
New York (state)—Politics and government
"Al" Smith is right again; E..... 596
Bestowal of water-power; EP..... 654
Housing the people; E..... 246
Raiding water-power; E..... 170
The housing of the future; E..... 570
New York telephone company
A natural monopoly; EP..... 22
New Zealand
Conservative New Zealand. J. D. Robert-
son; C..... 87
Nicaragua
Chamorro not recognized by United States;
EP..... 682
Nicaragua and *The Nation*. W. Hard; C..... 600
Nicomede, Daro
Stronger than love. Criticism. J. W.
Krutch; D..... 69
Nicholl, Louise Townsend
Encounter; P..... 344
Modder's middle-age; P..... 289
Substitution; P..... 448
Nicholson, S. E.
The anti-saloon league; C..... 343
Nicoll, Courtland
Upholds prohibition-enforcement; EP..... 271
Night duel; D..... 238
Nirvana. J. H. Lawson; D..... 295
Noise deadly as polluted water; EP..... 543
Norris, George W.
Secrecy in the senate; S..... 498
Norris, George W.; EP..... 304
North Carolina
University gets its orders. N. B. Lewis; S..... 114
North Dakota
Nye elected by two votes; EP..... 74
Seated by senate; EP..... 74
North, Jessica Nelson
Body beleaguered; P..... 227
O
Oak, V. V.
Awful Dreiser; C..... 610
"Natives" of India; C..... 369
Oatmeal porridge
First call for breakfast. M. A. de Ford;
C..... 182
O'Casey, Sean
Juno and the Paycock. Criticism. J. W.
Krutch; D..... 348
Officier d'académie
What the "officier d'académie" is. O. G.;
C..... 582
Oil. See Petroleum
Old Reprobate and Kind Lady; Dt..... 399
O'Neill, Eugene
The great god Brown. Criticism. J. W.
Krutch; D..... 164
Ornithological note. U. Sinclair; C..... 450

- Osservatore Romano* opposes fascists; EP. 73
 Ottinger, Albert; EP. 654
 Our press. W. H. Stallings; C. 117
 Owl on President's bedpost; EP. 465
 Oxford, England
 Stories of Oxford; Dt. 287
- P
- Pacifists
 Never satisfied. B. F. Lane; C. 86
 Page, Walter Hines, and Wilson, Woodrow
 Estrangement; EP. 3
 Pangalos, T. H. See Greece—Democracy: Eastward Ho!
 Parker, Alton B.
 Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt.
 O. G. Villard; S. 716
 Parks
 National park in the East. A. A. Shurtleff; C. 87
 Parmelee, Mary M.
 Way of salvation; C. 84
 Parsons, Luke F. Obituary; EP. 516
 Passaic strike. See Strikes—United States
 Pavers, James H.
 Rolland bibliography; C. 450
 Pennell, Joseph. Obituary; EP. 491
 Pennsylvania
 Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare. F. R. Kent; S. 398
 People's reconstruction league
 Conference in Washington; EP. 21
 Percin, Alexandre
 Visited with disgrace; EP. 192
 Périchole, H. Meilhac and L. Halévy; D. 17
 Perkins, Randolph; E. 571
 Perplexed teacher. B. S. Greenberg; C. 13
 Perth Amboy
 A call to Perth Amboy. G. M. Garsson; C. 317
 Petroleum
 Special appeals in oil scandal trials; EP. 356
 Philippine islands
 A "united front" in the Philippines; IP. 266
 Extermination of rebel Moros; EP. 622
 Filipinos warned against pleading for independence; EP. 304
 Mission of Colonel Thompson; EP. 381
 Past and future in the Philippines. L. S. Gannett; S. 283
 President Coolidge on self-government of; EP. 2
 Problem of casual offspring; EP. 167
 Problem of the Moros; EP. 681
 Pickens, William
 Youth attacks the "color line"; S. 607
 Pidgeon, Harry; E. 439
 Pilsudski, Joseph
 Personal qualities; EP. 621
 Pinafore; D. 484
 Platt, Chester C.
 Parasites and college endowments; C. 12
 Tampa—Florida's big city; S. 171
 Play jury
 The play jury functions; E. 685
 Poe, Edgar Allan
 Poe's idea of beauty. J. W. Krutch; S. 285
 Poems
 Astrology. L. N. Jennings. 36
 Ballad of old Doc Higgins. L. Speyer. 179
 Body beleaguered. J. N. North. 227
 Cafe. W. Bynner. 641
 Ditty. A. Tate. 699
 Encounter. L. T. Nicholl. 344
 Flight. W. Bynner. 453
 Free. L. R. Gottschalk. 89
 Goats. C. E. S. Wood. 234
 Home song. C. McKay. 318
 I shall know. E. L. Walton. 258
 Important if true. N. H. Dole. 140
 Lothrop, Montana. W. Chambers. 726
 Memories of A—A. MacLeish. 671
 Modeler's middle-age. L. T. Nicholl. 289
 On a death mask. E. L. Masters. 118
 Poems. W. Chambers. 370
 Poems from desert Indians. F. Denmore. 407
 Pueblo legend. L. W. Spencer. 64
 Restoration. D. Morton. 502
 Santo Domingo corn dance. L. Riggs. 407
 School-teacher. S. Bert Cooksley. 583
 Shadows for Florida. C. Rakosi. 499
 Substitution. L. T. Nicholl. 418
 The acolyte. J. Rorty. 506
 The foreigner. W. Bynner. 207
 The great steel city. B. Biber. 282
 The Nation's prize poem. G. Cohn. M. R. Bradshaw. S. A. Coblenz. S. B. Field. C. E. S. Wood. R. Whitaker; C. 316
 The pale woman. S. B. Field. 611
 The spire. E. L. Masters. 556
 Thoughts at the year's end. B. Deutsch (prize poem). 143
 To a friend. H. Long. 14
 Wild Game. D. Davidson. 605
 Poetry
 Bottom of the well; E. 131
 Divergent schools; E. 26
 The poetry prize. S. T. Byington; C. 633
 The poet's way; E. 494
 Poland
 Diagnosis of political troubles; EP. 621
 The Pilsudski overturn; EP. 568
 Political ideas
 The political theory of Harold J. Laski. W. J. Shepard; S. 117
 Political satire
 Taking the devil out of the devil dogs. W. Hard; S. 629
 Pomero's past. C. Kummer; D. 510
 Porter, Anna
 Equality among women; C. 205
 Portugal
 Portugal's African slave states. A. E. Johnson; IS. 264
 Pound, Arthur; E. 307
 Prayer as weapon in miners' strike; EP. 49
 Primaries
 Blamed for corruption; EP. 681
 Prisoners—Political
 Liberation demanded; EP. 1
 Prize contest for college students
 Announcement of awards; EP. 75
 Prize essay
 A student factory hand. M. L. Sutherland; S. 110
 Prohibition
 Amorouness and alcohol. M. Austin; S. 691
 Government cannot enforce prohibition; EP. 167
 Expediency of prohibition; EP. 167
 Prohibition and politics; E. 306
 Prohibition on trial. H. C. Engelbrecht; S. 471
 Reactionary dyes. S. Danziger; C. 697
 Smoking out dry-wets; EP. 271
 The anti-saloon league. S. E. Nicholson; C. 313
 "Vote as you drink"; E. 624
 Wet or dry?; E. 384
 Proskauer, Joseph M.
 Settles strike; EP. 241
 Protocol powers' ultimatum to China. 497
 Public hearings
 One-sided public hearings. S. T. Byington; C. 182
 Pulitzer Prize
 Sinclair Lewis refuses award; E. 546
 Pulitzer prizes
 Year's awards; EP. 517
 Pullman company
 The Pullman peon. B. Stolhere; S. 365
 Purpose of plant quarantine. W. M. Jardine; C. 33
- Q
- Quackery
 Success "dope." S. Chase; S. 501
 Quakers. See Friends, Society of
Quill
 Moves to Brooklyn; Dt. 669
- R
- Races of man
 "The only pure race." A. A.; C. 140
 Radio control
 Radio censorship and the "listening millions." M. L. Ernst; S. 473
 Who shall control the air? M. L. Ernst; S. 443
 Radio. See also Free speech by radio
 Railroads—United States
 Peace by persuasion; E. 51
 Union-management cooperative plan; EP. 683
 Railve, William M.
 Race segregation; C. 478
 Rakosi, Carl
 Shadows for Florida; P. 499
 Rangel, Jesus; EP. 1
 Raphaelson, Rayna
 A Chinese ruler runs away; S. 690
 Raquel Meller. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 510
 Reade, Arthur E. E.
 The dictatorship in Greece; IS. 402
 Reader, Constant
 He doesn't find us dry reading; C. 450
 Redmayne, Sir Richard; E. 571
 Reed, James A.; EP. 329
 Reforms brought about
 We hope so. J. P. Eastman; C. 674
 Reeve, J. C.
 The automobile tyranny; C. 206
 Reinhold, Sally Edwards
 Equality among women; C. 205
 Religion
 Congregationalist progressivism; EP. 653
 Reserve officers' training corps
 Activities in colleges; EP. 436
 Richman, Lena
 Working hours for women; C. 342
 Riggs, Lynn
 Santo Domingo corn dance; P. 407
 Ripley, Madge A.
 Samoa again; C. 555
 Samoa: Shall we navalize or civilize it?; S. 393
Rip-saw [Duluth]; EP. 654
 Rives, Amélie, and Emery, Gilbert
 Love in a mist. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 484
 Robertson, J. D.
 Conservative New Zealand; C. 87
 Rolland, Romain
 Romain Rolland's sixtieth birthday. R. F. Zueblin; C. 182
 Rolland bibliography. J. H. Pavers; C. 450
 Roman catholic church. See also Mexico—The clergy or the constitution
 Roman catholic church in Mexico
 The catholic position. J. A. Ryan; S. 660
 The Mexican position. J. M. Bejarano; S. 661
 Romantic young lady. G. M. Sierra; D. 561
 Roosevelt monument; E. 52
 Roosevelt, Theodore
 Rivalry of Roosevelt and Wilson worshipers; E. 52
 Rorty, James
 The acolyte; P. 506
 Rosen, K. N.
 Tolstoi's granddaughter; C. 698
 Rosenbloom, Samuel
 Otto Carque's book again; C. 34
 Rubber
 Rubber and Mr. Hoover; E. 50
 Truth about rubber prices; EP. 127
 Rumania
 Averescu made premier; EP. 383
 Averescu: Rumania's Mussolini. J. Fuchs; IS. 526
 Averescu wins in election; EP. 682
 Crown prince renounces throne; EP. 73
 Overthrow of Bratianu; EP. 382
 Upset of Tsankoff ministry; EP. 21
 Russia
 Figures attesting industrial revival; EP. 622
 Ivy L. Lee favors recognition; EP. 357
 USSR declines invitation; IP. 635
 War guilt becomes plainer; E. 77
 Russia—Economic revival
 Dishonest comment; EP. 709
 Russia—Foreign relations
 Germany, Russia, and the league. L. Fischer; S. 667
 Russian-German treaty; EP. 490
 Russia—Moral issues
 Sex standards in Moscow. P. Blanshard; S. 522
 Russell, Dora
 Should wives have wages?; C. 603
 Ruysen, Th. See Macedonia; the Slav in
 Ryan, John A.
 Liberty and the Roman catholic church—The catholic position; S. 660
- S
- Sacco-Vanzetti case; EP. 569, 655, 711
 St. John's college vs. Washington Square college; E. 334
 Saintsbury, George
 Saintsbury. O. W. Firkins; C. 34
 Salesmanship
 A dollar down; E. 307
 Critical observations; Dt. 697
 Samoa
 Samoa Again. M. A. Ripley; C. 555
 Samoa—"Our sole despotism"; E. 334
 Samoa: Shall we navalize or civilize it. M. A. Ripley; S. 393
 Santa Fé, New Mexico
 Quiet, happy, and productive artists; EP. 543
 Sargent, John Singer
 John Singer Sargent's letters. R. W. Hale; C. 233
 Sayre, John Nevil, and Cavert, Samuel M.
 Militarism in education; C. 181
 Scandinavia—Literature
 Realism in Scandinavia. J. Moritzen; S. 531
 Schaibly, John G.; S. 203
 Scheffauer, Herman George. See Tolstoi, Leo
 Schmitt, Eugen Heinrich. See Tolstoi, Leo
 Schubert, W. F.
 Case of South Tyrol; IS. 18
 Schuyler, George S.
 The Negro-art hokum; S. 662
 Schweiger, F. Werfel; D. 427
 Scripps, Edward W. Obituary; EP. 331
 Scriptures
 Jazzing the scriptures; E. 172
 Seeger, Eugene
 Agreement in Brazil; C. 88
 Seiler, Conrad
 Los Angeles must be kept pure; S. 548
 Serbia
 Serbia's guilt at Serajevo; I. 96
 Seventeen. B. Tarkington; D. 123
 Shadwell, Bertrand
 Speed control for automobiles; C. 63
 "Straight-flung words and few"; C. 452
 Shakespeare, William
 Taming of the shrew. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 69
 The merchant of Venice. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 69
 Shallenberger, Ashton C.; EP. 127
 Sheldon, Edward, and McArthur, Charles
 Lulu Belle. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 238
 Shepard, Walter James
 The political theory of Harold J. Laski; S. 147
 Shill, Chao-Ying
 Another joke on the "errand boy"; C. 555
 Shimidzu, Hiroshi
 Organized workers in Japan; IS. 676
 Shipley, Maynard
 Crime and capital punishment; C. 139
 Shipman, Frank R.
 Atlanta's Negro barbers; C. 343
 Ships
 The hobo of the seas; E. 307
 Wind-driven, sailless rotor boat; EP. 543
 Shipstead, Henrik; EP. 74
 Shurtleff, Arthur A.
 National park in the East; C. 87
 Sierra, G. Martinez
 The romantic young lady. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D. 561
 Silesia
 Famine in Lower Silesia; IP. 214

- Sinclair, Upton
Ornithological note; C..... 450
Sins of Sinclair. U. Sinclair; C..... 86
- Skeel, Emily E. F.
Delphi lives again; C..... 670
- Smith, Alfred E.
"Al" Smith is right again; E..... 596
Construction of modern apartments; EP..... 49
Housing the people; E..... 246
Retention of natural resources; E..... 170
- Smoot, Reed; E..... 195
- Society for the prevention of crime in New York city
Plan meriting award of \$2,500; E..... 24
- Sociology
The land of the lazy; E..... 658
- Solis-Cohen, Leon M.
The pacifism of Oscar S. Straus; C..... 582
- Solomon Said—Bo Ho; C..... 317
- Song of the flame; D..... 94
- South Africa
The color question in South Africa. R. S. Alexander; S..... 694
- Spain
Catalonia demands autonomy; EP..... 491
- Spencer, Lilian White
Pueblo legend; P..... 64
- Sperling, L. N.
A view of "Israel"; C..... 525
- Speyer, Leonora
Ballad of old Doc Higgins; P..... 179
- Sport of kings; D..... 587
- Sports
Creation of professional football league; EP..... 357
- Stabler, Walter; EP..... 331
- Stallings, W. H.
Our press; C..... 117
- Stevens, Doris
Home as a joint-stock company; S..... 81
- Steyne, Alan N. and Canfield, Hubert
Wanted; barroom ballads; C..... 316
- Still waters. A. Thomas; D..... 295
- Stolberg, Benjamin
The Pullman peon; S..... 365
- Straus, Henrietta
Bach festival; M..... 615
Marion Talley and older; M..... 322
Puppet and conductor; M..... 164
"The immortal hour"; M..... 509
- Straus, Oscar S. Obituary; EP..... 516
- Straus, Oscar S.
The pacifism of Oscar S. Straus. L. M. Solis-Cohen; C..... 582
- Strauss, Johann
The king of the waltz. H. E. Greene; S..... 180
- Stravinsky, Igor. See Music—Two parodies
- Streit, Clarence K.
Admiral Bristol; C..... 117
- Strikes—Great Britain
A solution of the British coal question. C. E. S. Wood and S. B. Field; C..... 554
British general strike. H. J. Laski; S..... 663
Coal strike and beyond. H. J. Laski; S..... 578
Eight-hour-day betrayal; EP..... 709
End of general strike; EP..... 567
Enhanced prestige of Baldwin; EP..... 567
Essence of Britain's strike; E..... 571
General strike's first week; EP..... 541
Law and the British strike. R. L. Moore; C..... 698
Mr. Benn sees it through. E. Benn; S..... 666
National strike in Great Britain. J. R. MacDonald; S..... 628
Stanley Baldwin's guilt; E..... 544
Talk of nationalization of mines; EP..... 594
"Wicked and criminal fight" in England; E..... 519
- Strikes—United States
A strike and an American. O. G. Villard; S..... 500
Furs and fur workers; E..... 598
Gloomy outlook for Passaic strike settlement; EP..... 622
Health conditions of striking fur workers; EP..... 436
Help for Passaic strikers; EP..... 381
Legitimate use of injunction in Bergen County; EP..... 515
Low wages, high profits; E..... 333
New Jersey under "the terror." F. Kirchwey; S..... 470
Passaic police blunder; EP..... 269
Passaic strike; EP..... 381
Settlement of fur-workers' strike; EP..... 711
Situation on the Western Maryland; EP..... 489
Sheriff's dictatorship; E..... 466
The war in Passaic. M. H. Vorse; S..... 280
- Strindberg, August
Easter. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 375
The Dream Play. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 122
- Stronger than love. D. Nicodem; D..... 69
- Students
Opponents of militarism; C..... 62
- Student, A.
Anti-militarism at City College; C..... 451
- Student conferences, international and domestic; EP..... 683
- Studer, Norman
The new college journalism; S..... 579
- Sudermann, Hermann
Magda. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 187
- Suffrage
How to make Americans vote; E..... 492
- Sukhomlinov, W. A. Obituary; EP..... 219
- Summerton, Edgar
Eton, a school for "poor boys"; C..... 87
Eton college—again; C..... 724
- Sun Chuan-fong; E..... 684
- Supreme kingdom
"Rival of the Ku klux klan; EP..... 163, 490
- Sutherland, Margaret Lindsay
A student factory hand; S..... 110
- Sweden
The protest of the Swedish importers. J. Moritzen; IS..... 459
Sweetheart time; D..... 123
- Swift, Jonathan. See Literature—Two hundred years of Gulliver
- Syria
Acid test of mandates system. E. M. Earle; S..... 28
Appeals to the league; I..... 705
French bombard Damascus; EP..... 594
French occupation; IP..... 42
Intrigue in the Middle East. A. E. Johnson; IS..... 141
Rebuke to the French in Damascus; I..... 618
- T
Tabloid newspaper. See Newspapers—Journalistic jazz
- Tacna-Arica question
Bolivia offers to buy territory; EP..... 330
Misguided diplomacy; E..... 713
- Talley, Marion; EP..... 219; M..... 322
- Taming of the shrew. W. Shakespeare; D..... 69
- Tariff—Beet-sugar industry
Please pass the sugar; E..... 5
- Tariff commission. See United States—Tariff commission
- Tariff
Trusts and the tariff. S. Danziger; C..... 232
- Tarkington, Booth
Seventeen. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 123
- Tate, Allen
Ditty; P..... 699
- Taxation—United States
President signs tax bill; EP..... 243
Ruff enough. F. Hinkhouse; C..... 139
The sacred ointment. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 310
- Tea at Tintagel and in general; D..... 205
- Tennessee
A liberal in Tennessee. J. T. Moutoux; S..... 696
Hog-calling contest at university; EP..... 595
- The monkey talks. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 69
- The two orphans. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 457
- The virgin. A. C. White and L. Bennis; D..... 232
- Thoby, Perceval. See Haiti—Haiti misruled
- Thomas, Augustus
Still waters. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D..... 295
- Thomas, Charles M.
Our destiny—Calvin; C..... 634
- Thomas, Norman
In regard to coal; C..... 477
- Thompson, Carmi A.; EP..... 381
- Thompson, Dorothy
Women correspondents and other ideas; S..... 11
- Thurston, Lorrin A.; E..... 334
- Times reviews Magdalen King-Hall; EP..... 655
- Todd, Hiram C.
In justice to Hiram C. Todd; C..... 670
- Tolstoi, Leo
Letters to Eugen Heinrich Schmitt. Tr. by H. G. Scheffauer; S..... 134, 177, 200
Tolstoi's granddaughter. K. N. Rosen; C..... 698
- Touring car passes; E..... 105
- Traister, Aaron
Those military instructors; C..... 610
- Tramp steamship. See Ships—The hoho of the seas
- Trapp, Martin Edwin; EP..... 49
- Treat, Ida
Paris styles in shirts; S..... 362
- Tribune (Chicago)
A recruit to sanity. M. H. Friedman; C..... 670
- Tutun, Jacob J.
Admission to citizenship; EP..... 655
- Twitchell, George B.
When the clergy keep silent; C..... 610
- Two orphans; D..... 457
- Tyler, Marian
Jazz leaves home; M..... 68
- Tyranny world-wide; EP..... 681
- Tyrol
Case of South Tyrol. W. F. Schubert; IS..... 18
- U
Unique pamphleteering; EP..... 193
- United States—Administration
Delay in return of sequestered property; EP..... 304
- United States—Army
Our naval and army waste; E..... 221
- United States—Congress
Rejection of Wallace McCamant for federal judgeship; EP..... 304
Senate committee to investigate tariff commission; EP..... 304
- United States—Department of Justice
John Garihaldi speaks. F. R. Kent; S..... 85
- United States—Federal trade commission
The richest country on earth; E..... 656
- United States—Foreign relations
Difficulties with Mexico; EP..... 437
Our Mexican diplomacy; E..... 130
Our war claims against Britain; E..... 358
The gunboat policy sheds blood in China. L. S. Gannett; S..... 496
The Mexican complications; E..... 272
- United States—Insular possessions. See also Philippine islands and Virgin islands
United States—Insular possessions
A "united front" in the Philippines; IP..... 266
Justice for the Virgin islands; E..... 273
Past and future in the Philippines. L. S. Gannett; S..... 283
- United States—Intellectual life
Can an artist live in an American university? I. Edman; S..... 409
They wanted to tell. F. Dell; S..... 146
- United States—Interstate commerce commission
Confirmation of Thomas F. Woodlock; EP..... 355
Disapproval of Van Sweringen merger; EP..... 339
Rejection of Thomas F. Woodlock; EP..... 218
The Van Sweringens turn Nickel Plate into gold. H. S. Bird; S..... 277
- United States—National parks service
The battle of Jackson's Hole. S. Burt; S..... 225
- United States—Navy
Our naval and army waste; E..... 221
- United States—Politics and government
Bigger and better mergers; E..... 194
Confused situation in Indiana; EP..... 464
Coolidge placating the farmer; EP..... 464
Defeat of Senator McKinley of Illinois; EP..... 463
How to make Americans vote; E..... 492
Our faltering faith in democracy; E..... 433
Pennsylvania and Oregon; E..... 597
Pennsylvania senatorial fight; EP..... 463
Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare. F. R. Kent; S..... 398
Please pass the sugar; E..... 5
Prohibition and politics; E..... 306
Secrecy in the senate. G. W. Norris; S..... 498
The Brookhart victory; E..... 657
The defeated railway merger; E..... 273
The democrats stand by Mellon. F. R. Kent; S..... 281
The farmer has lost his club. F. R. Kent; S..... 340
The Massachusetts escalator. F. R. Kent; S..... 553
The secret sorrows of the White House. F. R. Kent; S..... 138
"Vote as you drink"; E..... 624
Wet or dry? E..... 384
Will the democrats come back? F. R. Kent; S..... 475
- United States—Tariff commission
Facts coming to light; EP..... 73
Investigation demanded; EP..... 22
Man who threw the tariff bomb. S. Bent; S..... 83
Norris indicts president; E..... 131
Persecution of Culbertson; EP..... 102
Turn about of William S. Culbertson; EP..... 594
Wanted: a little sympathy; E..... 308
- United States—Treasury department
Settlement of war claims between United States and Germany; EP..... 355
- United States Daily; EP..... 219
- V
Vacations
Workers unity house; EP..... 683
- Van Doren, Mark
First glance; S..... 14, 36, 64, 89, 119, 183, 207, 234, 289, 318, 344, 370, 411, 453, 479, 506, 556, 583, 641, 699
- van Loon, Hendrik Willem
Cartoons..... 27, 53, 78, 107, 133, 173, 197, 223, 249, 276, 309, 335, 361, 387, 441, 469, 495, 520, 547, 573, 599, 627, 659, 687, 715
- Vestal, Albert H.; E..... 571
- Villard, Oswald Garrison
A strike and an American; S..... 500
Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt; S..... 716
The nakedness of Colonel House; S..... 388
The true Woodrow Wilson; S..... 639
- Virgin islands
Congress to accord civilian government; EP..... 356
Justice for Virgin islands; E..... 273
- Vorse, Mary Heaton
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; S..... 175
The war in Passaic; S..... 280
- W
Wadsworth, James W., jr.
Honest politician; EP..... 683
- Wages for wives
Equality among women. A. Porter and S. E. Reinhold; C..... 205
Home as a joint-stock company. D. Stevens; S..... 81
Marriage a financial partnership. F. G. Buckstaff; C..... 232
Negative report. A. G. Hays; S..... 54
Should wives have wages? D. Russell; C..... 609
Wages for wives—a Russian view. E. J. Hecker; C..... 400

Wages—United States	
Low wages, high profits; E.	333
Walker, Nathalia	
The truth about China; C.	555
Walton, Eda Lou	
I shall know; P.	258
War	
Outlawing war by constitutional amend- ment; EP.	568
Perfumes of Geneva; E.	385
War claims	
Our war claims against Britain; E.	358
The abolition of food blockades. S. T. Byington; C.	554
War debts	
Even Wall Street is sometimes right; E.	195
War frauds	
Were any committed?; EP.	192
War guilt	
Russia's war guilt. R. C. Binkley; C.	233
Ward, Harry F.	
Free speech in China; S.	253
Washington, George	
Man or waxwork; E.	75
Washington Square college vs. St. John's col- lege; E.	334
Watson, Blanche	
London's <i>Foreign affairs</i> ; C.	525
Watson, James E.; EP.	542
Way of salvation. M. M. Parmelee; C.	88
Weak woman; D.	187
Webb, Michael, debunking expert; D.	115
Wedgwood, Josiah Clement. See India—The liquor fight in India	
Welcoming Henry Bérenger; EP.	48
Wells, Herbert George	
Bored by Poultney Bigelow; EP.	245
Werfel, Franz; D.	587
Werfel, Franz	
Goat song. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.	187
Schweiger. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.	427
Western Maryland railroad	
Strike situation; EP.	489
Wetstein, Richard. See Austria—Shall Austria's culture survive?	
Whales	
Concerning whales; D.	609
What every woman knows; D.	484
What's the big idea; D.	427
Wheeler, Burton K.	
End of a conspiracy; E.	25
Whipple, T. K.	
Henry Adams: first of moderns; S.	408
Whitaker, Robert	
The Nation's prize poem; C.	316
White, A. C., and Bennison, Louis	
The virgin. Criticism. J. W. Krutch; D.	262
White House spokesman; E.	360
White Plains, New York	
Sesquicentennial celebration; D.	633
White star line	
The shipping trust dissolves; E.	518
White, William Allen	
Bitter words on Frank A. Munsey; E.	25
Who can help? O. S. Coad; C.	343
Wiesner, Friedrich R. von. See Serbia—Ser- bia's guilt at Sarajevo	
William E. Harmon foundation for American Negroes; EP.	103
Willoughby, Raymond R.	
California geniuses; C.	369
Wilson monument; E.	52
Wilson, Woodrow	
Rivalry of Wilson and Roosevelt worship- ers; E.	52
The true Woodrow Wilson. O. G. Villard; S.	639
Wilson, Woodrow, and Page, Walter Hines	
Estrangement; EP.	3
Windischgrätz, Louis, prince	
Sentenced to imprisonment; EP.	622
Winston, Garrard B.; EP.	355
Winter sport; D.	61
Wisdom tooth. M. Connelly; D.	238
Wolf, Robert	
Louis Lezowick; A.	186
Wolfe, William E.; EP.	47
Woman	
Home—job—or both? The woman's prob- lem. E. F. Barnard; S.	601
Woman—Wages	
Word on women's wages. F. Kelley; C.	31
Women	
Do women want protection? M. A. Mur- ray; C.	670
Women—Great Britain	
Great peace demonstration; EP.	710
Women—Industry	
Working hours for women. L. Richman; C.	343
Women—World suffrage congress	
Exclusion of Woman's party; EP.	655
Women correspondents and other ideas. D. Thompson; S.	11
Women's international league for peace and freedom	
"The trees of peace"; I.	323
Women's peace union	
Sponsors outlawed of war in senate; EP.	568
Wood, Charles Erskine Scott	
Goats; P.	234
Wood, Charles Erskine Scott, and Field, Sara Bard	
A solution of the British coal question; C.	554
The Nation's prize poem; C.	316
Wood, Charles W.	
More about Bishop Brown; C.	62

Wood, Leonard; EP.	47
Woodbury, David O.	
Getting a hearing; C.	62
Woodlock, Thomas F.	
Nomination rejected; EP.	218
Obtains senate confirmation; EP.	355
Woolf, Virginia	
Virginia Woolf. E. Mair; S.	721
World attacks Alabama convict system; EP.	383
Worthington, Marjorie	
The right books for children; C.	555
Wu Pei-fu; E.	684
Wye valley, England; EP.	75

Y

Yale university	
Rule on cheating; EP.	711
Young, Owen D.; E.	596
Youth and the church; E.	51

Z

Zuchlin, Rho Fisk	
Romain Rolland's sixtieth birthday; C.	182

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title,
and in some cases under subject.
The following explanatory letters are used
in the index:

B	Book review
AN	Brief annotation
R	Reviewer

A

A B C of relativity. B. Russell; B.	157
Abercrombie, Lascelles	
Theory of poetry; AN.	652
Academy papers. Address on language prob- lems by members of the American acad- emy of arts and letters; AN.	482
Action of alcohol on man. E. H. Starling; AN	39
Adams, Léonie	
Those not elect; B.	237
Adelphi edition of the works of Jane Austen. M. Secker; AN.	186
Advancing south. E. Mims; B.	727
Adventures of an illustrator. J. Pennell; AN.	421
Aegean civilization. G. Glotz; B.	421
Aiken, Conrad	
Bring! Bring!; B.	371
Priapus and the pool; B.	38
Semlin: a biography; B.	38
Alexander, Hartley	
Manito masks. Dramatizations, with music, of American Indian spirit legends; AN.	347
Alexander, Hartley; R.	345, 412, 647
Allen, A. M.	
One tree; AN.	731
Alsberg, Carl L.	
Combination in the American bread-baking industry; B.	585
Alter, Cecil	
James Bridger: trapper, frontiersman, scout, and guide; B.	455
Alvarez, Alejandro	
The Monroe doctrine: its importance in the international life of the states of the new world; AN.	373
Alvord, Clarence Walworth; R.	118, 150, 642
Amaranth club. J. S. Fletcher; B.	236
America in civilization. R. E. Turner; B.	37
American library; B.	506
American economic life. R. G. Tugwell, T. Munro, and R. E. Stryker; B.	37
American Indian love lyrics and other verse. N. Barnes; B.	183
American relations with China. Report of the conference held at Johns Hopkins univer- sity, September 17-20, 1925; B.	479
Americana: the literature of American history. M. Waldman; AN.	615
Amerika und sein problem. M. J. Bonn; B.	183
Amerikanische lyrik. T. Harten-Hoeneke, trans- lator; AN.	657
An American tragedy. T. Dreiser; B.	152
Anderson, Sherwood	
Poor white; AN.	347
Anthony, Katharine	
Catherine the great; B.	36
Apian Way	
Riddle of the earth; AN.	675
Architecture. A. M. Brooks; AN.	93
Arnold, Julian, H. G. Woodhead, and H. K. Norton	
Occidental interpretations of the far east- ern problem; B.	479
Art in painting. A. C. Barnes; B.	259
Asch, Nathan; R.	537
Ashe of Rings. M. Butts; B.	701
Atkins, Willard E., and H. D. Lasswell	
Labor attitudes and problems; AN.	317
Atkinson, Charles Francis, translator, and O. Spencer	
Decline of the west. Vol. I. Form and actuality; B.	532

Ault, Norman, editor	
Elizabethan lyrics from the original texts; AN.	162
Aus meiner dienstzeit, 1906-1918. Conrad; B.	319
Austin, Bertram, and W. F. Lloyd	
Secret of high wages; B.	729
Austen, Jane	
Lady Susan; AN.	186
Ayscough, Florence	
Chinese mirror; B.	89

B

Bailey, H. C.	
Mr. Fortune's trials; B.	236
Bakeless, John	
Origin of the next war; B.	646
Baker, Christina Hopkinson	
Diary and letters of Josephine Preston Pea- body; AN.	482
Barnes, A. C.	
Art in painting; B.	259
Barnes, Harry Elmer	
History and social intelligence; B.	612
New history and the social studies; B.	423
Barnes, Nellie	
American Indian love lyrics and other verse; B.	183
Barr, F. Stringfellow; R.	674
Barrott, E. Boyd	
Man: his making and unmaking; AN.	586
Bates, Ernest Sutherland; R.	508, 559, 583
Battling the criminal. R. W. Child; B.	210
Bauer, Marion, and E. Peyser	
How music grew; AN.	560
Bayer, Dr. F. J.	
Book of the popes; AN.	162
Beals, Carleton; R.	671
Beatrice Cenci. C. Ricci; B.	674
Becker, Carl; R.	158
Beebe, William	
Jungle peace; AN.	347
Beer, M.	
Social struggles and thought; AN.	560
Beer, Thomas	
Mauve decade; B.	556
Behaviorism. J. Watson; B.	259
Benn, Ernest J. P.	
Confessions of a capitalist; B.	559
Bennett, Arnold, translator	
Dostoevsky. A. Gide; B.	558
Benson, Stella	
Little world; AN.	426
Berecovi, Konrad	
Best short stories of the world; B.	644
On new shores; AN.	560
Best continental short stories 1924-1925. R. Eaton, editor; B.	644
Best French short stories of 1924-1925. R. Eaton, editor; B.	644
Best poems of 1925. L. A. G. Strong, editor; AN.	162
Best short stories of the world. K. Berecovi, editor; B.	644
Best short stories of 1925. E. J. O'Brien, editor; B.	644
Beyond hatred. The democratic ideal in France and America. A. L. Guérard; B.	89
Bigelow, Poultney	
Seventy summers; B.	150
Biology of population growth. R. Pearl; B.	65
Bishop, Joseph Bucklin	
Notes and anecdotes of many years; AN.	482
Black valley. R. Weaver; B.	90
Blake, Vernon	
Relation in art; AN.	425
Blake, William, paintings of. D. Figgis; B.	611
Blake, William, writings of. G. Keynes, editor; B.	611
Blakeslee, George H.	
Recent foreign policy of the United States; AN.	238
Blanshard, Paul; R.	729
Blomfield, Sir Reginald	
Touchstone of architecture; AN.	674
Blue jade library; B.	506
Blum, Solomon	
Labor economics; B.	261
Bonn, M. J.	
Amerika und sein problem; B.	183
Bonsels, Waldemar	
Die mundharmonika; AN.	321
Book of the popes. Dr. F. J. Bayer. E. M. Lamond, translator; AN.	162
Borxoi classics; B.	506
Boswell, Esq., James, A. Dobson, introduction by, and H. Raiton, illustrator	
Life of Samuel Johnson; AN.	426
Bowers, Claude G.	
Jefferson and Hamilton: the struggle for democracy in America; B.	150
Bradford, Gamaliel	
Wives; AN.	483
Brazilian mystic. R. B. C. Graham; AN.	651
Breckenridge, Sophonisba P.	
Family welfare work; AN.	92
Brewster, Dorothy; R.	534
Bridger, James. C. Alter; R.	455
Bring! Bring! C. Aiken; B.	371
Broadway translations; B.	506
Bromfield, Louis	
Possession; B.	66
Bronx, Emily	
Wuthering heights; AN.	347

- Brooks, Alfred Mansfield
Architecture (Our debt to Greece and Rome series); AN..... 93
- Brookwood labor college. Mass education for workers; AN..... 347
- Brown, Charles W.
My ditty bag; AN..... 586
- Brown, Henry Collins, editor
Valentine's manual of old New York: 1926; AN..... 185
- Brown, W. Norman; R..... 487
- Buber, Martin
Der grosse Maggid und seine nachfolge. Das verborgene licht; AN..... 374
- Buell, Raymond Leslie
International relations; B..... 613
- Burne-Jones, Sir Edward
Letters to Katie; AN..... 374
- Burr, Aaron. S. H. Wandell and M. Minnigrode; B..... 118
- Burt, Cyril
Young delinquent; B..... 456
- Burton, Sir Richard, translator
Kasidah of Hâjî Abdû El-Yezdi; AN..... 652
- Burt, Edwin Arthur
Metaphysical foundations of modern physical science; B..... 370
- Bustamante, Antonio S. de
World court; B..... 185
- Butts, Mary
Ashe of Rings; B..... 701
- Bywater, Hector C.
Great Pacific war; AN..... 615

C

- Cabell, James Branch
Silver stallion; B..... 559
- Calverton, V. F.; R..... 120, 585
- Camille, A. Dumas; AN..... 347
- Cane, Melville
January garden; AN..... 457
- Canning wonder. A. Machen; B..... 318
- Capek, Karel
Krakatit; B..... 90
- Letters from England; B..... 90
- Carlyle on Cromwell and others. D. A. Wilson; AN..... 509
- Carpenter, William Seal
Democracy and representation; AN..... 482
- Carswell, Donald
Trial of Ronald True; B..... 318
- Carter, Huntly
New theater and cinema of Soviet Russia; AN..... 586
- Carter, Morris
Isabella Stewart Gardner and fenway court; AN..... 560
- Carver, Thomas Nixon
Present economic revolution in the United States; AN..... 586
- Case of bituminous coal. W. H. Hamilton and H. R. Wright; B..... 209
- Catchings, Waddill, and W. T. Foster
Profits; B..... 699
- Catherine the Great. K. Anthony; B..... 36
- Cell in development and heredity. E. B. Wilson; AN..... 211
- Chancellor, E. Beresford
Lives of the rakes; B..... 411
- Chandler, Edmund
Youth and the east; AN..... 483
- Chase, Stuart; R..... 37, 209, 455, 585, 642, 728
- Chesterton, G. K.
Tales of the long bow; AN..... 347
- Chew, Samuel C.; R..... 611
- Cheyney, Edward P.
History of England from the defeat of the Armada to the death of Elizabeth; B..... 702
- Child, Richard Washburn
Battling the criminal; B..... 210
- Childe, V. Gordon
Dawn of European civilization; B..... 421
- Childs, James Bennett
Sixteenth-century books. A bibliography of literature describing books printed between 1501 and 1601; AN..... 121
- China and Europe. A. Reichwein; B..... 421
- China and the west. W. E. Soothill; B..... 479
- Chinard, Gilbert
Jefferson et les idéologues d'après sa correspondance inédite avec Destutt de Tracy, Cahanis, J.-B. Say, et Auguste Comte; B..... 150
- Chinese mirror. F. Ayscough; B..... 89
- Chisol, Sir Valentine
India; B..... 481
- Clark, Barrett H., and M. Lieber, editors
Great short stories of the world; B..... 644
- Clarkson, J. D.; R..... 236
- Classic Concord. C. Ticknor, editor; AN..... 657
- Clausing, Roth
Roman colonate, the theories of its origin; AN..... 347
- Clements, Rex
Gipsy of the Horn; AN..... 586
- Closed all night. P. Morand; B..... 184
- Cloud cuckoo land. N. Mitchison; B..... 416
- Cocteau, Jean
Grand cœur; B..... 38
- Coke, Richard
Heart of the middle east; B..... 672
- Collected poems. V. Lindsay; AN..... 185
- Collected stories and tales. F. J. O'Brien, E. J. O'Brien, editor; B..... 371
- Collins, Mary
Color-blindness; AN..... 703

- Collis, J. S.
Shaw; AN..... 163
- Color-blindness. M. Collins; AN..... 703
- Combination in the American bread-baking industry. C. L. Alsberg; B..... 585
- Confessions of a capitalist. E. J. P. Benn; B..... 559
- Connoisseur and other stories. W. de la Mare; B..... 614
- Conrad, feldmarschall
Aus meiner dienstzeit, 1906-1918; B..... 319
- Cornish granite. E. C. M. Stewart and E. Satterthwaite, compilers; B..... 64
- Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson [1812-1826]. P. Wiltach, compiler; B..... 150
- Cortisoz, Royal
Personalities in art; B..... 159
- Coupland, R.
Quebec act: a study in statesmanship; AN..... 211
- Courtney, William Pridcaux, and D. N. Smith
Bibliography of Samuel Johnson; AN..... 374
- Crane, John O.; R..... 120
- Crane, Leo
Indians of the enchanted desert; B..... 647
- Crane, W. Murray. S. B. Griffin; B..... 290
- Creative Oxford: its influence in Victorian literature. W. S. Knickerbocker; AN..... 509
- Crime at Vanderlynden's. R. H. Mottram; B..... 482
- Critical woodcuts. S. Sherman; B..... 370

D

- d'Albe, E. E. Fournier
Hephaestus or the soul of the machine; AN..... 615
- Quo vadimus? some glimpses of the future; AN..... 615
- d'Albe, E. E. Fournier, translator
Tyranny of time; B..... 157
- Dance over fire and water. E. Faure; B..... 728
- Daniel, Hawthorne
Ships of the seven seas; AN..... 586
- Daudet, Leon, memoirs of. A. K. Griggs, editor and translator; B..... 120
- Davies, W. H.
Later days; B..... 344
- Dawn boy: Black-foot and Navajo songs. E. L. Walton; B..... 183
- Dawn of European civilization. V. G. Childe; B..... 421
- Decline of the west. O. Spengler. C. F. Atkinson, translator; B..... 532
- de la Mare, Walter
Connoisseur and other stories; B..... 614
- Dell, Floyd
Intellectual vagabondage; B..... 585
- Dellenbaugh, Frederick S.; R..... 455
- Democracy and representation. W. S. Carpenter; AN..... 482
- Der grosse Maggid und seine nachfolge. Das verborgene licht. M. Ruber; AN..... 374
- Desanres, Paul, and L. Mériaux
Vie de Jaurès; AN..... 211
- Deutsch, Robert; R..... 65, 346, 416
- Devil, L. Tolstol. A. Maude, translator; B..... 699
- De Wulf, Maurice
History of medieval philosophy. Vol. I: From the beginnings to Albert the great; AN..... 651
- Dialogues in limbo. G. Santavina; B..... 416
- Diary of a young lady of fashion, in the year 1764-65. C. Knox; B..... 208
- Dibble, R. F.; R..... 210, 418
- Dickinson, John; R..... 673
- Dictionary of European literature. L. Magnus; AN..... 652
- Die heimtückischen championen und andere geschichten. G. Meyrink; AN..... 539
- Dittmann, Wilhelm
Die marines-justiz-morde von 1917 und die admirals-rebellion von 1918; AN..... 221
- Dividing line of Europe. S. Graham; AN..... 674
- Divine, Charles
Road to town; AN..... 456
- Dohson, Austin
Paladin of philanthropy and other poems; AN..... 162
- Dorsey, George A.
Why we behave like human beings; B..... 184
- Dos Passos, John
Manhattan transfer; B..... 160
- Dostoevsky, A. Gide, A. Bennett, translator; B..... 558
- Donelas, Donald; R..... 236, 291, 558, 584
- Douglas, Norman
Experiments; AN..... 482
- Doughty deeds. R. B. C. Graham; AN..... 651
- Drawings for the theater. R. E. Jones; AN..... 703
- Drayton, Michael
Endimion and Phoebe. Ideas Latmus; AN..... 294
- Dreiser, Theodore
An American tragedy; B..... 152
- Drew, Elizabeth A.
Modern novel; B..... 507
- Drury, S. S., A. E. Stearns, E. Peabody, R. H. Howe, W. L. W. Field, and W. G. Thayer
Education of the modern boy; B..... 261
- Dumas, Alexandre
Camille; AN..... 347
- Duphon, M. Edith
The Samovio crime; R..... 218
- Dynamic psychology. D. T. V. Moore; AN..... 238

E

- Earle, Edward Mead; R..... 672
- Early history of Renal. F. J. Monahan; AN..... 374
- Early Poems and stories. W. R. Yeats; AN..... 163

- Eaton, Richard, editor
Best continental short stories of 1924-25; B..... 64
- Best French short stories of 1924-25; B..... 64
- Economic doctrines of Karl Marx. K. Kautsky; AN..... 67
- Economic history of Russia. J. Mavor; B..... 23
- Edman, Irwin
Richard Kane looks at life; B..... 58
- Education and the good life. B. Russell; B..... 58
- Education of the modern boy. A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury, E. Peabody, R. H. Howe, W. L. W. Field, and W. G. Thayer; B..... 261
- Educational frontiers. S. Nearing; AN..... 50
- Elements of form and design in classic architecture. A. Stratton; AN..... 64
- Eliot, T. S.
Selected poems: 1909-1925; B..... 64
- Elizabethan lyrics from the original texts. N. Ault, editor; AN..... 10
- Ernest, W. H.
Marxian economic handbook and glossary; AN..... 67
- Employment of young persons in the United States. N. I. C. B.; AN..... 23
- Endimion and Phoebe. Ideas Latmus. M. Drayton; AN..... 294
- English factories in India. Sir W. Foster; AN..... 73
- English novel of today. G. Gould; B..... 50
- Episodes & epistles. W. L.; AN..... 45
- Erskine, John
Private life of Helen of Troy; B..... 11
- Essays in the romantic poets. S. F. Gingerich; AN..... 9
- Ether and reality. Sir O. Lodge; B..... 15
- Evans, Rosalie
Rosalie Evans letters from Mexico; B..... 67
- Evans, Wainwright, and B. B. Lindsey
Revolt of modern youth; B..... 26
- Evolution and genetics. T. H. Morgan; B..... 18
- Expansionists of 1812. L. W. Pratt; AN..... 29
- Experiments. N. Douglas; AN..... 48

F

- Fadiman, Clifton P.; B..... 119, 260, 614, 70
- Faith, falsity, and failure of Christian science. W. Riley, F. W. Peabody, and C. E. Humiston; B..... 15
- Family welfare work. S. P. Breckenridge; AN..... 9
- Faure, Elie
Dance over fire and water; B..... 72
- Fels, Herbert
Principles of wage settlement; AN..... 9
- Field, W. L. W., A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury, E. Peabody, R. H. Howe, and W. G. Thayer
Education of the modern boy; B..... 26
- Figgis, Darrell
Paintings of William Blake; B..... 61
- First impressions. L. Jones; AN..... 26
- First Napoleon. Earl of Kerry; B..... 6
- Fite, Warner
Moral philosophy; B..... 37
- Fitzpatrick, John C.
Diaries of George Washington: 1748-1799; B..... 20
- Five hundred years of Chaucer criticism and allusion. C. F. E. Spurgeon; B..... 23
- Fletcher, J. S.
Amaranth club; B..... 23
- Ford, Ford Madox
No more parades; B..... 26
- Ford, Ford Madox, introduction by
Transatlantic stories; B..... 64
- Ford, Henry. America's Don Quixote. L. P. Lochner; AN..... 12
- Ford, Worthington C.; R..... 209
- Fortieth annual report of the bureau of American ethnology. T. Michelson; AN..... 652
- Foster, Sir William
English factories in India, 1665-1667; AN..... 73
- Foster, William Trufant, and W. Catchings
Profits; B..... 699
- Four centuries of modern Iraq. S. H. Longrigg; B..... 673
- Four tales by Zélide. S. Scott, translator; B..... 289
- Fox, C. E.
Threshold of the Pacific; B..... 421
- France and the French. S. Huddleston; B..... 320
- Francis, R., translator
Last years of Rodin; B..... 151
- Franeke, Kuno; R..... 261
- Frank, Waldo
Virgin Spain; B..... 645
- Friedrich der grosse. R. C. Muschler; AN..... 321
- Fundamental ends of life. R. M. Jones; AN..... 211

G

- Gabriel, Ralph Henry
Pageant of America: a pictorial history of the United States; B..... 479
- Gambrinus and other stories. A. Kuprin; AN..... 93
- Gardner, Isabella Stewart, and fenway court. M. Carter; AN..... 560
- Gardner, Robert W.
Parthenon, its science of forms; AN..... 674
- Garnett, Constance, translator
My past and thoughts. The memoirs of Alexander Herzen; AN..... 163
- Letters of Anton Pavlovitch Tchekhov to Olga Leonardovna Knipper; AN..... 614
- Garnett, Richard
Twilight of the gods; B..... 648
- Garrett, Garet
Outbursts or the mechanical extension of mankind; AN..... 615

- Jary, Elbert H., life of. J. M. Tarbell; B. 414
 Jay city. A. Phillips; AN. 560
 Jeiser, Karl F.; R. 133
 Geist und kultur in der sprache. K. Vossler; B. 261
 Genesis of the constitution of the United States
 of America. B. Long; AN. 509
 Genzmer, George; R. 730
 Gide, André, A. Bennett, translator
 Dostoevsky; B. 558
 Gilbert, W. S.
 H. M. S. Pinafore and other plays; AN. 347
 Gingerich, Solomon Francis
 Essays in the romantic poets; AN. 93
 Gipsy of the Horn. R. Clements; AN. 585
 Gletz, Gustave
 Aegean civilization; B. 421
 Goldberg, Isaac
 Havelock Ellis; a biographical and critical
 survey; AN. 651
 Gooch, G. P., editor
 Later correspondence of Lord John Russell;
 AN. 615
 Gordon, R. G.
 Personality; AN. 703
 Gorki, Maxim
 Story of a novel and other stories; AN. 373
 Gosse, Sir Edmund
 Silhouettes; AN. 262
 Tallemant des Réaux; B. 418
 Gould, Gerald
 English novel of today; B. 507
 Grace of lambs. M. Komroff; AN. 67
 Graham, R. B. Cunningham
 A Brazilian mystic; being the life and
 miracles of Antonio Conselheiro; AN. 651
 Doughty deeds; an account of the life of
 Robert Graham of Gartmore, 1735-1797;
 AN. 651
 Graham, Stephen
 Dividing line of Europe; AN. 674
 Grand écart. J. Cocteau; B. 38
 Great Pacific war. H. C. Bywater; AN. 615
 Great short stories of the world. B. H. Clark
 and M. Lioher, editors; B. 644
 Great valley. M. Johnston; B. 727
 Grey, Zane
 Tales of fishing virgin seas; AN. 347
 Griffin, Solomon Bulkley
 W. Murray Crane, a man and a brother; B. 290
 Griggs, Arthur K., editor and translator
 Memoirs of Leon Daudet; B. 120
 Guérard, Albert Leon
 Beyond hatred. The democratic ideal in
 France and America; B. 89
 Guérard, Albert; R. 66, 320
- ### H
- Haire, Norman
 Rejuvenation; AN. 373
 Hamilton, Walton H., and H. R. Wright
 Case of bituminous coal; B. 209
 Hamlin, Talbot Faulkner; R. 649
 Hammond, J. L. and Barbara
 Rise of modern industry; B. 642
 Hard, William; R. 290
 Hardy, G. Gathorne
 Norway; AN. 509
 Hardy, Thomas
 Human shows, far fantasies, songs and
 trifles; B. 64
 Harper prize short stories. B. Perry, introduction
 by; B. 371
 Harris, Frank
 My life; B. 537
 Harrison, Jane E.; R. 648
 Harrow, Benjamin; R. 536
 Hart, Captain B. H. Liddell
 Paris or the future of war; AN. 615
 Harte, Bret, letters of. G. B. Harte, editor; B. 730
 Harte, Geoffrey Bret, editor
 Letters of Bret Harte; R. 730
 Harten-Hoenecke, Tony, translator
 Amerikanische lyrik; AN. 657
 Havelock Ellis. I. Goldberg; AN. 651
 Haynes, E. S. P.
 Lycurgus or the future of law; AN. 615
 Healing gods of ancient civilization. W. A.
 Jayne; AN. 483
 Heart of the middle east. R. Coke; B. 672
 Heidenstam, Werner von. C. W. Stark, translator
 Swedes and their chieftains; AN. 456
 Helman, George S.
 The true Stevenson. A study in clarifica-
 tion; AN. 162
 Helmholtz's treatise on physiological optics. Vol.
 I. J. P. C. Southall, editor; B. 536
 Helmholtz's treatise on physiological optics. Vol.
 II. J. P. C. Southall, editor; B. 701
 Heloise and Abélard. G. Moore; AN. 262
 Hemingway, Ernest
 In our time; B. 160
 Hemmhill, Martyn; R. 506
 Enhæstus or the soul of the machine. E. E.
 F. d'Albe; AN. 615
 Herald, Leon Serabian
 This waking hour; B. 346
 Hersh, Helen; R. 185
 Herskovits, Melville J.; R. 91
 Hertz, David Ralph; R. 372
 Herzen, Alexander, memoirs of. C. Garnett,
 translator; AN. 163
 Helev, William, memoirs of. A. Spencer,
 editor; B. 453
- Hirsch, Emil G.
 My religion; AN. 482
 Hirst, Francis W.
 Life and letters of Thomas Jefferson; B. 612
 History and social intelligence. H. E. Barnes;
 B. 612
 History of England from the defeat of the
 Armada to the death of Elizabeth. E. P.
 Cheyney; B. 702
 History of Europe from the reformation to the
 present day. F. Schevill; B. 346
 History of Greek religion. M. P. Nilsson; B. 648
 History of medieval philosophy. M. DeWulf; AN. 651
 History of Russia. S. F. Platonov; B. 236
 H. M. S. Pinafore and other plays. W. S. Gil-
 bert; AN. 347
 Hobson, John A.; R. 207, 726
 Hodgen, Margaret T.
 Workers' education in England and the
 United States; B. 119
 Holmes, John Haynes; R. 646
 Honest liberty in the church. A record of the
 church congress in the United States on
 its fiftieth anniversary. A. D. MCMXXIV;
 AN. 238
 Hornaday, William T.
 Wild-animal round-up; AN. 185
 Horwill, George
 Pronotional representation. Its dangers
 and defects; B. 372
 Horwill, Herbert W.
 Usages of the American constitution; B. 673
 Horwill, Herbert W.; R. 292
 House, Roy Temple; R. 538
 How music grew. M. Bauer and E. Pevser; AN. 560
 Howe, R. H. A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury, E.
 Peabody, W. L. W. Field, and W. G.
 Thayer
 Education of the modern boy; B. 261
 Huddleston, Sisley
 France and the French; B. 320
 Huizinga, J.
 Waning of the middle ages; AN. 262
 Hull, Helen R.
 Surry family; AN. 483
 Human shows, far phantasies, songs and trifles.
 T. Hardy; B. 64
 Humiston, Charles E., W. Riley and F. W. Pea-
 body
 The faith, the falsity, and the failure of
 Christian science; B. 154
 Hunt, Edward Eyre, F. G. Tryon, and J. H.
 Willits
 What the coal commission found; B. 209
 Huxley, Aldous
 Two or three graces; B. 612
- ### I
- Ieonoclast
 J. Ramsay MacDonald (1923-1925); AN. 374
 Impressionist of American seamen. J. F. Zim-
 merman; AN. 186
 In our time. E. Hemingway; B. 160
 In the American grain. W. C. Williams; B. 413
 Increase Mather, the foremost American puri-
 tan. K. B. Murdock; B. 453
 India. Sir V. Chirol; B. 481
 Indians of the enchanted desert. L. Crane; B. 647
 Influencing human behavior. H. A. Overstreet;
 B. 508
 Intellectual vagabondage. F. Dell; B. 585
 Internal secretions of the sex glands. A. Lip-
 schutz; AN. 373
 International relations. R. L. Buell; B. 613
 Israel. L. Lewisohn; B. 420
- ### J
- Jacobs, Samuel A., C. Norman
 Tragic heaches; AN. 162
 James, William, philosophy of. H. M. Kallen;
 AN. 347
 January garden. M. Cane; AN. 457
 Jastrow, Joseph; R. 154
 Jayne, Walter Addison
 Healing gods of ancient civilization; AN. 483
 Jefferson, G. Chinard; B. 150
 Jefferson, Thomas, life and letters of. F. W.
 Hirst; B. 642
 Jefferson and Hamilton. C. G. Bowers; B. 150
 Jennings, H. S.
 Prometheus, or biology and the advancement
 of man; B. 181
 Jesuit martyrs of North America. J. J. Wynne;
 AN. 425
 Jesuit relations and allied documents. R. G.
 Thwaites, introduction by, and E. Kenton,
 editor; AN. 425
 Jesus of Nazareth. J. Klausner; AN. 731
 Johnson, Guy B., and H. W. Odum
 Negro and his songs; B. 480
 Johnson, Samuel, bibliography of. W. P. Court-
 ney and D. N. Smith; AN. 374
 Johnston, Mary
 Great valley; B. 727
 Jones, Llewellyn
 First impressions. Essays on poetry, criti-
 cism, and prosody; AN. 262
 Jones, Robert Edmond
 Drawings for the theater; AN. 703
 Jones, Rufus M.
 Fundamental ends of life; AN. 211
 Jungle peace. W. Beebe; AN. 347
- ### K
- Kallen, Horace M.
 Philosophy of William James. Drawn from
 his own works; AN. 347
 Kallen, H. M.; R. 420
 Kammerer, Paul
 Rejuvenation and the prolongation of hu-
 man efficiency; AN. 373
 Kanner, Heinrich; R. 319
 Kasidah of Hâim Abdû El-Yezdi. Sir R. Burton;
 AN. 652
 Kautsky, Karl
 Labor revolution; B. 120
 Economic doctrines of Karl Marx; AN. 674
 Kenney, Annie
 Memories of a militiant; AN. 92
 Kenton, Edna, editor, and R. G. Thwaites, in-
 troduction by
 Jesuit relations and allied documents; AN. 425
 Kerry, Carl of
 First Napoleon. Some unpublished docu-
 ments from the Bowood papers; B. 66
 Keynes, Geoffrey, editor
 Writings of William Blake; B. 611
 King, Veronica and Paul
 Raven on the skyscraper; B. 152
 Kirchwey, George W.; R. 234
 Klabund, and H. G. Scheffauer, translator
 Peter the czar; AN. 39
 Klausner, Joseph
 Jesus of Nazareth; AN. 731
 Knickerbocker, William S.
 Creative Oxford; its influence in Victorian
 literature; AN. 509
 Knox, Cleone
 Diary of a young lady of fashion in the
 year 1764-65; B. 208
 Komroff, Manuel
 Grace of Lambs; AN. 67
 Koteliansky, S. S., and P. Tomlinson, translators
 and editors
 Life and letters of Anton Tchekhov; AN. 560
 Krakatit. K. Capek; B. 90
 Kruij, Paul de
 Microbe hunters; B. 235
 Krutch, Joseph Wood
 Edgar Allan Poe; a study in genius; B. 289
 Krutch, Joseph Wood; R. 38, 90, 152, 208, 259,
 372, 454, 507, 557, 612, 672, 727
 Kuo, Dr. P. W., and Count Soyeshima
 Oriental interpretations of the far eastern
 problem; B. 479
 Kuprin, Alexandre
 Gambrinus and other stories; AN. 93
- ### L
- La, W.
 Episodes & epistles; AN. 457
 Labor attitudes and problems. W. E. Atkins
 and H. D. Lasswell; AN. 347
 Labor economics. S. Blum; B. 261
 Labor revolution. K. Kautsky; B. 120
 Lady Susan. J. Austen; AN. 186
 La Flesche, Francis
 Osage tribe—Rite of chiefs; sayings of the
 ancient men. Rite of vigil; B. 412
 Lake, Kirsopp
 Religion of yesterday and tomorrow; B. 292
 Lamond, E. M., translator
 Book of the popes; AN. 162
 Lamprecht, Sterling P.; R. 379
 Land of poco tiempo. C. F. Lummis; AN. 262
 Lane, Winthrop D.; R. 210, 456
 Langdon-Davies, John
 New age of faith; B. 344
 Language of advertising. J. B. Ondycke; AN. 560
 Lardner, Ring
 Love nest and other stories; B. 584
 Lasswell, Harold D., and W. E. Atkins
 Labor attitudes and problems; AN. 347
 Last years of Rodin. M. Tiel, R. Francis,
 translator; B. 159
 Later correspondence of Lord John Russell. G.
 P. Gooch, editor; AN. 615
 Later days. W. H. Davies; B. 344
 Lawrence, D. H.
 Plumed serpent; B. 291
 Reflections on the death of a porcupine; B. 291
 Lawrence, D. H.; R. 413
 Lawton, Mary
 Lifetime with Mark Twain. The memo-
 ries of Katy Leary; AN. 321
 Lecouvreur, Adrienne. C. Sorel; AN. 321
 Lee, Vernon
 Proteus or the future of intelligence; AN. 614
 Le Gallienne book of American verse. R. Le
 Gallienne, editor; AN. 347
 Le Gallienne, Richard, editor
 Le Gallienne book of American verse;
 AN. 317
 Lenôtre, G.
 Paris in the revolution; AN. 703
 Letters from England. K. Capek; B. 90
 Letters of Anton Pavlovitch Tchekhov to Olga
 Leonardovna Knipper. C. Garnett, trans-
 lator; AN. 614
 Letters to a lady in the country. Paul and
 Caroline; B. 65
 Letters to Katie. Sir E. Burne-Jones; AN. 374
 Lewis, M. G.
 Monk, the. A romance; AN. 651
 Lewis, Sinclair
 Mantrap; B. 672

- Lewisohn, Ludwig, translator
Modern German poetry; AN..... 347
- Lewisohn, Ludwig
Israel; B..... 420
- Levine, Albert J.; R..... 508
- Lieber, Max, and B. H. Clark, editors
Great short stories of the world; B..... 644
- Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. J. Boswell, Esq., A. Glover, editor, A. Dobson, introduction by; H. Railton, illustrator; AN..... 426
- Lifetime with Mark Twain. M. Lawton; AN. 162
- Lilienthal, David E.; R..... 119
- Lincoln, Abraham. C. Sandburg; B..... 149
- Lindsay, Vachel
Collected poems; AN..... 185
- Lindsey, Judge Ben B., and W. Evans
Revolt of modern youth; B..... 261
- Lippmann, Walter
Phantom public; B..... 556
- Lipschutz, Alexander
Internal secretions of the sex glands; AN. 373
- Lipsky, Abram
Man the puppet; B..... 508
- Little chronicle of Magdalena Bach. E. Meynell; AN..... 185
- Little world. S. Benson; AN..... 426
- Lives of the rakes. E. B. Chancellor; B..... 411
- Lloyd, W. Francis, and B. Austin
Secret of high wages; B..... 729
- Lochner, Louis P.
Henry Ford, America's Don Quixote; AN.. 121
- Lodge, Sir Oliver
Ether and reality; B..... 157
- Loeb classical library; B..... 506
- Long, Breckinridge
Genesis of the constitution of the United States of America; AN..... 509
- Longrigg, Stephen Hemsley
Four centuries of modern Iraq; B..... 672
- Love nest and other stories. R. Laydner; B.. 584
- Lubbock, Percy
Region cloud; AN..... 457
- Ludwig, Emil
Wilhelm der zweite; B..... 538
- Lummis, Charles F.
Land of poco tiempo; AN..... 262
- Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo; AN..... 262
- Lycurgus or the future of law. E. S. P. Haynes; AN..... 615
- M
- Mabbott, Thomas Ollive, and F. L. Pleadwell
Life and works of Edward Coote Pinkney; AN..... 652
- MacDonald, J. Ramsay. Iconoclast; AN..... 374
- MacDonald, J. Ramsay; R..... 258
- MacDonald, William; R..... 89
- McDougall, Walt
This is the life; AN..... 731
- MacDowell, E. C.; R..... 184
- McFee, William
Sunlight in New Granada; B..... 700
- Machen, Arthur
Canning wonder; B..... 318
- Maeurdy, Grace Harriet
Troy and Paeonia. With glimpses of ancient Balkan history and religion; B..... 614
- Magnus, Laurie
Dictionary of European literature. Designed as a companion to English studies; AN..... 652
- Makeef, N., and V. O'Hara
Russia; AN..... 509
- Man: his making and unmaking. E. B. Barrett; AN..... 586
- Man the puppet. A. Lipsky; B..... 508
- Manhattan transfer. J. Dos Passos; B..... 160
- Manito masks. H. Alexander; AN..... 347
- Mann, Thomas
Royal highness; B..... 454
- Mantrap. S. Lewis; B..... 672
- Manuscripts of the earl of Egmont. R. A. Roberts, editor; B..... 91
- Marble, Annie Russell
Nobel prize winners in literature; AN.... 509
- Marine-justiz-morde von 1917 und die admirals-rebellion von 1918. W. Dittmann; AN... 321
- Martin, Everett D.
Psychology; AN..... 238
- Marxian economic handbook and glossary. W. H. Emmet; AN..... 674
- Masefield, John
Trial of Jesus; AN..... 347
- Poems; AN..... 372
- Verse plays; AN..... 373
- Prose plays; AN..... 373
- Odessa; B..... 586
- Mass education for workers. Brookwood labor college; AN..... 347
- Masters, Edgar Lee
Selected poems; AN..... 185
- Maude, Aylmer, translator
Devil. L. Tolstol; B..... 699
- Mauve decade. T. Beer; B..... 556
- Mavor, James
Economic history of Russia; B..... 236
- Memories of a militant. A. Kenney; AN..... 92
- Mencken, H. L.; R..... 152, 235, 289
- Mérimé, Luc, and P. Desanres
Via de Jaurès; AN..... 211
- Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo. C. F. Lummis; AN..... 262
- Metaphysical foundations of modern physical science. E. A. Burtt; B..... 370
- Meynell, Esther
Little chronicle of Magdalena Bach; AN.. 185
- Meyrink, Gustav
Die heimtückischen champignons und andere geschichten; AN..... 539
- Michelson, Truman
Fortieth annual report of the bureau of American ethnology; AN..... 652
- Microbe hunters. P. de Kruif; B..... 235
- Miles, Hamish, translator
Miniature portraits. T. des Réaux; B.... 418
- Miller, Marion Mills, translator, and D. M. Robinson, introduction by
Songs of Sappho; AN..... 425
- Mims, Edwin
Advancing south; B..... 727
- Mind of John Keats. C. D. Thorpe; AN..... 657
- Miniature portraits. T. des Réaux, H. Miles, translator; B..... 418
- Minnigerode, Meade, and Wandell, S. H.
Aaron Burr: a biography compiled from rare, and in many cases unpublished sources; B..... 118
- Mirror of Venus. F. A. Wright; B..... 207
- Mitchison, Naomi
Cloud cuckoo land; B..... 416
- Mockery rap. T. F. Powys; AN..... 483
- Modern French poetry. J. T. Shipley, compiler and translator; AN..... 652
- Modern German poetry. L. Lewisohn, translator; AN..... 347
- Modern novel. E. A. Drew; B..... 507
- Monahan, F. J.
Early history of Bengal; AN..... 374
- Moncreiff, C. K. Scott, translator
Works of Stendhal: The charter-house of Parma, the abbess of Castro, and other stories; AN..... 426
- Monk, the. M. G. Lewis; AN..... 651
- Monroe doctrine. A. Alvarez; AN..... 373
- Montague, C. E.
Rough justice; B..... 557
- Montague, William Pepperell
Ways of knowing; B..... 508
- Moon, Parker Thomas; R..... 613
- Moore, Dom Thomas V.
Dynamic psychology; AN..... 238
- Moore, George
Héloïse and Abélard; AN..... 262
- Moral philosophy. W. Fite; B..... 372
- Morand, Paul
Closed all night; B..... 184
- More changes, more chances. H. W. Nevins; B..... 234
- Morgan, Jacques de
Prehistoric man: a general outline of prehistory; B..... 421
- Morgan, Thomas Hunt
Evolution and genetics; B..... 184
- Morley, Christopher
Thunder on the left; B..... 185
- Mottram, R. H.
Crime at Vanderlynden's; B..... 482
- Mr. Fortune's trials. H. C. Bailey; B..... 236
- Mundharmonika. W. Bonsels; AN..... 321
- Munro, Thomas, R. G. Tugwell, and R. E. Stryker
American economic life; B..... 37
- Munro, Thomas; R..... 159
- Murder, piracy, and treason. R. Postgate; AN. 162
- Murdock, Kenneth B.
Increase Mather, the foremost American puritan; B..... 453
- Muschler, Reinhold Conrad
Friedrich der grosse; AN..... 321
- Mussey, Henry Raymond; R..... 559, 699
- Mussolini, Benito, life of. M. Sarfatti, F. Whyte, translator; B..... 506
- My ditty bag. C. W. Brown; AN..... 586
- My life. F. Harris; B..... 537
- My religion. E. G. Hirsch; AN..... 482
- N
- National industrial conference board
Employment of young persons in the United States; AN..... 294
- Nearing, Scott
Educational frontiers; AN..... 509
- Negro and his songs. H. W. Odum and G. B. Johnson; B..... 480
- Neihardt, John G.
Song of the Indian wars; AN..... 185
- New are of faith. J. Langdon-Davies; B..... 344
- New history and the social studies. H. E. Barnes; B..... 423
- New natural history. J. A. Thomson; AN... 657
- New theater and cinema of soviet Russia. H. Carter; AN..... 586
- New Zealand. W. P. Reeves; AN..... 586
- Newcomb, Rex
Old mission churches and historie houses of California; B..... 649
- Newgate calendar. H. Savage, introduction by; AN..... 657
- Nevins, Henry W.
More changes, more chances; B..... 234
- Nevins, Henry W.; R..... 150, 318
- Nilsson, Martin P.
History of Greek religion; B..... 648
- Nobel prize winners in literature. A. R. Marble; AN..... 509
- No more parades. F. M. Ford; B..... 260
- Nordmann, Charles
Tyranny of time; B..... 157
- Norman, Charles, S. A. Jacobs
Tragic beaches; AN..... 162
- Norton, H. K., H. G. W. Woodhead, and J. Arnold
Occidental interpretations of the far eastern problem; B..... 479
- Norway. G. G. Hardy; AN..... 509
- Notes and anecdotes of many years. J. B. Bishop; AN..... 482
- O
- O'Brien, Fitz-James, E. J. O'Brien, editor
Collected stories and tales; B..... 371
- O'Brien, Edward J., editor
Best short stories of 1925; B..... 644
- Occidental interpretations of the far eastern problem. H. G. W. Woodhead, H. K. Norton, and J. Arnold; B..... 479
- Odtaa. J. Masefield; B..... 586
- Odum, Howard W., editor
Southern pioneers in social interpretation; AN..... 162
- Odum, Howard W., and G. B. Johnson
Negro and his songs; B..... 480
- O'Hara, Valentine, and N. Makeef
Russia; AN..... 509
- Oil industry and the competitive system. G. W. Stocking; B..... 455
- Old mission churches and historie houses of California. R. Newcomb; B..... 649
- On the trail of Negro folk-songs. D. Scarborough; B..... 480
- On new shores. K. Bercovic; AN..... 560
- One tree. A. M. Allen; AN..... 731
- Opdyke, John B.
Language of advertising; AN..... 560
- Oriental interpretations of the far eastern problem. Count Soyeshima and Dr. P. W. Kuo; B..... 479
- Origin of the next war. J. Bakeless; B..... 646
- Osage tribe. F. La Flesche; B..... 412
- Other side of the medal. E. Thompson; AN.. 730
- Otto, M. C.; R..... 612
- Outrobros or the mechanical extension of mankind. G. Garrett; AN..... 615
- Overbury mystery. Judge E. A. Parry; B.... 318
- Overstreet, H. A.
Influencing human behavior; B..... 508
- Overstreet, H. A.; R..... 423
- Ovid and his influence. E. K. Rand; B..... 207
- P
- Packard, Sidney R.; R..... 346, 702
- Pageant of America: a pictorial history of the United States. R. H. Gabriel, editor; B..... 479
- Paladin of philanthropy and other poems. A. Dobson; AN..... 162
- Paris in the revolution. G. Lenôtre; AN..... 703
- Paris on parade. R. F. Wilson; AN..... 560
- Paris or the future of war. B. H. L. Hart; AN..... 615
- Parker, E. H.
Thousand years of the Tartars; B..... 421
- Parrington, Vernon L.; R..... 453
- Parry, Judge Edward Abbott
Overbury mystery; B..... 318
- Parshley, H. M.; R..... 65, 344
- Parsons, Alice Beal; R..... 66, 184, 645, 727
- Parthenon, its science of forms. R. W. Gardner; AN..... 674
- Passing of the phantoms; a study of evolutionary psychology and morals. C. J. Patten; AN..... 92
- Passion and pain. S. Zweig. E. and C. Paul, translators; AN..... 39
- Patten, C. J.
Passing of the phantoms: a study of evolutionary psychology and morals; AN.... 92
- Paul and Caroline
Letters to a lady in the country, together with her replies; B..... 65
- Paul, Eden and Cedar, translators
Passion and pain. S. Zweig; AN..... 39
- Peabody, Endicott, A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury, R. H. Howe, W. L. W. Field, and W. G. Thayer
Education of the modern boy; B..... 261
- Peabody, Frederick W., W. Riley, and C. E. Humiston
The faith, the falsity, and the failure of Christian science; B..... 154
- Peabody, Josephine Preston—diary and letters. C. H. Baker, editor; AN..... 482
- Pearl, Raymond
Biology of population growth; B..... 65
- Peers, E. Allison
Spanish mysticism; AN..... 262
- Pennell, Joseph
Adventures of an illustrator; AN..... 424
- Perry, Bliss; introduction by
Harper prize short stories; B..... 371
- Personalities in art. R. Cortissov; B..... 159
- Personality. R. G. Gordon; AN..... 703
- Peter the czar. Klubund; H. G. Scheffauer, translator; AN..... 29
- Peyser, Ethel, and M. Bauer
How music grew; AN..... 560

- phantom public. W. Lippman; B..... 556
Phillips, Arthur
Gay city; AN..... 560
Pierre-Quint, Leon
Marcel Proust, sa vie, son œuvre; B..... 534
Pinkney, Edward Cooté—life and works of. T.
O. Mabbott and F. L. Pleadwell; AN..... 652
Platonov, S. F.
History of Russia; B..... 236
Pleadwell, Frank Lester, and T. O. Mabbott
Life and works of Edward Cooté Pinkney;
AN..... 652
Pleadwell, D. H. Lawrence; B..... 291
Pleadwell, Edgar Allan. J. W. Krutch; B..... 289
Pleadwell, J. Masefield; AN..... 373
Poetry and criticism. E. Sitwell; AN..... 651
Poor white. S. Anderson; AN..... 347
Portrait of Zélide. G. Scott; B..... 289
Possession. L. Bromfield; B..... 66
Post, L. A. translator
Thirteen epistles of Plato; AN..... 652
Postgate, Raymond
Murder, piracy, and treason. A selection
of notable English trials; AN..... 162
Post-war Britain. A. Siegfried; B..... 207
Pows, Llewellyn; R..... 648, 728
Pows, T. F.
Mockery gap; AN..... 483
Prawitt, Julius W.
Expansionists of 1812; AN..... 293
Prawitt, William Hickling, correspondence of.
R. Wolcott; B..... 345
Present economic revolution in the United
States. T. N. Carver; AN..... 586
Priapus and the pool. C. Aiken; B..... 38
Principles of wage settlement. H. Feis; AN..... 92
Private life of Helen of Troy. J. Erskine; B..... 119
Problem of immortality. R. A. Tsanoff; AN..... 211
Profits. W. T. Foster and W. Catchings; B..... 699
Prometheus, or biology and the advancement of
man. H. S. Jennings; B..... 184
Proportional representation. G. Horwill; B..... 372
Rose plays. J. Masefield; AN..... 373
Roteus or the future of intelligence. V. Lee;
AN..... 614
Rouss, Marcel, sa vie, son œuvre. L. Pierre-
Quint; B..... 534
Rouette, Lorine; R..... 261
Russing, Eugene E.
George Washington in love and otherwise;
B..... 209
Psychology. E. D. Martin; AN..... 238
Psychology for child training. A. D. Weeas;
B..... 279
Psychology of time. M. Sturt; AN..... 675
Public ownership. C. D. Thompson; AN..... 92
- Q
- Quebec act; a study in statesmanship. R.
Coupland; AN..... 211
Queiroz, Eca de
Relic; AN..... 67
Quo vadimus? Some glimpses of the future.
E. E. F. d'Aibe; AN..... 615
- R
- Raleigh, Lady, editor
Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh; AN..... 652
Raleigh, Sir Walter, letters of. Lady Raleigh,
editor; AN..... 652
Rand, Benjamin; R..... 91
Rand, Edward Kennard
Ovid and his influence; B..... 207
Raven on the skyscraper. V. and P. King; B..... 152
Read, Conyers
Mr. secretary Walsingham and the policy of
queen Elizabeth; B..... 702
Read, Elizabeth F., translator
World court; B..... 185
Réaux, Tallemant des
Miniature portraits; B..... 418
Recent foreign policy of the United States.
G. H. Blakeslee; AN..... 238
Reeves, William Pember
New Zealand; AN..... 586
State experiments in Australia and New
Zealand; AN..... 586
Reflections on the death of a porcupine. D. H.
Lawrence; B..... 291
Region cloud. P. Lubbock; AN..... 457
Reichwein, Adolf
China and Europe: intellectual and artistic
contacts in the eighteenth century; B..... 421
Rejuvenation. N. Haire; AN..... 373
Rejuvenation and the prolongation of human
efficiency. P. Kammerer; AN..... 373
Relation in art. V. Blake; AN..... 425
Relic. Eca de Queiroz; AN..... 67
Religion of yesterday and tomorrow. K. Lake;
B..... 292
Renoir; an intimate record. A. Vollard. H.
L. Van Doren, and R. T. Weaver, trans-
lators; B..... 159
Revolt of modern youth. B. B. Lindsey and W.
Evans; B..... 261
Ricci, Corrado
Beatrice Cenci; B..... 674
Richard Kane looks at life. I. Edman; B..... 583
Richter, Helene
Shakespeare der mensch; AN..... 321
Riddle of the earth. Appian Way; AN..... 675
Riesner, Felix
Vignettes of the sea; AN..... 731
Riley, Woodbridge, F. W. Peabody, and C. E.
Humiston
The faith, the falsity, and the failure of
Christian science; B..... 154
Riley, Woodbridge; R..... 259
Rise of modern industry. J. L. and B. Ham-
mond; B..... 642
Road to town. C. Divine; AN..... 456
Roberts, R. A., editor
Manuscripts of the Earl of Egmont. Diary
of the first Earl of Egmont (Viscount
Perceval); B..... 91
Robinson, David Moore, introduction by, and
M. M. Miller, translator
Songs of Sappho; AN..... 425
Robson, E. I.
A wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia; B..... 120
Rockow, Lewis; R..... 556
Rocue's bookshelf; B..... 506
Roman colonate, the theories of its origin. R.
Clausen; AN..... 347
Rosenberg, James N.; R..... 185
Rough justice. C. E. Montague; B..... 557
Royal highness. T. Mann; B..... 454
Russell, Bertrand
A B C of relativity; B..... 157
Education and the good life; B..... 583
Russia. V. O'Hara and N. Makeef; AN..... 509
- S
- Saltus, Edgar, the man. M. Saltus; AN..... 185
Saltus, Marie
Edgar Saltus the man; AN..... 185
Sandburg, Carl
Abraham Lincoln: the prairie years; B..... 149
Santavanna, George
Dialogues in limbo; B..... 416
Sarfatti, Margherita; F. Whyte, translator
Life of Benito Mussolini; B..... 506
Satterthwaite, E., and E. C. M. Stewart, com-
pilers
Cornish granite. Extracts from the writ-
ings and speeches of Lord Courtney of
Penwith; B..... 64
Savare, Henry, introduction by
Newgate calendar; AN..... 651
Scarborough, Dorothy
On the trail of Negro folk-songs; B..... 480
Scheffauer, Herman George, translator
Peter the czar; AN..... 39
Schevill, Ferdinand
History of Europe from the reformation
to the present day; B..... 316
Science and the modern world. A. N. White-
head; B..... 370
Scott, Geoffrey
Portrait of Zélide; B..... 289
Scott, John A.; R..... 614
Scott, Sybil, translator
Four tales by Zélide; B..... 239
Secker, Martin
Adelphi edition of the works of Jane
Austen; AN..... 186
Secret of high wages. B. Austin and W. F.
Lloyd; B..... 729
Seitz, Don C.
Uncommon Americans; B..... 210
Selected poems. E. L. Masters; AN..... 185
Selected poems: 1909-1925. T. S. Eliot; B..... 641
Senlin; a biography. C. Aiken; B..... 38
Serajevó crime. M. E. Durham; B..... 318
Sermons of a chemist. E. E. Slosson; AN..... 731
Seventy summers. P. Bigelow; B..... 150
Seymour, Beatrice Kean
Unveiled; AN..... 373
Shakespeare der mensch. H. Richter; AN..... 321
Shaw, J. S. Collis; AN..... 163
Sherman, Stuart
Critical woodcuts; B..... 370
Shipley, Joseph T., compiler and translator
Modern French poetry; AN..... 652
Ships of the seven seas. H. Daniel; AN..... 586
Short, Lionel G.; R..... 482, 586
Sidelights on Elizabethan drama. H. D. Sykes;
AN..... 373
Siegfried, André
Post-war Britain; B..... 207
Silhouettes. Sir E. Gosse; AN..... 262
Silver stallion. J. B. Cabell; B..... 559
Sitwell, Edith
Poetry and criticism; AN..... 651
Sixteenth-century books. J. B. Childs; AN..... 121
Slosson, Edwin E.
Sermons of a chemist; AN..... 731
Slosson, Edwin E.; R..... 157
Smerkteno, Johan J.; R..... 371, 644
Smith, David Nichol, and W. P. Courtney
Bibliography of Samuel Johnson; AN..... 374
Social origins and social continuities. A. M.
Tozzer; B..... 91
Social struggles and thought. M. Beer; AN..... 560
Some cycles of Cathay. W. A. White; AN..... 560
Song of the Indian wars. J. G. Neihardt; AN..... 185
Songs of Sappho. M. M. Miller, translator,
and D. M. Robinson, introduction by;
AN..... 425
Soothill, W. E.
China and the west. A sketch of their
intercourse; B..... 479
Sorel, Cécile
La vie amoureuse d'Adrienne Lecouvreur;
AN..... 321
Southall, James P. C., editor
Helmholtz's treatise on physiological optics.
Vol. I; B..... 536
Helmholtz's treatise on physiological optics.
Vol. II: The sensation of vision; B..... 701
Southern pioneers in social interpretation. H.
W. Odum, editor; AN..... 162
Soyeshima, Count, and Dr. P. W. Kuo
Oriental interpretations of the far eastern
problem; B..... 479
Spanish mysticism. E. A. Peers; AN..... 262
Spencer, Alfred, editor
Memoirs of William Hickey; B..... 453
Spengler, Oswald, and C. F. Atkinson, trans-
lator
Decline of the west. Vol. I. Form and
actuality; B..... 532
Spurgeon, Caroline F. E.
Five hundred years of Chaucer criticism
and allusion: 1357-1900; B..... 234
Starling, E. H.
Action of alcohol on man; AN..... 39
State experiments in Australia and New Zea-
land. W. P. Reeves; AN..... 586
Stead, W. T., life and letters of. F. Whyte; B..... 292
Stearns, A. E., S. S. Drury, E. Peabody, R.
H. Howe, W. L. W. Field, and W. G.
Thayer
Education of the modern boy; B..... 261
Stele, Wilbur Daniel
Urkey island; AN..... 731
Stendhal, works of. C. K. S. Moncrieff, trans-
lator; AN..... 426
Stewart, Esme C. M., and Satterthwaite, E.,
compilers
Cornish granite. Extracts from the writ-
ings and speeches of Lord Courtney of
Penwith; B..... 64
Stocking, George Ward
Oil industry and the competitive system; B..... 455
Stolberg, Benjamin; R..... 261, 414
Story of a novel and other stories. M. Gorki;
AN..... 373
Stratton, Arthur
Elements of form and design in classic
architecture; AN..... 674
Strong, L. A. G., editor
Best poems of 1925; AN..... 162
Stryker, Roy E., R. G. Tugwell, and T. Munro
American economic life; B..... 37
Sturt, Mary
Psychology of time; AN..... 675
Sunlight in New Granada. W. McFee; B..... 700
Surry family. H. R. Hull; AN..... 483
Swedes and their chieftains. W. von Heiden-
stam, C. W. Stork, translator; AN..... 456
Sykes, H. Dugdale
Sidelights on Elizabethan drama; AN..... 373
- T
- Taggard, Genevieve
Words for the chisel; B..... 481
Tales of fishing virgin seas. Z. Grey; AN..... 347
Tales of the long bow. G. K. Chesterton; AN..... 347
Tallmant des Réaux. Sir E. Gosse; B..... 418
Tarbell, Ida M.
Life of Elbert H. Gary; B..... 414
Tarkington, Booth
Women; AN..... 482
Tate, Allen; R..... 38, 160, 237, 416, 481, 532
Tchekhov, Anton, life and letters of. S. S.
Koteliansky and P. Tomlinson, translators
and editors; AN..... 569
Thayer, Wm. G., A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury,
E. Peabody, R. H. Howe, and W. L. W.
Field
Education of the modern boy; B..... 261
Theory of poetry. L. Abercrombie; AN..... 652
Thirteen epistles of Plato. L. A. Post, trans-
lator; AN..... 652
This is the life! W. McDouall; AN..... 731
This waking hour. L. S. Herald; B..... 346
Thobbing, H. Ward; B..... 728
Thomas, Norman
What is industrial democracy; AN..... 424
Thomas, Norman; R..... 292
Thompson, Carl D.
Public ownership; AN..... 92
Thompson, Edward
Other side of the medal; AN..... 730
Thomson, J. Arthur
New natural history; AN..... 657
Thorpe, Clarence Dewitt
Mind of John Keats; AN..... 657
Those not elect. L. Adams; B..... 237
Thousand years of the Tartars. E. H. Parker;
B..... 421
Threshold of the Pacific. C. E. Fox; B..... 421
Thunder on the left. C. Morley; B..... 185
Thwaites, Reuben Gold, introduction by, and
E. Kenton, editor
Jesuit relations and allied documents; AN..... 425
Tiecknor, Caroline
Classic Concord as portrayed by Emerson,
Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts;
AN..... 657
Tirel, Marcelle
Last years of Rodin; B..... 159
Tolerance. H. W. van Loon; B..... 158
Tolstoi, Leo, and A. Maude, translator
Devil; B..... 699

Touchstone of architecture. Sir R. Blomfield; AN.....	674
Tozzer, Alfred M.	
Social origins and social continuities; B..	91
Tragic beaches. C. Norman and S. A. Jacobs; AN.....	162
Transatlantic stories. F. M. Ford, introduction by; B.....	644
Trial of Jesus. J. Masefield; AN.....	347
Trial of Ronald True. D. Carswell; B.....	318
Troland, L. T.; R.....	701
Trotzky, Leon	
Whither England?; B.....	258
Troy and Paeonia. With glimpses of ancient Balkan history and religion. G. H. Macurdy; B.....	614
True Stevenson. G. S. Hellman; AN.....	162
Tryon, F. G., E. E. Hunt, and J. H. Willits	
What the coal commission found; B.....	209
Tsanoff, R. A.	
Problem of immortality; AN.....	211
Tudor translations. C. Whibley, editor; B.....	36
Tugwell, Rexford Guy, T. Munro, and R. E. Stryker	
American economic life; B.....	37
Turner, Ralph E.	
America in civilization; B.....	37
Twilight of the gods. R. Garnett; B.....	648
Two or three graces. A. Huxley; B.....	612
Tyranny of time. C. Nordmann, E. E. Four-nier d'Albe; translator; B.....	157
U	
Uncommon Americans. D. C. Seitz; B.....	210
Unveiled. B. K. Seymour; AN.....	373
Urkey island. W. D. Stele; AN.....	731
Usages of the American constitution. H. W. Horwill; B.....	673
V	
Valentine's manual of old New York: 1926. H. C. Brown, editor; AN.....	185
Van Doran, Mark; R.: 14, 36, 64, 89, 149, 183, 207, 234, 289, 318, 344, 370, 411, 453, 479, 506, 556, 583, 641, 699	
Van Doren, Harold L., and R. T. Weaver, translators	
Renoir: an intimate record; B.....	159
van Loon, Hendrik Willem; R.....	421, 700
van Loon, Hendrik Willem	
Tolerance; B.....	158
Verse plays. J. Masefield; AN.....	373
Victoria, queen, letters of: 1862-1878. Second series, vols. I and II; B.....	726
Vie de Jaurès. P. Desanges and L. Méri-ga; AN.....	211
Vignettes of the sea. F. Riesen-berg; AN.....	731

Villard, Oswald Garrison; R.....	64
Virgin Spain. W. Frank; B.....	645
Vollard, Ambroise	
Renoir: an intimate record; B.....	159
Vossler, Karl	
Geist und kultur in der sprache; B.....	261
W	
Waldman, Milton	
Americana: the literature of American his-tory; AN.....	615
Waldron, Webb; R.....	120
Walsingham and queen Elizabeth. C. Read; B.	702
Walton, Eda Lou	
Dawn boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs; B.....	183
Wandell, Samuel H., and Minnigerode, Meade	
Aaron Burr: a biography compiled from rare and in many cases unpublished sources; B.....	118
Waning of the middle ages. J. Huizinga; AN.	262
Ward, Harry F.; R.....	479
Ward, Henshaw	
Thobbing; B.....	728
Washington, George, diaries of. J. C. Fitz-patrik, editor; B.....	209
Washington, George, in love and otherwise. E. E. Prussing; B.....	209
Watson, John B.	
Behaviorism; B.....	259
Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia. E. I. Robson; B.....	120
Ways of knowing. W. P. Montague; B.....	503
Weale, Putnam	
Why China sees red; B.....	479
Weaver, Randolph T., and H. L. Van Doren, translators	
Renoir: an intimate record; B.....	159
Weaver, Raymond	
Black valley; B.....	90
Weeks, Arland D.	
Psychology for child training; B.....	259
Wenn die alten türme stürzen. E. von Wol-zogen; AN.....	539
What is industrial democracy? N. Thomas; AN.....	424
What the coal commission found. E. E. Hunt, F. G. Tryon, and J. H. Willits; B.....	209
White, Walter; R.....	480
White, William Allen	
Some cycles of Cathay; AN.....	560
Whitehead, Alfred North	
Science and the modern world; B.....	370
Whither England? L. Trotzky; B.....	258
Why China sees red. P. Weale; B.....	479
Why we behave like human beings. G. A. Dorsey; B.....	184
Whyte, Frederic	
Life and letters of W. T. Stead; B.....	292

Whyte, Frederic, translator, and M. Sarfatti	
Life of Benito Mussolini; B.....	506
Wild-animal round-up. W. T. Hornaday; AN.	185
Wilhelm der zweite. E. Ludwig; B.....	538
Williams, William Carlos	
In the American grain; B.....	413
Willits, Joseph H., E. E. Hunt, and F. G. Tryon	
What the coal commission found; B.....	209
Wilson, David Alec	
Carlyle on Cromwell and others (1837-1848); AN.....	509
Wilson, E. B.	
Cell in development and heredity; AN....	211
Wilson, Robert Forrest	
Paris on parade; AN.....	560
Wilstach, Paul, compiler	
Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson [1812-1826]; B.....	150
Wives. G. Bradford; AN.....	483
Wolcott, Roger	
Correspondence of William Hickling Pres-cott: 1833-1847; B.....	345
Wolzogen, Ernst von	
Wenn die alten türme stürzen; AN.....	539
Woodhead, H. G. W., H. K. Norton, and J. Arnold	
Occidental interpretations of the far east-ern problem; B.....	479
Women, B. Tarkington; AN.....	482
Words for the chisel. G. Taggard; B.....	481
Workers' education in England and the United States. M. T. Hodgen; B.....	119
World court. A. S. de Bustamante. E. F. Read, translator; B.....	185
World's classics; B.....	596
Wright, F. A.	
Mirror of Venus; B.....	207
Wright, Helen R., and W. H. Hamilton	
Case of bituminous coal; B.....	299
Wuthering heights. E. Brontë; AN.....	347
Wynne, John J.	
Jesuit martyrs of North America; AN....	425

Y

Yeats, William Butler	
Early poems and stories; AN.....	163
Young delinquent. C. Burt; B.....	456
Youth and the east. E. Chandler; AN.....	483

Z

Zaturenska, Marya; R.....	90
Zimmerman, James Fulton	
Impressment of American seamen; AN....	186
Zweig, Stefan	
Passion and pain; AN.....	39



The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1926

No. 3157

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	1
EDITORIALS:	
Cut It Short.....	3
1925's Account with Liberalism.....	4
Are Booms a Blessing?.....	4
Please Pass the Sugar.....	5
THE NEW WORLD COURT—I. AS SHAM. By William Hard.....	6
CHAOS IN FRANCE. By Robert Dell.....	8
GOLDEN RULE NASH. By Robert W. Bruère.....	9
ON WOMEN CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHER NEW IDEAS. By Dorothy Thompson.....	11
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	12
CORRESPONDENCE.....	12
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
To a Friend. By Haniel Long.....	14
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	14
Sloth of the Soil. By Donald Douglas.....	14
Legend or History? By Frithjof Toksvig.....	15
From Professor to Patriot. By Heinrich Kanner.....	15
In Fundamental Terms. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky.....	16
Interesting Books of 1925. By Mark Van Doren.....	16
Drama: The Powers of Darkness. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	16
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Case of South Tyrol. By W. F. Schubert.....	18

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FRED A. KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOFEN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE NEW YEAR comes in—the eighth since the World War was officially ended—with scores of men behind the bars in this democracy of ours for their opinions; whatever law they are alleged to have broken their actual offense is their political or industrial faith. A first charge in 1926 upon all believers in the liberty proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence should be the freeing of these victims and the repeal of the laws that are used to justify their imprisonment. The largest number of such prisoners is in California, but there are small groups elsewhere. In jail in Texas, for instance, are five Mexicans and one American, Charles Cline, whose incarceration antedates the World War. Jesus Rangel was engaged in 1913 in organizing armed bands in Texas and conducting them across the Mexican border in the interest of the revolutionary movement. After a fight between his band and a sheriff's posse one of the latter's assistants was found dead from bullets. Rangel's party was pursued and captured and, although no one in it could be directly identified as the slayer, Rangel and five others were sentenced to the penitentiary for life—largely, it is thought, through Diaz's influence. Their only certain crime was violation of the neutrality laws, and in any event they have suffered enough even if guilty of the more serious offense. Labor bodies in Texas are asking for the release of the six men, and we hope they will be backed by petitions to Governor Ferguson from labor and liberal organizations generally.

MOST UNFORTUNATE is the verdict of the International Commission which investigated the Shanghai police murders of May 30. A majority, the British and Japanese members, has upheld the police. The American member, we are happy to report, decided that the police officials failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation and to take proper precautions, as a result of which innocent lives were lost. How any other verdict could have been reached in the light of the evidence presented is beyond us. Fortunately this mixed decision has resulted in the resignation of the police commissioner and of the guilty inspector of police, Everson, who gave no adequate warning to the crowd and ordered it to disperse in tones that could not be heard a few yards away—it will be remembered that a number of the victims were shot in the back. While the prompt acceptance of the resignations of these officials will help to offset the majority decision, so far as the Chinese are concerned the verdict will do much harm. It will confirm them in their view that the foreigners propose to stand by each other at any cost and will increase the bitterness of those who know that the Shanghai massacre was as needless as that at Amritsar.

JAPANESE STUDENTS do not, like their Chinese brothers, overturn governments, but they object to wasting time in military training and demand the right to do their own reading and think their own thoughts. An idiotic teacher of military training in the Otaro Commercial School in mid-October offered his students an examination paper requesting them to outline a plan for student mobilization in case Koreans and anarchists should attack the Government after an earthquake. Naturally the students protested; many of them were Koreans, and all recalled the gruesome events that followed the great Tokio earthquake when wild rumors of Korean plots led to a kind of pogrom. A student campaign against military training is sweeping Japan. Tokio Imperial University, once deemed a stronghold of conservatism, today puts its academic halls at the disposal of the protesting students, and most of the universities have been as wise. But Fukuoka High School in Tokio discharged four students for too vigorous expression of their sympathy with radicals, followed by hissing of Dr. Ninigawa, a government supporter who tried to tell them that American students were eager for military training. The students have founded a National Federation Opposed to Military Training in the Colleges, which sent a delegation, representing six universities, to call upon the Minister of Education; he did not meet them, but the police did, and a riot ensued. At Kioto the police rounded up thirty students who were members of a Social Research Society and had in their possession mimeographed copies of a Russian speech about Lenin. There, however, the university authorities, and even the governor of the prefecture, objected to the illegal invasion of the student dormitories, and an amusing incident occurred when one of the students turned out to be of the royal blood, which meant that the police had to petition the Mikado for permission to arrest him.

IT IS A PLEASURE to record the fact that Lady Gladstone, Gilbert Murray, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Muirhead Bone, St. John Ervine, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Julian Huxley, Israel Zangwill, and ninety-one other prominent English men and women have signed a petition to their government in England to eliminate Articles 227 and 231 from the Treaty of Versailles, the articles in which Germany acknowledged guilt for bringing on the war and confessed to having committed grave offenses against international morality, the sanctity of treaties, and the customs of war. Says the petition: "We regard these two articles, which were forcibly imposed upon a defeated nation under the most terrible stress, as having expressed a state of mind in the Allied and Associated Powers which has now largely passed away. We believe that they are manifestly unjust and constitute a grave obstacle to international understanding." The committee states that its action is in response to a similar petition signed last spring by more than one hundred persons of eminence in France. We cannot imagine a better manifestation of the Christmas spirit than this, and we are confident in our belief that the wishes of these just and generous English and French people will find their fulfilment in the course of the next few years. We are gratified also to be able to announce the establishment of a French weekly journal to be edited by Victor Margueritte, Baron Baudran, Professor Ebray, and other Frenchmen for the similar purpose of undoing the wrong to Germany by clearing her of the accusation of sole guilt and of immoral war practices, most of which have been exploded like the Charteris falsehood that the Germans boiled the bodies of their dead for fat.

From such reports as reach me there are indications that more authority should be given to the Governor General, so that he will not be so dependent upon the local legislative body to render effective our efforts to set an example of the sound administration and good government which is so necessary for the preparation of the Philippine people for self-government under ultimate independence. If they are to be trained in these arts, it is our duty to provide for them the best that there is.

WE HAVE REPRINTED this passage relating to the Philippines from President Coolidge's message to Congress because it is such a perfect illustration of the muddiness of the thinking now being done in the White House. Please notice that the President says that more authority should be given to the Governor General. He declares that the Governor General should not be so dependent upon the local legislative body. Why? Why, because he wishes to further the "preparation of the Filipinos for self-government." Now, how in the world are they going to learn to govern themselves if they are not given a chance to do so, and are to have a satrap placed over them who shall be independent of the local legislature? The child is to learn to walk under our tutelage. Before letting him do that we are going to tie him down firmly in his cradle. The truth is that General Wood does not like the child's growing pains and therefore the country is asked not to stick to its historic belief that bad government when self-government is better than good government when imposed from overseas. If we are going to wait until the Filipinos learn to govern themselves precisely as we want them to—and enforce their laws as effectively as we do the

Prohibition Amendment, let us say—we shall never redeem our sacred pledge to give them their freedom. Neither General Wood nor Mr. Coolidge desires that we do so.

"THE SENATE IS UNFAIR to Organized Labor." On December 17 the Senate of the Washington State Legislature defeated a bill modeled after the federal Clayton act permitting peaceful picketing. On December 18 a sign with the above words emblazoned upon it was borne by a silent marching picket, who circled the State Capitol buildings and walked the streets of Olympia all day—the answer of the State Federation of Labor to the action of the Senate. The defeated measure would have curtailed the power of State courts in granting injunctions in labor disputes and would also have preserved for labor the right of peaceful picketing in case of strikes except when irreparable damage was done to property. The type of picketing which the Senate was asked to legalize was defined as "allowing one person to walk in front of an establishment not employing union help with a sign or banner stating the place was unfair." The type of picketing to which the Senate was subjected was strictly within the limits of this definition. And the legislature exhibited no desire to test the legality of the picketing, even though it had refused the night before to give legislative sanction to just such actions. Reprisals, however, are expected. All labor bills, it is now definitely threatened by many Senators, will be summarily killed, "to punish labor for this indignity."

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has concluded a most interesting session in Detroit. Representing twenty-eight constituent Protestant denominations this governing committee has reaffirmed its "unequivocal support of national prohibition." This does not mean that it has discarded the report issued by its department of research upon the failure to enforce the prohibition law. It is willing to face the facts of the situation as they are, but reaffirms its belief that despite all shortcomings the net effect upon the physical, economic, political, and moral life of the nation is beneficial. The committee came out against the Japanese Exclusion Law, which it declares has lost to America the friendship of the Japanese and all the other Oriental people, and "carries in it the seeds of a color war." As to the vital question of peace, it reaffirmed the conclusions of the National Study Conference, held in Washington, December 1 to 3, under the auspices of the Federal Council, which declared war to be the "supreme enemy of mankind" and its continuance "the suicide of civilization." The conference voted that the church should devote itself to peace above all else, that in doing so it should never "become an agent of the government in any activity alien to the spirit of Christ," and should recognize the right of each individual to follow the dictates of his own conscience as to whether he should or should not participate in war. This spells real progress; it is a triumph of the principle of conscientious objection to war, and it has brought the church a step nearer to the ultimate position which it must take or perish—that it will not support its government if that government goes into war. We regret to have to add that the executive committee in Detroit voted to continue to approve the system of supplying chaplains to the army. Why not to the brothel and to the saloon, since these are only lesser evils and not the "supreme enemy of mankind"?

MISSISSIPPI, not content with being the only State that burned a Negro alive last year, has further added to her distinction by lynching a Negro after he had been lawfully tried and acquitted of the murder of a plantation store-manager. But Mississippi is trying to clean house. The sheriff and three deputies have been indicted for this latest outrage, and a pamphlet recently issued by Mississippians active in political life, including the Governor and other State officials, the president of the Bar Association and outstanding members of that group, and the editors of various newspapers, sets forth the case against lynching and against Mississippi in forthright terms. Reviewing the shocking and almost incredible total of 530 lynchings in the State during the last forty years, the pamphlet lays the blame for this lawlessness exactly where it belongs—on the shoulders of the men sworn to uphold the law, the sheriffs who gave up their prisoners to a mob, the deputies who did not use the weapons the law gave them the right to use in defense of accused persons in their custody. The pamphlet says further that members of a mob are cowards who always cringe before any show of force by those in authority; that they would refrain from participating in a lawless enterprise if they believed that they were running the slightest risk either of punishment or personal injury. These things have been amply demonstrated in scores of attempted lynchings, even in Mississippi, when sheriffs and deputies who were not also cowards have stood up and defended their prisoners with their own lives. In no case is there a record of an officer of the law who was killed in thus performing his duty. And if, combined with a determined sheriff, there was in every county in which a lynching threatened a determined judge who would send to jail the members of a mob, Mississippi would not have had six lynchings last year.

“NOW BE AN AMERICAN. Our men only last about six months in England and then they become Anglicized.” This, says Bainbridge Colby, ex-Secretary of State, in the *Saturday Review*, was the instruction given to him by Woodrow Wilson when he went to England during the war on an official mission. Mr. Colby continues:

The President referred to that subtle and encompassing and penetrating charm which is English. I think Page fell a victim to it. He took absolutely the English view of the controversies that arose during the war about our neutral rights. He saw with the vividness of close proximity the great issue of freedom as opposed to autocracy. It impaired his intellectual refraction. It distorted the angles of his vision. His sincerity is beyond question and his popular success in England was unmistakable, but he had ceased to be a serviceable spokesman of the President or a dependable ambassador of the United States.

Mr. Colby says Colonel House was sent on his unofficial missions simply and solely because Mr. Page had thus become Anglicized. “Hence,” writes Mr. Colby, “the estrangement of Page from the President—and a presidential silence that was considerate but knowing, followed by a course that was independent of his ambassador but right.” It was an extraordinary thing about Mr. Wilson’s administration that he was bitterly dissatisfied with his three leading ambassadors, Page, Gerard, and Penfield, as he was with several members of his Cabinet. But he could never bring himself to ask for the resignation of anyone whom he had appointed, no matter how great a failure the man became.

Cut It Short

A FEW years ago some editorial genius discovered that Americans no longer have time to read. The vogue of the short story and the popularity of the one-reel movie were pointed to for confirmation, and thus the legend was launched. Now Mr. Cosmo Hamilton predicts that the novel will persist only in the form of a fifteen-minute summary to be given over the radio, and that section of the public which never reads anything anyway is prepared to take him seriously. Condensation, they say, is part of the spirit of the age, and where, they ask, is the Victorian novel of eight or nine hundred pages?

But the answer, the proof that Americans take the time for something which cannot be finished while swallowing the matutinal coffee or while riding in the subway to work, is furnished by the catalogues of the publishers Mr. Dreiser having won some fame with a book like “The Genius” has just published a trifle in two fat volumes, the most-talked-of contemporary novel. Proust’s “Memory of Things Past” is appearing in instalments which will total some six thousand pages, while writers like Romain Rolland, Martin Anderson Nexö, and Ladislav Reymont confine themselves to a modest four volumes for each single work. The three volumes of Galsworthy’s “Forsyte Saga” and the three volumes of Bennett’s “Clayhanger” series have also found readers, and when it is remembered that many persons are not only familiar with the books just mentioned but have some acquaintance also with such opuscles as the three volumes of Westermarck’s “History of Human Marriage,” the six volumes of Havelock Ellis’s “Studies in the Psychology of Sex,” and the twelve volumes of “The Golden Bough,” it is obvious that the habit of sustained reading is not lost. We say whoever will not listen to our characteristic national injunction, “Make it snappy,” gets no hearing. Yet James Joyce, for example, refused to “cut it short,” and it cannot be said that he has been completely neglected in consequence.

Is it not possible that Mr. Hamilton is basing his conviction that people will no longer read novels upon insufficient evidence, merely upon the fact that they will no longer read *his* novels? Is it not true that even today we can stand a good deal of a thing if it happens to be good? Certainly a bad novel cannot be too short, and from what we have read of Mr. Hamilton we see no reason to suppose that fifteen minutes is not enough for him; but though we always feel strangely busy when one of his works comes around, we generally manage to find, merely by accident no doubt, that some hours of leisure appear when even the longer works of certain other writers are at hand. The length of a novel is not, after all, to be measured by the clock but by the mind, and we have known mere novelettes which *seemed*, and thus psychologically *were*, a good deal longer than all Proust.

No man in his right mind would rather read two bad novels than one good one. If Dickens is less read today than fifty years ago, length has nothing to do with the fact, for those who do not read him fail to do so only because they find that he has less to say to them than certain other writers. There are novels which are badly proportioned and there are novels which exhaust their material before they reach the end, but there is no such thing as a good book which is merely “too long.”

1925's Account with Liberalism

ABROAD

Cr.

- By the Locarno Treaties and the new spirit in Europe.
- " the evacuation of the Ruhr and of the Cologne district.
 - " the League of Nation's successful interference in the hostilities between Greece and Bulgaria.
 - " German fulfilment of the Dawes Plan requirements for 1925.
 - " the steady checking of the nationalist and militarist elements in Germany.
 - " the decision to hold a preliminary disarmament conference in February, 1926, in Geneva.
 - " the settlement of the Irish boundary dispute.
 - " the noteworthy improvement in economic conditions in Russia.
 - " the steady enlightenment of the Allied countries as to the lies of their governments about the origin and conduct of the war.
 - " the satisfactory progress toward tariff autonomy for China.
 - " the steady progress of Mexico, political and economic.

Dr.

- To the war in the Riff and the participation of American fliers therein.
- " the French war in Syria and the destruction of priceless monuments in the shelling of Damascus.
 - " the Shanghai massacre and the landing of American, British, and Japanese marines in Shanghai and elsewhere.
 - " the continuance of Mussolini's murderous despotism in Italy, and his unceasing destruction of personal and public liberties in that country.
 - " the thousands of political prisoners rotting in jail in almost every country of the world.
 - " the continuance of Horthy's dictatorship and the suppression of all liberal thought in Hungary.
 - " the defeat of the MacDonald Government in Great Britain.
 - " the horrors in Bulgaria.

AT HOME

Cr.

- By many signs of decreasing intolerance and of a revival of liberalism, best evidenced by the changing tone of press and magazines.
- " overwhelming evidence that the youth of today intends to think for itself.
 - " the growing revolt against compulsory military service for students.
 - " President Coolidge's admission to the American Legion that no military or naval preparations ever protected any country against war.
 - " the election of Robert M. La Follette, Jr., as Senator from Wisconsin.
 - " the trial of Colonel William Mitchell and the revelations of military and naval incompetency, waste, and graft in the air services.
 - " prosperous times in many industries and slight improvement in farming conditions.

- " a reawakened interest in public questions as evidenced by the fight for participation in the World Court.
- " the waning influence of the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan.

Dr.

- To one burning alive and fourteen other lynchings.
- " the death of Robert M. La Follette, brave, faithful, and devoted public servant.
 - " an unnecessary and long-drawn-out coal strike.
 - " the Scopes prosecution and its revelation of American superstition and bigotry.
 - " the continued imprisonment, not for overt acts, but for their opinions, of eighty-nine I.W.W. prisoners.
 - " the failure of numerous States to repeal their syndicalist laws.
 - " the retention of Wilbur and Kellogg in the Cabinet.
 - " the arrogance and intolerance of the State Department in excluding Saklatvala and the Karolyis.
 - " the refusal of the government to treat with Russia and to recognize its government.
 - " the scandalous and lawless harrying of the Chinese by American officials in various cities.
 - " the continuance of Japanese exclusion and of our intolerant and chauvinist immigration laws.
 - " the continued failure to enforce the prohibition law, and the resultant demoralization.

Are Booms a Blessing?

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has announced that it will lend no more money for the construction of office buildings and high-class apartment houses in New York City. Such structures, the company says, are being overproduced, with the result that the building industry is "on the edge of disaster." Certainly the city is in the throes of an unprecedented building boom. One after another of the old historical landmarks in the uptown business district—Delmonico's, Madison Square Garden—are coming down, and in their place rise towering steel and concrete office buildings; while Park Avenue extends its massive cheese boxes ever north and north. Men toil all night under electric suns, no sidewalk is without its wooden tunnel, the seething streets are further blocked with truckloads of brick and tile and steel.

Amidst all the appearances of such abounding prosperity the edict of the Metropolitan comes like a bombshell. The boom in building has created more rental space than a profitable traffic in rents will sustain, and it has invited into the mortgage business a new and dubious variety of finance company. The old-line companies—like the Metropolitan—have continued to lend on first mortgages up to a maximum of two-thirds the conservatively appraised value of the property, and have stuck to a moderate return. With the growth of the boom and the increased demand for construction loans, newcomers—not seasoned bankers but high-pressure salesmen—have appeared. Their gaudy circulars and their super-salesmen announce their bonds to be secured by first mortgages on high-class real estate. They often get the money before a spade is turned on the building. Thus the investor has no security at all at the start. They then proceed to give the building a good, generous appraisal and lend up to 80, 90, and 100 per cent of it.

Why? Because the bigger the loan, the bigger the bonus and the commission. "If a mortgage company is organized by expert selling men, with excessive expenses for advertising, salesmen, office, and overhead charges, a pressure to get large commissions ensues." Commissions run from 10 to 15 per cent of the sum loaned. The sole asset is the overappraised building, mortgaged up to the hilt on the *boom scale of rentals*. When the boom finally depresses rentals, and the movement has already started, the gullible investor is going to have some lovely new wall paper—steel engraved. By which time, the promoters will be exercising their talents in another—and distant—building boom. Or riding surf-boards in Florida.

The deeper social issues the Metropolitan fails to develop, though it does say tersely enough that the "housing situation is still acute for apartments renting for less than \$15 per room per month." Which means that it is still acute for 95 per cent of the population of New York City. While capital has been pouring into office buildings and Pekinese apartment houses, the industrial worker and the clerk are paying more for increasingly cramped quarters. Because their purchasing power has been restricted by low wages, enormous corporate profits have been accumulated. These profits, seeking investment, flow into unneeded construction, into *commercial* space that presently cannot be adequately rented and used. Space for the ordinary man's home does not enter into the calculation—he cannot pay enough in rent to magnetize the necessary capital. Meanwhile, these new lofts and office buildings—twenty stories replacing a demolished six—put an ever-increasing strain upon streets and subways already intolerably congested.

Which illustrates again, and poignantly, the blessings of untrammelled competition.

Please Pass the Sugar

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S "utmost solicitude" for the beet-sugar industry, of which he spoke when he refused to reduce the exorbitant tariff on this necessary, was mainly, he assured us, for the farmer who grows sugar beets. Let us see what the beet-growing farmer gets from this tariff. He urges that it be maintained, in the sincere belief that he is a beneficiary. He has now entered into a contract with the manufacturers which is represented to him, and to the public, as a "partnership"; as a "cooperative," a "profit-sharing" enterprise. Conceding that in certain exceptional circumstances he may benefit from the tariff, if he is being hoodwinked about this contract he is entitled to know it.

Only a little more than one-sixth of the sugar we consumed in 1924 came from beets, but of that fraction nearly three-fourths was produced in the six States of Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana. The present contract prevailing there gives to the farmer a minimum guaranty of \$6 a ton for beets measuring up to a certain grade, with provision for a higher price if the sugar content is higher, as it usually is. It is further provided that if the average *net price* obtained by the factory is more than five cents a pound, the farmer is to get a dollar a ton for each penny above the nickel a pound.

Every beet-growing farmer may well consider what is meant by net price. In his case it means that, if the price paid to the factory is more than a nickel, there must be

deducted such items as freight charges, cash discounts, insurance, taxes, storage, handling charges, sales costs, advertising, telegraph tolls, traveling expenses, brokerage, and so on; and these amount to about a penny a pound. As a fact the farmer doesn't figure in the deal unless the gross selling price is more than six cents a pound. These Western factories, moreover, count in against the farmer an imaginary freight rate from the coast, just as they milk the local consumer for fictitious transportation.

Recently the farmers in the six States mentioned were receiving about \$7.50 a ton for beets of record-breaking sugar content. It is the fortuitous excellence of the crop, not the tariff, which is helping them out, whatever the manufacturers may tell them. But, even if they manage by intensive cultivation to maintain an average production of eleven tons an acre, their expenses of production will still be greater than what the manufacturers allow them. They receive \$82.50 an acre for the beets, but the United States Department of Agriculture (Bulletin 917) states that the average cost of production for an eleven-ton acre is \$86.95, even though only \$1.70 is allowed for taxes and insurance and thirty cents an hour for labor. The farmer is out of pocket \$4.45 per acre and his workers get only \$2.40 on the basis of an eight-hour day. Even with an unprecedented crop, paying sweatshop wages, the farmer is losing money. Apparently he does not know how to keep books.

How are the manufacturers making out? They get their two cents tariff pap on every pound of sugar sold, whatever the price. If sugar is retailing at five cents a pound, it means that the consumer—including the beet-growing farmer—is paying a nickel for three-cent sugar. The manufacturers profit, to the tune of eighty millions a year, from the sugar tariff; and mainly the profiteers are the Western beet-sugar barons, for these six States are the stronghold of this protected industry.

Let us consider one company in this territory. The Great Western (beet) Sugar Company, operating seventeen factories distributed through Colorado, Nebraska, Montana, and Wyoming, produces about two-fifths of our beet sugar. It has \$15,000,000 of preferred stock, but has sold only \$13,630,000 of it, and this sum represents its total actual investment. On its preferred it pays 7 per cent, and on its common stock—all of which is water—it pays 32 per cent a year. Its actual profits, over and above its investment twenty years ago, have been \$134,646,235. On its watered common stock alone it has disbursed about fifty-three millions, while its investment was less than fifteen.

William L. Petriken, the president of this flourishing concern, sat as a delegate at the convention which nominated Calvin Coolidge. Charles W. Waterman, one of its lobbyists and the preconvention manager of Mr. Coolidge's campaign in Colorado, sat as a delegate-at-large from that State. Not so very long ago the President appointed Mr. Waterman counsel for the federal Oil Conservation Board.

We may well put these facts into a picture: the farmers, who are being cheated and deceived; the laborers, who are getting paltry wages; and the Great Western, with its lobbyist in executive favor and its fabulous profits. Looking at this picture, anyone of the consumers (who are paying \$200,000 a day on account of the President's refusal to reduce the sugar tariff) may decide for himself the source of Mr. Coolidge's "utmost solicitude."

The New World Court

By WILLIAM HARD

I. As Sham

I CONTEND that our proposed entrance into the new Permanent Court of International Justice is a sham on peace. I contend further that it is a trap through which we unknowingly shall be dropped into the special "sanctions" of the League of Nations and into the special wars of Europe. I contend, thirdly, that it is a derailment device by which the United States will be disastrously diverted from its proper mission of establishing a peace system upon an American basis in its own regions of special authority and of special responsibility.

In this article I shall endeavor to show why I contend that our proposed entrance into the Court is a sham on peace.

We already, on our statute-books, have three installations of general peace machinery. We have a membership in the old Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. We have a set of arbitration treaties named after Elihu Root. And we have a set of conciliation treaties named after William Jennings Bryan.

The religious periodical called the *Christian Century*, of Chicago, has repeatedly inquired:

What dispute of ours is there, actual or potential, which we would not wish to take to the old Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague but which we would be willing to take to the new Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague?

That question has never been answered. It cannot be answered. There are two reasons why it cannot be answered. In the first place, as I shall presently show, we shall always, in practice, for all important matters, prefer not the new Court but actually the old one. In the second place, as I shall likewise presently show, we have no official intention of taking any important matters to any court at all. Our President does not say:

Fellow-citizens, I have a grievous dispute with the Haitians regarding our armed occupation of Haiti. I have a grievous dispute with the Mexicans regarding the constitution of Mexico and its effects upon the properties of Americans from the United States in Mexico. I want to send these disputes to a court. I cannot send them to the old Court. The old Court is a poor thing. Give me the new Court. When I have it, I will go to it with these disputes.

Our President says no such thing. He does not mention one dispute, he does not mention one sort of dispute, for which he needs the new Court. That is natural. He does not need it; and, if he had it, he would not go to it on any matter of any genuine importance.

Let us consider such a matter. Let us consider our dispute with Salvador and with Costa Rica regarding our treaty of 1916 with Nicaragua. If there is any dispute of ours which clamors for final and definitive judicial settlement, it is this.

In this dispute we already have one court judgment against us. The Central American Court of Justice held that our treaty with Nicaragua violated the rights of Sal-

vador and of Costa Rica. We had helped to create that court. We were its sponsors. It held against us. It held against us twice. We disregarded its decisions. We refused to obey its decisions. It evaporated. It is no more. Our President does not say:

Fellow-citizens, we have been put into a deplorable position by our refusal to obey the decisions of the Central American Court of Justice. The refusal was inevitable. The Central American Court of Justice was a poor thing. Give me now this new Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague; and I will go to it with this old legal dispute of ours and get it firmly settled by a good court and good judges.

Our President says no such thing. He does not even say that he would like to get our Senate to accept the poor little optional "compulsory jurisdiction" article—Article 36—of the constitution of the new Permanent Court of International Justice. Some twenty of the smaller countries of the world have accepted that article. It binds them merely to go to the Court with questions of international law, with questions regarding the interpretation of treaties, with questions involving alleged breaches of international obligations. Our President does not beseech us to sign that article. On the contrary, he tells us that one of the merits of this new peace-engine at the Hague is that we can always keep away from it!

Of course! In the matter of definite peace promises, in the matter of definite renunciations of war, we are not going forward. We are going backward. This will appear clearly if we look at the Root arbitration treaties and at the Bryan conciliation treaties.

The Root treaties and the Bryan treaties differ in one crucial respect from membership in the old Permanent Court of Arbitration and from membership in the new Permanent Court of International Justice. Those memberships, existing or proposed, bind us to no actual peace commitment whatsoever. The Root treaties and the Bryan treaties do so bind us. They mean something. It is little, perhaps; but it is something.

The Root treaties bind us in certain circumstances to arbitrate certain disputes of a narrowly limited legal nature. The Bryan treaties bind us to pause from war while a commission of inquiry into a dispute is inquiring and reporting.

The Root treaties were, of course, "the dawn of a new day." The Bryan treaties were, of course, "the dawn of a new day." The old Permanent Court of Arbitration was "the dawn of a new day." Now the new Permanent Court of International Justice is "the dawn of a new day." It is a poor Administration that cannot produce a dawn. And it is also a poor Administration that cannot see to it that the dawns of its predecessors are reduced to being dim and desuetudinous twilights.

We originally signed some nineteen Root treaties. Now our State Department has knowledge of only twelve existing Root treaties. We originally signed some thirty Bryan treaties. Now our State Department has knowledge of only twenty-one existing Bryan treaties.

We do not go ahead and get more of these Root treaties and Bryan treaties, which mean something. We go ahead and get fewer of them.

There are some sixty sovereign countries in the world. The Administration does not say:

We will get Root dawns, we will get Bryan dawns, with all of them. We will in fact produce some super-Root dawns and some super-Bryan dawns for you. These treaties contain actual peace pledges. We will improve those pledges. We will enlarge them. We will make them cover more ground and cover it more bindingly. We are out to give you peace, not a peace-engine which we may or may not use, but peace itself! Peace guaranteed by actual pledged restrictions upon the right to go to war!

Certainly not. Let us again take a definite case. Let us again take the case of Mexico.

Almost continuously ever since Mexico revolted from Spain we have had trouble with Mexico. We have had more trouble with Mexico than with any other country in the world. We forever are hovering on the verge of war with Mexico. We pine for "world courts." We yearn to be of "service" to poor Europe. We cannot lie abed for the twitching in our limbs which bids us up and be doing for the cause of peace in the Mediterranean Sea. What Administration, then, would be so provincial as to give a peace thought and a peace treaty to the valley of the Rio Grande?

We have no Root treaty with Mexico. We have no Bryan treaty with Mexico. All that we have with Mexico, in the way of a system of peace, is Article 21 of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848. By that article the two countries agree to one of the feeblest and one of the least compulsive arbitration commitments known. They agree that if a dispute should arise between them they will "maturely consider whether it would not be better that such difference should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side or by that of a friendly nation." They agree (in other words) not that they will stay at peace but that they will think of staying at peace—a thought which would occur to them in any case anyway.

Such is the sum of our peace system in the quarter in which we most need a peace system. Moreover, it is a smaller sum than once we had. Once we did have a Root arbitration treaty with Mexico. It was signed and ratified in 1908 under Roosevelt. It expired in 1913 under Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson interested himself greatly in Mexico. He sent many marines and many soldiers to Vera Cruz. He did not send them because the Mexicans refused to salute our flag. That is a misunderstanding. The Mexicans agreed to salute our flag. We said that we were willing to return the salute. The Mexicans asked us to sign a paper saying that we would return it. We refused to sign the paper. We were willing to return the salute but not to say in writing that we would return it. Hence our nineteen dead marines at Vera Cruz. Hence the resplendent funeral oration which Mr. Wilson pronounced over their bodies at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when he said that it was "a proud thing" for them to have died in "a war of service." Hence his subsequent address to Congress in which he said that our friendship toward Mexico would be capable of every "sacrifice." "Service!" "Sacrifice!" But no peace pledge! Mr. Wilson did not renew our Root treaty with Mexico. It has never been renewed.

No! How paltry would it be to present our people with the actuality of peace on the Rio Grande when we can

present them with the image, the mimicry, the radiant and empty mirage, of universal peace at the Hague!

It is empty because in fact—as I have intimated, and as I shall now prove—no American President will ever take any important question of ours to the new Permanent Court of International Justice.

Let us imagine that John Jones has been elected President. He was a good mayor of Oskaloosa. He was a good governor of Iowa. So now he is President. He gets into an international dispute. It is important, genuinely. It has to do, let us say, with debts owed to us by foreign governments. It has to do, let us say, with demands of foreign governments that their citizens shall be allowed to migrate into this country. It is not a play dispute. It is a life-and-death dispute.

President John Jones consults his Secretary of State. He learns that we now belong to two courts—to the old Permanent Court of Arbitration and to the new Permanent Court of International Justice. He inquires the difference between them. His Secretary of State informs him.

Under the old Court, out of a long list of potential judges, we Americans choose two actual judges. Our antagonist chooses two. We and our antagonist together choose the fifth judge.

"Then," says the President, "under the old Court I shall have half the power in the naming of the bench. How is it in the new Court?"

"In the new Court," says the Secretary, "we take the judges as we find them."

"Who are they?" says the President.

"I remember," says the Secretary, "that our John Bassett Moore is among them. For the rest I must send for my list from the Department."

He sends for it. It arrives. "Ah, yes," says the Secretary, "I do not know any of the other members of this Court, but their names are: Dionisio Anzilotti, Rafael Altamira y Creves, Bernard Cornelis Johannes Loder, Didrik Galtrup Gjedde Nyholm, Robert Bannatyne Viscount Finlay, Dimitri Negulesco, Hans Max Huber, Charles André Weiss, Yorozu Oda, Michael Yovanovitch, Frederik Valdemar Nikolai Beichmann, Epitacio da Silva Pessoa, Antonio Sanchez de Bustamante y Sirven, Wang Chung-hui."

What will President John Jones do? Remember that it is not any internationalized American inhabitant of European and Asiatic pockets that has been elected President. It is John Jones. It will always be John Jones. What will John Jones do? I know what he will do. If he goes to any court at all, he will run like a rabbit from the new Court; and, like a snail, if at all, he will go inevitably to the old Court.

I, accordingly, do not hesitate to denounce our proposed entrance into this new Court as a triple sham. It is a sham because it is accompanied by an abandonment of the growing lines of binding peace commitments marked out by the Root treaties and the Bryan treaties. It is a sham because it is unaccompanied by any new actual peace commitment of its own. It is a sham because it takes us into a judicial institution to which we will never resort (in any important matter) in preference to another judicial institution to which we already belong.

Then, in addition to being a peace-sham of the greatest possible emptiness, it is a war-trap of the greatest possible effectiveness.

[Next week: *The New World Court, As Trap.*]

Chaos in France

By ROBERT DELL

[This article was written before the resignation of Louis Loucheur as Minister of Finance. He has since been succeeded by Paul Doumer.]

Paris, December 15

I SHOULD be sorry to risk a prophecy as to whether the present French Government will still be in office when these lines appear in print or, if not, what sort of government will have succeeded to it. After the action of the Finance Committee of the Chamber yesterday in returning M. Loucheur's financial proposals to the Government, the resignation of the latter, or at least of M. Loucheur, was expected. The Finance Committee of the Chamber is right in its main contention, which is that it is useless to increase the rates of the income tax until measures have been taken to insure that the tax is properly levied and collected. For the last six years the officials responsible for the collection of the income tax (*contrôleurs des contributions directes*) have been demanding such measures. On April 13, 1919, they voted unanimously at the general meeting of their association a resolution declaring that the existing provisions for the assessment and collection of the income tax were inoperative and resulted in an unjust inequality of treatment for taxpayers and a loss of billions a year to the state, and that in these circumstances they repudiated all responsibility for the failure to enforce the tax. They repeated their declarations in 1921, 1923, and 1924, and emphasized them by adding that there was a deliberate campaign to *saboter* the income tax, with the tacit complicity of the Government, and that this tax alone could procure the necessary financial resources to balance the budget. Finally, on May 16, last, they made a "last appeal" to the country for the strict and legal application of the income tax.

These appeals have up to the present been unheard and that is one of the chief reasons why the French national finances are now in a state of chaos. The present income-tax rates are not low—in the case of small and moderate incomes they are too high. The mischief is that they are not paid, except by persons with salaries who can not escape, because the others do not pay on their real incomes and many never pay at all. The total amount collected on account of direct taxes up to the end of November of this year was only about \$260,000,000. In the *Figaro* the other day M. Coty, after going exhaustively into the matter and quoting figures evidently supplied by the Department of Finance itself, arrived at the conclusion that, if the income tax were properly assessed and collected, its annual yield, at its present rates, would be increased by about \$600,000,000. And a deputy for the department of the Nord recently declared that the income tax at its present rates ought to yield in his department alone as much as it now yields in the whole of France.

Plainly it is futile to increase the rates so long as this state of affairs continues. The higher the rates the greater the inducement to fraud, and it is asking too much of human nature to expect the honest minority to go on paying on their real incomes while they see their neighbors defrauding the government with impunity. I know that

it will not be easy to find a remedy, for at bottom it is a question of *mœurs*. Taxation is not the only legal obligation escaped by people in France with influence of their own or influential friends. The French have a passion for equality, but there is not much of it in France. In few countries do more things go by favor. Nevertheless, something would be done by making it compulsory to declare the amount of the income and enacting severe penalties for false declarations. M. Caillaux's original income-tax law, as passed by the Chamber in 1907, included the compulsory declaration, but the Senate, as usual, when it at last consented to pass the law, struck out that provision and made various other amendments that have helped to make the law inoperative.

At this moment it is particularly necessary that the Minister of Finance should be a man enjoying the confidence of the public. The truth is that the first and most essential measure required is the one measure that nobody has the courage to propose—the stabilization of the franc. Until the franc is stabilized the budget cannot be balanced. The budget for 1925 was balanced on paper, but it now shows a large deficit, partly because the taxes have not been collected, partly because of the cost of Morocco and Syria, but also partly because the depreciation of the franc and the consequent rise in paper prices have caused the expenditure to exceed the estimates. Wholesale paper prices were 18 per cent higher at the end of November than at the end of March. Since the direct taxes payable this year were levied, their gold value has been reduced about 25 per cent. Moreover, the wide discrepancy between wholesale and retail prices that inevitably results from a falling currency makes accurate budgeting impossible. At the end of November the general wholesale price index was 618 and the general retail price index only 454. In other words, wholesale gold prices were about 20 per cent higher than in 1914 and retail gold prices about 10 per cent lower. Wholesale prices of course adjust themselves to the exchange much more quickly than retail prices, which will never catch up the former until the franc is stabilized.

There would be no difficulty in stabilizing the franc. It is fear of the inevitable economic crisis that would follow stabilization that makes the politicians hesitate, and of course there are people, as there were in Germany, whose interest it is to keep the currency unstable, or at least they think so, although perhaps ultimately they are mistaken. Sooner or later the franc will have to be stabilized, and, the longer stabilization is postponed, the worse will be its economic consequences. The franc is now beginning to fall regularly every day, and unless immediate measures are taken its fall may become catastrophic.

There is, I fear, little hope that such measures will be taken. I anticipate rather an aggravation of the present chaotic conditions. The chaos is both political and financial. The Cartel des Gauches has gone to pieces and there is no stable majority in Parliament—no party or combination of parties capable of enforcing a policy. All sorts of quack remedies are being suggested—a "Committee of Public Safety," the restoration of the "Sacred Union," a so-called

National Government composed of representatives of all parties, and even a dictator. Seeing that the parties of the Left cannot agree on a financial policy, it is hard to see how matters would be improved by putting a political menagerie into power. A "National Government" would arrive at no policy at all. What is needed here is a French Schacht, but he has to be found. If he could be found he should be nominated director of currency and president of the Bank of France with the powers that were given to Dr. Schacht in Germany two years ago. It is indispensable that the necessary measures concerning the currency should be openly discussed and therefore known in advance. For the rest all that is necessary is to impose sufficient taxation to balance the budget and see that it is collected, and that is the business of Parliament. There is no occasion for panic. France is far from being in the situation in which Germany was two years ago. No doubt her prosperity is partly fictitious. The depreciation of the currency has given an artificial impetus to exportation, which is not all to the good, for France is selling cheaply and buying dearly all that she needs from abroad. Nevertheless, both her exports and imports are larger in gold value than before the war, which was, and still is, far from being the case of Ger-

many. Further, France has got rid of four-fifths of her internal debt which, if the franc depreciates much more, will soon be no larger than before the war. In fact, the only really disquieting circumstance is that nobody seems able and willing to take the necessary measures.

There is talk in some quarters of a possible attempt at a coup d'état. I doubt whether such an attempt is likely and still more whether it would succeed, if it were made. Fascism is no doubt increasing among the middle classes, but it has no leader. Moreover, the Fascists and the Royalists of the *Action Française* are at daggers drawn, so that the forces of reaction are divided. Public opinion is much less affected by the situation than the hysterical articles of certain papers would lead one to suppose. My impression is that the public is to a great extent indifferent and that the real gravity of the situation is not yet fully recognized. I fail to discern the "crisis of confidence" of which we hear so much in the opposition press. Perhaps in a sense there is too much confidence. At least there is too little initiative. Ignorance of financial and economic questions is so general in France, especially in the press, that one cannot expect any pressure from public opinion on the politicians to make them adopt the necessary remedies.

Golden Rule Nash

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

WHEN early in the second week of December the news leaked out that Arthur Nash—Golden Rule Nash—President of the A. Nash Company, manufacturers of men's clothing in Cincinnati, was planning to sign up with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, there was a buzz of amused and cynical skepticism among the ranks of the liberal intelligentsia, progressive churchmen, and especially among trade unionists to whom the Golden Rule factory had come to stand as a glorified and Billy-Sundayized version of the "open shop." Most of these skeptics did not know Arthur Nash personally. But for years he had been going about the country to churches, colleges, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, chambers of commerce, and manufacturers' associations proclaiming his discovery of Jesus as the ideal business man and of the Golden Rule as the solution of all earthly problems, including the problem of employer-employee relationships in industry. He had become one of the best self-advertised small business men in America. Billy Sunday had made much the same circuit before him and had retired to his Western ranch a made man. Golden Rule Nash had begun with a scraped-together capital of \$60,000 and in seven years had built up the largest wholesale tailoring business in the country, with a capital of \$3,000,000 and a monthly production of more than \$1,000,000. He himself refers to his achievement as the "industrial miracle of our age," a description which, though not original with him, he has made his own. In an address before the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration he cited these statistics of financial growth as "the credentials I offer for speaking on this subject." And always he credited his success to the "vision" which had led him to accept it as his mission "to demonstrate the fact that, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, the principles laid down by Jesus of Nazareth could be made to work—work successfully and not merely as a sacrificial

ideal—for the mutual well-being of mankind, and to the glory of God."

Mr. Nash was brought up a Seventh Day Adventist. In the days of his youth he was sent to the theological school of that sect in Battle Creek, Michigan. When he had completed his course there he went as instructor to the Seventh Day Adventists' school for ministers and missionaries in Detroit, where some twenty-five young people were preparing to become bearers of the "Third Angel's Message." In his book, "The Golden Rule in Business," he tells how his experiences with the devout and pious brethren drove him to heresy, skepticism, and rebellion. "I did my level best to run away from duty, faith, God, myself. My father strove earnestly with me to recant my heresy, to acknowledge my having turned traitor to the faith of my childhood. . . . For four or five years I wandered about the Middle West doing odd jobs here and there. Often did I go ragged and hungry. During those years I never cared two straws which way a freight train was headed when I climbed into a box-car." Seeking comfort, he turned to Tom Paine, Ingersoll, and others of their school. No one has better reason than Mr. Nash to know why men have grown skeptical of professing Christians who love to pray standing in the synagogue and in the corners of the streets.

The fact remains, however, that he could not have built up so great and prosperous a business in so short a time if the men and women who worked for and with him had not been persuaded of the sincerity of his assurance that he was determined to do unto them as he would have had them do unto him if their positions had been reversed. In 1919 the A. Nash Company was one of the smallest concerns in Cincinnati. Today it employs between three and four thousand workers and has some two thousand salesmen scattered over the country. There has never been a strike in that plant. Repeated efforts to organize it both

by the Amalgamated and the United Garment Workers failed. The present enterprise got its real start when during the war Mr. Nash bought out a man who wanted to return to his people in Europe. The shop he took over was a typical sweat-shop; wages were low, working conditions wretched. In the name of the Golden Rule he immediately increased wages, in some cases by 300 per cent at once. In 1919 he moved his factory into a building which until then had been used by the Joe Magnus Whiskey Distillery Company. Two years later, the business requiring more space, he converted the bottling plant of the Moerlein Brewery Company into a clothing factory. These buildings were naturally not well adapted to the purpose. Their provisions for the convenience of the workers, especially their inadequate provisions for women, became the subject of much criticism. Since those days, however, they have been extensively remodeled, so that while they cannot be favorably compared to the best of the modern clothing factories such as those of Holtz & Sons in Rochester, or the newer plants of Hart Schaffner and Marx in Chicago, they are well above the average in the needle trades. Certainly there was no organized disposition on the part of the workers to find fault with them. By stabilizing employment, by making remarkably successful efforts to keep his workers employed the year round—not a mean achievement in the clothing industry—by paying good wages, and maintaining clean and comfortable working conditions Mr. Nash won the loyalty of the rank and file of his employees to an unusual degree.

But his relation to them was a purely personal one. There had been no attempt to organize any system of representative or constitutional government. The theory was that any one who had a grievance could always go directly to him, that any questions of plant policy could be taken up in "town meeting," as the irregular mass meetings inside the workshops were called. As the working force grew in numbers, and more especially as Mr. Nash spent more and more of his time going about the country preaching the Golden Rule and maintaining contact with his sales force, this informal arrangement proved less and less satisfactory. The pastoral relation that had been possible with a few score or even a few hundreds of workers proved cumbersome and inadequate with more than three thousand. As in every growing primitive democracy, groups, cliques, parties began to intervene between the chief shepherd and his flock. Wages like everything else had been subject of individual arrangement. "The workers fix their wages themselves," Mr. Nash used to say. But it was obvious that the foremen and straw bosses had an increasing hand in them. No one outside of the executives knew what the itemized pay roll was; Mr. Nash held that it was a matter of confidence between him and his "fellow-workers." Rumors of favoritism began to spread about. Churchmen as well as trade unionists began to place large question marks against Mr. Nash's assertion that democracy existed in his factory and that in the matter of wages the principle of the Golden Rule was being scrupulously applied.

Precisely what influence the initiation of investigations by churchmen and the renewed activity of trade-union organizers exerted upon his final decision no one, probably not Mr. Nash himself, will ever be able to say. Neither is the question important. No one who was in a position to follow Mr. Nash during the week of December 8 can doubt the sincerity of the decision he then made or the resolute

courage with which he put it into effect. Calling his workers together he asked them to join the Amalgamated. "So far as I know," he said, "this is the first time that the head of a great industry has positively and aggressively taken the initiative by not only requesting but urging that all of his workers join in the great organized labor movement." So far as any one who heard him knew, it was the first time. Mr. Nash had not taken his executive staff or his foremen into his confidence in advance of this announcement. Some of them resented this. Some of them were alarmed at the possible effect of the entrance of the union upon their influence and authority over the workers under them. For two days and nights they went about among the workers, haranguing against the union, challenging Mr. Nash's wisdom. It was not until noon of December 10, at a great mass meeting of all the thousands of employees gathered in the Shubert Theater in Cincinnati, that Mr. Nash was able by the most impassioned personal appeal to win a majority, including the leaders of the opposition—among them two vice-presidents—to support his request that the working out of a plan be left to him and President Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated. And even then he gave his pledge that if after a month or a year they wanted to "throw the union agreement out" they should be free to do so.

Those three days, December 8, 9, 10, were tense with excitement. The workers were confused, many of them struck dumb, by the open division between the foremen and manufacturing executives and Mr. Nash. For forty-eight hours the issue hung in the balance. It was decided not by Mr. Nash's courage and prestige only but also by the sober, decisive, forthright, and able action of Sidney Hillman. Whatever other men said, Sidney Hillman never permitted himself to question Mr. Nash's motives. He met the situation as Mr. Nash had created it, addressed the workers in terms of the Amalgamated's achievements and purposes, went from the mass meeting to the factory, where he won the confidence of the opposing executives, met the foremen and won their promise of cooperation. Here was a job to be done in the interest of the workers, the Amalgamated, the labor movement, and he did it without paralyzing introspection, without letting the grass grow under his feet.

On Friday, December 11, more than seventy of Cincinnati's foremost civic, educational, business, and religious leaders, together with Judge Julian W. Mack of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, gathered at luncheon at the Business Men's Club to honor Mr. Nash and President Hillman for their faith in one another, their faith in democracy, for the fine example they had shown to American industry. Mr. Nash said that he believed the time would come when brotherhood according to the Golden Rule would be enough; that he feared the deadening effect of organization because so often men made it an end in itself instead of a means to an end; but that experience had persuaded him that in the world as it is trade-union organization was an essential means to brotherhood. Sidney Hillman illustrated his declaration that "the work of the organized labor movement as the Amalgamated sees it is to bring the precepts of the Golden Rule into the daily working lives of the masses of men and women."

Judge Mack, a man of deep penetration, a keen, shrewd appraiser of men, appealed to his fellow-citizens to marshal the support of public opinion behind an experiment which he regarded as of the highest promise to American industry and to industrial democracy throughout the world.

On Women Correspondents and Other New Ideas

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

[As Berlin correspondent and head of the European service of the Philadelphia Public Ledger and associated newspapers, Dorothy Thompson is distinguished as the only American woman in such a position. The Nation asked her to describe the activities of a woman in the field of European journalism and the difficulties, if any, that she has encountered in the course of her rapid advancement to a post of great importance and influence.]

Berlin, December 1

THERE seems to me to be nothing extraordinary or of significance in the fact that a woman should be a foreign newspaper correspondent; indeed, I am surprised that *The Nation* should invite an article on such a subject and thus lend itself to the specious feminism of the women's magazines, which persists in finding cause for jubilation every time a woman becomes, for the first time, an iceman, a road surveyor, or a senator. Actually, this playing up of women is a disservice and an anachronism, in a day when no one any longer questions their general intelligence. The only question still raised, even by the most misogynist males, is whether women can be geniuses. Since little is known about genius, male or female, this matter may be debated for some time to come. Suffice it to say that genius is not required of a newspaper correspondent; on the contrary, a *demon* would be a burden and a liability. In everything short of genius it is high time women were taken for granted; or more importantly, that they take themselves for granted. The see-what-the-little-darling-has-done-now attitude ought to be outlawed.

Actually, in the field of journalism, the peculiarly American habit of regarding women as "news," of playing up the way they cut their hair and choose their waistlines, mates, and careers, as matters of major human interest, and of regarding their inevitable development as something quite apart from the general evolution of civilization, has opened a certain clearly defined field which, while it offers opportunities to a great number of women, threatens to suck in the talents of all women who seek a career in newspaper writing. Since women are news let women write it, is an accepted attitude of mind in most editorial offices. Society (which in America is considered almost exclusively woman's sphere), women's clubs, women's careers, women's politics—these are the assignments which most naturally fall to the girl "cub." She begins in this field, and she probably ends here, because it has become an important part of every newspaper, and is constantly looking for new writers.

Parenthetically, may I say, it is my conviction that this "women's stuff" would be vastly more amusing were it written by men. The editor of an American newspaper with a Paris edition once told me that, losing a woman fashion reporter, he put a bright boy on the job and that the boy was the best fashion editor he had ever had. The reporter confided to me he had never enjoyed assignments more. The moral of this is not the hasty one of the anti-feminists that any man can do any woman's job better than she can herself, but that despite the Amer-

ican effort to separate the interests of men and women, women are still interested in men and men in women.

Women, conscious of themselves as "the sex," are a bore. Large bodies of women aggressively being women, without the alleviating comic spirit, which, as Meredith pointed out, men introduce into the society of women and women into the society of men, are infinitely wearisome when not somberly terrifying. A career of reporting such assemblages was unpleasant to contemplate, and therefore I chose to begin my newspaper work on the continent of Europe where women are accepted as indigenous, and where such things as exclusive women's activities do not exist.

I have been asked whether I did not encounter in Europe difficulties as a woman journalist concerned with so-called serious affairs. So far as I have observed no single one of the many difficulties which have beset my path as an inexperienced adventurer in a new profession in strange lands arose from the fact of my sex. I encountered the difficulty of my own ignorance, of the fact that I had failed to absorb from my university training a vivid and accurate historical sense, a clear idea of economics, or fluency in any foreign language. I had been brought up on the easy-going theory that knowledge was "knowing where you can find a thing," and I had to learn that there is only one place where one can quickly get information in an emergency and that is out of one's self. I had to begin to discipline my memory, and rid myself as far as possible of a sentimental way of looking at things. But surely, these difficulties beset anyone who attempts the same work, with the same background, and my university was coeducational.

It is a common misunderstanding of us Americans, arising from the fact that we have an exaggerated interest in all the activities of women, regardless of their intrinsic worth, that Europeans do not take the work of women seriously. On the contrary, a European would find it curious and amusing that a newspaper woman should take a trip to Europe, at great expense, in order to ascertain what the Queen of the Belgians thinks about love and clothes. But he is not particularly surprised to find a woman interested in the Dawes Plan, or the question of national minorities. Educated European women have of late years taken an increasing interest in politics and been competent to discuss them. European men are accustomed to talk about art, literature, and affairs of state with women. Had it not been so, the salon could never have existed nor played the role which it has. Even in Germany, of the *Kirche-Kinder-Küche* reputation, one of the first "men of letters" and ablest historians is a woman, Ricarda Huch, and the artistic world has, in such people as Käthe Kollwitz, Milly Steger, and the late Paula Modersohn, women whom their colleagues do not hesitate to treat as equals.

In the field of journalism Europe has many distinguished women. Although I do not know of any European newspaper which employs a woman as political correspondent, women in Europe have successfully invaded a sphere of newspaper work still exclusively in the hands of men in America. They are excellent feuilletonists: the European equivalent of the American columnist. The material they handle, wittily and worldlily, is not "woman's stuff" but politics, literature, art, and the whole amusing spectacle which mankind stages day by day. Offhand, I think of Berta Sucherkandl, who in Vienna is one of the most im-

portant interpreters of French life, and who, though her chief interest lies in literature and the stage, often writes ably of politics; of the inimitable "Colette" in Paris; of Margit Vészi, daughter of the editor of the Budapest *Pester Lloyd*, who writes brilliantly of all manner of things in the languages and newspapers of three countries. It is quite true that the number of women in European journalism is smaller than in America, and the competition with men is much keener. That is because of general economic conditions and because no special field is relegated to women as their own. But the quality of their work is perhaps the better for this.

My own newspaper has never made me self-conscious at being a woman. My earliest connections with the *Public Ledger* were entirely impersonal. I first contributed as a free lancer, whose age, training, and experience were unknown to the Philadelphia editors. A deal of journalistic education I can thank to my colleagues whom I met on the ground of common enthusiasms, interests, and difficulties. But I have evidence that there is still prejudice in some quarters against women as staff correspondents. A member of the Associated Press recently said to me, frankly, "Women can never see news. They see either 'good' news or 'bad' news." From which one must infer that a woman was responsible for the motto of the New York *Times*!

In the Driftway

A RECENT letter to the Drifter makes pertinent comment on his thoughts concerning interest on investments:

The Drifter in the issue of December 18 puts up a good argument to demonstrate the folly of the benighted individual who left \$10 at interest for 1,000 years. But he need not have gone back to tenth-century England to find an illustration, when there was one right before his nose on Manhattan Island. About 300 years ago one Peter Minuit, a newly arrived immigrant who had got by Ellis Island without being held up, having twenty-four dollars' worth of valuables about him looked about for a profitable investment. Fortunately there were no savings banks or other financial institutions to show him the advantage of thrift, so the only opportunity he could find was an investment in land. He put the whole sum into the purchase of Manhattan. Had he been advised by a modern thrift advocate and acted accordingly, putting the sum out at compound interest at 6 per cent and never touching either interest or principal for 300 years, his heirs of today would have had but the beggarly sum of \$900,000,000, or less than a Rockefeller can accumulate in fifty years. But having invested as he did, his heirs and assigns (especially his assigns) of today own an estate worth considerably more than three billions. Not only that, but, unlike the disciple of the thrift advocate, they have during all these years enjoyed the rental of the island, have spent or saved as they saw fit, and still have their fortune intact.

* * * * *

TO which the Drifter makes ready answer that such a proceeding may be all right for Peter Minuit, but if he—the Drifter—were to purchase an island for \$24, in three hundred years, or long before that, the miserable bit of land would have sunk into the sea or have become volcanic or otherwise visited with misfortune and pestilence.

And he still maintains that no one can prophesy what may be happening on Manhattan Island 700 years from now, or ten centuries after the original purchase. Prosperous as the place is at present, it is apparent to anybody but a real-estate dealer or a lunatic that the population cannot keep on increasing, that the buildings cannot continue to rise, that subways will never be adequate for the inmates, that the time will come when not a foot of the land will be available to walk on. And when that hour comes, as come it must unless the crash comes first, catastrophe will result—catastrophe, that is, for property owners; but deliverance for the city's population, who, discovering no place to step in New York, will take themselves elsewhere. Then the island may conceivably sink back into the state in which Peter Minuit found it and \$24 be considerably more than it is worth.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Parasites and College Endowments

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Zona Gale of the board of regents of the University of Wisconsin gave some good reasons in *The Nation* [September 30] why our universities and colleges should not be supported, even in small degree, from the fruits of monopoly. Miss Gale argues that the acceptance of monopoly money subjects the beneficiary to potential control by friends of monopoly. But it is not necessary to speak cautiously of "potential control"; instances may be cited of actual control.

Take, for instance, the Carnegie endowment for university professors. It was stipulated that no college or university professor could have the Carnegie money if the institution with which he was connected was under the control of any religious denomination. At once it was found that a large number of colleges and universities were willing to renounce their religious affiliations for the sake of becoming beneficiaries of the Carnegie endowment.

Now, it may be that it is better for the cause of higher education for colleges and universities to be entirely free from religious denominational influences and control. But many good people do not think so. And when we find that so many educational institutions were willing to renounce, and to a certain degree to repudiate, highly cherished religious traditions and affiliations, who can deny that educational endowments do exercise positive and extensive control? Recently a Southern college with a sacred name, signifying divinity itself, renounced that name, around which clustered many precious religious associations, and for a monetary consideration adopted the name of a multi-millionaire cigarette manufacturer who was a past master in the technique of monopoly.

But there are other and potent reasons for not accepting endowment funds from the fortunes of multi-millionaires and monopolists which are not mentioned by Miss Gale. The acceptance of these funds tends to perpetuate the evil of swollen fortunes and the corresponding evil of shrunken fortunes. Statues and memorial tablets are erected to those who give money to our colleges and universities. Portraits in oil by highly paid artists are hung in halls of fame. There is constantly accumulating a great fund of laudatory literature, praising the life and the achievements of men of great wealth who give their money either before or after their death to our educational institutions.

We are not likely to make much progress in ridding ourselves of social parasites when we are honoring them as benefactors of the people. You cannot convict a thief of stealing a pig if one of the jurymen has had one of the hams.

Madison, Wisconsin, October 23

CHESTER C. PLATT

The Higher Critics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three bankers, so we are told in large advertisements, recommend Mr. Bok's "Twice Thirty." The president of a Washington financial institution assures us that it is "one of the great books of the century." The two others are scarcely less enthusiastic. Thus at last a quietus is found for the ancient quarrel between the critic and the author. Why let literary hacks and college professors goad creative artists like Mr. Bok into frenzy? Turn the job of reviewing over to those who represent the solid and safe sentiment of the community. Before you make up your New Year's list of books, consult your local banker.

New York, November 25

SILAS BENT

"Hamlet" in Modern Dress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I speak briefly of "Hamlet" in modern dress? It seems to me that the production has undoubtedly been a revelation. Those of us who went to the performance with even a fair amount of open-mindedness, albeit likewise with a skeptical irritatedness against the principle of presenting "Hamlet" in modern dress, undoubtedly felt, some sooner, some later, that Shakespeare was getting across to us more directly than in other presentations of "Hamlet." There was nothing between us and Shakespeare's thoughts and emotions. Possibly Hamlet was interpreted a little rationalistically, as the consciously planning, revengeful, active Hamlet of the Werder school of interpreters, rather than as the more traditional dreamer-Hamlet; yet even if one's own conviction favors the latter conception, one had to confess that one's realization of the play was deepened.

Nevertheless there seems to be some outcry against this way of presenting Hamlet. It was just so several years ago when the Macbeth of Lionel Barrymore and Robert Edmond Jones startled the conventional theatergoer and the academic interpreter of Shakespeare.

But why should we not be grateful for every sincere interpretation? To me it seems that there is room for all types of presentation: the romantic Shakespeare, the realistic Shakespeare, and the expressionistic Shakespeare are all true. For every great genius is a cosmos; each age finds itself in him in a different way. Therefore we ought to welcome all the possibilities of interpretation in order to enrich ever more our realization of a great genius. We can enjoy Hampden and Barrymore and others, and yet welcome the new Hamlet of Basil Sydney and his coworkers. We should welcome this new proof that Shakespeare is indeed not of his age merely but for all time.

New York, November 27 LOUISE M. KUEFFNER AVERY

How Bad Is the South?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Eastern wits have long taken a mischievous delight in getting under the thin, sensitive skin of the South with bare bodkins or other instruments of torture; and the Babbitts who dominate the South, and therefore presume to speak for her, always react to the prick of the bodkin in a certain, easily predictable way. So when a Yankee wit is threatened with ennui all he need do to relieve the tedium of existence, and incidentally to add to the gaiety of the nation, is touch some Southern sore spot. And obviously that is not hard to do. The South seems to have many raw spots. As instances, let Mr. H. L. Mencken tauntingly refer to the "late Southern Confed-

eracy" or editorially remark that he never heard of a "printable manuscript coming out of Mississippi," the Rotary, Kiwanis, and Ku Klux Klubs, not to mention any of the other "cultural," "protective," or "patriotic" organizations with which this region abounds, instantly mobilize, buckle on the whole armor of outraged righteousness, invoke the aid of Jehovah and Stonewall Jackson, and vindicate the honor of the South once more. Let *The Nation* publish an article holding the mirror up to Arkansas, or let the coldly statistical Census Bureau issue figures on illiteracy, and every "true" Southerner feels that Dixieland is maliciously libeled.

Why these resentments? Why this bristling, belligerent attitude by those who undertake to speak for the South? Why this petulant sensitiveness? Why this running amuck in impotent rage? Why confirm the critic's charges in this undignified fashion?

The nobler and the manlier course to follow in such circumstances would be to acknowledge our foolish faults and seriously undertake to overcome them. It appears that only a timid, insignificant minority of us Southerners are aware that there is any cause for shame in the quality of Southern culture.

But I sometimes do deplore that the South's most valuable critics too often, in their sweeping, withering criticisms of our crudeness and bigotry, fail to note any exceptions. There are a few of us, forty-five, at least, in Arkansas, who are earnestly striving, against overwhelming odds, to make the South hospitable to modern ideas and to do something to lessen those distressing faults of which we are so often and so keenly reminded. It is bad enough to endure this loneliness without being annihilated by witty but indiscriminating generalizations.

Forrest City, Arkansas, October 30

CLAY FULKS

For a Perplexed Teacher

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How would the perplexed teacher from Illinois like this for the opening exercises of her third-grade class?

To boys and girls in every land

Beyond the ocean's wall

We children of America

Send out a hearty call:

"We are not strangers, we are friends;

We're brothers, one and all."

—National Child Welfare Association

BEATRICE SPECTOR GREENBERG

Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 4

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

ROBERT BRUERE is associate editor of the *Survey*.

DOROTHY THOMPSON will send *The Nation* occasional articles from Berlin.

HANIEL LONG is a Pittsburgh poet who has published two volumes of verse.

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

HEINRICH KANNER was formerly editor of the *Vienna Zeit*. FRITHJOF TOKSVIG is on the staff of the *Baltic Scandinavian Trade Review* and is special correspondent for *The Nation*.

AVRAHAM YARMOLINSKY is director of the Russian department of the New York Public Library.

W. F. SCHUBERT is an Austrian journalist lately returned from South Tyrol.

Books and Plays

To a Friend

By HANIEL LONG

I may not know you sometimes
When on your lips
Is the juice of strange apples,
And your laugh slips.

But I always know you later.
You are still he
Who leapt from a cliff toward blossoms,
And tasted the sea.

First Glance

INTEREST inevitably attaches to the autobiographical portions of "Sonnets, with Folk Songs from the Spanish," by Havelock Ellis (Houghton Mifflin: \$3). The ideas which Mr. Ellis has developed in his prose have been so rich and important, presenting as they have so gallant a defense of all that is meant by human passion, that much might be expected from his poems—even though they be, as some of these are, his earliest work. Indeed their very earliness might argue, granted the existence in Mr. Ellis either then or now of some ability in poetry, the value of these pieces as straws showing from what direction and with what velocity the wind of his maturing doctrine blew upon him when he was coming of age. And it is in this light that Mr. Ellis views them. "Taken altogether," he says in his preface, "this whole group of sonnets lays bare the roots of the impulses that have stirred throughout all the activities of his life, from 'The New Spirit' in which in 1889, nearly five years after the sonnets ceased, he first put forth his program, to 'The Dance of Life,' with which, in 1923, he sought to round it off." The translations of Spanish folk songs, which are not happy, need not concern us here.

What shall be said of the sonnets, then, by one who finds them on the whole disappointing? Not, certainly, that they are crude—which is what Mr. Ellis calls them. Mr. Ellis asks the critic of poetry to remember that he himself "views them as an archaeological record, interesting apart from any technical quality or the absence of it, the record of personal experiences in the evolution of an individual person's spirit." But a critic of poetry will not have been thinking of "technical quality" at all. He will have wanted the record, too; and it is the record which I for one do not find here in anything like the fulness or the intensity that I had anticipated. If technique meant smoothness, which of course it does not, then the sonnets would be without a fault. What the sonnets do not contain is poetry; which is another manner of saying that they do not express what they have to express in any of the subtle and perhaps mysterious ways which poetry has taken to herself. What they have to express Mr. Ellis has since expressed much more poetically in his prose—which is his way. His way was never that of poetry, I suspect; and I imagine I am confirmed by the explanation he gives of the fact that he abandoned verse at twenty-five: "The author became too absorbed in the immediate practical and emotional interests

of a many-sided activity in life to find time to bend over the images of life in the *camera obscura* of memory." Had he been a poet then, nothing save poetry could have absorbed him; were he a poet now, he surely would produce a better definition of the poet's function. A poem which does not say what it has to say poetically says nothing. The truth of a work of art lies in its beauty. So that I find Mr. Ellis's sonnets telling very little truth either about Mr. Ellis or about the world.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sloth of the Soil

Prairie. By Walter J. Muilenburg. The Viking Press. \$2.50.
Wild Geese. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.
God Head. By Leonard Cline. The Viking Press. \$2.

WHEN an author has made up his stern mind that he is going to be "true" to farm life he pulls a farmer out of bed in the chill dawn and washes his face in cold water at the sink and sets him down to a breakfast of black coffee and fried potatoes. He sends him out into the field, where he plows and sweats and makes his son plow and sweat and stay away from dances and young, pretty girls. Whenever the farmer talks he uses words thick like dead fish on a plate; and whenever the author describes any action he uses language no less thick and dull. The characters and the events toil and sweat through three hundred pages like an ordered rotation of crops and spinach hugely accumulated into great piles; and by this process a work of art is supposed to be brought painfully into life. After a time the book is compared to Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" under the conviction that Hamsun's book likewise gives a picture of farm life as romantic as a lobworm and as eloquent as a heap of radishes.

There can be no denying the honesty of Mr. Muilenburg's "Prairie"; and if one had never read Hardy and Hamsun and Lawrence and Powys one might fancy honesty to be the mark of high art. Mr. Muilenburg is certainly honest in excluding all meretricious excitements from the developing dullness of his narrative. He is obviously not writing for the moving pictures. He keeps away from scenes of seduction and adultery and peasant melodrama; and no doubt life moves externally as he makes life move in the story of a young farmer who rebels against his father, marries a pretty silly girl, goes further west to build his own farm, and by a hard courage conquers the earth and the weakness of his wife and sons. There is neither comic relief nor relief of any kind. The days pass, while use and custom unwind into a dragging routine, and the earth renews her seasons.

After all, Hamsun does more than give a peasant's progress and call it life. Both in "Growth of the Soil" and in "Pan" his farms and woodlands take on a luminous richness that does not depend on melodrama or fraudulent romance. Life is more than a recitation of the day's work; and art is not dishonest because Falstaff talks gloriously as no old drunken loafer ever talked and Medea's eloquence outmeasures the speech employed by barbarian princesses. Hamsun's peasants are no more than Hamsun disguised as a peasant with a mind tuned to the quiver of a leaf and the sound of grain falling like a golden music. No doubt farmers talk and act like the farmers in "Prairie"; but an artist hardly contents himself with the outward shows of life and character. He has got to draw life from the rich black mud of the soil and the farmer's soul; and that black mud must somehow take on its own rich being and substance.

Of course Mr. Muilenburg does not go in for the sort of thing practiced by Miss Ostenso in "Wild Geese." It is the

very sort of thing which has turned romance into a term of contempt and made suspect anyone who is not "honest" about the general dullness of farm life. Herein you will find a rascal farmer degrading his wife and children, and a strong young daughter of the soil who wrestles and kisses with a young husky, and a nice young teacher stranded among the oafs, and a prairie fire, and a farmer slugging his wife in the fifth reel, and young bodies that kiss and don't part: in fact, you will find just what you always find in the moving pictures complicated by wild geese flying . . . flying . . . flying . . . at dramatic moments and lending the required air of mystic yearning to the impressionable heroine who interprets the honking as something I-know-not-what . . . "a magnificent seeking through solitude . . . an endless quest." It is not another "White Peacock" by a new D. H. Lawrence. It has none of the splendor of a white peacock or the skyeey romance of a wild goose. It is merely a well-stuffed goose.

A worm's-eye view of farm life and a wild goose's-eye view of farm life are no doubt well enough in their way, but they seem to catch so little of the inner drama or the rich soil of field and woodland girdling a little outland farm. One turns from the mumbling of peasants and the honking of wild geese to the golden thunder of Mr. Cline's orchestration in "God Head." From the very first scene in which Paulus Kempf flies from the mob storming the lecture hall to the last scene where he pushes the betrayed Finnish husband from a high ledge hung over a gulf Mr. Cline unfolds the magnificence of a saga. It is more than just the tale of a sculptor and labor leader who finds refuge with the slow simple Finns of the Northwest and seduces the blue-eyed wife of the huge peasant who has saved him from death and madness in the wilderness. More than anything else it is Mr. Cline's prose holding light like a steel net which transmutes a wild melodrama into an ordered and thrilling rhythm of word and scene and folk-lore.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Legend or History?

Sagnet om Jesus. Georg Brandes. Copenhagen: Gyldendal.

. . . I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. . . I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD.

THESE challenging lines of William Lloyd Garrison preface Georg Brandes's new book, "The Jesus Legend," in which he affirms that Jesus is a myth. Brandes at eighty-three has evidently decided to refute the tradition that age sweetens even the most obstinate of pagans. He has never been a "Christian" any more than he has ever been a "Jew." It is now many years since he wrote in volume two of "Main Currents":

If a thinker . . . speaks freely of the customs prescribed by the church he is usually designated as a mocker of religion in general or even as an atheist. The orthodox person believes that "religion" consists of, or at least can only exist together with, certain definite church customs with which it has always been associated in his consciousness. He does not suspect that the attacker has a much higher and purer conception of the religious idea than himself . . . and as he is not sufficiently developed to differentiate between the various categories of attackers, he classes the inspired thinker and champion of a higher order with the ordinary crowd of graceless beings. He confuses the one above him with those beneath him.

It is well to keep this paragraph in mind when judging the book in which Brandes removes the pedestal from a figure which, despite all doubt of the Bible, despite all disbelief in the "miracles," seems yet to be the dearest possession of a large portion of humanity.

It is a little book, but 103 pages. Brandes takes William Tell as his text. For more than six hundred years the story

of William Tell was believed to be true. Tell became so identified with Switzerland that for years the Swiss stamps bore his picture. It is now admitted that he is but a legend. He has never lived. "But that takes nothing from his greatness; he is, and remains, an effective ideal, and as a pattern still governs the mind of man."

The miracles are first disposed of. We no longer ask, says Brandes, whether Jesus was born by a miracle, whether he cured by miracles or expelled devils by miracles—we no longer know what devils are, and no longer know what is meant by Virgin Birth and the like. They are specters which we never have seen and to which we never give a thought.

The Jews did not crucify Jesus, could not have crucified anybody; the last words of Jesus are traced back to the twenty-second Psalm ("How strange that Jesus should have died with a quotation on his lips!"); the details of the Passion were drawn from the Old Testament to make an old prophecy come true; the teaching of Jesus may be found there and elsewhere; Nero did not set fire to Rome and did not burn Christians for candles; the Gospels are saturated with older religions; and, finally, even the Sermon on the Mount is declared to have come from Didache, the purely Jewish pre-Christian document (later falsified by the church, says Brandes) which was discovered in Constantinople in 1873. "It is now generally acknowledged," adds Brandes, "that even the Lord's Prayer is not of the New Testament but is a compilation from Old Testament patterns."

It is not always easy to follow Brandes in his reasoning, but if we keep the quotation from "Main Currents" in mind there is perhaps a key in his conclusion: "It detracts nothing from divine beings that they have had their true life, their only life, in the mind of man."

FRITHJOF TOKSVIG

From Professor to Patriot

Die Weltrevolution: Erinnerungen und Betrachtungen. Von T. G. Masaryk. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag.

THE President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic likes to dwell in this volume of his memoirs upon the part which fortunate accidents played in his life, turning a poor Slovak child into a great Czech university professor and politician and finally into the founder of a state, the destroyer of the ancient Hapsburg monarchy, and the most important author of the new map of Central and Southeastern Europe. His experiences lead Masaryk to a teleological philosophy of human life. And indeed they were amazing accidents which developed this man for his destiny and saved him from the most various perils.

Politically the most important accident in Masaryk's life was the unforeseen duration of the war. "Had the Allies won quickly," he writes, "we [the Czechs] would not have won our independence and Austria would, in one form or another, have survived." The Entente statesmen were generally Austrophile; they hoped to reestablish Austria as a sort of counterweight against Germany's overgrown power—but the Austrian statesmen were incapable of utilizing the opportunity. Masaryk's greatest achievement was to convince the Entente statesmen that Austria, if it survived, would still be a vassal of Germany, and that, in order to weaken Germany, Austria must be broken up. The incredible mistakes and duplicity of Emperor Charles and his ministers of course helped Masaryk. But it took four years of war to change the Entente point of view, and Wilson and Lansing came around only at the last moment. Only on September 3, 1918, did Lansing recognize the Czecho-Slovaks as independent belligerents and Masaryk and Benes as their *de facto* Government; and it was on the basis of that recognition, generalizing it to declare all the nationalities of Austria-Hungary independent, that Wilson on October 18, 1918, refused Austria's peace offer, thus striking Austria-Hungary from the list of living states. Ten days later the Czechs at home had only to take power into their hands. There was no opposition.

So Masaryk's anti-Austrian venture ended. He calls it a "revolution." There was never such another revolution. "The people rises, the storm breaks loose," says the German poet. But the Czech people, even though, as Masaryk says, it had in its heart broken away from Austria, sat calmly in its place—except for the isolated mutinies and conspiracies which Masaryk found so useful in his propaganda abroad. Masaryk's activities were secretly supported by his friends at home, but the Czech politicians officially disavowed him from time to time; his request that a few Czech leaders be sent abroad to support him and Benes remained unfulfilled. Hapsburg domination was overthrown from abroad, the Czechs merely ratified the overthrow. Masaryk and Wilson are counted by the Czechs as the founders of their national independence—Wilson, the foreigner, and Masaryk, the emigrant. Here is a new long-distance technical marvel, greater than the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio; here telepolitics achieved a telerevolution. Masaryk even got his funds for the most part from Czech emigrants in America. It was, however, a cheap revolution; it cost less than a million dollars.

HEINRICH KANNER

In Fundamental Terms

Dr. Transit. By I. S. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

INTO a literature which views familiar experience under the aspects of time and place comes a sinewy, sensual book nourished, for a marvel, upon fantasy and intellection. Unlike most current fiction of importance, this work has no use for the friendly commonplaces of realistic representation. The characters whose actions and thoughts compose the ideational pattern of "Dr. Transit" perform what an American philosopher called, in another connection, a "ballet of bloodless abstractions." What I. S. has here given to a world which should be grateful for it is a novel of ideas—not like the blandly entertaining *romans philosophiques* of Voltaire but rather like the work of Dostoevski in his metaphysical moments. But where in the Russian novels there is no deviation from the plausible, in this American book an unapologetic imagination mauls reality like an infant Hercules. And while the author of "The Possessed" presents ideas which are emotional storm-centers and whirls of bolts and lightnings that set the whole man on fire, the author of "Dr. Transit" takes his intellectual excursions with a coolness that gives the reader goose-flesh. "A spirit coldly dissenting with humanity," he says of the phantasmagorical homunculus who gives the book its title, "was harbored in his harsh head." That inhuman spirit blows chilly through the book.

The volume holds such good things that one should willingly suffer the discomfort of this draught. Its great virtue is that it treats of essential matters in fundamental terms. Sex, man's will to surpass himself, God, death—these are the themes of the novel, and the way in which the author manages them, bare-handed, is a spectacle generally to exhilarate, if sometimes to puzzle, the mind of the reader. The substance of the book is in essence that of poetry, and indeed the writing not seldom reaches the high level upon which poetry must be sustained.

Each day ended, atop some hill crest, secure like a turret, with a marsh like a moat underneath; evening hissed among the trees; the sun fell away like the last spin of a coin. They watched the piling of the shadows of the West, fir-dark, like gloaming forests or maw-dark like looming cities, the silhouetted trees, nude, bathing in twilight, the casual break of stars, like swimming heads; they awaited the slow climb of the moon, near and speculative, its calm light, its Abelom adventure among the branches, its sense of companionship, of a great and unsolemn warden, too distant for intrusion but near enough for safe-guarding.

And if one could rip them from their context, there are other passages of more striking individuality. The originality of the style is augury of the appearance, with this book, of a new and authentic writer.

AVRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

- The Diaries of George Washington. Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin.
- Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Oxford University.
- John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.
- The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen Mullin. Century.
- Troubadour. By Alfred Kreymborg. Boni and Liveright.
- Anatole France at Home. By Jean-Jacques Brousseau. Lippincott.
- The Man Mencken. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster.
- Skin for Skin. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace.
- The Memoir of Thomas Bewick, 1822-1828. Dial Press.
- Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni and Liveright.
- Two Lives. By William Ellery Leonard. Viking Press.
- Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan.
- Indian Love Lyrics. Edited by Nellie Barnes. Macmillan.
- The Book of American Negro Spirituals. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press.
- May Days: An Anthology of *Masses* and *Liberator* Verse. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. Boni and Liveright.
- Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.
- The Panchatantra. Translated by Arthur W. Ryder. University of Chicago.
- The Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Houghton Mifflin.
- An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.
- Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.
- The Guermentes Way. By Marcel Proust. Seltzer.
- North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace.
- Americana—1925. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
- The English Language in America. By George Philip Krapp. Century.
- The Jesuit Relations. Edited by Edna Kenton. A. and C. Boni.
- The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan.
- The New Negro. By Alain Locke. A. and C. Boni.
- A Chinese Mirror. By Florence Ayscough. Houghton Mifflin.

Drama

The Powers of Darkness

LAST year the company at the Neighborhood Playhouse recreated upon its stage one of the most serene of masterpieces; this year it has chosen to show the other side of the picture and to produce a play whose beauty is of a dark and fearsome kind, for Ansky's "The Dybbuk" manages by means of the skilful use of atmosphere and ritual to externalize the passionate and tortured mysticism of the medieval Jew much as the airy charm of "The Little Clay Cart" externalized the untroubled serenity and the daylight wisdom of a people confidently at home in a kindly world. Written by a man who had escaped intellectually from the religion of his fathers but who discovered late in life how profoundly that religion still engaged his emotions, the play uses an ancient legend as the means whereby the spiritual life of a people may be invoked; and it clothes this legend with an outward garment of ritual, tremendously effective upon the stage for the very reason that it was unconsciously evolved for a dramatic purpose—for the purpose, that is to say, of being an outward and visible symbol of a spiritual attitude. By means of their wailing chants, their solemn ceremonies, and those songs of wild exultation into which their suppressed passions now and

again broke out, the Chassidic Jews revealed to one another the tumult of their souls; removed to the stage, these same means hypnotize the spectator into a poetic faith in the legend itself and make real for him the mood which generated it.

Ancient India, at peace with the world and, more important still, at peace with itself, generates gay fancies to make yet brighter its golden days, but to the Russian Jew, oppressed from without by an alien people and torn within by a religion which sets his exuberantly sensuous nature at war with a sternly puritan code, the universe is no such graceful affair. Even his God, whose goodness is of a stern and terrible kind, permits no joys which are not fierce and bitter, and God is but barely a match for the forces of evil which are as completely omnipresent as He. The Kabala, whose magic formulae may open the gates of heaven, is as likely to send the eager student plunging to hell, and in the very midst of a holy wedding some dybbuk, some uneasy spirit, may seize upon the body of the bride; and not God Himself, invoked with all the ceremony which He has prescribed, can send the demon forth. Life for such a one is as intense as life can be, for there is no moment when he is not filled with a sense of being at the focus of forces much greater than he; there is for him no act which is not a ritual, which does not, that is to say, involve a rapport of some sort with the unseen world; and his taut nerves are perpetually upon the verge of an ecstasy which it needs only the hypnotic effect of some traditional ceremony to precipitate. He is, in the language of psychology, perpetually upon the verge of hysteria; but in the language of religion—and perhaps of art—he is intoxicated with God.

Ansky's play passes no criticism upon this spiritual life, for its purpose is to record and reproduce with the detachment of one whose intellectual dissent is completely overborne by a tender emotional comprehension. And yet the beauty with which it invests the story is a kind of apology. These people, it seems to say, grotesque and unlovely though in some of their aspects they may be, have about them a spiritual greatness. Oppressed and self-tortured, their souls have been twisted with misery; but misery has not made them little, and though the world which their imagination has created is dark and terrible it has its grandeur. Their passion has no channel of expression which is not half choked and their ever-present sense of sin robs them of all grace, but passion has never ceased to burn and no humiliation has robbed them of the sense of playing a great part in the spiritual drama of the universe.

Some who saw the original production of "The Dybbuk" in the tiny Habima Theater in Russia tell me that the performance at the Neighborhood is vastly inferior, and perhaps it is, but I, having no standard of comparison, find it very lovely indeed and another proof of my contention that nowhere else in America are plays requiring a non-realistic atmosphere and style done half so well as there. Mary Ellis as the heroine gives an excellent performance, and it is hard to imagine how some of the views, such as in particular that in which the half minatory beggars demand to dance with the frightened bride, could be more effectively realized.

Offenbach's comic opera "La Périhole" (Jolson Theater), presented as the second bill of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio, is far from offering the company an opportunity comparable to that offered by "Lysistrata," and though it is made amusing and frequently brilliant there is no denying that even these marvelous Russians cannot disguise the fact that Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy are not Aristophanes or that Offenbach's music is as often tawdry as it is gay. At the Forty-fourth Street Theater Houdini is giving an extremely interesting exhibition of his various talents. The production of "The Man Who Never Died" at the Provincetown Theater can be explained only by the fact that it is marked by the adolescent mysticism to which the Provincetown group seems to be committing itself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □



Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S
THE **DYBBUK**
English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

THE ACTORS' THEATRE presents Ludwig Thoma's bold comedy classic, "MORALS," adapted by Charles Recht, acting version suggestions by Sidney Howard. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Phone Pennsylvania 3558.

□ L E C T U R E S □

WILLA CATHER
will speak on
THE ART OF THE NOVEL

at the
New School for Social Research
Saturday, Jan. 9th, at 8.20 P. M. Admission \$1.50

RAND SCHOOL **CARL SANDBURG**
Lecture-Recital on
"What Is Art?"
7 East 15th Street
Friday, January 8, 8:30 P. M. 50c and \$1.00

□ M E E T I N G □

ARE AMERICANS IN FAVOR OF
the
ALIEN REGISTRATION and DEPORTATION BILLS
Now Before Congress?

A meeting to discuss this question will be held at the
HOTEL ASTOR

Saturday, January 9, 1926, one o'clock

Luncheon, \$2.25

Speakers: { Senator ROYAL S. COPELAND
LOUIS MARSHALL
WALTER LIPPMANN
Rev. CHARLES K. GILBERT
SHERWOOD EDDY, Presiding

Under the auspices of a **JOINT COMMITTEE** of organizations interested in the welfare of immigrants in the United States.

Reservations should be sent to Joint Committee, Room 1504, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRIVACY, FREEDOM! What a wealth of meaning there is in these two words. In the city privacy and freedom are practically impossible of attainment. At

MT. AIRY—Croton-on-Hudson

they are yours as a matter of course in a community of artists, writers and thinking people who have fled the city to one of the most beautiful, park-like spots on the Hudson.

As little as \$300.00 buys ¼ acre—cash or terms. 1 hour from city, 100 trains daily.

Now is the **RIGHT** time to make your choice.

HARRY KELLY

70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Chelsea 0432.

International Relations Section

The Case of South Tyrol

By W. F. SCHUBERT

ONE of the most flagrant violations of President Wilson's Fourteen Points was the ceding of the German part of South Tyrol to Italy. There would have been no difficulty in establishing an ethnically clearly drawn frontier since the Salurner Klause has for 1,400 years been the southern border of German South Tyrol, which has a compact German-speaking population of 230,000. The *titulus* for the annexation of this province was a gentlemen's agreement, the secret Treaty of London in 1915, between Lord Grey, Asquith, etc., and the Italian war cabinet, in which South Tyrol served as a bribe for Italy's breaking the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria. Wilson's memoirs give a feeble consolation when they state: "Unfortunately the President promised the Brenner to Orlando whereby 150,000 (really 230,000) Tyrolese were handed over to Italy; this he recognized later as a gross mistake and deeply regretted."

Since November, 1918, South Tyrol has undergone three different kinds of treatment. The first lasted from the military occupation till the ratification of the peace treaty; the second from that time till the end of 1922 when the Fascist party came into power; the third started in the early days of 1923 when Fascism began to mean organized terror for all non-Fascisti. In the first period South Tyrol was fairly well governed, the Italians not being certain whether their imperialistic cravings would be satisfied. At that time many promising speeches were made by the king and various cabinet ministers. South Tyrol, which could expect nothing from the impoverished and then rapidly collapsing Austria, believed resignedly in the Italian expressions of good-will. After this period the "assimilation" inaugurated by a well-organized Italian immigration began but, on the whole, no really illegal measures were as yet taken. With the consolidation of the Fascist Government, however, conditions suddenly changed and the third phase, that of ruthless oppression, set in. There can be no doubt that today no other minority exists in Europe experiencing a like treatment.

Press reports can but vaguely illustrate the martyrdom of these quarter million of Tyrolese who have backing them no protecting mother country, as Lorraine had in its time, and no League of Nations, as other minorities have (Italy not having had to sign a minority treaty). Italian papers explain the ill-treatment in the following way: Austria will before long join Germany, there will be then seventy million Germans on Italy's northern border, and thus Italy is forced either to Italianize the Tyrolese or to crowd them out of their homeland, for the Italians want Germany to find an Italian province south of the Brenner.

With this purpose the new Italian policy is directed, first, against the Tyrolese school and language. A royal decree has abolished the century-old Tyrolese school system, declaring the Italian language the only one to be used in all the 400 schools in South Tyrol. German even as a second language is forbidden. By this decree the Austrian eight-year compulsory school system established about 1850, by virtue of which illiteracy was practically unknown in pre-war Tyrol, was abolished in favor of the Italian

four-year voluntary system, owing to which Italy possesses almost 40 per cent of illiterates. Since the introduction of this system illiteracy has been growing fast in South Tyrol. Numerous petitions and protests against the decree, one to the Secretariat of the League of Nations with 50,000 signatures, have met with failure. The present situation is appalling. The small children, who even in the kindergartens are forbidden to use the language of their homes, do not understand their new Italian teachers, the native ones having been discharged wholesale, and are growing up in complete ignorance. Many parents no longer send their children to school, although the engagement of private governesses to teach the children German is forbidden. A teacher recently described the situation as follows: "I taught secretly sixty-four children in different families. With the children of the third school year I had to begin with simple lessons in writing, as not one of them could read or write. In the highest class, which will leave school this year, not one pupil knew the German and Italian letters; not one had any idea of grammar."

In the law courts, too, and in the administration of the government Italian is the only language permitted. Thus the Tyrolese find themselves excluded from jury, bar, and civil service. The few Tyrolese officials who were not discharged and who rapidly acquired Italian are being transferred to Italy. Italian commissioners and priests are replacing the beloved Tyrolese burgomasters and clergy. Thus the 70-year-old burgomaster of Bozen, after twenty-seven years in office, was expelled in favor of a 27-year-old Fascist who could not speak a word of the German language.

At this writing all the Tyrolese dailies have been forced to stop publication with the exception of one small paper in Meran, which expects suppression any day. Thus the 230,000 Tyrolese have no longer any press of their own. Almost all organizations, even non-political ones (Alpine clubs, fire brigades, etc.), have been dissolved. Lectures on Tyrolese art and literature are forbidden; a large number of special schools are closed. Austrian academic degrees are not validated and students who want to study in Austria are refused passports.

The use of the German name of any place on any publication (even privately printed matter) is forbidden. New Italian names were coined to replace the thousand-year-old Tyrolese ones. Descriptions on picture post cards, maps, etc., must not be accompanied by a German translation. Recently a 74-year-old woman was arrested because she had not changed the Tyrolese legend on one of her saint's pictures into Italian. Pictures of Andreas Hofer are confiscated. Gravestones must bear Italian inscriptions. The police force is Italian. Military service is introduced in spite of former pledges to exempt Tyrolese who fought in the war. To the consternation of their parents young conscripts are being sent to the filthy barracks of southern Italy, where no one understands their mother tongue, and Italian regiments are quartered in the old towns and villages of South Tyrol. On the night following the supposed attempt on Mussolini's life some hundred citizens of Bozen were arrested without warrant, and through a well-organized secret service and a special censorship for the post many Tyrolese are today in prison. Most of these high-handed measures were ordered by the royal prefect of Trent, a notorious Tyrolophobe, who is,

unconstitutionally, given more power than the other Italian prefects.

The few examples given will suffice to illustrate the efforts of the Italian Government to smother the cultural liberty and national sentiment of the Tyrolese minority. It is well to remember that a change of government, unlikely as it is, will not radically alter the situation, since before its suppression Italy's most liberal paper, the *Corriere della Sera*, supported the policy now adopted in South Tyrol, and the business of racial assimilation is favored by the Italian Liberal Party.

The Italians view the situation thus: the Brenner Pass is the strategic and "therefore sacred" frontier of Italy. In the interest of security the annexed country has to be assimilated as soon and as thoroughly as possible. Moreover, South Tyrol was Roman and is therefore Italian soil and only after the collapse of the Roman Empire did Teutonic tribes invade it. It must be re-Italianized. Austria has had Italians under her domination and the annexation and assimilation of an Austrian province is but a just retaliation. The first argument carries little weight, considering that 40,000,000 Italians are facing only 6,000,000 disarmed Austrians, and besides, Italian military authorities have repeatedly affirmed that the Brenner Pass cannot be regarded as an advantageous strategic frontier. The second argument cannot be taken seriously outside of Italy, although President Wilson is reported to have believed in it. The population of South Tyrol has been German since the sixth century when the Bajuvarii settled there. As regards the third argument it may be remembered that the Italian minority in the Trentino not only had its Italian schools maintained by Austria but that Italian was the official language used in the administration of the local government.

There are three possibilities for the future. An enlightened Italian Government will return the annexed country; Rome will change its policy and will try to make the South Tyrolese loyal subjects; or Italy will continue her present methods, eventually forcing the population to emigrate. The recent congress of European minorities held in Geneva has shown how the second solution may be achieved. The League of Nations seems to be the only organization to solve the minority problem, which is truly international and closely related to the rapidly growing race conflict. However, the procedure of the League in minority questions must be changed from being secret and unilateral into being public and bilateral. A minority council should be organized; if in a special case it does not find a satisfactory solution the minority petition should be submitted to the International Court of Justice. All members of the League of Nations (as yet only some small states are bound by formal obligations) should adhere to an international minority convention; furthermore a minority code might be prepared as a special annex to the code of international law now under discussion. Meanwhile reliable, impartial information (by means of conferences, visits, etc.) should be collected and published. The solution of the problem in question is urgent; it will more than anything else contribute to prevent the "next world war." Let me conclude with the words of one of the speakers in the last Assembly of the League of Nations: "What renders the question of minorities painful for the people concerned is that all the world talks about it, but very few persons take the trouble to study it."

Announcement

Chairmen of Entertainment Committees:

BEFORE MAKING FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR SOCIAL AFFAIR, DINNER, DANCE, SMOKER, OR SUPPER DANCE, SEE OUR BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS. CHARGES NOT HIGHER THAN ELSEWHERE.

FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT
200 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THEODORE KEMM, Managing Owner

GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907

NEW MONOGRAPHS IN

The TODAY AND TOMORROW Series

"The cream of the thought of men who face and discuss the big questions of human progress."

LYCURGUS

By E. S. P. HAYNES

On the Future of Law \$1.00

THRASYMACHUS

By C. E. M. JOAD

On the Future of Morals \$1.00

PYGMALION

By R. McNAIR WILSON, M.D.

On the Doctor of the Future \$1.00

OUROBOROS

By GARET GARRETT

On the Mechanical Extension of Mankind \$1.00

"Stimulating little volumes . . . small in size but tremendous in the importance of the viewpoints they express."

Send for a descriptive list.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

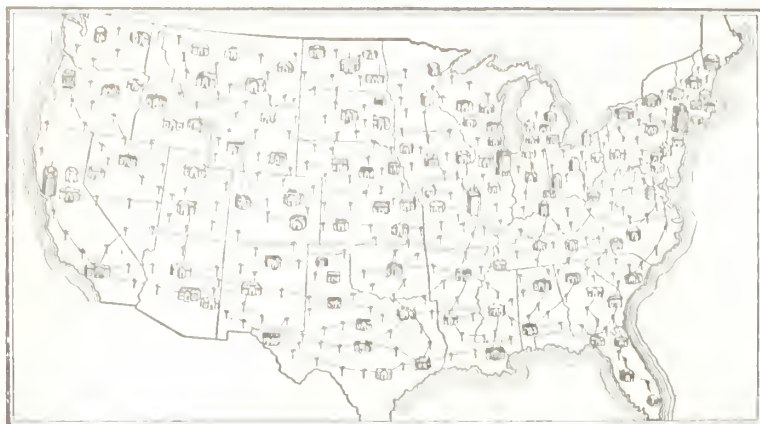
accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York



The Future of the Telephone

It was fifty years ago that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and yet this anniversary is but a milestone in the progress of telephone development. As the giant oak with its complicated structure grows from the acorn, so a nation-wide system has grown out of Bell's single telephone instrument.

The interconnection of millions of telephones throughout the land, regardless of distance, has not come about easily. It has resulted from a series of scientific discoveries and technical achievements embodied in a telephone plant of

vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

There are still to come many other discoveries and achievements, not only in transmission of speech, but also in the material and construction details of every part of the network of plant.

The future of the telephone holds forth the promise of a service growing always greater and better, and of a progress—the end of which no one can foresee.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

German Books a Specialty
W. BEYER, Inc., Books and Art
Now at 259 5th Avenue
Bet. 28th and 29th Streets New York

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS
15th to 20th century
Interesting catalogue mailed free
HOWES, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers

"Full of the most laborious historical accuracy. . . I know of no other book in American history that is more instructive or more interesting."—*H. L. Mencken.*

Volume I. deals with the great land fortunes, volumes II. and III. with the great railroad fortunes. Either volume sent by insured mail for \$2.00, or the set of three volumes for \$6.00.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Apartments

*built for occupants' welfare,
not for builder's profit*

AT SUNNYSIDE GARDENS you can still buy, on extremely advantageous terms, one of these unusual six-room, garden apartments in a real co-operative group.

Or you can try it for a year at \$87 monthly, with an option to purchase. Take Corona line to Bliss Street Subway Station on the B.M.T., Interboro, or Second Avenue "L," or Fifth Avenue Bus No. 15. Just across the Queensboro Bridge.

Or telephone Stillwell 8475 for an appointment.

CITY HOUSING CORPORATION

*A limited dividend company—
Organized to build Better Homes
and Communities*

Queens Boulevard and Carolyn Street
Long Island City, N. Y.

ELIZABETH MERSON (of The School of the Theatre)

INSTRUCTION in VOICE and SPEECH
ACTING, SINGING and PUBLIC SPEAKING
—PLAYS COACHED—

344 WEST 72ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Tele. Endicott 6870

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program Jan. 8-14

AT COOPER UNION

(8th St. and Astor Place)

At 8 o'clock ADMISSION FREE.

Fri., Jan. 8. Everett Dean Martin

"The Meaning of a Liberal Education"

Sun., Jan. 10. Dr. Jerome David

"Is the Profit Motive Indispensable?"

Tues., Jan. 12. Mr. John Cowper Powys

"Four World Poets—1—Goethe"

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL

(Lexington Ave. and 22nd St. at 8 o'clock)

Single Admission, 25 Cents.

Reduction for Course Tickets

Sat., Jan. 9. Dr. W. L. Westermann

"History"

Mon., Jan. 11. Dr. E. G. Spaulding

"Logic"

Wed., Jan. 13. Prof. John Mantle Clapp

"Public Speaking"

Thurs., Jan. 14. Dr. Wolfgang Kochler

"Psychology"

YOUNG WOMAN, 25, college graduate of Intelligence and culture; 6 years' experience in business and in literary, art, and community work; expert stenographer; desires position; moderate salary. Write Box 408.

95TH STREET (Broadway)—Choice of unfurnished independent heated room in roof studio apartment; cooking privileges. \$25 or \$35. Box No. 409.

The Russian Inn, 33 W. 37th Street New York

Luncheon - Tea - Dinner and
After the Theatre Dancing

Phone FITZ ROY 6567 Open daily and Sundays
Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30 to 1 P. M.

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION

among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1926

No. 3158

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	21
EDITORIALS:	
\$2,500, Please!	24
Futility	25
The End of a Conspiracy.....	25
A Confusion of Tongues.....	26
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	27
SYRIA—ACID TEST OF THE MANDATES SYSTEM. By Edward Mead Earle	28
THE NEW WORLD COURT—II. AS TRAP. By William Hard.....	30
"SUSPICIOUS CAL." By Frank R. Kent.....	32
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	33
CORRESPONDENCE	33
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:	
Astrology. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.....	36
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	36
Great Catherine. By Dorothy Brewster.....	36
Better than Textbooks. By Stuart Chase.....	37
A Novel of Images. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	38
Conrad Aiken's Poetry. By Allen Tate.....	38
Books in Brief	39
Interesting Books of 1925. Chosen by Joseph Wood Krutch.....	39
Music: Two Parodies. By B. H. Haggin.....	40
Drama: Of Revues. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	40
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The French Occupation in Syria.....	42
The China Boycott	44

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

ANOTHER DICTATORSHIP in Europe! Hardly has Primo de Rivera announced a return to parliamentary government in Spain when Premier Pangalos evens the score by proclaiming absolutism in Greece. Perhaps neither change should be taken too seriously. Spain has probably not gained much democracy, nor did Greece have a great deal of it to lose. Still the action of General Pangalos adds a fresh upset in the seething Balkans, where Rumania is agog with Crown Prince Carol's renunciation of the throne and Bulgaria has just witnessed the upset of the Tsankoff ministry and the formation of a new cabinet under Liaptcheff, a Macedonian. So far as the Greeks are concerned, their political life has been a series of over-turns and tragedies since the armistice. It is the misfortune of this gallant and high-spirited people to suffer from a gnawing and exaggerated nationalism and an overproduction of professional politicians. In the last half dozen years Greece has experienced three revolutions, has got rid of two kings, and has fought a disastrous war with Turkey and started one with Bulgaria. Dictator Pangalos is a notorious fire-eater who says his program will rest "solely on armed force." He excuses his assumption of power by saying he has lost patience with the politicians, "who lose no occasion to make trouble for the country." Amen, say we in regard to the trouble made by politicians. But do dictators make less?

JUST AS EVERYTHING seemed well oiled in Washington, and the country appeared to be solid behind President Coolidge in whatever he wanted to do, the farmers of Iowa have thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery. For all has not been well way down yonder in the corn fields. In the wheat belt prices have been high enough recently to bring back a semblance of prosperity, but corn has been low and the troubles of the farmers have been reflected in the failure of country banks. It required only a fatuous speech like that of Mr. Coolidge in Chicago to precipitate a revolt. And the revolt is not confined to the corn fields either. All over the West and South dissatisfaction has been smoldering under cover of apparent contentment and is now flaring up. At the moment when all seemed most serene Mr. Coolidge has a party crisis on his hands which will require expert manipulation if the Republicans are to be saved from heavy losses in the congressional elections next autumn. Mr. Coolidge is a good politician and will accept any plan just short of something effective in order to placate the agricultural vote. He has committed himself against government price-fixing and, so far as can be discerned, has no alternative of the slightest value. But, as we were saying, he is a good politician and, with the help of other party string-pullers, will probably devise some plan to fool the farmers over another election. For farmers are a credulous folk—about as much so, say, as city dwellers.

WHAT IS THE MATTER with the farmers anyway? The usual way of investigating their troubles is to send out a commission which makes a tour of the agricultural regions, reporting in favor of more cooperatives for the farmers and more telephones and bath-tubs for their wives. What a satire! The right place to investigate the ills of agriculture is in the business and financial districts of our great cities. One answer to the question, What is the matter with the farmers? was supplied at the beginning of the New Year when it was announced that since last June the First National Bank of New York City had been on a dividend basis of 100 per cent a year! When bankers, brokers, transportation companies, commission houses—our whole financial and business fabric—is taking pickings as at present, it should be obvious that there is not going to be much left for the primary producer, the farmer. The irony of our much-vaunted industrial prosperity is that it is kept afloat by an agriculture overloaded with high-interest loans, buffeted by land speculation, keeled over by heavy taxes, and scuttled by low prices for farm products. The only lasting help for the farmers lies in getting the other fellows off their backs. In this no assistance can be expected from Mr. Coolidge and the Republican Party—for the sufficient reason that they are the "other fellows."

THE TARIFF CONFERENCE held under the auspices of the Peoples' Reconstruction League in Washington, December 28 and 29, was remarkably fortunate in that it coincided with the Iowa farmers' outburst, the criticism of the Tariff Commission at the meeting of the American Economic Association, and some hot shot from what re-

mains of the management of the Democratic Party. The combined attack was serious enough to disturb the White House not a little. Particularly rasping was Senator Capper's declaration that more protection must be given to the farmer or less protection to the manufacturer, since it went directly contrary to the learned dicta of Mr. Coolidge's Chicago speech—the most ill-fated utterance he has made since entering the White House. But there were other effective speeches besides Mr. Capper's, notably several upon the woolen and cotton industries which revealed the exploitation of the worker which is taking place throughout New England. There were, of course, some politicians present to insist that tariffs could be honestly drawn and honestly administered for a necessary protection. Even Mr. Coolidge has now admitted that it is not the foreigner who pays the tax but the American purchaser; this fact was only one of many to give encouragement to the conference, for it begins to look as if a real tariff fight were at last in sight.

WHEN THE MAN who has been with the United States Tariff Commission since it was organized comes out in the public prints with the statement that Congress should not give the commission any more money, or confirm any more Coolidge appointments, until a thorough investigation is made, it is time to take notice. A federal office-holder praying to be denied his own salary! But that is the kind of man Mr. Costigan is, and for his courage and his high conception of public service *The Nation* stands at salute. The Tariff Commission was founded in 1916. It was to be a strictly impartial investigating body; it was to "take the tariff out of politics." Mr. Harding began its decomposition in 1922 with the "flexible provisions" program which transformed the non-political fact-finding body into an agency with power to raise or lower tariff duties. President Coolidge has kept up the good work and, as in the case of the Federal Trade Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission, has packed the Tariff Commission with his hard-boiled business friends who are about as impartial, about as scientific, as Signor Mussolini or the late lamented Diaz. All pretense of impartial fact-finding has disappeared in favor of Himalayan protection. Hence well and bravely does Mr. Costigan tell the American Economic Association: "Until adequate assurances are given that the membership of the Tariff Commission will be safeguarded by law, and will conform to the standards of disinterested public service, it is fair to ask that no further appropriation for the commission's work be authorized by Congress."

THE KU KLUX KLAN is rapidly sliding into a period of deflation. The latest evidence of its collapse was the decision of the Colorado Supreme Court in favor of Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. Judge Lindsey has been fighting to hold his job against the bitter and open opposition of the Klan, which instituted proceedings to contest his election and to displace him in favor of the defeated Klan candidate. The contest was nominally initiated by Royal S. Graham, Lindsey's defeated opponent, and another citizen, Charles L. Laney. An attorney was engaged by the Klan. The case was first decided in Lindsey's favor by the district court, and Graham promptly committed suicide. Then an effort was made to appeal the case, although a new attorney for Laney filed a motion of dismissal with the Supreme Court. This motion was opposed

by the original Klan attorney who wanted the case heard in "the public interest." The case was none the less dismissed and the Klan attorney is now suing the former grand dragon, Dr. John Galen Locke, for \$500 which he claims was promised him when he consented to handle the fight against Lindsey. Thus everyone is discredited save only Judge Lindsey himself and the friends who rallied to the defense of him and his amazing court against the vicious but futile assaults of a declining Klan.

THE ANTHRACITE MINERS and operators have been in joint session at the Union League Club in New York City. They have been considering various plans put forward by Governor Pinchot and others to end the strike and bring peace to the industry. Alvan Markle—an operator—chairman of the joint committee, has laid a new proposal on the table. It calls for an immediate resumption of mining at the 1925 wage scale; a ten-year agreement barring strikes and lockouts; a fact-finding commission composed of three miners, three operators, and three members representing the general public. The commission is to employ a reputable firm of certified public accountants to investigate the operators' books and to determine profits and the ability to pay wages. On the basis of the accountants' findings the commission will then proceed to adjust the present—and future—disputes. The opening of the operators' books to the light of day is a cardinal concession. The miners must realize this even if they do object that the Markle plan is their hated arbitration in a purple nightshirt. Meanwhile the country has lost 27,000,000 tons of hard coal this year as against last, the miners have lost \$100,000,000 in wages, and the operators an unknown amount of profit. But if the principle of a permanent fact-finding commission can be achieved, together with publicity for the accounting records, perhaps it will be worth the cost.

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY, having won a 10-per-cent rate increase, is modestly asking for 25 per cent more. Which may or may not have been a tactical blunder, for the announcement has brought forth a chorus which reverberates in Congress no less than in the locality affected. If experience is any guide, the uproar will be prodigious and the company will get the increase. But it may just be that one of these fine days the Bell system will overreach itself and wake up to find its lines federally controlled, if not taken over. The system is a natural monopoly; a competitive telephone industry has seen its intolerable day and happily passed; the accredited virtues of laissez faire have no place in the picture—painfully as this must tear Mr. Hoover's heart. It is just a great big 100-per-cent private trust, and to have any efficiency at all it *must* be a 100-per-cent trust—though the "private" is perhaps not quite so inevitable. Technically it has made good progress; lack of competition has not choked invention. Financially it has made even better progress; no stock is more sought after as a sound investment than that of the parent company. But how far this financial progress has meant inflating investment cost in the system as a whole; how far the margin between operating costs, as affected by continual technical improvement, and rates allowed by regulating bodies has been growing and has been salted down; and how far the supplies furnished by the subsidiary Western Electric enter into the picture—are largely unknown quantities. If we are to go

on loving our little private trust, we would like to know just a bit more concretely why his cap is so often in his hand.

AN INSCRIPTION has been selected by the American Battle Monuments Commission to be placed upon the graves of our unidentified soldier dead overseas. It reads: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God." It is about the kind of inscription one would expect in the circumstances. It could be much worse; and yet it could be so much better that one regrets it isn't. The phraseology is only a mumbling over of the words and ideas with which we drugged and befuddled ourselves in the World War. What a pity that instead of windy rhetoric we haven't the courage to blaze over those tragic graves something like this: "Here lies one of the youth of the world, raised to manhood by the blood and sweat of his parents, only to be sacrificed needlessly to human ignorance and superstition." That would be unkind, some will object, because it would say to those who lost dear ones in the World War that those deaths had been in vain. But actually it is the perpetuation of false ideas about war that makes its sacrifices useless. Could its mythology be dissipated in consequence of the world conflict, the soldiers known and unknown who perished in that holocaust would have helped in the greatest service ever rendered to mankind.

ON DECEMBER 30 the National Collegiate Athletic Association deplores commercialism in general, and the Tournament of Roses football game in Pasadena in particular, as "detrimental to the best interests of amateur sport." On New Year's Day the Tournament of Roses grandstand collapses, killing one and injuring 200 spectators. No connection between the two incidents has been established, but the second throws the first into high and terrible relief. Meanwhile the National Amateur Athletic Federation declares that "professionalism has come to be the bugaboo of American athletics"; that baseball among small boys has fallen off 50 per cent in the last three years due indirectly to the commercializing of the game; and that thousands of schoolboys under sixteen are engaged in athletics for money. Well, what do you expect, gentlemen? In a civilization where success has no other measurement than money terms, where the young are told in a thousand clanging tongues that the only road is the road that is lined with gold, it is inevitable that your labored distinctions between professional and amateur should be in the main illogical, impossible, and absurd. And all your rules and regulations, your deploring and viewing with alarm, will be about as effective as a water-pot in Sahara. You will get uncommercialized sport when you get a less commercialized civilization, and not before.

THE QUESTION of what a man's private affairs have to do with his public or professional career has come up again, this time in England with the expulsion from Cambridge University of J. B. S. Haldane, professor of biochemistry, because he has been correspondent in a divorce case. Professor Haldane is admittedly one of the most brilliant scientists in England, a man of extraordinary fortitude and resource, whose experiments, many of them made at the risk of his own health and even life, have saved the lives of hundreds of children and will doubtless save thousands more. Professionally, that is, Profes-

sor Haldane is not only talented to an unusual degree but he has performed remarkable feats of self-sacrifice, presumably with no other end in view than to help his fellow-men. There is no charge that his scientific work has suffered as a result of his private friendships; that work remains firmly established as original and of benefit to the population at large. But by some wholly illogical process of reasoning the gap has been bridged between Mr. Haldane's conduct in the laboratory or the classroom and his conduct after hours when his work is done, and the one is said to be relevant to the other. The divorce was evidently conducted in the quietest and most dignified manner permitted by England's abominable divorce legislation; Mr. Haldane is reported to be about to marry the young woman whose husband divorced her. But if the affair had been a public scandal, there would still be no logical connection between the two matters. The Cambridge authorities by their action have committed the university to a grave and unnecessary loss.

REAR ADMIRAL CASPAR F. GOODRICH, whose death occurred on December 26, was not merely one of the last links with the Civil War navy, in which he was an officer at seventeen years; he was also one of the most polished and charming of gentlemen, a naval officer who knew his business from A to Z, yet had nothing in common with the blatant jingoes who too often make the uniform a synonym for brag, bluster, and war propaganda, besides being puffed up by their own importance to the point of bursting. Admiral Goodrich was modesty itself. A scholar and a profound student, he was for years one of the most valued contributors and reviewers of *The Nation*. His high professional standing was shown not only by his services in the war with Spain but by his being selected to head for a time the Naval War College. If we must have naval officers, we wish that they might all be like Admiral Goodrich, or Admiral Sigsbee, or Admiral French P. Chadwick, or Admiral Cameron Winslow. To this group also belonged, of course, Admiral William T. Sampson. They were, and some still are, as able as modest and unassuming.

IF A GOOD MANY AMERICANS today do not know that the morning star and the evening star are the same heavenly creature and that her name is Venus, the reason may be that our calendar is based upon the career of a larger and more obvious body called the sun. An ancient Maya of Central America and southern Mexico had not this excuse for ignorance concerning the loveliest of the stars, because the calendar devised by his ingenious priests was a Venus calendar; any knowing citizen of that remarkable civilization was aware that five Venus years were practically equivalent to eight sun years, that eight days elapsed between the last appearance of Hesperus in the west and the first appearance of Phosphorus in the east, and that the morning of this first appearance in the east was a morning to be feared, since the light of Venus possessed the power to slay. If the last item implies the existence of what we should call superstition among the Mayas, their calendar, as recently explained and harmonized by Herbert J. Spinden of Harvard, is full proof of their sophistication in at least one realm of science. Dr. Spinden's researches, first announced by the Peabody Museum two years ago and now completed, seem to us quite as romantic as any ever undertaken by an archaeologist.

\$2,500, Please!

THE Society for the Prevention of Crime in New York City having offered a first prize of \$2,500 "to the author of the best program of practicable steps to reduce law-breaking in New York City," we hereby take up the challenge and submit our plan. So confident are we that ours is the best possible program that we claim the award here and now. It has the merit of calling for no appropriation and no new law or laws, nor for such a dubious device as the registering and finger-printing of aliens. Nor does it fall back upon that usual counsel of despair—the education of the oncoming generation. We make bold to predict that the result of its adoption would be not only an immediate decrease in punished and unpunished crime but would cause a toning up of public life throughout the land.

With this altogether modest introduction we come directly to the plan, which is simple yet revolutionary:

From February 1, 1926, all officials, whether of a municipality, a county, a State, or of the Federal Government, shall themselves cease from all violation of the laws, State and national, and of the Constitution of the United States.

There you have it! Is it not precisely what we claimed for it? What could be more revolutionary in principle and practice, since practically every sworn official considers himself superior to the law or competent to make exceptions under it or to waive it altogether?

Primarily, the reform would have to start with the White House. The President of the United States is one of our most flagrant violators of the Constitution inasmuch as he indirectly connives—like his recent predecessors—at the violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that no citizen of the United States shall be deprived of any of the privileges of citizenship by reason of his color or his previous condition of servitude and prescribes the punishment for any State which violates this provision. The disfranchisement of millions of our colored Americans brings the Constitution and the Government in Washington into contempt. It sets an example which is followed by many in the matter of the prohibition amendment. If any one clause of the Constitution can be deliberately disregarded without being repealed, why not all?

But this is not all. President Harding refused and President Coolidge has declined to carry out a mandate of Congress—that provision of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 which requires the Executive to give notice of the termination of articles or provisions in commercial treaties to which the United States is a party which restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminating customs duties on imports entering the United States in foreign vessels and discriminating tonnage dues on foreign vessels entering our ports. It was never intended to give discretion to the President in this matter.

As for the Cabinet and the law, we have the spectacle of a Secretary of the Treasury who continues to hold office after it has been officially charged by an Attorney General that his aluminum trust is a law-breaker, while Senator Couzens's committee on improper income-tax practices declares that one or more of the Secretary's companies has been unduly favored by tax assessors. The recent Secretary of War stands revealed in the aircraft investigations

as having offered to protect one of his friends against whom the law officers of the Government were about to proceed. Until Attorney General Stone took the headship of the Department of Justice that department was merely a conspiracy against justice, with Jess Smith, bribe-taker, having his office for some time next to that of Attorney General Daugherty. Since then its machinery has been prostituted by the malicious persecution and prosecution of Senator Wheeler at the behest of the Republican National Committee.

A reformation of the Cabinet would have far-reaching effect upon the administration of the criminal law provided that it carried with it, from the President down, an assurance that the Constitution would be upheld in the matter of free speech, free assembly, and the other privileges of the American citizen embodied in the Bill of Rights. Ever since the war—even before—these rights have been ruthlessly denied by mayors and by the police, as witness the Mayor of Wilkes-Barre who refuses to allow any meeting to be held except by sanction of the American Legion. Contrary to the Constitution or its spirit, laws against political opinions have been passed by numerous States. Meanwhile, the underworld of crime has watched the sending to jail of a Governor of Indiana, the effective impeachment of a Governor of Texas, and the ineffective efforts to impeach the present Governor, and has seen the present Governor of Illinois ordered by the Supreme Court to repay to the State some \$800,000 held to be due the State.

The underworld has not only known of Jess Smith and Harry Daugherty; it has just read of the indictment of the former Alien Property Custodian, Colonel Miller; of the conviction of the head of the Veterans' Bureau, Colonel Forbes, and it entertains no doubt that if there had been an honest administration of the Department of Justice a number of Democrats in high office would have gone to jail soon after Mr. Harding took office. The underworld has read of the airplane graft—unpunished; the Government itself as violating international law in the seizure of German private property. It knows better than any other group of citizens how many officials are deep in violations of the prohibition law; what judges punish bootleggers and then deal with them; what court attendants can be "fixed." The inhabitants of the underworld see the little fellows like themselves being sent to jail. They know of only a few cases of "higher ups" going to prison, and they know of the special favors some of these rich convicts received while in Atlanta Penitentiary, for which the warden, chaplain, and other officials were removed. Why should they respect the law?

But where the acceptance of our plan would do more to check crime than anywhere else is in the local police forces. There are few in America which do not daily violate the law in dealing with men accused or suspected of crime. We refer to the "third degree"—a torture under which confessions are wrung from suspects after days and nights of hunger and thirst and brutality, until human endurance can stand it no longer. The Supreme Court has recently denounced this in one instance. Criminals know this and innocent people too. And everyone who knows it and knows how the police arrest Chinese by the wholesale,

and suspects of every kind without charge or warrant, and, as in Philadelphia, under the dismissed General Butler, break into houses with axes on merest suspicion, must realize that there can be no respect for a law which is thus flouted by those sworn to uphold it. The underworld sees daily the misuse of the right to arrest for "disorderly conduct" or "vagrancy"; it knows to its cost how easily men may be "framed up." Prohibition squads in search of blackmail or graft deposit whiskey flasks in corners and then arrest the tenants of the apartments. Why, in heaven's name, should the youth of the land have any respect for the law when they see the law enforcers in a magnificent conspiracy to thwart justice or to warp it to their own uses, without the slightest respect for the law themselves, since they regard it merely as a means to their ends, good or bad? From prostitute, ex-convict, the weak, the degenerate, the helpless, the police take their toll.

We submit that nothing any vice or crime commissions or societies could suggest in fifty years could do more to stop crime in the United States than the reform we suggest. Physicians of the law, heal yourselves!

Futility

A CORRESPONDENT signing simply as "Newspaper Writer" calls the attention of the *New York World* to the epitaph on Frank A. Munsey printed in the *Emporia Gazette* and written presumably by its editor, William Allen White:

REST IN TRUST

Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead.

Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money-changer, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an 8-per-cent security.

May he rest in trust!

These are bitter lines, and the letter of "Newspaper Writer" is in the same strain. It says:

So far as I know, Mr. White is the only editor in the country who said what he really thought about Munsey. With the others who praised him so highly I have no quarrel. There was hardly anything else for them to do. The *New York papers*, your own among the rest, were competitors of Mr. Munsey. They gritted their teeth and did their manners, though they hated it. Other papers considered Mr. Munsey as one of the newspaper fraternity, although on what ground I do not exactly understand, and therefore gave him his garland of rhetoric and Latin. But what a spectacle!

I would sign my name to this letter, but I write it in behalf of scores of newspaper men I have talked with, and my name doesn't matter. Scores, did I say? I write it on behalf of every newspaper man in the United States.

All of which is an unusual and a terrible indictment of a man who has just passed. Yet those on the inside of journalism can hardly deny that it expresses a general sentiment. Behind the flamboyant printed eulogies have been extraordinarily bitter unprinted comments. Nor is this feeling based on personal grievance. Mr. Munsey's purchase and destruction of various old-established journals threw considerable numbers of men out of work and those who continued in his service knew him as a hard employer. But, after all, the men personally affected were few against the entire background of American journalism,

and even the feeling of these few rises superior to a mere sense of individual grievance. What rankles is the conviction that Mr. Munsey commercialized and degraded a profession which, no matter how cynically he may talk of it to others, every newspaper writer loves—even if he cannot always respect it.

But while we understand this bitterness we do not altogether share it. To us Mr. Munsey's life seems more an object of pity than reproach. He had a talent for making money, but none whatever for comprehending the profession of journalism. He blundered into it as a mere means of making money and probably never realized that it was more to anybody else. Final proof of this appears in his will, one of the most pathetic testaments ever recorded. Never known as a particular friend of the Metropolitan Museum, or a lover of art in any way, he left the bulk of his millions to that gallery—apparently because he did not know what else to do with it. His life work, the chain of newspapers and magazines that he had acquired, a creation which normally should have been closest to a man's heart—all this he decreed should be sold and dissipated, treated as mere chattels. There was no plan for mutualization, no provision for carrying on his publications intact—or at all. Thus his life becomes the essence of futility and his passing illustrates the terrible tragedy of wealth in the hands of one who does not comprehend its use.

We are just as well satisfied that we did not write the epitaph "Rest in Trust." And yet—we are not altogether sorry that somebody else did.

The End of a Conspiracy

THE dismissal by Justice Bailey of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia of the indictment charging Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana with criminal conspiracy in oil-land cases finally brings crashing to the ground the case against the Senator which the Department of Justice built up after months of labor at an expense reported to be a quarter of a million dollars. From the beginning this was nothing more or less than a deliberate conspiracy to drive Senator Wheeler out of public life because of his investigation of the Department of Justice. It has now recoiled upon its makers. Those who are besmirched are the officials from President Coolidge down who connived at this conspiracy or permitted it to continue.

No one, no apologist for President Coolidge, or for Justice Stone who as Attorney General furthered the undertaking until his appointment to the Supreme Court, can deny that these suits had their origin with Harry Daugherty himself, aided and abetted by the Republican National Committee. The agents of the committee and of the department were deliberately sent to Montana to create the case. Blair Coan, an agent of the National Committee, declared that he went to Montana for the express purpose of "getting" the Senator. Senator Wheeler charges, and we do not think that his charges will be denied, that the Federal District Attorney in Montana, Mr. Slattery, was compelled to obtain the indictment by threats from his superiors in Washington. The Department of Justice did not desist from its course even after a committee of the Senate, headed by Mr. Borah, had reported upon investigation that there was no foundation for the charges. Every Senator present when the report was read voted to uphold it with one exception, and he voted No on a technicality.

After a delay of a year, during which time the indictment was used by the Republican National Committee and others as campaign material, the case was tried before a Montana jury and Senator Wheeler was acquitted. Meanwhile, the malice of the department had been manifested by the reindictment in the District of Columbia of Senator Wheeler and two associates, the idea being, apparently, to put the defendants to the greatest possible annoyance and expense by compelling them to bring their witnesses all the way from Montana. It is this indictment which Justice Bailey has dismissed as having no basis in law whatever. The District Attorney admitted that the law had been interpreted by him to mean what he thought was the intent of Congress!

Happy as we are that justice has been done and that the courts concerned have lived up to the best traditions of our judiciary, we do not think the case should stop there. In the last hours of the Montana trial the prosecution produced a New York lawyer of considerable notoriety who swore to a conversation with Senator Wheeler in New York City which the Senator had no difficulty in proving never took place. Now we should like to ask the Department of Justice whether it will proceed against this man for perjury? That will be an acid test of the sincerity of the Department of Justice, just as the use of this man was an illuminating example of how low the department could sink in its efforts to convict an innocent man. The episode is all the more unhappy since the prosecution went on under the direction of Harlan F. Stone, lately the dean of a great law school, a teacher of youth, and now a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A Confusion of Tongues

NOTHING today is more depressing—or stimulating, as the case may be—than the inability of certain divergent schools of poetry to understand one another. The inability in turn of the general public to understand any of the schools may be more depressing still, but that is another matter. I. A. Richards, the author last year of the most interesting volume of literary discussion to appear in perhaps a decade, “*The Principles of Literary Criticism*,” was deeply concerned over the widening breach between good criticism of art and the public taste. “With the increase of population,” wrote Mr. Richards, “the problem presented by the gulf between what is preferred by the majority and what is accepted as excellent by the most qualified opinion has become infinitely more serious and appears likely to become threatening in the near future.” That is true and important. Yet one may be almost as much concerned over the contemporary confusion of poetical tongues, a confusion resulting in the existence side by side in the same country or the same city of at least two kinds of poetry which are equally excellent and at the same time totally different—different in rhythm, in mood, in diction, in phraseology, and in subject matter—so that a poet on one side is quite at a loss to know what a poet on the other side is talking about.

A layman would probably say that only one of these sides had a case. To him it might seem that the only “difficult” poetry now being published was that represented by the books of T. S. Eliot. And it is true that Mr. Eliot presents his difficulties. Indeed, in a recent essay on the English metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century—the

“difficult” poets of another generation—Mr. Eliot insisted that “poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning.” One result of this doctrine is, of course, Mr. Eliot’s “*The Waste Land*,” which, though annotated, remains incomprehensible to many highly intelligent poets who happen to belong to another tradition.

What the layman may not know is that the poetry which he would oppose to “*The Waste Land*” as clear and simple is neither clear nor simple to Mr. Eliot and his followers. He would probably oppose some sort of “nature poetry” to these verses which perplex him so sadly. But Mr. Eliot and others like him have gone on record as being unable to understand most of the nature poetry produced today, and there is no reason for supposing that their difficulty is merely pretended. For nature poetry has its own definite tradition, and the fact that this tradition seems to the layman to be the older of the two does not alter the circumstance that it too stems from a complicated and sophisticated—in short, a difficult—view of the world. The ideas underlying it may be conveniently if not finally traced to Wordsworth, who considered it necessary to write “*The Prelude*,” a poem 370 pages long, in order to elucidate these ideas and to defend them against a critical public which failed to comprehend them. Wordsworth is held sacred by a good many persons today for his simplicity. But so able a contemporary reviewer as Francis Jeffrey charged him with perpetrating “poetical paradoxes,” and felt that he “must ascribe the peculiarities of his composition not to any transient affectation or accidental caprice of imagination but to a settled perversity of taste or understanding.”

If many of us now disagree with Jeffrey, it is in part because Wordsworth is a great poet and in part because we have got used to him. But by no means all of us are used to him, and doubtless the rank and file of Mr. Eliot’s school do not even understand him. In the first place they are city men who have little or no acquaintance with Wordsworth’s material of mountain, shepherd, and lake. In the second place they are disposed not to believe with him that “man and nature are essentially adapted to each other,” or that “the mind of man is naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature.” The mirror of their minds reflects a motley of shifting shapes rather than an ordered procession of forms. And why, they quite justly ask, should they be blamed for this condition?

Wordsworth’s instinct in the face of a complex civilization was to search with his imagination for a serene and luminous truth behind appearances. The instinct of these moderns is to play their fancy over confused appearances, disbelieving as they do in the existence of anything behind. Who can prove either of the parties wrong in a dispute which philosophy itself has never managed to settle? At any rate they will continue to diverge, and it behooves the layman, in so far as he may be interested in the matter at all, to study the exact conditions of the divergence—neither to resent too much the confessed difficulty of the Eliots nor to miss entirely the concealed difficulty of the Wordsworths.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—According to medical statistics 14,321,892 people died in America last year from overeating. The Kansas Chapter of the W. C. T. U. proposes a constitutional amendment abolishing food.



NEW YORK CITY.—Secretary of State Kellogg explains the policies of the Department of State.

PARIS, FRANCE.—President Doumergue reviews those of his compatriots who have been members of the cabinet since October 27 of last year.



U. S. A.—110,000,000 people manage to keep cool with Coolidge.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Prohibition Agent Swiller spends \$3,249.47 to get evidence that 30 cents' worth of corn brandy is sold within shade of the Capitol.



CHICAGO, ILL.—The Florida boom has swept Illinois. Florida real estate is being sold in retail quantities by all leading florists and ashmen.

Syria—Acid Test of the Mandates System

By EDWARD MEAD EARLE

THERE has been an unfortunate disposition to regard the bombardment of Damascus as a closed incident. Some overoptimistic friends of France have taken undue comfort in the recall of General Sarrail and the substitution for him of a High Commissioner, M. de Jouvenel. Friends of the League rejoice that the Permanent Mandates Commission has asked for a special report on the Syrian mandate; all that need be done, therefore, is to wait patiently until February when the new High Commissioner, like his predecessors, will inform the League that France is determined to fulfil her high mission of civilization among the Arabs. Meanwhile, Syrians are being killed for defending those Wilsonian principles of self-determination to which the Allies pledged allegiance during the late war.

A very heavy share of the responsibility for six years of military despotism in Syria, terminating in the vandalism of Damascus, must be borne by the League of Nations. One may be a severe critic of unimpaired national sovereignty and a bitter opponent of competitive imperialism, a friend of the League and of the mandates system, without finding himself committed to blind and unreasoning acceptance of every act of the League as ipso facto just and politic. Among the very worst enemies of the League in the United States are those who seek repose in the comfortable theory that the League can do no wrong, and by glossing over embarrassing facts miss many a fine opportunity to profit by healthy criticism. The effect of this is to substitute for an uncritical emotional nationalism an uncritical emotional internationalism.

It must be admitted that the task of France and of the League in Syria has been far from simple. The cardinal fact is that the French are not wanted in Syria; as to this, there can be no doubt on the part of anyone who reads the report of the King-Crane Commission or the manifesto of the Syrian General Congress of July, 1919. French colonial and military officials are inexperienced in dealing with a people as advanced and as high-spirited as the Syrians and have been inclined to treat protests as insubordination. Absorbed with other pressing problems of reparations, security, finance, and a costly Rifian war, France has fallen into the error of treating Syria as an unimportant colony, rather than as a mandated territory. In short, a situation faced France which required unusual tact, sympathy, and punctilious regard for native susceptibilities; she was obliged to meet it unprepared from every point of view—psychological, financial, administrative.

Nor has the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League been treading a path of roses. Its powers of investigation and recommendation have been sharply curtailed by the Council. Its outstanding friends have been among the smaller countries, whereas the principal mandates are distributed among the Great Powers, none of which is likely to rock the imperialistic boat. Even had it worked under ideal conditions, furthermore, the commission would have been handicapped by lack of precedent as well as by inexperience in the supervision of colonial administration.

Acknowledgment of the difficulties under which France and the League have operated, however, constitutes no jus-

tification for passing over lightly the record of the French administration or the negligence of the Mandates Commission. The French military administration in Syria has from the first been arbitrary, unsympathetic, and occasionally brutal. Rigid censorship of the press and schools, excessive and unwarranted use of courts martial, deportations of leading Syrians both Christian and Moslem, domination of Syrian courts by French judges, and failure to develop political institutions in the direction of independence are but a few outstanding instances of the manner in which the spirit of the mandate has been ignored. Furthermore, the use of Algerian and Senegalese troops under tactless officers has embittered Syrians and has brought the whole mandates system into disrepute. Perhaps the most damnable feature of modern imperialism is the manner in which the liberties of a small people are crushed out and its young men turned over to the tender mercies of a drill-sergeant that they may be prepared for the task of crushing out in turn the liberties of other small peoples. The use of colonial troops in the mandated areas should be prohibited by the League. A nation which undertakes the "sacred trust of civilization" involved in a mandate should not pass on to conscripted colonials the blood and sweat involved in the "white man's burden."

It is in the economic sphere that the French have been perhaps most negligent. In spite of the protests of every articulate local agency, Syria has had foisted upon it a depreciated paper currency adjusted in value to the rapidly depreciating French franc. In July, 1925, the Syrian pound had sunk to less than half the value of the Turkish pound, which had been the medium of exchange before and during the Great War. (Turkey, be it recalled, was prostrate in 1918 and has had none of the advantages of administrative assistance from Western Europe.) Little has been done to relieve widespread unemployment occasioned by post-war depression. Perhaps the best indication of the character of French rule in Syria is to be had from the following classification of public expenditures (in francs) from 1919 to 1922:

Education	6,300,000
Public works.....	10,000,000
Administrative expenses and charitable institutions	76,000,000
Maintenance of troops.....	1,782,000,000

To appreciate the widespread discontent in Syria it is necessary to judge the record of the French only by their own pledges. On November 7, 1918, the British and French governments issued a public declaration concerning the policies which they proposed to follow in the administration of Syria, Palestine, and Iraq. In the light of subsequent developments this declaration is as thoroughgoing a denunciation of French rule in Syria as can be found.

The end aimed at by France and Great Britain, in their carrying out of the war in the East unloosed by German ambition, is the complete and final enfranchisement of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of national governments and administrations drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of the native populations.

To fulfil these purposes, France and Great Britain have agreed to encourage and help the establishment of native governments and administrations in Syria and Mesopotamia, which have been freed by the Allies, and in the territories whose liberation they are now pursuing, and to recognize these as soon as they are effectively established. Far from wishing to impose upon the populations of these regions any particular institutions, the Allies have no other desire than to assure, by their support and by an effective assistance, the normal functioning of the governments and administrations which the populations have freely given themselves. To assure an impartial and equal justice for all, to facilitate the economic development of the country by helping and encouraging local initiative, to favor the spread of education, to bring to an end Turkish political divisions, too long exploited, such is the role which the two Allied governments assume in the liberated territories.

Furthermore, by Article 22 of the Treaty of Versailles France pledged herself to consider the "well-being and development" of Syria "a sacred trust of civilization"; to exercise her authority in Syria as mandatory on behalf of the League; to recognize provisionally the independence of Syria "subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance"; to acknowledge that the principal consideration in the government of the country must be the wishes of the Syrians themselves. In addition, according to the terms of the mandate as drafted by the French Government and approved by the League, it was specified that all administration must be in the spirit of the mandate and that the organic law should be framed "in agreement with the native authorities, and should take into account the rights, interests, and wishes of all the population." According to the standards which they set for themselves, the French have written a record of failure in Syria.

Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations states definitely as regards mandates that "securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant"; that "this tutelage should be exercised by mandates on behalf of the League"; that "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory"; and that "a permanent commission should be constituted to receive and examine the annual reports of the mandates and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates." These are the responsibilities undertaken by the League. How have they been observed?

The French annual reports concerning the Syrian mandate, which the Mandates Commission has accepted, have been misleading and incomplete, if not inaccurate. Naturally enough the French administration in Syria judges the performance of its task by somewhat different standards from those of the Syrians or the outside world. The minutes of the Permanent Mandates Commission contain not the barest suggestion that there have been six armed insurrections in Syria since 1919. Petitions received from Syrians complaining about the character of the French administration have been returned to the signatories on the ground that the Mandates Commission is not authorized to accept petitions except through the French Government. In other words, Syrians living under an oppressive military rule must forward their complaints to the French High Commissioner at Beirut, who, until recently, was also the commander of the French troops; he in turn transmits them to Paris for submission to Geneva. It is difficult to see how under such a regime the Mandates Commission can hope to be informed

about developments in areas for the administration and well-being of which it is held responsible by the Covenant.

It is rightly said that the most effective weapon of the League is publicity. Not a word of publicity concerning the present Syrian uprising has emanated from Geneva, as indeed there has been no publicity from League sources concerning five previous insurrections in which French casualties alone amounted to almost six thousand. If foreign property had not been destroyed, and if it had not been necessary to send foreign warships to Beirut for the protection of foreign lives, news of the bombardment of Damascus might not have reached the civilized world.

The foregoing criticisms of the French administration in Syria and of the negligence of the League are not altogether destructive. The League of Nations still possesses a great opportunity to vindicate itself and to justify the mandates system. A minimum program might be as follows:

1. The Council of the League should dispatch an impartial commission of inquiry to Syria to publish all of the facts in the case, rather than those which emanate from French and Arab sources. In adopting such a course of action, the Council would be following the precedents which it has set in the Graeco-Bulgar boundary dispute and in the case of Turkish atrocities in the vilayet of Mosul. Failure to send such a commission and to publish its conclusions will convict the League of adopting one standard for small nations and another for Great Powers.

2. The mandates system cannot succeed without the cooperation of the Near Eastern peoples, and their cooperation will never be forthcoming until they are convinced that their case will obtain an honest hearing. The League, therefore, should maintain a resident commissioner in each of the "Class A" mandated areas, including Syria, to receive complaints and petitions and to inform the Permanent Mandates Commission concerning observance of the letter and spirit of the Covenant. A precedent for such a course of action exists in the report of the Turco-Iraq Boundary Commission which proposes that a League resident be set up at Mosul on behalf of the minorities there represented.

3. The Permanent Mandates Commission should be given wider powers of investigation and recommendation in order that in future it may act before a scandal such as that of Damascus is allowed to develop.

If the League fails to do this minimum, it must be prepared to admit that the term mandate is a euphemism, little more than a new name for an old imperialism.

As for France, she likewise has an opportunity to restore her good name in the Near East. Already there are hopeful signs in the widespread admission in the French press and in the Chamber of Deputies that the bombardment of Damascus constitutes a national humiliation. It is also a hopeful sign that a civil administration already has replaced a succession of three French generals. But further steps are required. The independence of Syria should be provisionally recognized and a Syrian national administration should be set up parallel to an "invisible administration" of French advisers. A definite date for evacuation should be set, and every nerve should be strained to prepare Syria for self-defense and self-government by that date. Finally, France should adopt a generous and conciliatory spirit toward those Syrian patriots who, by struggling for their independence, have discredited a military imperialism and have given France and the League an opportunity to make the acid test of the mandates system.

The New World Court

By WILLIAM HARD

II. As Trap

THERE are just three differences, actual or alleged, between the old Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, to which we belong, and the new Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague, to which we are asked to belong:

1. It is alleged that arbitration is not really law. It is alleged that the old Permanent Court of Arbitration is not really a law court. It is alleged that the new Permanent Court of International Justice, in giving us law, in giving us judicial processes, will give us something which will be far superior to arbitrational processes.

2. The old Court is a flexible bench. The new Court is a fixed bench. The old Court consists of scores of judges from among whom five judges or three judges are selected by the contending nations to sit upon a given case. The new Court consists of fifteen judges who themselves decide which eleven of them or which nine of them or which three of them will sit upon a given case.

3. The old Court has no connection with the League of Nations. The new Court has numerous connections with the League of Nations.

I contend that this third difference is the only one which can really importantly actuate the American promoters of American entrance into the new Court.

I will glance at the first difference first. Is the old Court a law court?

I will begin by saying that it itself thinks that it is. The preamble of its constitution says that it is "desirous of extending the reign of law." Article 34 of its constitution says that its judges shall be "persons of known competency in questions of law." Article 37 of its constitution says that its judges shall make their decisions "on the basis of respect for law."

Its decisions in practice conform to this rule. Its decisions in practice are constructed exactly as the decisions of the new Permanent Court of International Justice are constructed. They begin by considering "the facts." They go on to considering "the law."

I will now quote from Sir Frederick Pollock, of England, second to no man in the world for labors in the history of law. He says:

An arbitrator is a person chosen to act as a judge on a particular occasion. There is no foundation for any notion that he is less bound to observe the rules of judicial conduct than are the judges of a permanent court.

I will next quote from Dr. John Bassett Moore, our fellow-citizen, member of the old Court, member of the new Court, equal of the best law scholars of any country. He says:

Arbitration is, and always has been, in international law, a judicial process.

I will finally quote from Professor Manley O. Hudson, of Harvard, formerly of the League Secretariat, our most perfected arguer for the new Court. He says:

Arbitrations have long proceeded along juridical lines. Whether a court is arbitrating or adjudicating, it will

endeavor to find law that is applicable. The procedure of the Permanent Court of International Justice follows in broad outline the procedure before the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The fact then is that this first difference between the two courts is so thin that it is barely visible in theory and virtually totally invisible in practice to many of the best eyes. Surely it does not at all explain the present immense mass propaganda for the new Court.

I come then to the second difference. In last week's article I touched upon it. I contended that no American President will ever go to the new Court with any important American question. I used, for illustration, the question of immigration. I will here use it again for a moment further.

Our immigration laws are offensive to many countries. Among those countries are conspicuously Italy, Yugoslavia, Rumania, China, Japan. On an immigration-treaty dispute, if we go to the old Court, we can at least be sure that three of the five judges will not be chosen from any of those countries. In the new Court we would find, on the fixed bench, fixedly confronting us the Italian Judge Anzilotti, the Yugoslavian Judge Yovanovitch, the Rumanian Judge Negulesco, the Chinese Judge Wang Chung-hui, and the Japanese Judge Oda.

Why pretend? We will not, in any important matter, go there. We shall regard these foreigners not as judges but as representatives of their countries.

I shall now on this point quote from M. Léon Bourgeois, of France. He was the first president of the Council of the League of Nations. He had been a delegate to the second Hague Conference of 1907. He had been a delegate to the first Hague Conference of 1899. In the observation of peace methods he was one of the world's most experienced veterans. In the first Hague Conference he discussed the idea of an international judicial fixed bench. He said that governments would not take important cases to such a bench. With a penetrating truthfulness which is as accurate now as it was then, he said:

The judges of a permanent court, however impartial they might be, would run the risk of assuming in the eyes of universal public opinion the character of representatives of their nations; and governments, believing that the court was subject to political influence, would not regard it as a disinterested court.

Of course!

The first difference between the two courts is nothing for either court; and the second difference is to the advantage of the old Court. I come now to the third difference.

When President Harding first suggested our entrance into the new Court, all our prominent pro-Leaguers said: "Ah! We are on our way to Geneva. Geneva is the sure next stop." Now they say: "Absolutely, there is no railroad between the Hague and Geneva."

Well, they are honorable men. I believed them the first time.

Let us continue to turn from theory and to look squarely at practice. Let us see what we actually shall be doing if we join the new Court with the Harding-Hughes-

Coolidge reservations. Let us see how long we could do it without becoming in full effect a member of the League.

We are to go to Geneva to help elect the judges of the new Court. Last time the League elected a judge of the new Court (Epitacio da Silva Pessoa, of Brazil), it did it in between considering, on a given day, "the protection of women and children in the Far East" and "the admission to the League of the Irish Free State." We are not to be present for these other duties of the League. We are to dash in, however, for the electing of judges. Perhaps the doorman will ring a little bell for us. The electing of judges being over, he will perhaps ring the little bell for us again. In any case we must then dash out.

But we must not dash far. Under the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations we reserve to ourselves the right to have our say about any and all revisions of the constitution of the new Court. The League is the Court's creator and reviser. Efforts to revise the Court, either by direct amendments to its constitution or by the imposing of new strange duties upon it through multitudinous treaties filed at Geneva, are continuous. So, if we have sense, and if we wish to protect our interests, we must stay in Geneva all the time. We must stay and wait for the tinkle of the little bell.

Suppose somebody on the floor tries to revise the Court. In we pop. "Hold on," we shout, "we are members." Somebody interrupts. He starts proposing that Greece and Bulgaria shall not fight. He starts proposing that all wars hereafter shall be conducted by France or by some other first-class Power. The doorman gives us three sharp violent tinkles. Out we pop. "Wait, wait," we cry, "wait till we are out of sight. We are not members."

Then we go to our hotels, to wait for the bell; but how much, how far, have we really escaped? How are all elections, whether of judges or of other officials, accomplished? How are all legislative acts, whether creative or revisionary, accomplished? By negotiations. By bargainings. By givings and takings of extraneous benefits in order to accomplish immediate concurrences. That is politics, immemorably, unalterably. Are we political children? Are we political babies? Do we think that we can dive into one part of the pool of the League's work and not be swallowing water from its other parts?

If any such infantile thought should be in our minds, it will be dispelled as soon as we reach the Hague. We must go to the Hague. We must sit in the new Court. Our fellow-citizen Dr. Moore, sitting in the Court, will cease to represent merely the law and himself. He will represent the United States. That is why we are asked to join the new Court. It is not that Dr. Moore's decisions will improve. It is that behind him then there will be our official sanction, our official presence.

We sit in the Court and what do we do? We draw our pay from the League Treasury at Geneva. We look forward to our promised pension from the League Treasury at Geneva. And we spend three-quarters of our time not making any decisions of our own but writing out long opinions to send to the League at Geneva telling the League what to do and how to do it.

The new Court has handled sixteen subjects. On only four of them has it made decisions of its own. On all the rest of them it has been the mere attorney of the League. On only four of them has it made settlements. On all the rest of them it has made merely a legal diagram for the

League to use, or not to use, in whatever settlement the League might choose to make, or not to make. In other words, the new Court has been a court four times; and it has been the League's advisory legal court-yard twelve times.

I pause to note that Elihu Root, regarding advisory opinions by the new Court to the League, has said: "They are a violation of all juridical principles." I pause to note that Dr. Moore has said: "The giving of advisory opinions is not an appropriate function of a court of justice." I then resume the human political aspect of the matter. We cannot give advice regarding the affairs of an institution and not be involved in those affairs. Imagine people who would come to you and say:

We know you do not wish to belong to our golf club. You have refused to belong to it. We accept your decision. We, however, are now about to appoint an advisory committee to advise us about our greens and bunkers and locker-rooms. We have thought up a way of separating you from the club. You will sit with the club in choosing its advisory committee. You will sit with the advisory committee in advising the club. You will help to say how the greens shall be rolled and where the bunkers shall be built and to whom the lockers shall be distributed. Thus you will have nothing to do with the club and be entirely free of all participation in, and of all responsibility for, its affairs.

What would you think of such people? Would you say that their proposition was a tricky trap or would you not?

But, in the case of the League, there is more ahead. Under Article 13 of the League's Covenant, the League has the duty of enforcing the decisions of the new Court. Some unruly nation refuses to obey a decision which we in the Court have helped to hand down. The League proceeds to try to coerce it. Then, under the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations, what do we say to the League? We say:

My dear fellow! I'm so sorry! I really am so sorry that I helped to get you into this bother. But remember our bargain! I do not belong to your organization. I agreed only to sit on this bench—at the Hague—and shed my ink. When it comes to shedding blood, when it comes to enduring economic inconveniences, in order to produce respect for my ink-stand, under your system, why, my dear fellow, it is for you, and you alone, to provide the blockades and the troops.

I will ask any man, woman, or fourteen-year-old child in this whole country: How long could we abide in that refuge of the slacker and quitter? How long could we abide in the glare of that dishonor?

We all in our hearts know: Not one minute. The League system is a system. We cannot go into part of it and not find ourselves in all of the rest of it. Joining the Court, joining the League, joining "sanctions"—those three things are the same thing.

I contended last week that the new Court is a triple sham on peace. I have contended this week that the new Court inevitably traps us into an international organization which we thought we had rejected; and I have pointed out that it traps us into "sanctions," into coercions of sovereign states. I next week shall contend that it thus accumulatively constitutes a complete betrayal of the special international duty and destiny to which this country was dedicated by its founders.

[Next week: *The New World Court, As a Derailement of Americanism.*]

"Suspicious Cal"

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., January 2

A COOLIDGE characteristic upon which no biographer or Mayflower magazine writer ever dwells is his inherent suspicion. Yet every man who has had intimate touch with him knows that to be an outstanding trait in the Coolidge of today. It is the natural and really inevitable companion to the quality of extreme caution which his most ardent and eulogistic admirers agree he possesses to an extent that long ago caused him to be called "Cautious Cal." There is fair ground for contending that caution and timidity are practically synonymous, but without pressing that point it is certainly true that suspicion is the natural accompaniment of either or both. No bold or impulsive man is suspicious. As he climbed, or rather was pushed, up the political hill toward the Presidency it was natural that this tendency with which Mr. Coolidge was born should increase. As what he got in the way of political honor and place seemed more worth while, a man with a naturally distrustful disposition quite logically concludes the number of those eager to take it away from him has proportionately increased. If the unfortunate Slep, who once walked so wide about the White House and dreamed dreams of a cabinet chair following a committee chairmanship, could be got to talk with complete candor on this quality of the presidential mind it would be a revealing and interesting discourse. However, he will do nothing of the sort, either with the spoken word or in the book on Mr. Coolidge which I understand he has published or is about to publish. But enough of that. The purpose of this article is not to analyze the Coolidge character but merely to make the point that his suspicious nature has thoroughly inoculated—or perhaps it is inherent with them, too—the little circle of New England friends who constitute his White House intimates and form what might be called his political Cabinet. The whole lot of them are suspicious, even the venerable Sargent. Scarcely an outstanding Republican in Washington but is suspected of secretly plotting to gain the 1928 nomination, and the thing has reached the point where after a hard day at headquarters, when they gather to talk things over at night, some of them see a candidate behind every tree on the White House lawn. While that, of course, is an exaggeration the remarkable thing is that to some extent at least these suspicions are fairly well founded. In Washington today a curious and seemingly illogical situation exists.

Nearly everyone active or interested in politics agrees that Mr. Coolidge will be renominated and probably reelected in 1928. Yet it is scarcely possible to move around town without bumping into more or less prominent Republicans obviously bursting with presidential aspirations or breaking into a conversation on the subject of somebody's candidacy other than Mr. Coolidge. It is equally impossible not to grasp the fact that the more important of the politicians of the President's party, those who wield the most influence and are regarded as leaders, while publicly predicting his nomination, hope in their hearts they are wrong and are anxious for an opportunity to sidetrack him. It is a strange contradiction—this insistence that

Coolidge will succeed himself coupled with the active anticipation that he will do nothing of the kind.

The answer is this: the Old Guard leaders know perfectly well that if nothing happens to impair his present hold upon the people or break the practical unanimity of his press support, nothing can prevent Mr. Coolidge's renomination, and they regard, with some degree of logic, the 1928 Republican nomination as equivalent to election. In their opinion the Democratic Party will still be split in the next campaign and the Democratic ticket be what in ring parlance is known as a set-up. If things stay as they are there will, they agree, be no opposition to Mr. Coolidge for the nomination.

However, human as well as political experience teaches that things never do stay as they are. To these men who know the power of the propaganda upon which the Coolidge popularity is built, how it has been managed and upon what it has been based, who see him personally on matters of state and know his dependence upon his cabinet members—principally Hoover—who have the mental measure of this little Massachusetts group around him—to them it is incredible that his hold will last two more years. That it will not is their hope and their bet. It has lasted now a lot longer than a good many astute fellows thought possible. It is perhaps a fifty-fifty chance the break will come inside of two years, either through a cessation of the prosperity of which he is the totem pole or through some unexpected change in public sentiment. It is always possible the people may get fed up on the homely virtues and want something saltier. Or some crisis may arise which, the White House inadequately meeting, will turn the tide as swiftly against him as it now is with him. It is largely a matter of luck, but the chance is there of a break, and that is what gives vitality and importance to the present talk of other candidates.

The fact is there are more Republicans today secretly cherishing presidential hopes than in a long while. Some of them would surprise you. Our present President and his immediate predecessor have unquestionably encouraged White House aspirations in the breasts of men whose dreams in a previous day would not have reached that high. But now they ask themselves, "If Harding and Coolidge made it, why not I?" and immediately they begin to aspire, not openly of course—no one in his right mind would do that at this time—but none the less sincerely. Earnest disclaimers and equally earnest declarations for the good Calvin could, if they were cornered, probably be obtained from all of them, big as well as little, but neither the disclaimer nor the declaration would mean much.

The latest name on the list is that of Longworth. There is no doubt the bug has bitten the new Speaker. The poison is in his blood. Once in it can never be eradicated. In his case it is not to be wondered that he should think of himself as in the White House. He was, as he says, for a long time the Little Boy Blue of that establishment. Then consider whom he married. Consider further that the office he now holds is but two jumps from the Presidency. Consider, too, that he has, by reverting to the old Cannon customs, established himself not as a mere presiding officer but as the real House leader and dictator. Consider that for twenty years he was more or less a political nonentity; that he became in the last session a party factor and in this one is a party figure wielding almost autocratic power. That is stepping some for a Cincinnati

Congressman whose claim to fame up to two years ago was based on his marriage to a President's daughter. It is not surprising he takes the idea seriously. Why not? He laughs it off of course, but no kitten ever liked warm milk better than he the mention of his name in this connection. But all of them are like that no matter how indignant they pretend to be. Of course Mr. Longworth is not really a big man, but obviously that is no bar to the Presidency, and here in Washington at two large and important recent dinners he has been publicly boosted for the Presidency in such a way as to justify him in thinking about it for the rest of his life—and he will. There is no doubt of that. They all do.

In the meantime Mr. Coolidge has all the best of it. With thousands of appointments still to make, with the White House and Mayflower available for entertainment, with the press still loyal and true, there will be no nourishment in fighting him if things stay as they are, and no one is thinking of doing it. They will not oppose Cal if he is a candidate—but they devoutly hope something will happen to prevent him from being one. Far more than any Democrat, these Republican leaders would like to see him slip. Some are not beyond surreptitiously tossing a political banana peel in his path.

If anyone thinks the President does not know this situation and is not filled with dark suspicions, all it is necessary to do is to talk with some of these New England intimates of his who gather at night upstairs in the White House once or twice a week to report on what they have seen and heard during the day. They know a hearty cheer would go up from many Republican throats if Cal should come a cropper. If tears should be shed, they would be crocodile tears. Cal knows this, too, and the extreme caution with which he looks before putting his foot down these days is wonderful to watch.

Suspicious? He has a right to be.

In the Driftway

RELENTLESSLY the front line of "civilization," of "progress," of modern industrialism is being extended further and further into the ancient strongholds. Thus the Drifter hears from Japan that Tokio is bursting with great office buildings, that the streets are being paved and sewered, that taxis are competing with rickshaws. Sandwiched in between all this up-to-dateness, of course, are the little wooden shops, the brightly flowered kimonoes of the women and children, the stilt-like wooden shoes that click along the pavements, the ox-carts, the paper windows, the formal and exquisite gardens. Everything has not yet changed; but everything, it sometimes seems, is changing.

* * * * *

NOR is the Drifter the only one who deplores the new and laments the old. Exporters of fine Japanese handwork, of the brilliantly dyed silks and neatly worked embroideries, the little purses with bone clasps, the innumerable articles that are beautiful at least partly because they are unique complain bitterly that these things are becoming harder and harder to find. Foreign machine-made articles, painfully cheap and ugly, are displayed in their place, and proudly pointed to by the proprietors of the small shops. And it is difficult to explain to the erstwhile hand-workers that quantity production and a lower

price will not recommend their new wares to customers. When Mr. Eli Whitney completed his unfortunate invention doubtless he was thinking, as he watched the cotton being ginned so many times faster than it had ever been done by hand, of the beautiful smooth cotton cloth that would result from his work. He failed to see the young children who would stand twelve hours in front of certain looms, the ugly, vulgar patterns that would take the place of those woven carefully and slowly by hand, the building of larger and larger machines and still larger factories to house them, the change from personal to impersonal industry, the long hours, the low wages, the years of strife between employer and employed, the group of men sentenced to seven years on the horrible prison ship "Success" for forming a little club to ask an increase of a shilling a week in wages. There is no reason why Whitney should have seen these things; doubtless if he had he would have deplored them—though he would not have destroyed his invention because he would have seen the benefits of a machine age also. But the change from hand to machine labor is always a painful one and many fine things are lost thereby.

* * * * *

LESS earth-shaking is the wail of the proprietors of geisha in Japan. The owners of these unhappy girls are put out because their charges are adopting short hair. They do not object on aesthetic grounds; evidently the customers have not yet complained. But the girls in some cases at least are saving enough money that they formerly had to pay to hair-dressers for elaborate coiffures to purchase their freedom. It is evident, say the outraged gentlemen, that if a woman is enabled to free herself from an obnoxious slavery simply by shearing her long black hair, business eventually will not prosper. Here, however, is one advantage of civilization that the Drifter does not condemn. If short hair is more comfortable, by all means let it be the fashion; and when it makes as momentous a change in the life of a young woman as he has described above, let it be advocated from the house-tops.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Purpose of Plant Quarantine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article *Worms and Dutch Bulbs* by Neil Van Aken in *The Nation* of December 16 so misrepresents the policy and practice of the Department of Agriculture in administering the Plant Quarantine Act that I feel constrained to present the actual situation for the information of you and your readers.

Mr. Van Aken devotes his article chiefly to conveying the impression that the quarantine on narcissus bulbs was imposed through the influence of American bulb growers and for the purpose of protecting their industry against foreign competition. In this there is not a vestige of truth. The impetus for the imposition of this quarantine came exclusively from scientists in the Department of Agriculture, who had become convinced through their studies that the pests found in narcissus bulbs constituted a serious menace. No suggestion looking toward a quarantine came from any American grower. Nor was protection of American industry against foreign competition in any way considered. This quarantine was imposed, as every other quarantine under the act has been imposed, exclusively for the purpose of keeping out dangerous pests.

The statement which Mr. Van Aken quotes from Dr. Mar-

latt, chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, as to making the United States largely independent of foreign supplies, has its basis not in trade protection but in protection against insect and other pests. A further statement by Dr. Marlatt, issued February 26, 1923, explains this clearly:

A practical test over a seven-year period of the possibility of safeguarding plant imports by inspection and disinfection plainly indicated the inadequacy of this method, and the conclusion is forced that the only possible means of effectively lessening the introduction of new plant enemies is the policy of exclusion of all plants not absolutely essential to the agricultural and forestry needs of the United States. Carrying out this policy, quarantine 37 restricts the entry of most nursery stock and other ornamentals to certain purposes which are believed to be necessary to the development of American horticulture. Unlimited entry is permitted, however, of certain classes of plants which it is believed cannot at present be adequately produced in the United States, and provision is made for the entry of any other plant whatsoever for which a reasonable need can be shown, either for introduction of new varieties or for propagating stock not available in the United States, or for any experimental, educational, or scientific purpose.

Before deciding not to make the quarantine on narcissus bulbs effective until January 1, 1926, the Department of Agriculture endeavored to weigh carefully the probable infestation of American crops in the meantime by insects borne by these bulbs and the aesthetic loss that would be sustained by the public generally through being deprived of narcissi. The spread of infestation by insect pests tends to be slow, not rapid, as Mr. Van Aken seems to think, and the scientific authorities in the Department reached the conclusion that it was warranted in postponing the operation of the restrictions on the entry of these bulbs until 1926, to give opportunity for readjustments both in the countries of production and in the United States. Such postponement was further urged in order to make possible at least a start in home production so that the flower lovers in the United States would not necessarily be deprived of this popular bulb when the restrictions became effective.

Efforts have been made by various groups of persons to have the quarantine on narcissus bulbs revoked, and much money has been spent in propaganda to this end. These facts, of course, do not affect the merits of the case one way or the other.

When I became Secretary of Agriculture, however, I determined to review the whole matter for myself. A public hearing was held, and I am now engaged in gathering authoritative scientific data on the situation. I have not reached a decision, but I can say that my decision will rest on answers to three questions, and on nothing else:

1. Do imported narcissus bulbs carry pests which menace American agriculture and horticulture?
2. If so, have methods been devised and put into effect whereby these pests will be removed before the bulbs reach the people of the United States?
3. If dangerous pests are carried by these bulbs and are not removed before reaching us, are these pests already so widely distributed in the United States that their further entry will not materially aggravate the situation; in other words, that they are already out of control and that there is no longer any possibility of safeguarding any considerable portion of our territory?

The value of the Plant Quarantine Act and the soundness with which it has been administered are indicated by the fact that, disregarding altogether the narcissus controversy, only one important plant pest, the pink bollworm, has been found to have become established in the United States since the act went into effect, as against seven major pests that became established in the four years prior to the passage of the law.

Washington, D. C., December 23

W. M. JARDINE,
Secretary of Agriculture

Saintsbury

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Saintsbury, Octogenarian suggested a phrase to me. Not being vinous in my tastes, I follow Mr. Saintsbury more readily into the grot than into the cellar, but it struck me that much of the man might be *distilled* into a dozen words: Saintsbury—a man for whom wine is poetry and poetry is wine.

Minneapolis, December 2

O. W. FIRKINS

A Word on Women's Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 9 Ruby A. Black closes an article entitled *Jobs for Women* with the words: "Nothing is easier than choosing statistics."

This dictum few readers will dispute. It is in achieving enlightening interpretation that difficulties arise. For instance:

Since the war the number of women who earn incomes large enough to be taxed under the federal income-tax laws has tripled. The total income taxes paid by the 813,819 women filing separate returns in 1921 was approximately \$113,000,000, on net incomes of \$2,098,028,624.

The actual increase in the number of women gainfully employed was a half-million between 1910 and 1920. But taking into consideration the increase in population, the proportion of women gainfully employed really decreased 2.3 per cent in the decade. In 1910 23.4 per cent of all women over ten years old were gainfully employed, while in 1920 only 21.1 per cent of the entire feminine population were earning money. Thus the increase in the amount of taxable income reported by women must be due to an increase in earning power.

The foregoing sentences from Miss Black's article raise puzzling questions. Is the reader to understand that "net incomes of \$2,098,020,624," attributed to women for 1921, are *earned* incomes? The mere fact that separate returns are filed by women indicates nothing as to this unless the returns themselves show the source.

Owing to the increase of tax rates between the years 1910 and 1920, many women in the later years filed separate returns whose income in the earlier years was included with that of their husbands in joint returns made by the husband. In practically all these cases the income of the women is derived from investments and is not earned.

If, however, the \$2,098,020,624 are earned incomes, why is the reader left in doubt? And if they are not earned incomes, what is the meaning of the last sentence in the quotation? For if they are not earned, they are derived from investments. These, in the case particularly of well-to-do women, are usually the result of inheritance or gifts. How then can they conceivably prove anything as to women's earning power?

New York, December 17

FLORENCE KELLEY

Otto Carqué's Book Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though somewhat belated, it is never too late to undo an injustice. And a most grievous act of literary and academic vandalism has been perpetrated—be it unwittingly—by the anonymous reviewer of Otto Carqué's book "*Rational Diet*," a monumental work of thorough scholarship and up-to-the-minute research. In a few flippant and trivial lines the reviewer disposes of a voluminous scientific work of a lifetime by one who is at once one of the pioneers and foremost students of modern dietetics—a science still in its 'teens.

That there can be no doubt of the correctness of my charge of injustice is self-evident from the reviewer's own words, which evince not only that he has not kept abreast, but

is even lacking in the fundamentals of modern dietetics, a stripling science which is fast growing into the preventive science of medicine of the future: the only therapeutics worthy of the name of science. For instance, the reviewer betrays a shocking ignorance of the subject when he scoffs at the author's stressing of the essential dietetic import of the organic salts in foods, and characterizes as "medieval" the author's reference of the nutritional valency of foods to their electronic vibrations: the two outstanding achievements of modern dietetics, which such eminent scholars as Professor Sherman and the late Jacques Loeb, in this country alone, have respectively treated in their studies of the subject. In justice to the reviewer in question be it parenthetically stated that he is in this regard "at home" with the vast majority of our official "priests of health," the medical profession.

The "review" was a demolishing criticism of the reviewer rather than of the author, in so far as concerns those readers of *The Nation* who are grounded in the subject; but the injustice nevertheless remains as far as the vast number of lay readers are concerned.

New York, December 13

SAMUEL ROSENBLUM

The Influence of "House Organs"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer is one, perhaps among many, who has marveled at the decline of recent liberal movements and has sought a cause. Despite the report of a rise in membership of the American Federation of Labor for 1925, the first such report since 1920, ample evidence exists that the labor movement has suffered along with liberal political endeavors. Such recessions do not just happen. The supreme confidence of leaders of the National Manufacturers' Association at their annual meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, the week of October 26, left no observer in doubt as to who are the powers that are directing things under a benevolent Republican administration headed by Coolidge.

I say again, such things do not just happen.

A medium of publicity exists in this country which is, I believe, very little known and despite its relative obscurity wields a tremendous influence, politically and economically. I refer to the so-called "house organs," published by smaller and larger manufacturers and corporations. Thousands of copies of this class of publication are printed monthly and some oftener. With my limited opportunities of observation, being a typewriter, I have been enabled to judge quite a number of them, and especially during the campaign last year not one that I read could be classed as liberal. I am safe in stating that none favored La Follette.

Their circulation is confined to employees and, of course, they exchange with publications of similar viewpoint. The viewpoint is, as one may readily guess, that of the "Big Boss," and what he says goes. I have seen "editorials" in which the "old boy" told 'om plenty. Is it a far-fetched assumption to say that these dispensers of industrial and economic cocaine may be credited with bringing about the somnolent condition with which such large numbers of free and independent citizens are afflicted?

St. Louis, October 29

GEORGE P. LISCHER

From Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Occasionally I feel that to merely pay for your brilliantly edited publication is not enough. I wish to use this opportunity to thank you for the many hours of pleasant entertainment, for the interesting information and the inspiration I have received through *The Nation*.

Monterey, Mexico, October 9

B. G. LEVY

When writing to advertisers, please mention *The Nation*

FOR YOUR "HOME LIBRARY"

5

out of 28. In Mr. Mark Van Doren's recent list of the 28 most interesting books published in 1925, five were publications of Boni & Liveright.



An American Tragedy

by THEODORE DREISER



HIS first novel since the publication of "THE GENIUS" in 1915. Published a few days before the close of 1925—more than 17,000 sets have already been sold.

2 vols. boxed \$5.00

Dark Laughter

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Beyond question the finest book of Anderson's career. It has established Anderson securely among the first novelists of our time. Now in its sixth large edition.

Price \$2.50



Roan Stallion, Tamar AND OTHER POEMS

by ROBINSON JEFFERS



THE emergence of Robinson Jeffers, after nearly twenty years of obscurity, is one of the most exciting literary discoveries of a generation. He is perhaps the first modern poet to succeed in the narrative form, to give us novels in poetry, as absorbing as the tragedies of the Greeks and the Elizabethans.

Price \$3.00

May Days

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MASSES-LIBERATOR VERSE, 1912-1924

Chosen and Edited by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

With Woodcuts by J. J. LANKES

MR. VAN DOREN admires this anthology because it has character and because it is interesting. It is culled from two of the most interesting and vital magazines in America, and a number of the finest poets of our time had their beginnings in these pages.

Price \$3.00



Troubadour

by ALFRED KREYMBORG



KREYMBORG'S story of his life is not only fascinating for its intimations on the life of an artist in our time, but because of his career as a leader in many of the modern art movements. It is virtually an intellectual history of the brilliant decade just past.

Price \$3.00

THE Spring Catalog of new good books published by BONI AND LIVERIGHT is ready. Send for a copy immediately.

Write Mr. M. A. Hanline, 61 W. 48th St., New York.

Books, Music, Plays

Astrology

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

With half the glittering heavens on his back,
He made a cheerful compromise with earth,
Holding no grudge against the zodiac
For having blazoned Virgo at his birth.
Out of a sky no longer comet-crossed
Or clogged with stars, he said, would come a sign;
And while he waited Life might well be lost,
Though all the kindlier planets were in trine.

Choosing between the jewel and the toad,
He somehow paltered, and we found a nook
In Time and Space for his enforced abode,
Growing accustomed to his absent look—
His anxiously apocalyptic air
Of seeming to be neither here nor there.

First Glance

THE Tudor Translations, begun under the general editorship of W. E. Henley in 1892 and abandoned a few years after his death in 1903, were not only a delight to the scholar's eye and to the collector's hand; they were as well a series of documents bearing upon the whole temper of Tudor England. Few enterprises in modern publishing have been more inspired, and few sets of books are now more eagerly sought after by those who can afford them. For as one looked over those gold and red backs one saw in something like actuality the stream of foreign literature which poured into England during the sixteenth century and prepared, among other things, for Shakespeare. Certain of the items were of the first importance for the study of Shakespeare's origins—Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, John Florio's Montaigne, Sir Geoffrey Fenton's Bandello, and Lord Berners's Froissart. Others—like these, too, of course—had individual distinction; William Adlington's Apuleius, Sir Thomas Hoby's Castiglione, Philemon Holland's Suetonius, and Thomas Underdowne's Heliodorus are fairly permanent classics. But all were precious chiefly as being original exhibits of the Tudor genius, and in a peculiar sense they were themselves original Tudor books. More modern translations have in many cases supplanted them by being more accurate or more readable—Tudor prose, whatever else it may be, is not easy. They hold their places nevertheless by virtue of the zest and the joy with which they were undertaken. It is no mere illusion the reader has that North, for instance, believed he was writing his own book. For literary purposes it is a fact. And so with the other translators in that century when the literature of a swelling nation reached out to absorb all the best literature of the reachable world.

Now a new series of Tudor Translations is under way (Knopf: \$8.50 per volume). The general editor is Charles Whibley. The format of the volumes is, so far as I can determine, precisely like that of their predecessors—something which happens all too rarely in this time of change. And the contents are all that might have been hoped for. In North, Florio, Berners, Holland, and a few others Henley

had the cream of the field, and Mr. Whibley can hardly hope to find more men as mighty. But riches still remain, as can be seen by the twelve volumes thus far issued. I have handled only three of these—two containing John Framp-ton's translation of "Joyfull Newes out of the Newe Founde Worlde, Written in Spanish by Nicholas Monardes, Physician of Seville," and one containing "B. R.'s" version of the first two books of Herodotus. Monardes writes with boundless gusto of the medicines—sarsaparilla, sassafras, tobacco, china-root, cannafistola, tacmahack, cinnamon, rhubarb, vinegar, iron—which he was one of the first to take and test as they arrived at Seville on ships returning from the West Indies. "B. R.," whose full name will probably never be known, falls upon the father of history with a possessive enthusiasm which occasionally all but ruins his sense yet continually keeps him on a high level of reality. Never before, not even in Rawlinson, have I so much enjoyed the book on Egypt; no less to "B. R." than to Herodotus himself Egypt was a "newe founde lande," and the most was made of it. Of the other nine volumes in the new series I understand that four are devoted to James Mabbe's translation of Matheo Aleman's "The Rogue," two to Thomas Newton's Seneca (the tragedies), two to George Pettie's translation of Stephen Guazzo's "Civile Conversation," and one to Thomas Heywood's Sallust.

MARK VAN DOREN

Great Catherine

Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

ONE expects a new biography of a famous historical figure either to present fresh material, the result of research, or to revise conventional interpretations of character in the light of the more modern psychology. Miss Anthony's study amply justifies itself on both counts. Furthermore, Miss Anthony portrays the empress with a keen eye for dramatic moments, with a convincing effect of continuity, and with a respect refreshingly tempered by humorous perception. The humor is casual and dry and effortless. "Altogether there were thirteen men with whom the empress made, so to speak, twelve unhappy marriages." After nine years of sterile matrimony with the ineffectual Grand Duke Peter, Catherine's ladies-in-waiting hit on the idea that the grand duchess might, by merely transgressing her marriage vows, redeem the situation and provide Russia with an heir. "It seems rather odd that all of them had been so slow in coming to this plan." Catherine's lovers "had been growing younger and younger until all the world expected her to end her life in the arms of a boy. So consistently had she lowered the age of consent, this seemed the only logical outcome."

But quotation must be resisted, for the humor is incidental, and the conception of Catherine's personality is not humorous. This conception is firmly based on the foundation of her childhood in Stettin, as the portionless princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. Letters, memoirs, diaries, unpublished even in Russia until shortly before the outbreak of the Great War, have made it possible to tell this significant part of Catherine's story almost in her own words. The deepest influence seems to have been that of her French governess, "Babet." "That is not common-sense" represented a final judgment with the governess as it eventually did with the empress. Everybody else in Fike's early environment dealt in moral principles and religious dogmas; Babet seems to have been a realist." Miss Anthony thinks Babet and her realism must be the key to much that afterward

astonished the world in the Empress of Russia: her advocacy of vaccination, for instance, or her shockingly rational manner of developing her love affairs. This study of "Fike's" childhood helps to explain the success of the fifteen-year-old girl in establishing herself securely in the glittering and treacherous environment of the Russian court. And from Fike, journeying to Russia to marry the Grand Duke without even a bridal chest, to the aging and infirm and toothless Catherine the Great, making her unconventional exit to her bedroom after an evening at cards, leaning on the arm of her young lover, one feels a single developing personality. Whether Miss Anthony has the "real" Catherine or not—who knows what that is?—she has presented an absorbingly interesting human being, recognizable from childhood to death.

Among Miss Anthony's contributions to historical scholarship is the reduction of Catherine's lovers from a legendary three hundred to a meager baker's dozen, counting her husband, Peter; and the recognition that her son and successor, Paul, was a Saltykov, not a Romanov. Historians, aware of the doubt about Paul's paternity, have yet found so many traits in him of his putative father that they have regarded him as the son of Peter. Miss Anthony traces this puzzling resemblance to Paul's obsessions: he so feared being found out as a bastard and losing the throne, and so hated his mother—who returned the compliment—that he went in for a systematic imitation of the personal habits and tastes and abnormalities of the murdered Peter. And the ironic gods put the finishing touch to the performance by providing Paul with almost an exact duplicate of Peter's violent end. The psychology of Peter, of Paul, and of Catherine in relation to both is enriched by unobtrusive suggestions that the psychoanalyst will appreciate. In fact, every figure of importance is illumined by these flashes of the post-Freudian era. The most daring—and the most discreetly veiled—of Miss Anthony's interpretations concerns Catherine's puzzling love experience. All of her lovers were tall, well-built men who graced a military uniform; recalling the tall and handsome military officer who was her father, Prince Christian. And of her last lover: "his eyes wore that dreamy look which his predecessors all the way back to Prince Christian had always worn." "The woman who had had twelve lovers never learned to love."

A fascinating lady: whether dressed in uniform, oak leaves in her hair, mounted on a white horse, riding to seize her kingdom; or making a triumphal progress with Potiomkin to the Crimea, intoxicated with her dream of Constantinople; or protecting her adored grandson Alexander from botanical revelations of sex; or cleaning up the internal affairs of Russia with the dispatch of a German *Hausfrau* at her spring-cleaning. "Well-satisfied with all these cleanings, she wiped her hands on her apron and sat down to her silk embroidery. She was working on a gorgeous robe, with stitches as delicate and perfect as the Chinese can make them, to be presented to the Archimandrite of the Troitsky monastery."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Better than Textbooks

American Economic Life. By Rexford Guy Tugwell, Thomas Munro, and Roy E. Stryker. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

America in Civilization. By Ralph E. Turner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

MESSRS. Tugwell, Munro, and Stryker have provided for the student more straight facts and more sound sense about American economic life than we have ever seen gathered in equal space before. Instead of dreary and highly dubious laws about the economic man, marginal utility, and the canons of supply and demand, they have given us on a great canvas the physical picture of the economic background—soils, farms,

manufacturing plants, cities, systems of transportation and exchange. Instead of the usual obeisance before the entrepreneur, they have proved that that nineteenth-century gentleman is no longer a factor seriously to be reckoned with in the going industrial structure. Instead of hymns to laissez faire, they trace the decline and fall of laissez faire before the onslaughts of horizontal and vertical combinations, gentlemen's agreements, and big business generally. They accept these combinations as less wasteful to operate, and on the whole an improvement—particularly if they can be controlled by public authority. Instead of pages of dialectics, they have given us a magnificent array of tables, charts, photographs, diagrams, and, to drive a point home deftly, cartoons. Instead of dull description of life at different economic levels, they have given us selections from "Babbitt." They are, in short, three militant exponents of the new school of experimental, quantitative economics; they face the world they live in, and they have given up the hopeless task of trying to bound it by the conditions which may or may not have obtained in Manchester seventy-five years ago.

We start with a description of rural and urban poverty (the lower depths), work up to the comfort level, the middle class, the professional man, and finally look in upon the regal splendors of the new plutocracy. This is the way Americans are living today, and we note the appalling gulf between Bayonne and Fifth Avenue. We go on to quantitative consideration of the economic plant through whose operation goods for consumption are turned out—agricultural production, factory production. At this point considerations of waste become very important. What are the limits of increasing farm output through a greater employment of scientific method; what the limits of coordinating and "balancing the load" in factory production? Nor is the population question forgotten. What is the number of mouths that the industrial system will have to feed in the calculable future? The authors doubt, giving due consideration to birth control, whether we shall run over 200 million. Particularly illuminating is the distinction drawn—following Veblen—between "industry" and "business." The former has to do with providing a maximum of sound goods at a minimum of human effort; its proponent is the engineer. The latter has to do with securing the maximum of profit in terms of price at the cost of whomever it may concern; it dominates economic life today, and its proponent is the go-getter. Then follows a section on raising standards of living by a more intelligent use of income, which opens up the whole vast field of wastes in consumption. Finally, all the major plans for fundamental economic adjustment are reviewed—socialism, cooperation, collective bargaining, government ownership, syndicalism, guild socialism—ending with a section on criteria for judgment of these proposals—tolerant, unprejudiced, and highly intelligent criteria.

But the concluding chapter leaves us a little puzzled—filled as it is with sweetness and light. Our economic system is a wasteful muddle; "86 per cent of our people live in poverty, while a few command an immense aggregate control over income that permits them to indulge in such extravagances as were never known in the world before"; we have advanced the technical arts to a place where, if intelligently directed, industry might provide the good life for all, but the intelligent direction is not forthcoming. Nevertheless our authors are optimistic. They come down like a ton of bricks on poor Scott Nearing for his skepticism; they deal severely with all "prophets of despair." They just know that everything is coming out all right. Without violence. Well, one can only hope to God they are right.

Mr. Turner's book is likewise a textbook, and likewise an extraordinarily good one. It lays before the student—and nobody is too old or too wise to be a student in the premises—all the major elements which fuse to make a nation's culture—

culture in the broad anthropological sense. The roots of our religion, our history, our educational and economic systems, the growth and the current status of the physical and social sciences, the effects of geography and climate, the evolution of politics are admirably summarized and admirably presented. The book covers just about that quantity of information which a thoughtful and intelligent citizen desiring to keep up with the times should carry around with him as reachable mental equipment. One might even go so far as to predict that if the contents of this book did today constitute the intellectual equipment of all able-bodied citizens in America, war and poverty would be forever impossible, intolerance and superstition would vanish, children for the first time in the world's history would be intelligently and lovingly reared, the Ku Klux Klan would evaporate, Bryan would fall out of Olympus, tabloid newspapers would be unheard of, and national advertising would shrink 98.7 per cent. But the human ego would still have its Gethsemanes, and the unending warfare of the sexes would remain unabated.

STUART CHASE

A Novel in Images

The Grand Écart. By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Lewis Galantier. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

I SHOULD not be surprised to be told that the various manners of Jean Cocteau are now regarded as vieux jeux by the members of the latest artistic cliques of Paris, for though he was not born until 1891 he has already been more than a decade before the public. But to those Americans who know only by report of his ballets, "Parade" and "Mariés de la Tour Eiffel," who are not quite capable of distinguishing between the Mallarméenne, the cubistic, and the dadaistic influences which Frenchmen trace in his successive works, and who have probably heard of him chiefly through his connection with Éric Satie, he is indisputably "modern," the quotation marks about the word serving to indicate that it does more than place him in time, that it connects him vaguely with that international and heterogeneous group which includes all those from Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot to James Joyce and Gertrude Stein who are seeking some new form of expression even more ardently, perhaps, than they are seeking new things to express. His is an agile, a protean, mind which records its impressions in cryptically extravagant phrases, but his talent, whether great or small, is undoubtedly genuine, and the translation of this brief prose tale gives Americans an admirable opportunity to analyze and to judge him, for though its style is highly fantastic it is, unlike his verses, never other than comprehensible.

Perhaps "The Grand Écart" might best be described as a biographical novel written in imagistic abbreviation. Of its hero in his maturity it is said: "He summoned rhymes from one end of the world to the other, joining them in such fashion that they appeared to have rhymed since the beginning of time. By rhymes I mean—anything at all. Rudely he jostled names, faces, actions, hesitant remarks, stretching them as far as they would go." And this hero is at least the spiritual brother of the author, for such is the most accurate description of the style in which the book is written, a style, that is to say, which perpetually substitutes far-fetched but often strikingly apt images for any straightforward exposition. The setting of the first part, for example, is thus described: "Seen in the daylight, Venice is a sumptuous county fair shooting gallery in crumbs; at night, it is a negress in love, dead in her bath with her paste jewels." And when the author wishes to say that his youthful hero, having gone out alone one night, has a love affair and returns a changed person to a mother who does not know that anything has happened, he writes instead: "At the circus, a careless mother allows her child to take part in the experiment of a Chinese magician. He is put into a box. The box is opened—empty. It is closed again. Opened once more, the child appears and goes back to his seat. It is no

longer the same child. But no one suspects that." The sister of his mistress resembles her "as a plaster cast resembles its marble original; that is to say that they were alike, save in everything."

The technique is thus one not wholly unfamiliar to readers of much modern poetry, and in prose we have something not wholly unrelated in the novels of our own Maxwell Bodenheim. For words and phrases which, worn slick by use, may slide over the surface of the mind are substituted metaphors so unusual that they cannot be comprehended at all except by a mind which keeps actively and thoroughly awake. The author, fearing the cliché, finds even the enigma preferable; and despairing of giving any connected account of his chaotic experiences in a chaotic universe he contents himself with dissociating all ideas and images from their usual companions in order to marry a few of them to new and unusual mates.

At its best this style achieves the brief, intermittent, and vivid illumination of a series of sky-rockets; at its worst it degenerates into a new Euphuism neither better nor worse than that fashionable Elizabethan style which depended upon similitudes taken from unnatural history and which measured its success by the distance from which a comparison was fetched. In a sense it is a confession of failure, of the author's inability to see any pattern in either the external or the internal universe and of his absorption in means of expression because of his inability to find anything really important worth saying for its own sake. It is, moreover, perpetually in danger of degenerating into a game of words, of producing nothing more important than such things as the following couplet from Hugo which fascinated the hero of the present book because, though it has no other virtue, it accomplishes the apparently impossible task of making the second line absolutely indistinguishable in sound from the first:

Gall, amant de la reine, alla, tour magnanime,
Galamment, de l'arène à la Tour Magne, à Nîmes.

As an old lady, bewildered by a discussion of this couplet, remarks: "All that, my children, does not alter the fact that this Gall was the queen's lover," and there is something to be said, even by a literary critic, for her insistence upon fixing her chief attention on content.

Yet it must be confessed that Cocteau uses this style in a manner which proves that it is by no means wholly an affectation, and unlike most he even succeeds in achieving a cumulative effect. His sufficiently familiar story of a youth permanently wounded by the collapse of his first love affair has something besides its brilliant flashes, for it manages in a very surprising manner to move even while it dazzles. Frankly I doubt if major literature is ever quite so fantastic; no great and permanently important style has ever, I believe, broken quite so violently from tradition, and there is historically every reason for believing that such writers as Cocteau will seem in perspective stylistic sports interesting chiefly as the freaks of nature are interesting. Yet he is no impostor and no fool. Temperament and circumstance, his own mind, and the tendencies of his time have forced him into a means of expression whose limitations are narrow. And because of them he has written only effective curiosities. Yet he is a master at his own trade.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Conrad Aiken's Poetry

Priapus and the Pool. By Conrad Aiken. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Senlin: A Biography. By Conrad Aiken. London: The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MOST of Conrad Aiken's poetry has possessed an excellence unimpeachably its own. This excellence has been accompanied by others out of the poetry of several contemporaries—two poems by Mr. Eliot alone, "Prufrock" and "La Figlia Che Piange," have informed much of his work with an attitude—

and one suspects that, after all, he may have received too much attention. Yet he has deserved some; for he is almost the only living American poet who has satisfactorily developed a personal experience within the obvious metrical possibilities of certain lyrical forms. It is probable that Mr. Aiken has written as many as a dozen distinguished lyrics—a surprising achievement for any one in that genre—but the key to his failures in the more ambitious schemes, like "Senlin," seems to lie in an explanation of his repetitiousness, of his diffuseness.

Mr. Aiken cannot with any conviction sustain an idea through its elaborations in a long poem. "Priapus and the Pool" and "Senlin" are collections of detached lyrics: the sole unifying character in such poems is the external pattern of a theme which remains, throughout, a point of reference and does not become an interior motivation giving the work form. Too often Mr. Aiken discards his sensibility to meet the demands of this pattern; and this means, of course, that since he rejects the rhythms of his own sensation his poetry seldom has internal rhythm and proceeds solely as a metrical contrivance. Thus there is a great deal of rhetorical padding in his work—which is to say, there is diffuseness. When Mr. Aiken cannot place his emotion in definite perceptions he scatters it with a decorative phrase:

Into the azure world I call my heart . . .

Complex states of consciousness and conflicts of powerful feeling he usually avoids by appealing to their supposedly cosmic implications:

Senlin, walking before us in the sunlight,
Bending his long legs in a peculiar way,
Goes to his work with thoughts of the universe.

"Universe" occurs too frequently in his poetry, and too significantly. But Mr. Aiken is indubitably the poet in his gift of pictorial visualization:

. . . the blue hills
Flashing like dolphins under a light like rain.

Only, he does not assimilate his vision with an emotion, with a subject-matter.

For Mr. Aiken, along with other gifted modern poets, has not found an important subject matter at all. Mr. Eliot has a *pointilliste* brilliance and at the same time his work is obscure in its totality; perceptually very sensitive, he cannot relate his sensation to a material more intimate than a philosophy of the present state of European culture, a subject matter that doubtless can never be comfortably elucidated by any American. Though now living in England Mr. Aiken is not appreciably aware of this problem in his poetry, but if he were, through even some very personal extension of it, his work might be at once less thinly diffuse and laudably more obscure. This is not said in the wish that he should become another sort of poet; simply that he needs, and deserves, to be a better one.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

The Action of Alcohol on Man. By E. H. Starling. With essays on Alcohol as a Medicine, by Robert Hutchison; Alcohol and Its Relations to Problems in Mental Disorders, by Sir F. W. Mott; and Alcohol and Mortality, by Raymond Pearl. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.50.

In a state more ideal than our own—more ideal than any in Europe, for that matter—one cannot imagine legislators passing upon the question of prohibition without having gathered (and been guided by) such facts as are presented in this book. It is the product of a physiologist, a general physician, a neurologist, and a vital statistician, and each of these is preeminent in his particular field. "The weight of pertinent criticism," writes Dr. Pearl, at the close, "indicates that the consumption of alcoholic beverages up to an

amount and frequency which in common parlance is called moderate (the precise measure of this amount and frequency probably varying to some extent with each individual) does not sensibly shorten the mean duration of life or increase the rate of mortality. . . . This conclusion is a statistical one. It may or may not be true for any particular individual."

Passion and Pain. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Bernard G. Richards Company. \$2.50.

The ferment of the mind of man rather than his physical agitation forms the theme of these stories, which are, with one exception, detailed records of individual reaction to the dominating forces of contemporary life. The book thus voices an eloquent protest against the unsocial laws of society, but it fails to achieve complete conviction through the intense subjectivity of the characters who cannot emerge from self-pity to see universal futility. Stefan Zweig has shown in his biographical and dramatic work the keenest appreciation of psychic development and struggle through participation in communal activity; here he indicates the isolation possible to the spirit of man in the midst of exuberant life and the horror of this loneliness.

Peter the Czar. By Klabund. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Merezhkovski's "Peter and Alexis" pales to a polite history beside Klabund's brilliant and impressive masterpiece wherein Peter the Great rouses Russia from her immemorial slumber by the ferocious energy of his cruel genius. It is an amazing synthesis of history and legend that does Peter's whole reign in a brief space of pages. It is a unique and miraculous work drawing to its heart all the lust and splendor of the great czar and all the frantic terrors and the dark sadism and the mystical tenderness of Russia.

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

- An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright.
- Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni & Liveright.
- Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
- The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. Doran.
- The Grand Écart. By Jean Cocteau. Putnam.
- The Professor's House. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
- Other Provinces. By Carl Van Doren. Knopf.
- Mrs. Dalloway. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace.
- The Guermites Way. By Marcel Proust. Seltzer.
- Death in Venice. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
- Serena Blandish, or The Difficulty of Getting Married. By a Lady of Quality. Doran.
- Bread and Circuses. By W. E. Woodward. Harpers.
- Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Oxford University.
- Anatole France at Home. By Jean-Jacques Brousson. Lippincott.
- John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.
- The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen Mullin. Century.
- Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf.
- The Pilgrimage of Henry James. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
- Renoir: An Intimate Record. By Ambroise Vollard. Knopf.
- Dionysus in Doubt: A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
- Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan.
- Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.

Dialogues in Limbo. By George Santayana. Scribner's.
 Americana—1925. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
 The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan.
 The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl.
 Knopf.
 The Psychology of Religious Mysticism. By James H. Leuba.
 Harcourt, Brace.
 The Mentality of Apes. By W. Koehler. Harcourt, Brace.

Music

Two Parodies

MR. DAMROSCH had not been sure whether he ought to play the next number of his program, "Modern Music Pleasant and Unpleasant." He felt a sincere admiration for the composer's early works, but this—well, he would let the audience judge for itself; to my intense relief, for he had already exercised his usual unwelcome last-minute discretion and sacrificed two of the Schönberg "Five Pieces" to his own wit in speech and program-making. I, for one, should gladly have forgone his opinion that good music must express human aspirations and emotions, the love of father for son, son for father, brother for sister, and so on down the line; nor should I have missed "The Ride of the Valkyrs," which, though a stroke of slightly self-conscious wit, was not relevant, and "The Beautiful Blue Danube," which was not even witty. What, again, Loeffler's "Memories of My Childhood" had contributed to the occasion I did not know; and it had taken longer than the two Schönberg "Pieces" would have done. But there had been fine moments, and one had arrived finally at Stravinsky's "Ragtime."

In music as in literature parody is produced by the use of an idiom by one to whom it is foreign—foreign, be it noted, not through birth but through experience and training. Conversely, when an idiom is used, consciously or unconsciously, by one to whom it is foreign, the result, whether intended or not, is almost inevitably parody. The term is applicable, then, not only to Casella's "In the Manner of . . .," but to a great deal of seriously conceived music—most obviously to *Kapellmeistermusik* or such miserable stuff as Ernest Schelling's "Impressions of an Artist's Life," but even to some of the neo-classical parts of Stravinsky's Concerto and Sonata for piano. And, whether this was seriously conceived or not, it was applicable to his "Ragtime."

For the melodic idiom of jazz is distinctive, and needs, therefore, a composer completely at home in it to produce what is first-rate, i.e., first-rate of its own type. In the hands of Stravinsky, therefore, it resulted in parody. Listening to a jazz orchestra over the radio one hears one stereotyped melodic device follow another (I might include the equally stereotyped devices of orchestration) until all these devices, which together make up the melodic idiom of jazz, become indistinguishable and fade into an accompanying pattern without significance; and one is conscious only of the ceaseless percussion of the piano and guitar. It is this effect that Stravinsky reproduced by reeling off the clichés one after another, or rather, by barely suggesting them and superimposing these snatches on a too, too solid plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk. This became the sole reality; the rest, by the time the recapitulation started it all over again, was sheer nonsense; and the combination was a ghastly commentary in purely musical terms.

One might expect a similar result from the use of the idiom of serious music by a composer of jazz; and judging from Gershwin's Concerto for piano one would not be wrong. True, in selecting a form characterized by working-out, i.e., rhythmic manipulation of thematic material, Gershwin undertook only to apply to the melodic idiom of jazz the same treat-

ment that is applied to the thematic idiom of serious music (the term melodic and thematic are used to express a difference, the significance of which I shall refer to later). But—and this is the answer to those who have been demanding such treatment for jazz—in so doing he undertook in effect to write serious music. For the difference in idiom, which is all that distinguishes a fox-trot from a Bach Bourrée ostensibly in the same meter, is, aside from the difference in melodic intervals (i.e., of pitch), precisely a difference in rhythmic treatment. That is, in the fox-trot every syncopation and rhythmic irregularity in the melodic embellishment only emphasizes the meter, implying it even when it is silent, as in the first languorous blues melody of the second movement of the Concerto; but in the Bourrée the meter is only a convenience for notation and performance, while first importance belongs to the melodic voice; and this, free of the slightest bondage to the meter, assumes in its original form whatever rhythmic shapes it pleases, which in the process of being worked out are further transformed and integrated into large rhythmic structures. As a result, while the themes of Gershwin's first movement were straight jazz, and, constrained by the necessity of later being worked out, not very good jazz, the working out of these themes had all the characteristics of serious music and sounded like it, except that in writing serious music Gershwin succeeded in producing nothing better than a rather poor imitation.

If on the other hand the second movement was first-rate, it was because, as a small form, it required no more than the few superb blues numbers that he strung together, quite indistinguishable in type from his blues numbers outside the Concerto. This is quite significant, for, as it happens, we find in serious music the use of folk-song limited almost entirely to small forms, in particular to the middle, lesser movements of symphonic works; and it has even been contended that the melodies of folk-music are not the stuff of which a sonata-allegro movement can be built since they resist the rhythmic manipulation to which themes are amenable, and that they have in fact been used for this purpose very little, if at all.

The significance of this is that the problem of American music and of its relation to jazz has been misconceived and misstated. From the fact that jazz is a type of American folk-music it has been inferred that it must provide the material for any serious music which is to be called American. But the definition of American serious music is, serious music—i.e., music in the European tradition—by an American; and even the few fragments left by Griffes demonstrate that this no more depends on American folk-music for its material than similar music by Europeans depends on European folk-music. From European precedent we may expect an American symphonic work to include jazz, when at all, only in its lesser movements, while the distinctively symphonic movements will be based on symphonic material. To write such a movement, then, Gershwin must, forgetting jazz for the moment if necessary, assimilate this material and the technique of handling it; in working with jazz, on the other hand, he had better forget about symphonic movements and their technique and apply to the material the treatment it suggests, of which he is already a master.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

Of Revues

REVUES have, of course, their drawbacks. There are moments of "art" which are pretty painful, and there are bits of comic relief which do not always relieve; but on the whole I prefer them to the more orthodox musical comedies from which they sprang, and that for a very philosophical

reason—they are that which it is their nature to be more perfectly and more completely. The essential nature, the true inwardness of musical comedy, I take to be neither music nor comedy but something more simple and more fundamental. Feeble drama and tepid music are but decorous excuses for the sensuous delights which the spectacle of rhythmic bodies affords, and the revue, recognizing the fact with an honest frankness, is built around bodies. It has no stupid plot to bore the spectator and its music is frankly no more than the music of the dance, but it offers as a compensation the swaying body and the nimble limb in all the greater abundance. Nor can I, for one, pretend to be shocked by the increasing nakedness which the last few years have developed. Whatever may be the tradition of the moment, whether custom provide knee skirts for the chorus or whether it permit, as it does at present, the most liberal display, the fact remains that the body, half hidden or wholly revealed, furnishes the essential element of the charm, and I see nothing gained for morality, though much lost for beauty, in pretending that anything else is true. What was called in my boyhood "a leg show" has all the vulgarity of the key-hole, but the frank nudity of bodies trained to rhythm has its genuine beauty.

The "Greenwich Village Follies" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) and the "Earl Carroll Vanities" (Earl Carroll Theater), distinguished from one another chiefly by the fact that while the former tends toward elaborate decoration the latter has more confidence in the effectiveness of bare skin, have the defects as well as the excellences of their class. The humor of both is rather elementary and forced, though Florence Moore contributes some good work to the "Follies" and Julius Tannen (not very ably seconded by Frank Tinney) has his amusing moments in the "Vanities." The former, moreover, has a few of those solemn and arty scenes which, I am convinced, are kept in revues only because a portion of the audience always dutifully applauds whenever it is bored, it being, as it is, accustomed to recognize art by this depressant effect and ready to grant that, since whatever is art is boring, whatever bores must be art. And yet, withal, both of these revues provide in abundance what it is their real business to provide. They are to a democracy what troupes of dancing girls were once to kings. Throughout history any king who could afford the expense and disregard the scandal has kept his company to dance before him; but then it was the luxury of a few, while today there is no one above penury who may not be entertained in the way that the potentates of Babylon and of Rome were entertained. If Solomon had his seven hundred wives his relations with most of them cannot have been very intimate. Their real function, I suspect, was merely to stage his revues.

Aside from these spectacles there were no productions of the holidays which call for much comment except that of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio, which again lavishes its great talents upon the production of "The Daughter of Madame Angot"—a rather trifling and faded French operetta with an undistinguished score by Lecoq. "One of the Family" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a farce comedy which tells the story of an Adams of Boston who finally came, through the aid of an unaccustomed cocktail, to make his own declaration of independence from his managing aunt. It is genuinely funny, though highly reminiscent of many previous comedies.

The Children's Saturday Morning Theater, under the imaginative direction of Clare Tree Major, is producing a group of plays which once a week delight an audience of persons from 4 to 12 years old. This venture has grown from an experimental amateur effort undertaken in 1922 to a serious repertoire theater using careful technique and professional talent. The present production, which will remain for several Saturdays, is a dramatization, remarkably satisfying, of "Alice in Wonderland." So far the plays produced and scheduled have all been fantasies and fairy stories—mostly classics.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

THEATER



Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

LECTURES

WHAT IS DARWINISM? Do you understand scientifically the Law of Organic Evolution?

A course of Biology will be given by **DR. WOLF ADLER** at 124 West 74th Street, N. Y. C., every Saturday evening from 8:30 to 10:30, January 9 to May 22, 1926.
Fee, \$12.00. Single admission, 75 cents. Lectures illustrated.

STUART CHASE on "Waste and the New Social Order"

Tuesday, January 12, 1926, 8 P. M.

PEOPLE'S HOUSE AUDITORIUM, 7 East 15th Street

Auspices NEW YORK CHAPTER, L. I. D.

Leader of Discussion: LEWIS MUMFORD

Chairman: HARRY W. LAIDLER

Tickets 75c. from

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
Note: Following lectures—Jan. 19, Norman Thomas; Feb. 2, John Brophy;
Feb. 9, Wm. H. Kilpatrick. Course tickets \$2.75.

CONCERT

First New York Appearance of 8-Year-Old Violinist

YEHUDI MENUHIN

LOUIS PERSINGER at the Piano

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

34th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues

Sunday Evening, January 17th, at 8:30

"This is not talent; it is genius. It is the combination of vision with a nature magnificently normal. The technical mastery of the lad is superb."—REDFERN MASON in *San Francisco Examiner* (March 31, 1925)

Management LOUDON CHARLTON Carnegie Hall
MASON & HAMLIN

NEW MONOGRAPHS IN

The TODAY AND TOMORROW Series

"The cream of the thought of men who face and discuss the big questions of human progress."

LYCURGUS

By E. S. P. HAYNES

On the Future of Law \$1.00

THRASYMACHUS

By C. E. M. JOAD

On the Future of Morals \$1.00

PYGMALION

By R. McNAIR WILSON, M.D.

On the Doctor of the Future \$1.00

OUROBOROS

By GARET GARRETT

On the Mechanical Extension of Mankind \$1.00

"Stimulating little volumes . . . small in size but tremendous in the importance of the viewpoints they express."

Send for a descriptive list.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

International Relations Section

The French Occupation in Syria

THE following summary of the French occupation in Syria was compiled by Nazmie H. Anabtawy, a native of Palestine and a Syrian nationalist, who is now studying law at Yale. Most of the charges against the French administration contained in this summary are based upon reports in the Arabic press.

The French occupation in 1919 was confined to the Syrian coast, the interior being governed by a national government headed by Emir Feisal, today King of Iraq. The French policy was to create friction between Moslems and Christians so that additional justification might be found under the pretext of protecting Christians for staying in Syria. The seeds of trouble were sown. The High Commissioner used to receive in formal receptions the Maronite Patriarch first and the Mufti of the Moslems second. French officers began to show favoritism to the Maronites. New disputes were created, causing the Druses in southern Lebanon to revolt, whereupon the French soldiers burned Mazrat Ash-Shouf. To bring pressure upon the revolting men, women in the village were forced to leave for Bait Addin, a government center, to be exposed to intolerable humiliation by colonial officers and soldiers. While the French were engaged in the aforesaid expedition, the same causes aggravated by misconduct of the French officers brought another uprising in the district of Husn Al-Akrad. Punitive columns were dispatched. A number of villages were burned in order to quell the uprising and at the end an indemnity of £50,000 in gold was imposed and collected. Similar events took place also in the Jebel Amel and Alaween districts. The term gold here is not void of its significance. The French instituted a bank called the Bank of Syria with a capital of 10,000,000 [French] francs. The bank issued over 200,000,000 paper francs without any gold backing. French money since the opening of the bank has depreciated about 50 per cent, so the Syrian loss for the privilege of sharing with France in its destiny is about 100,000,000 francs. The French policy then was to collect the gold from the country and ship it to France. To attain this result all taxes were required to be paid in paper and every taxpayer was obliged to go to the bank to exchange money for paper bills. Apparently this was thought to be insufficient, so all indemnities which were to be levied were required to be paid in gold. *Al-Mukattam*, a leading newspaper in Cairo, says that the French soldiers committed horrors. It is a fact that in collecting the indemnities soldiers entered houses, took everything they pleased, thus violating the sanctity of private houses, and confiscated property to be sold for a small price. When it is remembered that all that is used by farmers was confiscated, it will be easy to estimate the degree of the calamity.

In 1920 these conditions left homeless and penniless many persons who became bandits and roamed from one place to another attacking travelers on the highways and even villages to such an extent that it was difficult for the French Government to cope with the situation while engaged in a conflict with Turkey in Cilicia. The French attributed this to the National Government of Damascus, which at that time prevented France from using the Ryak-Aleppo Railroad to transport soldiers and arms to Cilicia. Finally General Gouraud sent an ultimatum to the National Government of Damascus on July 14, 1920, making the following demands:

1. Absolute control of the railway from Ryak to Aleppo.
2. The abolition of conscription.
3. Acceptance of the French mandate (though not given yet to France by the League).
4. Acceptance of Syrian currency (paper money issued by the Bank of Syria without any gold backing).

5. Punishment of offenders who were most compromised by their acts of hostility against France.

Realizing that refusal meant war, this was accepted by the Government of Damascus before the expiration of the time limit. Yet General Gouraud forced his way to Damascus claiming unreasonably that the answer had not been received by him. The Syrian army had been disbanded to execute the terms of the ultimatum and therefore it was useless for Syrians to fight or to remobilize their army in such a short time. It was a dishonorable act on the part of France to move its forces after the terms of the ultimatum were accepted on the ground that the answer did not reach its destination, though it was given to the French representative at Damascus. This invasion of Damascus put an end to the National Government there, and King Feisal left Syria for Europe.

General Gouraud, following the invasion, divided the country into several states, each one independent of the other, but all receiving their orders from the High Commissioner at Beirut. This action partitioning Syria was an attempt to isolate the anti-French elements, though such action was very harmful to the country.

The places burned by the French forces in 1920 were:

1. Part of the city of Antakya.
2. Village of Alhummam.
3. The two towns of Babna and Alhufeh.
4. Baniyas—an important town.
5. Five villages in the district of Lazkeyah and many other plantations.
6. Many villages in the district of Jebel Amel with the indemnity of £50,000 in gold imposed and collected by harsh methods.

Damascus also was forced to pay £100,000, following the invasion of the city by the French army. There seems to have been no occasion for the imposition and collection of this indemnity on Damascus except to inaugurate the French rule there.

In 1921, after these disgraceful acts of France, one of the peasant bands attacked the High Commissioner near Damascus. The official announcement admitted that the neighboring villages did not have a part in the attack, yet the newspaper *Al-Balagh* of Beirut, in publishing the accounts of the expedition June 23, 1921, gave a statement to the effect that "by order of the High Commissioner (five) of the neighboring villages were burned; their property was confiscated and sold." Many villages near Aleppo had been burned also.

In 1922 when Mr. Charles Crane paid a visit to Syria a committee formed of nationalists and notables headed by Dr. Shabbender, ex-foreign minister in the late Damascus Government, met him to show the Syrians' appreciation of his unbiased investigation in 1918 and to ask him to convey to America the Syrian protest against the intolerable conditions under the French. As the name of Mr. Crane is very well known in Syrian circles, due to his visit, a demonstration took place, whereupon martial law was proclaimed and leaders and notables numbering 436 persons, as stated by the newspaper *Alimran* of Damascus, were either imprisoned or banished. Among these was Dr. Shabbender. In the course of another demonstration at Homs five persons were killed by Senegalese soldiers.

In 1924 a French officer was attacked near Palmyra, whereupon the French authorities destroyed by bombs five villages. The women of the villages were outraged and 5,500 sheep were confiscated as indemnity. All this was because a person attacked a French officer. Arms were collected from Lebanon also. Officers intrusted with the task committed horrors which *Al-Mukattam* described as a "painful drama."

In 1925 the following events took place:

1. The bombardment of Damascus and the declaration there of martial law for fifteen years, with a large sum of money in gold and 3,000 rifles levied as indemnity.

"One of the clearest, most comprehensive, and most useful books of its kind ever written," says the AMERICAN MERCURY of

A COURSE IN PHILOSOPHY

By
George P. Conger
(University of Minnesota)

"Dr. Conger assumes that philosophy takes in psychology, ethics and æsthetics; his summaries of the conflicting ideas in all three fields are admirably succinct and lucid. Each chapter is followed by a list of books for further reading, and there is a useful bibliography at the end."—*The American Mercury*.

603 pages, \$5.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 333 Madison Avenue
New York

YOUTH LOVES WITH A NEW hope of happiness, a different sense of responsibility,—Free Love is here.

Youth marries—tries marriage—enters it to establish a different family life than ever existed in the world before—in many instances a deliberately childless family life.

Youth faces divorce without fear.

Youth practices birth control—shall it be safe and healthful—or dangerous and unwholesome?

Youth brings new attitudes to the problems of crime and disease, to the physical, moral, mental life of our time.

Here is the first cross section of the life of the new generation in the Western world, given frankly, freely, unhesitatingly—given to us so that those of us who care may know what to do for the new social order that is arising.

Given us by the head of the world famous Denver Juvenile and Family Court, and illustrated by the most astoundingly dramatic true stories ever revealed in fact and fiction—about life, about men and women, in a vastly, inevitably changing world.

In one of the truly important books of our decade—a book as interesting as life, as important to us as our most cherished ideals—as valuable to us as the counsel of our wisest friend.

The Revolt of Modern Youth ~ by JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY & WAINWRIGHT EVANS

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE \$3.00

++ Publishers ++

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

DOCTOR TRANSIT, by I. S.

"In
*Fundamental
Terms*"
Avrahm
Yarmolinsky
in
The Nation.

"*The Revolt
Against Jaded
Alright*"
in The Dial.

"*Franklin-
stein*"
Malcolm
Cowley
in N. Y.
Herald
Tribune.

"*Fantasy
Triumph in
Dr. Transit*"
Babette
Deutsch in
N. Y. World.

Into a literature which views familiar experience under the aspects of time and place comes a sinewy, sensual book, nourished, for a marvel, upon fantasy and intellection. . . . The book is inimitable for its metaphor, for its opulent rhythm, for its revolt against the 'atmosphere of jaded alright' . . . Shelley might have admired it. For, in his own words, it is an attempt to digest the calculations of science, to make them human, to use them as foundations of another mythology. . . . The originality of the conception, the triumph of pure fantasy, the marvelous handling of language here, are elements, each of which would, taken in conjunction, place the author among the most considerable persons in contemporary American Literature. "

At all stores. \$2.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT
Publishers 61 W. 48th St., N. Y.

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
70 Fifth Ave.

PUBLISHING COMPANY
New York, N. Y.

The New "Lectures-in-Print" Series

BEHAVIORISM

By John B. Watson

The first complete presentation of Behavior Psychology. With the possible exception of Freud's work in Psychoanalysis, nothing has caused such intense discussion as this revolutionary new science. *The N. Y. Herald-Tribune* says: "Perhaps this is the most important book ever written. One stands for an instant blinded with a great hope. But only time will tell." 3d printing.

INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR

By H. A. Overstreet

This fascinating book shows how the scientific method can be successfully applied to influencing human behavior. *John Dewey* says: Professor Overstreet is "endowed with the unusual ability to relate philosophic thought to actual human problems." Just published!

PSYCHOLOGY

By Everett Dean Martin

A course of twenty lectures showing the remarkable progress made in our knowledge of the mind. *The Forum* says: "The most interesting and readable book . . . on psychology which has ever appeared in the English language. Not to own it . . . is to miss the opportunity to expand your mental horizon as no other book can expand it." 4th printing.

At all booksellers.

Each volume, \$3.00

W. W. NORTON Publisher

2. Destruction of part of the city of Hama and the imposition upon the inhabitants of £150,000 in gold as indemnity.

3. Destruction of sixteen villages and one town near Damascus.

4. Bombardment of eighty villages in Jebel Druse.

5. Before the bombardment of Damascus one of the reasons that stirred up the inhabitants was the exposing of nationalists captured and shot by the French. These bodies, strapped on camels, were paraded through the streets of the city.

There are many other complaints which His Excellency Emir Shekib Arslan, the representative of the Syrian nationalists in Europe, submitted on October 19, 1925, to the committee in charge of the mandates in the League of Nations, which may be summarized as follows:

1. The government passed a law raising the tax on real estate to such an extent that it was impracticable to transact business. People protested in vain. Finally they gathered and proceeded on their way to the Government House in a peaceful demonstration as a protest against such a law. Colonial soldiers dispersed the crowd by force, killing three persons.

2. The seizure of the Hejaz railroad, which is a line built by Moslems with contributions from the whole Moslem world. The seizure was without due process of law and was not temporarily made to meet any exigency.

3. The Department of Justice in Lebanon was amalgamated with that of France so that cases might be appealed, of course in the French language, to the courts of France. French justices were introduced into Syria and the French language was made the official language of the courts. Such an amalgamation from the Syrian point of view is an encroachment upon national sovereignty, especially since trials are conducted in French.

It is very interesting to Americans to know the expenditure of France in Syria. Mr. Loder in his book "The Truth About Mesopotamia" says that in "1920 the cost to France of civil administration in Syria was 185 million francs, of which 83 millions went to the budgets of the several Syrian states and 102 millions for expenses common to the whole country, including the High Commissioner's office." On the other hand, the expenditure for military purposes is enormous: from "118 million francs in 1919, during most of which year the army of occupation had been almost entirely British, the cost of the French forces jumped to 686 million francs in 1920 and 785 million francs in 1921. The budget of 1922 provided for an expenditure of 332 million francs for the maintenance of a force of 35,000 soldiers, instead of 70,000 previously considered necessary." Emir Shekib Arslan in an article written in the *New York Times Current History*, May, 1924, says that "France is at present voting 18,000,000 francs yearly as a secret fund for Syrian purposes. Last year the French Parliament tried to reduce this sum to 5,000,000 francs, but General Gouraud declared that with this sum he could not guarantee to maintain French influence in Syria. He was right, the Emir goes on saying, for with this 18,000,000 francs France subsidizes the newspapers, keeps many Bedouin chiefs from revolting, and supports thousands of spies in all parts of the country." But after all who pays this money? Syria. Article 2 of the text of the mandate for Syria provides: "... Nothing shall preclude Syria and Lebanon from contributing to the cost of the maintenance of the forces of the mandatory stationed in the territory." This means that Syria has to pay in part for the bullets and shells used in destroying Syrian cities and killing Syrian citizens.

The French High Commissioner in Syria acts as a small monarch, with unlimited executive and legislative powers. After a protest the Government consented to a so-called parliament, which is in fact nothing but a quasi-representative assembly, since the High Commissioner has power to veto the parliament's decisions and that body cannot even discuss anything unless the French authority permits it. It is curious that in the terms of the mandate there should appear not one

constitutional limitation upon the powers of the High Commissioner.

Corruption in the departments of the Government does not need any comment beyond citing specific cases:

A bridge called Jisr Addamour was built during the Turkish regime for £8,000, Emir Arslan says. When it was carried away by a torrent three years ago a French engineer was charged with repairing it. It cost £45,000. When the engineer was accused before the court of justice all experts testified that the cost of repairing the damages should not exceed a few thousand pounds. But the case was dismissed on the ground that "a French engineer" could not be condemned on the testimony of a Syrian.

The noted Egyptian scholar and leader Ahmed Zeki Pasha after paying a visit to Syria investigating the conditions there has published a series of articles in *Esh-Shoura*, a newspaper of Cairo, citing many incidents bearing upon the conduct of the French officers in Syria. He said that a French officer in the custom house of Beirut has become a millionaire through bribery and when the matter was brought before the court the officer arose and said: "You cannot accuse me and if you do I will betray all your affairs." The case was dismissed. And the only punishment given was that the officer was asked to leave Syria for France with all the money he collected.

There are many other cases which, though they denote the corruption of the French officers, are yet amusing. Carbillet was a governor in Jebel Druse. Lieutenant Moreau was Carbillet's pet, and a certain cat was Moreau's pet. "Moreau," as the story is conveyed by Mr. Seabrooke to the *American Press*, "went to Damascus for the week-end. He locked his house and forgot the cat. The cat went prowling for scraps on the housetops of Sweda and never came back. A few days later the town crier of Sweda went through the streets beating the drum: 'An order from His Excellency the Governor. The cat of Lieutenant Moreau has been stolen. If it is not returned within twenty-four hours every household in Sweda will be fined one gold pound.'"

Such anecdotes may invite smiles to foreigners, but they are a source of suffering and misery for Syrians. The situation is not amusing. Syrian cities and villages are destroyed. Thousands are killed, honor is outraged, and property is confiscated. Many thousands roam from one place to another penniless and homeless. Tragedy and suffering are abroad in Syria, which has been the victim of so-called humanity and civilization.

The China Boycott

FROM its Swatow correspondent the *North-China Daily News* of Shanghai prints the following translation of a speech delivered by Chou En-lai, Chief of the Eastern Expedition Political Department, on November 12, 1925, to representatives of the Swatow Labor Unions.

China has suffered from the invasion of international capitalistic imperialism that dwarfs and suppresses the growth of her industries. The worst effect of this aggression is felt and experienced in South China, namely, in Hongkong, Swatow, and Amoy. The value of the trade between Swatow and the British merchants of Hongkong is at least \$200,000 per day. If Swatow can follow Canton methods of strike and boycott, her importance will be on a parity with that of the provincial capital. The proof of this statement can be seen in the unusual apprehension felt by the Hongkong Government when the strike and boycott were first declared here, and the said government has attempted to break them up by hook or by crook.

Seeing that the Nationalist Government was determined to side with labor in its dealings with foreigners, Hongkong resorted to all conceivable means that might tend to the destruction of the Canton Government.

NATION DINNERS

February 4:

Wages for Wives?

Is a wife a slave? Are her services as housekeeper, cook, nurse, furnace-tender, interior decorator, gardener, and general utility man worth more than merely board and lodging?

DORIS STEVENS

and

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

will discuss this provocative subject
at the next *Nation* dinner.

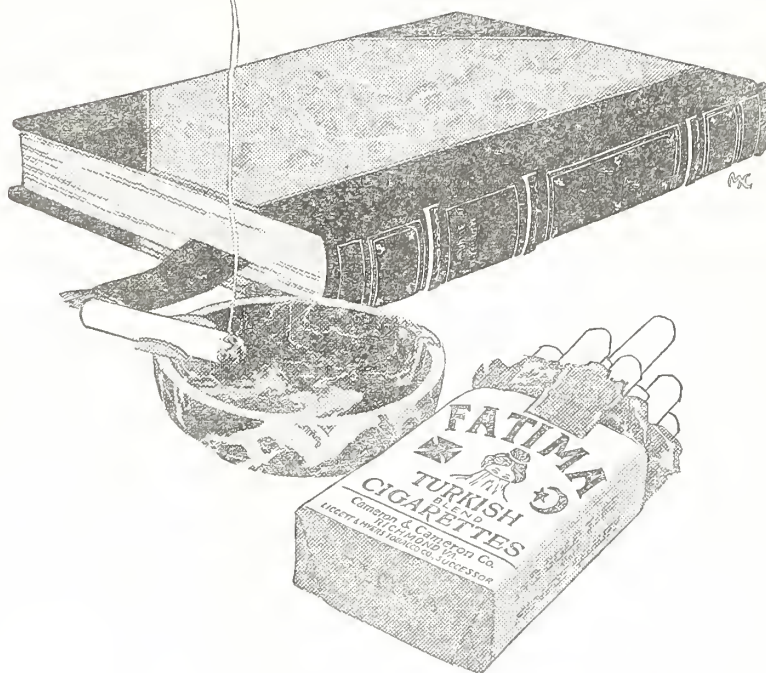
Chairman: FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor, *The Nation*

*The Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200
Fifth Avenue, 7 P.M. Price \$2.50
per cover for Nation Subscribers and
their guests.*

"A cut above the ordinary"

IF, LIKE MOST MEN, your taste runs to Turkish Blend cigarettes and you are seeking one a cut above the ordinary because of the finer grades of tobacco it contains, then learn from Fatima *what a whale of a difference just a few cents make*



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE MOB AND THE SNOB

"To the man in the street, Mob and Snob are two distinctly opposite entities, one confined to strikers breaking windows, with whom our red blooded vigilantes know how to deal, and the other a purely exotic culture of nobility worship, from which we of the U. S. are (somehow) protected by the tariff."

"But Lothrop Stoddard's 'Revolt Against Civilization' appals us with a spectral Mob (man in the street incog?), no mere sporadic nuisance, but a threat of general destruction, unless we find means to circumvent it by Nordic protectorate (snob?) and birth repression applied particularly against non-Nordic tribes (mob?), whose consent is taken for granted."

Starting from this THE DECIMALIST makes out its case against the whole Mob-Snob (inferiority-superiority) complex, always epidemic, and proposes a definite cure to which both Radicals and Conservatives can with equal consistency subscribe. It will also test any reader's Liberalism though not his liberality, for the current number is free without obligation. Address:

THE DECIMALIST, 18 Jacob St., N. Y. C.

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

In the very heart of Canton they instigated traitors like Ngai Bong-ping, Leong Hung-kai, Muh Sung, etc., to rebel. Here in Swatow they provoked the bandits. Chien Chiung-ming, Liu Chi-lu, etc., were the trained hounds of the Hongkong imperialists. To prove their faithfulness to their masters they instituted oppression here by dissolving labor unions, putting their leaders under arrest, and suppressing every kind of patriotic movement. Among those present there must be many who have had some thrilling experience of these brutes. In spite of this, however, you have pulled yourselves through intact—an achievement which clearly proves your valor and strength of character.

The Nationalist Government realizes that the best means of bringing about the real unification of China is to overthrow all forms of imperialism, among which the foremost is the Hongkong Government. Unless imperialism is overthrown completely it is absolutely futile to attempt any crusade against native militarism. In the dying commands of our late President, Sun Yat-sen, we find this theory vividly explained to us.

As imperialism is now recognized by the National Government as the real enemy, the Government will support the strike against it, and as the laboring classes have suffered oppression at the hands of this imperialism, they should cooperate with the Government. . . .

The Nationalist Government will do more than merely help the working classes; it will support them, encourage them, and direct them in their attacks upon imperialists. You may wonder why the Government should go to this trouble. In explanation I will tell you that the workers have in their hands the most effective weapon for the destruction of imperialism. This weapon as you can understand is the strike which you have instituted. . . .

How powerful the strike is! We have never had anything like it in our diplomatic history since the famous Opium War. It is because of this that the Nationalist Government is so anxious to help and support the movement in Swatow, so that the struggle may continue until the very life of Hongkong is wrung out of the colony.

We have firm belief in the effectiveness of the strike, and because of this immediately upon our arrival here we telegraphed urgently to the Canton Government and to the Hongkong and Canton Strike Committee to connect the movement here with their own and introduce a common policy for joint prosecution. Before these uniform methods of procedure are thought out, however, I should like to make the following suggestions for your guidance:

1. In dealing with foreigners: Continue the observance of economic relations with the British. British residents in China who are willing to obey Chinese laws and jurisdiction shall have adequate protection for their lives and properties. Those who refuse to put themselves under the control of the Chinese law shall be driven out of the country.

We strikers are not against the British residents as individuals; we are against their Hongkong imperialism. Beyond this, however, all our acts and movements should be highly civilized, because we are only at the stage of giving warnings and not at that of declaring war. We are not afraid of them, mind you, and we firmly believe that some day or other we shall overthrow British imperialism.

But there is American imperialism, Japanese imperialism, French imperialism, etc. You will ask, what attitude should we maintain toward these? We know that all these imperialisms are exactly alike in oppressing and plundering China, and we should therefore overthrow them all.

But for the present we shall deal with the British alone and give the American, the Japanese, and the French time to learn from the lesson being taught the British. Meanwhile they will be carefully watched to see what attitude they adopt.

If they should secretly extend supplies of food to the British, they will be treated in every way like the British. Their ships may run between Swatow and Canton, but they will not be

allowed to touch Hongkong. By means of these tactics we are sure to hold the very life of Hongkong in our hands.

2. In dealing with ourselves: Under this heading I find that there are three things we should attend to at once.

(a) As rapidly as possible the exact number of laborers in Swatow should be ascertained. At present there is no one who knows the exact number. This is a bad state of affairs. Striking is not unlike fighting. If a fighter does not know exactly how many comrades he has with him, he is bound to be defeated. The same is true of labor unions. If a union does not know how many members it should enrol or has admitted, that union is bound to be weak.

(b) Workers on strike should be properly educated. They must be taught why they should strike and what effect their strike will produce on China and the world. If a striker understands by the term "strike" nothing more than receiving a few cents daily gratis there is an immense danger in front of him. Take Lin Chi-lu's troops, for example. They never had any proper training, and because of the lack of it they were defeated notwithstanding their anxiety to win.

In Canton we have many institutions for the benefit of the workers. There are the Laborers' Schools, the Pickets Training Classes, etc. Here in Swatow, the unions must arrange for the proper training of their members.

(c) Nowadays, where financial questions are concerned, in all our undertakings, we have a budget not withheld from publicity. By this we know how much we have to spend per day, how much we have left, and how long we can keep things running. If we only know how many subscriptions we have collected, and how much we have paid out, we are sure to be met by failure before we have gone very far. If a fair distribution of the funds is not attended to, you can never expect your members to have confidence in you. I am sure that you all understand this point very well, and I wish therefore that you would forthwith accord your very best and most prompt attention to this phase of the work.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and "Tolerance." His page of drawings, *The Universe, Inc.*, will appear every week in *The Nation*.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is assistant professor of history at Columbia University, and author of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway." He gave an address on the subject of his article in this issue at a recent luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association in New York.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS, formerly of the staff of *Current Opinion*, contributes verse to various periodicals.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is a member of the faculty of Columbia University and co-author with Angus Burrell of "Dead Reckonings in Fiction."

STUART CHASE, one of the directors of the Labor Bureau and author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is acting as special editorial writer for *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE has been editor of the *Fugitive*, published in Nashville, Tennessee.

B. H. HAGGIN wrote the article, *The Pedant Looks at Jazz*, in the Christmas Book Number of *The Nation*.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1926

No. 3159

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	47
EDITORIALS:	
Rubber and Mr. Hoover	50
Peace by Persuasion	51
Youth and the Church	51
Roosevelt vs. Wilson: Fourth Round	52
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon	53
WAGES FOR WIVES—A NEGATIVE REPORT. By Arthur Garfield Hays	54
KAWASAKI WALKS OUT. By Lewis S. Gannett	56
THE NEW WORLD COURT—III. AS DERAILMENT OF AMERICANISM. By William Hard	58
A REPLY TO MR. HARD. By Walter Lippmann	60
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	61
CORRESPONDENCE	62
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:	
Pueblo Legend. By Lillian White Spencer	64
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren	64
A Tower and a Light. By Oswald Garrison Villard	64
Increase and Multiply. By H. M. Parshley	65
Spiced Pastry. By Babette Deutseh	65
The Novel of Manners. By Alice Beal Parsons	66
Bits About Napoleon. By Albert Guérard	66
Books in Brief	67
Interesting Books of 1925. Chosen by Carl Van Doren	67
Music: Jazz Leaves Home. By Marian Tyler	69
Drama: A New Carmen. By Joseph Wood Krutch	68
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Japan's New Labor Party. By Lewis S. Gannett	70

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID EOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE OFFENSE OF LESE MAJESTE in the American republic is being rapidly developed by our courts and its penalties are being more and more clearly defined. Thus, in San Francisco on January 7, William E. Wolfe was found guilty and sentenced to ten years in a federal prison for sending printed matter "indirectly threatening the President." It is, therefore, not only a crime to threaten the President directly, but if a judge thinks that the prisoner had such an intention a man may be sent to jail. This makes the *lèse majesté* laws of Kaiser William seem the work of a piker. In Manila the dignity of our satrap, Leonard Wood, has been upheld by the sentencing to prison for two months of a member of the Manila City Council on the charge of having used "insolent language" toward the Governor General in speeches in the political campaign last June. Speaking in the Tagalog dialect this man described General Wood as "a big tree without a shadow," a despoiler of Filipino liberties, an oppressor, and an autocrat. Representative Jones of Texas is old-fashioned enough to think that this is an outrage and to point out that in 1920 much stronger language than that was used about the worthy General in such American newspapers as had taken his true measure. Finally, it is now a crime to criticize the American Legion. Thus, Arthur F. Lorenz, editor of the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung*, has been sentenced to six months in jail for criminal libel of the Legion in general, no individuals being mentioned.

ATTORNEY GENERAL SARGENT did not distinguish himself on the witness stand in the aluminum-trust inquiry. At the beginning he testified that the first knowledge he had of the inquiry by his department was not "until I had been there five, six, or eight months." His attention was first called to it, he declared, by newspaper men. His assistant, Colonel W. J. Donovan, heard him give his testimony without dissenting. The next day Mr. Sargent produced a memorandum he had written to Colonel Donovan one week after he had taken office, directing his assistant to report on the inquiry instituted by his predecessor and to make nothing public until Mr. Sargent had passed upon it. This letter, the Attorney General explained, had made so little impression upon his mind that he had forgotten it. So apparently had Colonel Donovan, and so had those whose duty it was to prepare for Mr. Sargent's appearance before the committee. Thus the Attorney General's first excuse that he had left everything to his subordinates went by the board. Finally, he added that he had never heard that Mr. Mellon and his brother were the chief owners of the aluminum trust until he read it in the papers the other day. Vermont still cultivates rural innocence!

UP TO THE TIME of going to press the committee inquiring into the aluminum trust had not reached the question why the Department of Justice gave out a statement whitewashing the trust on the midnight before the New York *World* was scheduled to begin its attack which led up to the inquiry. It had been established, however, that the report of the special agent upon which the midnight statement was based, although giving the trust a clean bill of health, contained the flat statement that "the Aluminum Company of America enjoys a complete monopoly of manufacturing aluminum in America." It was also admitted by Colonel Donovan that, whereas the condemnatory decision of the Federal Trade Commission was based on documentary evidence, the agent of the Department of Justice was naive enough to base his findings upon personal talks with trust officials and others who were fully aware that the question might lead up to government prosecution. As for the refusal of the Federal Trade Commission to give the facts that it had obtained to the Department of Justice, the Attorney General himself could give no clear reason for this action except that he supposed it was to keep a confidence. Colonel Donovan devoted his main efforts on the stand to weakening the letter written by former Attorney General Stone declaring that the aluminum trust was a law-breaker. Finally, while these things were being brought out, the persistent Senator Couzens produced the fact that since Mr. Mellon had been Secretary of the Treasury that department of the government had permitted the aluminum trust to save \$2,150,000 in income taxes through an amortization entry of \$15,000,000 which Senator Couzens's expert declares to have been excessive and improper.

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS in Washington are behaving as if determined to make plainer than ever their incapacity for leadership and the folly of expecting any constructive statesmanship from their bankrupt party. The

Republicans produced a tax bill favoring a handful of rich men. What do the Democrats do? Instead of producing a scientific reduction bill aiding the small taxpayer, they seek merely to outdo the Republicans in the total amount to be saved. That's what they call putting the Republicans in a hole. Their sole aim is to be able to go to the country and say plaintively: "Yes, the Republicans cut the taxes some, but see what we would have done for you had we been in the majority." As for the tariff opportunity, the Democratic leaders are bungling that as usual. In the first place a lot of them are at heart protectionists, and in the second place they seem to be united in not really desiring tariff legislation at this session or the succeeding session of Congress. They are merely raising the issue now as a sort of trial balloon for the congressional elections next fall. If it takes the air well then, it is to be the major issue in 1928. And this is called leadership, devotion to principle, and the determination to succor the tariff-plundered citizen of the United States at any cost! No wonder the party disintegrates daily and that a little awakening to its duties, like the action of Indiana Democrats in resolving against the dying K. K. K., is recorded as first-page proof that the Democracy is finding itself again.

IN WELCOMING HENRY BERENGER to America we prefer to think of him as the Ambassador of a great and friendly republic rather than as the journalist-politician who took the Czar's secret corruption funds to the French press. But the American people are entitled to the facts, and it is fair to remind them that when Boris Souvarine went through the files of the Russian Ministry of Finance, and found documents showing that from 1904 to the fall of Kerensky, Russia had been systematically bribing French journals and journalists, the name of Bérenger appeared on the Czar's pay roll. Details of this scandal were summarized in *The Nation* of February 6, 1924, by Lewis S. Gannett in an article entitled *The Secret Corruption of the French Press*. Nor is it pleasant to recall that Bérenger was Poincaré's man Friday in negotiating the post-war political loans to the Little Entente. Having thus assisted France in spending money which she could not afford, he now comes to America on the express mission of asking a generous settlement of the French war debt. And it is more than probable that he will succeed. After Caillaux went home defeated last year, we predicted that our Debt Funding Commission would eventually accept an offer no better than his. We renew that prediction now, and we think Ambassador Bérenger may not improbably be the man to fulfil it.

WE HAVE BEEN ADVOCATING for the past five years, as our readers will recall, a generous settlement of our war debts, both from the standpoint of justice and of our commercial welfare. Most of the attacks in Congress upon the agreements already made by our Debt Funding Commission are based upon wrong reasons, especially a misunderstanding of the finances of our European debtors in regard to which even our bankers are at times misled. We ourselves have criticized the debt agreements, but not because they were too generous. The trouble is, first, that the agreements are deceptions and, second, that the deception has become a condition for subsequent private loans to the debtor countries. Both the Belgian and Italian agreements call for trivial payments during the first few years, but impose severe burdens later. The early payments are

stressed in the debtor countries in order to placate the people there; the later payments are emphasized in America in order to make our people believe they are getting their money back. Both peoples are deceived. The agreements will never be carried out. A few years hence easier terms will be demanded by our debtors. If their governments are sufficiently conservative to suit Wall Street, they will probably get them. Otherwise we shall set up a cry of repudiation and treat them as we have treated Russia.

MEANWHILE OUR BANKERS are getting deeper and deeper into the European situation and our government is preparing to wield the lash in their behalf. As soon as a debtor nation signs on the dotted line—no matter how deceptive the agreement—an open season is proclaimed in Wall Street to finance its government and its business. And these new transactions are not "war loans." The excuses that have been made for not paying the latter will not hold in regard to these new debts—the bankers will see to that. Nor will there be such low interest rates as the government has accepted. We do not say that these loans should not be made; those calculated to further productive industry or supply vital government needs certainly should be. But there should be no deceptions. As matters stand, we doubt if the Italian workers realize the new burden laid on their shoulders by the recent Wall Street loan, and we question if the market price of that security reflects the hazard to the American investor in underwriting a power-crazed empire-seeker like Mussolini. As for France, we are sorry that Ambassador Bérenger seeks a debt agreement. Having refused the Caillaux offer, we do not deserve another at this time, and in her desperate financial straits France cannot afford to make one. We should like to see her display the courage and the independence publicly to proclaim this fact, and wish she might, unlike other debtor nations, get on without further loans from America.

WHAT IS MURDER? The dictionary is fairly clear on the subject, but in California, where everything is not bigger and better is at least different from what it is everywhere else, the matter is not so easily determined. Twelve years ago one Richard Ford was convicted of second-degree murder in a case arising out of a riot in a hop-picking camp in which two officers of the law and two hop-pickers were killed. There was no evidence that Ford even had a gun on that occasion, though all the victims died by shooting. Yet Ford and a man named Suhr, who was not even seen at the gathering at which the men were shot, were sentenced to life imprisonment. The twist in this particular trial lay in the fact that Ford had once been a member of the I. W. W., and that he had led a protest of the workers against the abominable conditions at the camp. The issue in California becomes, then, the identification of the charge of murder with that of objecting to working conditions. In England a group of men were sentenced to seven years on a prison ship because they had asked for an additional shilling a week wages. To be sure, that was nearly 100 years ago, but California has not had time to catch up yet. Now Ford has been paroled after serving twelve years of his sentence, and is to be tried once more, in the same section of the country, with presumably the same prejudices, for the killing of the second deputy at the protest meeting. The prosecuting attorney is the son of one of the officers who lost his life, the judge has long been known as hostile to the I. W. W., there is no new evidence;

the question again will arise: What is murder? In twelve years has California learned to answer this query in a new way?

IS THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION trying to pick a quarrel with Mexico? There is every appearance of it in the sudden outburst from Washington by which an effort is made to stir public hostility against a friendly republic through newspaper propaganda rather than to adjust a possible grievance by diplomatic procedure. If proposed legislation in Mexico is contrary to treaties between that country and this, it ought to be possible to obtain a modification by friendly negotiations; if these fail such an issue would be admirably suited to arbitration. Certainly the threat to withdraw American recognition from Mexico is precipitate and unjustified. The noisy outburst inspired by the Department of State does not even make the point in dispute clear. There is a suggestion that Mexico's proposed petroleum and alien-property laws conflict not with treaties but with some sort of unwritten assurances which were the price of our recognition of the republic. We have no right to ask Mexico to live up to such "gentlemen's agreements," whatever they were, any longer than her people choose to do so. We may, of course, withdraw our recognition if convinced that we are the victims of injustice. But until the facts are known, and until diplomacy and arbitration have failed, it is preposterous that "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg should go bawling into the street with his nightmares.

CHRISTIANITY and the United Mine Workers of America are undergoing some weird adventures together in Oklahoma since the striking miners adopted the prayer meeting as the chief weapon of the picket line. First Governor Trapp sent troops to disperse the prayer meetings. Then, when the Criminal Court of Appeals held the picketing lawful, the operators went to the United States District Court for an injunction. Judge Robert L. Williams, basing his decision on Scripture, allowed the miners four pickets to each mine, following the verse in Matthew which says: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, here am I in the midst of them." But it remained for the manager of the Milby-Dow mines near McAlester to apply the finishing touches to this exhibition of industrial Christianity. A group of miners gathered in a Negro church during the Christmas season and prayed for a speedy victory. An armed mine guard, with one companion, attacked the door with a crowbar when the congregation had departed. After taking possession in the name of the coal company the lock was smashed and a padlock put on the church. The key was turned over to the mine manager, who thus became the St. Peter of his little domain. He holds the key to the pearly gates and the strikers won't bother God with their prayers if he can help it. When God gave the coal to the operators He neglected to reserve diplomatic immunity for his vicars or extraterritoriality for His embassy, which happens to be on company property.

GOVERNOR "AL" SMITH'S eagerly awaited annual report is, he says, written exactly as if by the chairman of a company to its stockholders. In its general lack of interest, with one exception, it is completely on a par with the average company report. That exception is important and has already produced outcries from both friends and enemies that the Governor is becoming "too radical." In brief, his proposal is that the New York Legislature

shall create limited-dividend corporations for the purpose of constructing on a large scale modern apartments for workers by use of the power to condemn land. We shall go into the proposal more at length in a subsequent issue; today we would point out, for the sake of those timid souls who see a Bolshevik behind every bush, that the Governor has advanced far more socialistic proposals in previous public utterances. It is not so long ago, in fact, that he advocated nine straight-out socialistic proposals in one message, of which one was the complete control of the milk supply by the State and another the beginning of the socialization of the medical and nursing professions. The Governor was not abused for those suggestions, although he has never since followed them up. We have a strong feeling that something worth while will come out of his latest proposal. Certainly, the housing situation for workers in New York is so serious as to call for drastic relief.

THROUGH THE GENEROSITY of William L. Clements of Bay City, Michigan, the American papers of General Sir Henry Clinton are to come to the United States. That is a cause for jubilation. As our readers will recall (*The Nation*, July 1, 1925), these papers were to have been offered for disposal at public auction. That would have been deplorable, for much of this material, including a manuscript defense of Sir Henry's operations in this country from his own pen, is unpublished, and is of extraordinary value to the historian, including as it does intercepted letters and dispatches of George Washington and other American generals. No such treasure trove of American history has to our recollection changed hands in the last thirty years. That it comes to the United States is due to the continuing interest in American history of Mr. Clements, who is the founder of the Clements Library of American History at the University of Michigan and donor of the building in which these priceless Clinton papers will find a permanent resting-place and be available for the student and the historian under the best possible auspices.

RECENTLY WE RECORDED the report that William Fox had arranged to finance several New York theatrical producers, and we commented upon the obvious tendency of such an arrangement to make the stage a mere feeder to the movies. We are glad to be able to add that the American Dramatists' Association took the matter under immediate consideration and that seventy-five playwrights, including the most successful and distinguished American writers for the stage, have signed an agreement to deal with no manager who claims the right to dispose of the moving-picture rights to their plays. The immediate purpose of the agreement is to protect the financial rather than the artistic rights of the author by preserving competition, but the incidental effect will be to make it much more difficult for any moving-picture company to exercise direct control over dramatic production. At the present moment the general policy of the moving-picture industry is to appeal steadily to the lowest common denominator of the largest popular audience, and we can think of no greater calamity which could befall the stage than that it should be brought into accord with this policy. The American theater has achieved a measure of freedom and there are a number of managers who are at least willing to make their appeal to a fairly select audience. They must not be swallowed by the gigantic and purely commercial organizations which are responsible for the films.

Rubber and Mr. Hoover

MR. HOOVER has just told the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that the United States was becoming weary of paying the extortions of foreign monopolies on rubber, coffee, nitrates, potash, jute, sisal, antimony, tungsten, nickel, asbestos, and tea. We import, he said, speaking in Erie, \$800,000,000 of these products in a year, and a large percentage of the total represents not cost of production and distribution plus a reasonable profit, but a monopoly tax. Of them all, the "Stevenson scheme," whereby the British Government elevates the price of rubber, hits us the hardest and is the most indefensible. Better no bread than no balloon tires! Mr. Hoover has hinted darkly at reprisals. What if we should combine to force up the price of raw cotton or wheat or oil; how would the British like that? Meanwhile, Mr. Hennessey of Boston files a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature whereby it is provided that in return for the rise in rubber prices opportunity shall be given the burghers of Beacon Hill to boycott British insurance companies.

Now, the Stevenson scheme was born of dire necessity. When the rubber industry shifted from the culture of wild trees in Brazil to domesticated ones in the East Indies, all the problems of large-scale investment, of building the agricultural plant, of paying overhead on a crop which took six years to mature, came to the fore. You could not work when prices were high, and stop when they were low; you had to keep working all the time, and stabilization was imperative. The war demand increased the area of East Indian plantations drastically. With the world-wide depression of 1921 producers were faced with wholesale bankruptcy or concerted action. Not being willing to die for the sacred principle of free competition they called in the Government to act as concert-master. Perhaps Mr. Hoover would have died had he been there, hugging a copy of "American Individualism" to his heart. Perhaps he would not have. Anyway the British Government stepped in with this ingenious scheme of Lord Stevenson, whereby the 1919 output of each producer was made the standard, or 100 per cent. Up to 60 per cent of that output a low export duty of one penny a pound was demanded. Over 60 per cent the duties increased sharply, until at 100 per cent they reached one shilling a pound. The effect was a general restriction of production, but it operated horizontally on all producers, and not catastrophically by bankruptcy and abandonment. As demand increased—with a large and mobile output in 1923 and after, particularly because of the balloon-tire development—more rubber was sold at the higher percentages. The duty was accordingly stiff, was shifted to the consumer, and prices began to soar. From 17 cents a pound in 1922 they are up to \$1 and over today.

The facts recited above call for two lines of philosophical comment. The first falls under the general head of the pot calling the kettle black—in which Mr. Hoover is obviously the pot. The second is more fundamental, and concerns itself with balancing the load of demand and supply in the international exchange of vital industrial products. It is in truth difficult to locate Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Hennessey's basis for moral indignation. If anything was ever devised to promote monopolistic extortion it is the

present Republican tariff levels. Furthermore, since 1919, by a special and sanctioned breach in the Sherman anti-trust law, American corporations have been permitted to combine for the purposes of export trade. "Consider," says the *Baltimore Sun*, "the War Finance Corporation, set up by the United States and capitalized at half a billion, whose sole function and duty is to enable American producers to soak the foreigner. It is called by a sweeter name of course, but, practically, that is what it has effected. . . . While it may be perfectly permissible to fight the devil with fire, it would be a whole lot more honest to admit that in this game the British have taken a leaf out of the American note-book, and are doing the thing that we did for many years and are doing still." This may be putting it a little strong, but in principle at least the *Sun* is right.

This is grand "copy" for the headline artists, but it gets the wayfaring man in the British Isles no less than in these States precisely nowhere. Here are roughly a billion and a half people on this planet requiring certain basic products to keep their metabolism functioning—as Mr. Dorsey would put it. That metabolism is best served by maximum production—grown, mined, fabricated, and distributed—with minimum human effort. Whenever and wherever production is restricted below consumption needs, and distribution is bent into loops and circles by tariff walls and trade barriers, cost goes up, and the wayfaring man suffers. World economy on any such basis of common sense and straight-line engineering is, of course, beyond the capacity of those practical citizens who have world economy more or less in charge. In the calculable future one might as well call for the moon. But as one small step in the direction of common sense, the Stevenson scheme has much to recommend it. With no plan at all, probably half the rubber plantations in the East Indies would have been abandoned in 1921. The jungle would have made short work of years of intelligent labor. As demand increased, the survivors would have made unthinkable profits, while the lumbering law of free competition was clearing out the jungle and doing the capital outlay work all over again. With six years needed to grow a producing tree, the price of rubber would probably have been higher than it is now. Waste would have taken its terrible toll. The trouble with the Stevenson scheme is not with its basic principle but with the detail of its percentage rates. It overreached itself; it made for excessive restriction of output—far below world-consumption requirements. With no more administrative labor, export duties might have been set with balloon tires properly in the picture; with all the thousand and one uses which advantageously could be made of rubber, if it were cheaper, provided for. There is literally no end to the possible uses of a cheap and plentiful rubber supply. Meanwhile, as Ford has abundantly shown, there is as much money to be made by large sales at a small margin of profit as by restricted sales at an outrageous margin. If the British Government and the rubber producers of Malaya would pattern after Detroit rather than follow Mr. Hoover and his friends, they might conceivably do something to break the vicious circle, introduce a vital, waste-destroying principle into the chaos of international trade, and not lose a penny by it.

Peace by Persuasion

AFTER months of patient negotiation representatives of the organized railway employees and of the Association of Railway Executives have reached an agreement upon a program of legislation to supplant the labor provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920, abolish the Railroad Labor Board, and provide instead a less pretentious but more practical medium for railroad peace. The agreed bill was introduced into the Senate on January 8 by Senator Watson, as an administration measure; since substantially the same measure was pressed during the last session by a Progressive-Democratic coalition, the present bill seems certain to be enacted into law.

The Railroad Labor Board was established over the vigorous protest of all the railroad-union officers. Their prophecies of ill were not long in being fulfilled. The notion that the "public interest" could be safeguarded by the presence on a board of three politicians, chosen for their ignorance of railroading and labor adjustment and hence "impartial," was soon proved to be as unworkable as David Robertson of the firemen and enginemen had predicted. The precipitation of the shopmen's strike can be directly attributed to the way in which Chairman Ben Hooper and his "public" associates sought to handle the situation growing out of the board's drastic wage cuts. Every tradition of the industry and of labor relations in America was violated in the course of three hectic days.

The new proposal—the Railroad Labor Bill—is based upon the principle that the interest of the public in continuous and efficient transportation service can best be served by placing upon the parties directly concerned a duty "to make and to maintain agreements concerning wages and working conditions," and that whenever at all possible the differences between men and management must be adjusted *within the industry* by men who know its traditions and its special problems. Disputes of all kinds must first be considered in conferences (which are made mandatory) between the parties directly concerned. Disputes over grievances or the interpretation or application of trade agreements not adjusted in conference must be referred to the appropriate adjustment board. Any carrier or group of carriers may establish such boards, by agreements with the employees involved; the boards are to be equi-partisan and constituted of expert railroaders from both sides. During the war control such boards failed to adjust only twelve cases out of thousands handled.

Disputes over *changes* sought in wages or working conditions do not go from unsuccessful conference to an adjustment board, whose chief functions are interpretative rather than creative. Such a dispute over a change (which cannot be made arbitrarily and without notice, thus eliminating a frequent source of employee resentment and occasional strikes) may be referred to a Board of Mediation of five commissioners named by the President; or such board may intervene of its own motion and seek, by mediation, to adjust the dispute. An interpretation dispute not adjusted by a board of adjustment is also within the jurisdiction of such mediators, whose function is not to "decide" but to persuade. This method, under the Newlands Act which preceded the Railroad Labor Board regime, made the railroad industry the freest of strikes of any great industry. If the mediators are unsuccessful in securing

an agreement between the parties, it is then their duty to induce the parties to arbitrate their differences. Arbitration is voluntary, but the award of arbitrators is made legally binding. If none of these measures is successful, the President may establish an investigating commission to ascertain the facts for him.

There is not a little humor in the fact that except for one relatively unimportant change (permitting local rather than requiring national adjustment boards) this measure, blessed by the Administration and introduced by none other than "Jim" Watson, is the same proposal which, as the Howell-Barkley bill, was fought with crusading fervor by the Administration in the last session. It is the same proposal which the railroad supply companies and special propaganda bureaus denounced to chambers of commerce throughout the West as "an attempt to force the closed shop upon the railroads." One inspired railroad president denounced it as "a dastardly attempt to sovietize the railroads." The truth is that even now the railroads would be glad enough to let railroad labor legislation alone if the antagonism and tension of the men, after almost six years of the Labor Board, had not reached the danger-point.*

Youth and the Church

IT is inevitable that the declarations of the thousand students who met recently in Evanston, Illinois, to discuss the church should result in some ecclesiastical uneasiness.

The few church leaders who addressed the conference brought out rather an amazing array of historical data to support the conclusion that Christianity, throughout its history, has almost always found regeneration at the hands of a critical and iconoclastic younger generation. It was pointed out, for example, that Christ's ministry found its support largely among the young men of his day and its opposition in the elders of Judaism. The Protestant Reformation and the Wesleyan movement began as youth movements. The foreign missionary program of American Protestantism—which doubtless has been the most vital expression of Christianity during the last century—began with a group of college students.

The most insistent of the demands was that for organic church unity. The waste of denominational competition and the interest in the preservation of denominational institutions at the expense of more fundamental matters were emphasized in every discussion. The fallacy of a Christian internationalism and interracialism that cannot begin with unity of denominations, particularly on the so-called foreign mission field, was equally stressed. The task of achieving organic unity was one which the students were willing to begin in their own relationships. Despite the protest of certain representatives of denominational organizations, the conference adopted—almost unanimously—a proposal asking for the unifying of all the young people's organizations of Protestantism.

A second project that was repeatedly stressed related to the program of "foreign missions." A report made by a commission of twenty-five students who had studied the missionary situation preparatory to the conference was adopted and calls for the placing of missions on a "mutuality" basis. This requires that churches on the mission

* There are two important strikes: of the telegraphers on the Atlantic Coast Line and of the engineers on the Western Maryland.

fields shall be made autonomous; and that an exchange of Christian workers be inaugurated so that the entire program will cease to be a project of exporting American Christianity abroad and become an enterprise of Christian fellowship—with American Christians sharing their experiences abroad and Christians abroad coming to the United States on the same basis. It was proposed that this project be immediately undertaken by the students themselves through exchange scholarships.

It is altogether improbable that the drastic proposals of the Evanston conference will speedily be adopted by the Protestant churches. No such demand was made by the students. Every project was outlined in terms of what the students themselves, with or without older leadership, can undertake to do. The next six months will indicate, in some measure, whether they mean business, as it may indicate how far the ecclesiastical leaders of the Protestant churches are willing to modify their own schemes in the interest of winning the confidence of the thinking youth of the country.

Roosevelt vs. Wilson: Fourth Round

IN vain have we searched the sporting columns of our dailies for any contest or athletic struggle to compare with the race now on between the partisans of Theodore Roosevelt and those of Woodrow Wilson to give to the subject of their adoration the highest place in the American Pantheon. For skill, for enthusiasm, for devotion, for the refinements of the contest we know nothing to equal it. If our greatest sporting promoters were not so entirely concerned with brawn, they would certainly stage this contest of brains in the New Madison Square Garden in New York, with Hermann Hagedorn leading one team and Norman H. Davis the other—the winner to have 50 per cent of the gate receipts to swell his memorial fund.

Indeed we cannot exaggerate the national and international importance of the contest, for there has been nothing like it in history—this organizing, this raising of millions of dollars to perpetuate the fame of statesmen recently dead. Into the effort have gone all the arts of modern propaganda and a deliberate effort to surround the men with the aura of immortality by declaring that they were the immortals, by preserving at once all possible memorials of them—as was never done in the case of Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln—by organizing perpetual celebrations, and by the publication of an unending Rooseveltiana or Wilsoniana, if we may use two dreadful words. No one can tell how far-reaching the effects of this competition may be; the example is sure to be followed abroad. So we look to see the verdict of posterity forestalled in the case of Lloyd George by a skilled Lloyd George Memorial Association, or in the case of the Kaiser himself. We have no doubt that if this new American technique of creating national heroes were to be adopted in the case of the exile of Doorn, who though dead still liveth, he not only could be made to reappear in the flesh but could be assured of a position with posterity second only to Bismarck's.

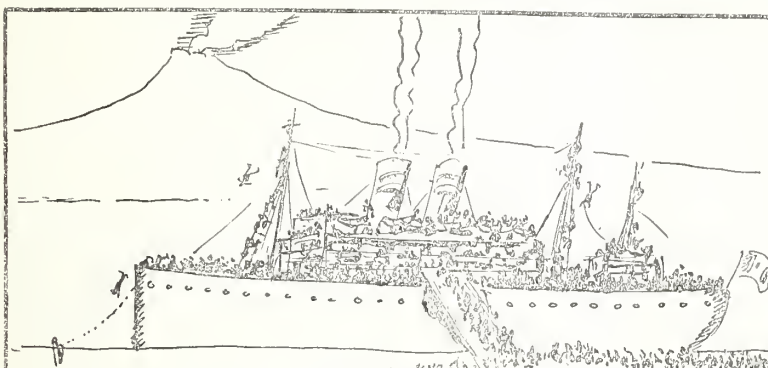
But we have wandered far across seas from the struggle which will make easy the hobbling and gagging of any future historical critics. We were moved to this expression

of our thrills because of the holding of five hundred Wilson dinners on December 28, the anniversary of the great man's birth. That was a sockdologer, for Roosevelt's birthday was marked by only a few meetings, at one of which only a retiring police commissioner was the star—he talking of Roosevelt the police commissioner. The Wilson dinners were overwhelming in their array of talent. There were Newton D. Baker and Norman H. Davis, and Norman H. Davis and Newton D. Baker, and a lot of other ex-office-holders, and they made the welkin ring with their paeans of praise to their dead chief. They certainly put one over on the Roosevelt crowd, and we don't see why they shouldn't have five thousand dinners next year with Newton D. Baker and Norman H. Davis starring again like John McCormack in the annual New Year's radio concert.

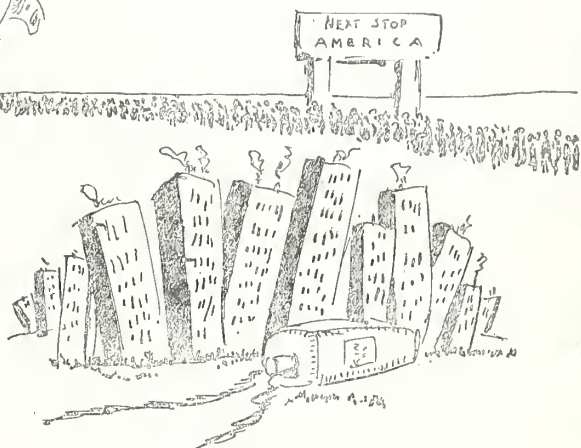
That successful bit of strategy has evened the scales a bit and quite offset the great Roosevelt stamp victory. You *haven't* heard of *that*? Well, you see, the Roosevelt crowd went down to Washington and took the five-cent stamp away from a fifty-cent hero called U. S. Grant, who, some old fogies pretend, saved the Union on some old-fashioned Virginia battlefields long ago. Now every time you put on a five-cent stamp you play the game of the Roosevelt Association. So the Wilson crowd got busy. Sad to report, the only stamp they could capture was the seventeen-cent one, which is now Woodrow Wilson's own. It helps a little bit if we explain that the seventeen-cent stamp was not created merely to give stamp collectors another one to collect. The seventeen-cent stamp fits into a new device of the Post Office—put it on a letter and the letter is insured and you get damages or your money back without a fuss if the letter gets lost. That's something—when you think it might have been a thirty-cent stamp with Woodrow Wilson on it!

In the literary field we notice the Wilsonians have scored again. The Roosevelt Association is publishing about one book a year. 1926 dawns with the prospect of the reminiscences of David Houston, of whom it is said that he knew Wilson better and talked with him more often than any other man in his Administration. But this is as nothing compared to the astonishing news that Colonel House himself is to describe, by aid of a press syndicate, the most intimate details of his trips overseas as the loyal, devoted, and unpaid commissioner of Woodrow Wilson, called into service, so Bainbridge Colby says, by the diplomatic delinquency of Walter H. Page. There are two body blows for you. Don't they make up for the nasty posthumous attack of Henry Cabot Lodge? Don't they offset the 1925 volume on Roosevelt? More than that, the news that the 1925 Wilson prize was to have been divided between Austen Chamberlain, Briand, Luther, and Stresemann—the heroes of Locarno—until the Germans declined, shows how near the Wilsonians were to a publicity stunt to thrill the world.

Beside that the proposed Roosevelt Memorial for Washington would have paled; now it shines forth—a thing of exquisite, artistic beauty, most charmingly adapted to its surroundings and calculated to dwarf the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. If the Wilsonians are to beat that they must raise more money than they now have and employ, if they can, still greater artists. We have confidence they will not neglect this field long, and if they enter it—well, for a sporting event this fourth round between the contestants will surpass the Kentucky Derby, the tennis championship, the Harvard-Yale game, and the World Series all rolled into one.



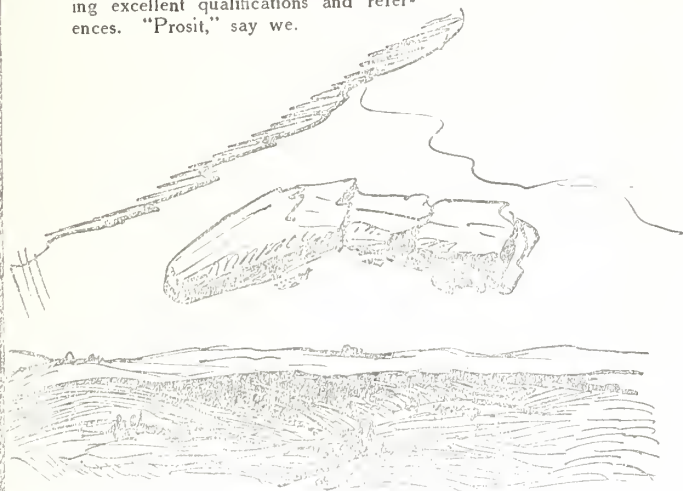
MUSSOLINI PROCLAIMS the second coming of the Roman Empire. Thousands of his enthusiastic countrymen decide to celebrate the event in a distant country.



ACCORDING to dry reports prohibition was a complete success in all our large cities on New Year's Eve.



A GERMAN BARBER applies for the vacant job of State Executioner, offering excellent qualifications and references. "Prosit," say we.



AN OFFICIAL BOARD OF INQUIRY has found that the destruction of the Shenandoah was due "to large, unbalanced, external aerodynamic forces." If we remember rightly our grandfathers used to call that "God."



NOW THAT "HAMLET" in modern clothes has proved to be a possibility, why not have Secretary Kellogg hire Horace Liveright and let him put on "Diplomacy" in the garments of the year of grace 1926 instead of the quaint neo-Elizabethan costumes now affected?

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

Wages for Wives

I. A Negative Report

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

MANY feminists feel that in these days of economic independence for women the position of a married woman would be improved if she received a salary for services. The question, therefore, of wages for wives is an irritating, if not a burning, issue.

The attitude of the average man was indicated by an inspector of elections who asked a voter her occupation. She answered, "House-wife." He wrote in his book, "None."

Two friends of mine married and, in the idealistic, emotional state induced by a honeymoon, discussed the question of future economic arrangements. The wife stated frankly and decisively that she was not the kind of woman who would be a parasite; that she wished to receive from her husband's salary, not an allowance but what she earned; to that and only that she was entitled. His income was about \$10,000 a year. He regarded the proposal as whimsical rather than logical, for the relationship was not that of employer and employee. They were about to found a home. His duty was to provide economically. Yet he was delighted.

"My dear," said he, "if we put this on an economic or a wage basis we must consider the various capacities in which we work for each other. As the matter at present stands you take the place of all the women in the world to me. I am, therefore, hiring you as sweetheart, housekeeper, mother, nurse, female entertainer, interior decorator, supervisor of cook and chambermaid, and in various other capacities. Of course you are not entitled to the salary that each of these would earn because you are doing them all. On the other hand, you are hiring me as a lover, insurance policy, economic provider, chauffeur, escort, social background, and, in general, to perform those things that a man may perform. Since we are employer and employee, how much do you want?"

"Well," said she, "my clothes cost me a certain amount. I must have spending money. There are doctors' bills, and besides these are the household expenses, including rent, food, and service. These, of course, you would pay."

"But," he said, "since we are talking wages, the only effect of your needs is as to the amount you can afford to work for. They do not interest me as an employer. Let us take the first item. As a sweetheart you are invaluable but, frankly, I do not know whether I should pay for this or not. You would disclaim payment for services of that kind and, anyhow, I compensate since I am your lover. I assume that these services balance each other."

"No," she answered, "men have always paid their mistresses. It always has been the accepted thing."

"But, of course," he said, "you will give me the privilege of leaving you any time I choose or of stopping this payment and hiring someone else if at any time you should not be satisfactory."

Her answer was that at present she was quite satisfactory, that if he were figuring her economic value he

must take into account all the services, whatever they might be, that she might render to anybody. When it came to figuring out the amount, however, they found themselves in difficulty. He insisted that he would give every last cent he had to have her as his sweetheart if he could not get her otherwise. She insisted, on the other hand, that as an employee she would work for one man in a position that pleased her at a much lower figure than for another. Finally they compromised on an amount of \$2,000 a year.

"But, of course," he said, "out of your wages you would pay half the rent, half the doctors' bills, half the food, and half the service since these things are done for you as well as for me." She assented to that, but in view of the deductions the figure was increased to \$3,000.

"How much are you going to pay me as a housekeeper?"

"What does a housekeeper do?" he asked.

"She supervises the cook and maids."

"But I can't afford a housekeeper as well as cooks and maids. Anyhow, it's a job that can only take half an hour a day, so why not throw it in?"

"No," she said, "we are trying to figure out a salary."

"But why should I pay a salary for work I don't need?"

"All right," she said, "then you supervise them, and fire and hire them, which, after all, is the chief part of supervision."

Beaten to it he finally inquired what housekeepers earn. She thought \$75 to \$100 a month plus board. "But then," he said, "they board at the homes of strangers. If they board at their own homes they pay for this themselves. Also I assume you intend to have our children around. The ordinary housekeeper would not have this privilege. We should fix the figure without board, and you should pay out of your salary your share of the expense for rent and living." The figure was fixed at \$1,000 a year.

"Now, how about compensation as a mother?"

"Don't you want to be a mother?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Then why should I pay for it?"

"Don't you want to be a father?" she asked.

"Of course I do."

"Why should I have all the bother, trouble, pain, nuisance, and care, and you have all the pleasure?"

"But how can we fix this unless we know the number of children. Besides, when one fixes earnings or wages one figures on market values. What would it cost a man to hire a woman to be the mother of his children? And since we are considering this from an economic point of view, children are an expense and not a profit. Your life would not be complete if you did not have children. It is the development and, perhaps, the chief function of a woman. But since I get some pleasure out of it and since, economically, I am not entitled to anything that I do not pay for, let's put this down at \$500 a year."

"You haven't considered it fully," she answered.

"You are merely figuring compensation for motherhood."

In addition to that there is the bringing up of the children, acting as their nurse, attending to their clothes, and similar matters. I am talking about my total services."

"But probably you would want to hire a maid."

"But there are times," she said, "when the children will be sick. A hired nurse is at most an understudy. By the way, while we are talking of nursing, who is going to take care of you in off-periods? Suppose I should die and you had to hire a woman merely to supervise the education of the children and to take care of them when they were sick and to take care of you, you would be very fortunate if you could get any one for less than \$25 a week, so that equitably there should be added at least another \$1,000 a year."

"Well, have we covered it yet?" said he.

"No," she said, "there are still other capacities in which I serve you. I must act as companion and entertainer for you and your friends, sew on your buttons, do your shopping, and perform other miscellaneous services."

"Well," said he, "let's put that down at \$500 a year. Now you have \$6,000, or \$500 a month. You are worth it. From this you pay half the expenses for rent, food, entertainment, automobile, servants, children's school, and clothes. Figure that at \$300 a month. Then, of course, you pay for your clothes and presents and all life-insurance premiums since you are the beneficiary. That doesn't leave you much of a surplus. Besides, it leaves you nothing to pay me for my services to you."

"That is what I was coming to," she said. "Your half of the expense for rent, food, and the other expenses referred to above would be \$300 a month. You would then have \$100 left over for your own expenses. Instead of doing it that way, why not give me \$500 a month to cover all home expenses? Out of the remaining \$4,000 you pay your club dues, insurance, automobile, rent, doctors, and other incidental expenses."

"Agreed," said he. The "allowance" was fixed at \$500 a month.

"After all," he said, "we are embarking on a joint undertaking—a sort of partnership."

"That gives me a thought," she said. "Why don't we jointly pay all bills and divide the surplus?"

"But I may need capital in my business."

"Well, let's leave it as it is. I'll save what I can out of the allowance."

Five years elapsed.

His salary had increased to \$15,000. She was receiving \$650 a month to take care of all home expenses. She always exceeded it somewhat and he made up the deficit. They had been reasonably companionable but she no longer met him at the door with a smile. There were two children. One could not exactly say that she was his sweetheart. She was herself, just a serious-minded, nervous, worried, and worrisome woman. He was a hard-working, tired business man. They took each other for granted. Either of them found emotional relief, outlet, or merriment in the company of others. She supervised the house, the servants, the care of the children, and did the shopping. His friends were welcome if they appealed to her; his customers never appealed.

"How about that theory of earnings?" he ventured one evening. "I've been thinking about it. The richer we are, the less work you do; the richer we are, the more you get. Ergo, the less the work, the more the pay."

"Money again," she replied. Any discussion about money matters resulted in an exchange of views as to all the differences that had existed between them from the time they were married.

He wondered whether his wife still thought she should receive merely what she earned. He remembered that the biggest item was paid to her as his sweetheart. He missed the cheerful humor and gay spirit which had been her greatest charm. He had no desire for other women, yet he lacked the buoyancy which comes from a live emotion.

Five years more elapsed.

His wife still received from him the same amount of money. Their lives had fallen into a groove. The house was where he lived; it was not a home. It was a place of gloom and irritated humor. He would have preferred to live somewhere else, at a hotel for instance, where people would wait upon him. At home he was merely the economic provider. Had he been a free man who was paying wages or compensation he would have handled the situation to suit himself. He reflected that there were no services for him which he wouldn't gladly relinquish were he an employer and free.

This situation lasted about a year. He left the house. He took a small hotel room. He paid \$600 a month for provision for wife and children. He received nothing from her. He did not have the companionship of the children. She was supported by him because she had been or was his wife. He realized that he was spending several hours of each day working for her. Why should she be economically free while he slaved? He certainly was not paying for services rendered. He concluded that when there was no emotional interest left between husband and wife there was no further obligation on the part of a wife toward a husband, but society and honor imposed upon the husband a further obligation toward the wife. He willingly accepted the obligation, for after all they had loved each other and he was in a sense responsible for the course her life had taken.

Wages are compensation for services rendered. Irrespective of service, there are two theories on which a woman is entitled to support. When a woman marries she gives up the possible opportunity of marrying someone else at a time when she would best be able to do so. Just what this opportunity is worth no one can tell, although juries are left to fix some sort of compensation in breach of promise suits. What is a fair payment to a woman for voluntarily giving up a potential someone else in order to marry a particular man? The second basis on which a wife is entitled to support is that she has given up the opportunity of making her way in the world economically. Under present conditions the bearing and rearing of children and the taking care of a home ordinarily interfere with a paid job.

These considerations impose on the man the obligation to provide for his wife and this irrespective of whether their lives continue together or separately. A man undertakes this when he marries. The amount depends upon the circumstances of the parties and their needs.

If one does try to work it out from the economic point of view the question would be, What is the market value of a wife per year?—a calculation which has never been satisfactorily established.

[An answer to Mr. Hays will be made in next week's issue of The Nation by Doris Stevens.]

Kawasaki Walks Out

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Tokio, December 2

KAWASAKI, fifteen years ago a country village, is today a sprawling mill town. Great skylight factories squat in the mud, sprouting giant smokestacks. They are twentieth-century Japan, copied servilely from Manchester and Lawrence; not a line in them suggests old Japan—not a broad eave, not a pine tree, not a window frame. But away from the mills spread little wooden houses surrounded by mud and reeking sewers but spotless-clean inside; and the open shops in the winding dirt streets offer fresh fish and green vegetables, eighteen-inch white radishes and red segments of squid, gay cotton kimonos and little wooden shoes, great porcelain fire-pots and straw floor-mats—and these are as different from a Western mill town as the rickshaws of Tokio from their competitors the taxicabs.

Opposite the railroad station a group of silent men stand beside a long cotton streamer which pleads for money to help the strikers. Another group, with red armbands advertising their purpose, is passing from store to store, soliciting—and getting—contributions to the relief fund. Outside the mill gates of the Fuji Spinning Company lolls an impressive cordon of policemen; and behind the mill, beyond a brown army tent in an open field, are red flags, a gesticulating speaker, and a crowd. The black-haired orator shaking his fists at the sun; the attentive, upward-gazing faces; the restless policemen uneasily guarding the fringes—these might belong to any nation in the industrialized world. The flags and their inscriptions are copied from the West; the speaker is preaching the Western sermon of class solidarity—but the color of the picture is brighter here. A delegation of fifty girls from a Tokio mill has brought a contribution to the strike fund—and their scarlet and purple kimonos, their white-socked feet shod with straw *geta*, their infinitely elaborated hair-dressing strike the note of old Japan.

The crowded little houses suggest a doll's village. In one low-ceiled room twelve or fifteen feet square a family cooks, eats, plays, sleeps. One side of the house is built of sliding door-windows, paned with glazed paper. There is no clutter—these people use no furniture and own no goods to make a mess. They sit cross-legged to eat, and sleep on the straw *tatami* that make their floors. A single electric light hangs from each ceiling; sometimes an American alarm clock is the only ornament; cooking is done over charcoal in a porcelain fire-pot or on a wood fire in the yard. Toilet facilities are of the simplest. The tiny yards, inclosed by shoulder-high wooden fences, are deep in mud, but not one lacks a garden corner—sometimes a diminutive pine or cedar; more often a bamboo tree; occasionally a three-foot-square patch of radish. And always an outdoor fire-pit. I delay my friends when we visit strike offices in these workers' homes, for my footgear is what the Japanese call "five-minute shoes," and we could never enter on muddy soles.

Two of these little houses have been converted into rice kitchens. There is no soup for the strikers, but there is rice and there is tobacco, all elaborately rationed and carefully distributed on a food-card system. One might

expect Japanese workers, new to organization, to be slipshod in these matters, but I have seldom seen a more efficiently functioning system. Three small wood fires have been built in hollows scooped in the mud. Great iron kettles, set upon bricks, boil merrily. A line of strikers' wives, babies carried papoose-like on their backs, wait patiently for the allotment. Supplies are late today, for the Tokio delegation is being fed—great round balls of sticky rice which require neither fork nor chop-sticks in the eating.

Here in Kawasaki, as in a hundred industrial villages of Japan, the Middle Ages meet the twentieth century. Here the old Japanese family system, face to face with the smoking chimneys of industry, is melting away; the religion of loyalty is dying; industrial class-consciousness is being born. This is almost the first strike in Japan in which women have played a leading part, but except for the gay sympathizers from Tokio the women mill-workers are invisible. I met one—a "modern" Japanese woman, who left her place as a primary-school teacher to work in a factory, and was among the sixteen workers whose discharge (after they had sought to form a union) precipitated the Kawasaki strike. The other fifteen were men. And when I first became aware of the presence of this representative of revolutionary modern womanhood she was on her knees, bowing her head to the floor in deferential greeting to each of the men present before she dared speak. When she spoke it was clear that she had a preciser mind and could tell more about conditions in the factory than any of the men present.

Three thousand girls are locked in the factory dormitories. Japan's spinning mills retain a link with feudalism long since outgrown in most other industries. City workers ask higher pay; they have absorbed something of the exigency of the West; so the Fuji company and its fellows send recruiting agents to the country, where girls are still simple-minded and docile. There they find peasants eager to borrow money with which to rent land—and contract with them for their daughters' services.* The company lends the parents money—perhaps eighty yen (about thirty-five dollars)—and the girls are its by a contract which amounts to slavery. The company agrees to pay the girls at the rate (in the Kawasaki mill) of 45 sen a day (about twenty cents); but out of this the girls have to repay fifteen sen for board and lodging, a half-day's wages a month for a "mutual-aid fund," and a varying sum as repayment on the loan. It takes two or three years to work off a thirty-five dollar loan.

These girls—anywhere from twelve to twenty years old—live as prisoners in the company dormitories; they rise at 4.30 in the morning, begin work at the machines at six o'clock; pause fifteen minutes at nine, half an hour at noon, fifteen minutes more at three; and stop at six.

* A report by Yoshisaka Shunzo, Japanese Director of Factory Inspection, published by the International Labor Office at Geneva, says that 610,000 workers are housed in dormitories attached to factories in Japan, and that more than half of these are "recruited" on the contract system. The system prevails in the textile, dyeing, and weaving mills, but is becoming more and more difficult to maintain as conditions in the dormitories become known in the rural districts. Girls can now be recruited only from the remotest parts of Japan.

The conditions may be judged by their demands in the Kawasaki strike. They asked (1) The privilege of going home when a parent or near-relative dies; (2) the privilege of seeing near-relatives who come to visit them; (3) that the money they save be not given to their parents without their consent; (4) meat or fish as part of their rations every other day; (5) permission to join the union; (6) reinstatement of the sixteen discharged workers. The Kawasaki strike was the first time that these little contract-girls from the country had joined in industrial revolt. Forty of them broke through the two hundred company guards one morning and joined the strikers outside the mill-gates. The others were driven back by sheer force. When the striking men paraded outside the factory walls the girls would try to climb up to the windows inside and would shout pitiful cries for help. Locked inside, they expressed their sympathy as effectively as they could; when the company introduced a radio concert to quiet them they refused to attend it.

At first the company spoke in terms which might have been translated from a Massachusetts mill-owner. "The company will forego its profits," it said, "and will even incur losses rather than have its own management policy infringed upon. The company will deal with individual workers at any time, but not with the union, for the latter does not represent its employees. . . . The company does not consider that there is any strike, but that the workers are kept away from work against their desire by an outsider in the form of the union." The national federation of spinning mill-owners met and indorsed the position of the Fuji company. But public opinion was against it—and he deceives himself who thinks that there is no such thing as public opinion in Japan. The Japan Federation of Labor brought help from the start of the strike; the Tenant Farmers Association sent 120 bushels of rice; the miners sent twenty organizers to help; a Chiba factory sent a bicycle corps of workers with a gift of 1,500 yen; from all over Japan donations poured into strike headquarters. The local merchants helped. A delegation of liberal Tokio lawyers, believing the imprisonment of the girls illegal, went to Kawasaki to interview the mill management, but could not get past the outside guards. Tokio newspapers protested. The district officials suggested a compromise. The police were friendly, although they

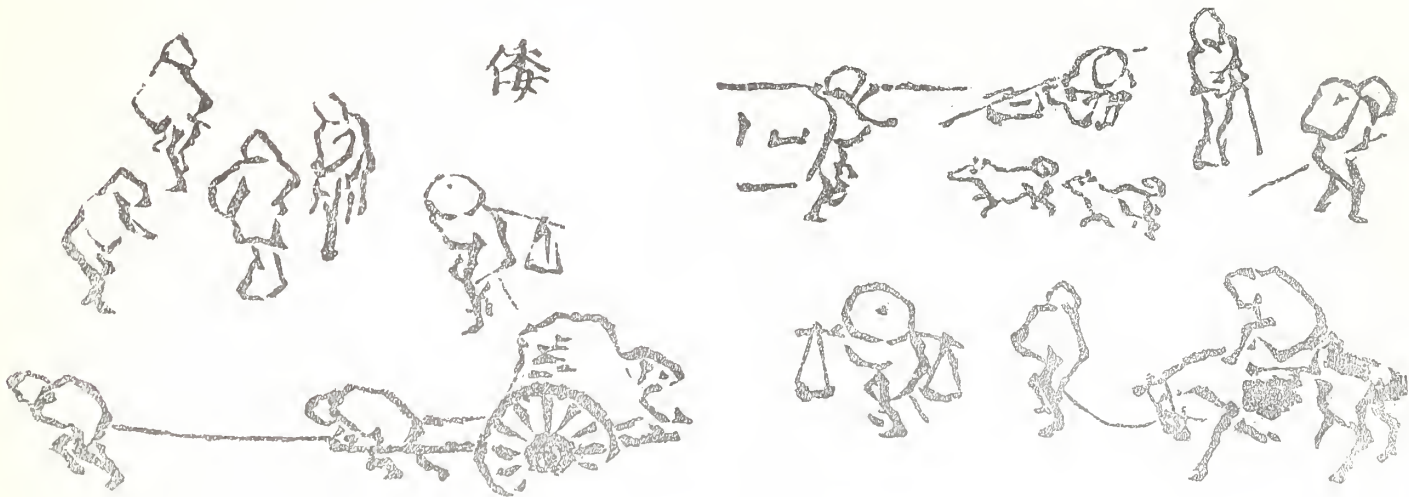
obeyed instructions and barred sympathetic parades from neighboring towns. In the two weeks of the strike fifty or sixty workers were arrested, but most of the police interference was in connection with violent disputes between the members of the moderate Federation of Labor and the local Communists, both of whom wanted to dominate the strike.

Finally the national Government persuaded the company to make a settlement which was almost a complete victory for the union. The company agreed to improve the food and to permit the contract workers to see their relatives and go home on occasion; not to dismiss any employees for participation in the strike, and to pay the strikers one-third wages for the period they were idle; and while it refused to reinstate the sixteen organizers it agreed to distribute some 4,000 yen among them as "dismissal allowance and comfort money."

The paternalism of that settlement is, I think, as typical of industrial Japan today as the barbarism of the contract system. The twentieth century and the Middle Ages meet on every hand—in architecture, in clothing, in the souls of the people.

You can never tell what to expect from the Japanese Government. You can, I think, guess what to expect from the workers. Like the engineers, they are copying the West. Three words constantly recurring at Kawasaki I needed no interpreter to translate: "strike," "union," "sabotage." They have been adopted into the language and practice of the Japanese worker. During the last week of the Kawasaki walk-out a sympathetic strike broke out at a mill owned by the same company at Hodogaya, which turned into a significant movement on its own account. It was another women's strike, in which the women adopted the syndicalist technique of going to their machines, but sitting idle while the empty spindles whirled and buzzed. One of the Kawasaki workers who knew a little English called my attention to a group of cheerful strikers sitting in the sun singing. "Same song American I. W. W.," he said; and, sure enough, the tune was Tannenbaum, and the song, translated, the familiar Red Flag song of the British workers. The Kawasaki boy was a little mistaken in his choral geography, but his idea was right.

When the Middle Ages meet the twentieth century, the twentieth century wins.



The New World Court

By WILLIAM HARD

III. As Derailment of Americanism

IN this article I shall contend that our proposed entrance into the new Permanent Court of International Justice would derail the United States from its true proper special international mission in two ways. First, it would derail it into the European system of "sanctions"—of peace by force. Second, it would derail it from all possibility of ever establishing in its own regions of special authority and of special responsibility an international system on the basis clearly outlined by our forefathers—a system of peace by consent.

I begin by noting how continuously, how persistently, and (in the end) how vainly, a certain abiding element among us strives to thrust the United States into a dance under Europe's dazzling mirror! How odd, how perverse, how disgraceful, it seems now that in the era immediately succeeding the Napoleonic wars we had certain numerous American specialists in peace propaganda who sent congratulations to that throttler of European continental liberty, Alexander the First of Russia, organizer of that scheme of political diabolism, the Holy Alliance! Alexander was going to extinguish representative government on the European continent, by force; and then he was going to reduce armaments and have peace. So they overlooked his means and gazed at his asserted end and congratulated him. Throughout our history these Americans among us have always stood ready to applaud peace achieved by any methods whatsoever in Europe; and throughout our history they have not produced one important effort for achieving peace on an American basis in the Americas.

They call themselves cosmopolitans, internationalists; they really are unreclaimed provincials, colonials, unable to lift their eyes from their European metropolis.

Against them, in generation after generation, the voice of attempted arrived Americanism has been raised. Henry Clay raised it in Congress in 1820 when he exclaimed: "We look too much abroad. Let us break these fetters. Let us no longer watch the nods of European politicians. Let us become real and true Americans and place ourselves at the head of an American system."

These Americanizing efforts have been as vain among us as the efforts toward Europeanization. What we have witnessed, from our foundation till now, has been a deadlock between these two opposing forces. We do not go to Europe; and we do not accomplish our duty in the Americas and in the Orient.

Again we are in the midst of a surge toward Europe. We are told that we must join the new Permanent Court of International Justice in order to help mankind. What is meant, in fact, is European mankind.

The new Court has handled sixteen subjects. Thirteen of them have come from the continent of Europe. Two of them have come from Mediterranean possessions of European countries. The remaining one has come out of a

dispute between the power which holds London and the power which holds Constantinople.

The work of this new Court, exactly like all the actual important political work of the whole of the League of Nations, is European. We deal here with institutions which call themselves world-wide and which indeed bear a certain illusory world-wide guise, but which in fact and in essence devote themselves merely and only in high politics to the settlement of European questions and to the inveigling of the rest of the world into the upbuilding of a new and universally dominant European community.

I congratulate them. They are doing more for themselves than we for ourselves are doing. They are doing more for their sort of peace than we are doing for our sort of peace. I felicitate them. We Americans are stunned by Locarno. Why? Before this big European Locarno there were little European Locarnos.

In 1922 Czecho-Slovakia and Austria agreed that they would settle all disputes between them—all—either by "amicable arrangement" or by judicial settlement. In 1923 Poland and Esthonia and Latvia and Finland agreed that they would settle all disputes between them—all—by "exclusively pacific methods," involving (if necessary) judicial settlement. Again in 1923 Austria and Hungary agreed that they would settle all disputes between them—all—either by diplomacy or by an arbitral body.

These little Locarnos came before the big Locarno and were part of the same stream of European tendency. Note that they all are "regional." Note that they all are groupings by peoples around a certain spot toward peace on that spot. Note that, as the spots accumulate, they begin to constitute a new integrated Europe. Note that thus Europe, without any official help whatsoever from us, is on its way toward a new mighty youth.

Strange, is it not, that the Continent which is the fountain of our civilization should be able to draw its refreshment from its own ancient resources without indebtedness to the American frontier cascade which flowed from it? Yes. Strange indeed it must have seemed to the college boys who next month were assembled out of so many American colleges to meet together and to demand our entrance into the new Permanent Court of International Justice on the ground that they must help the world and that Europe needs their brains!

Yet a disheartening thought, to which I have already alluded, immediately occurs. With all these splendid graduate and undergraduate brains of ours, which Europe is said so much to need, where are our American Locarnos?

Have we a Locarno with Mexico? Of course not. Have we a Locarno with Haiti or Santo Domingo or Nicaragua? Certainly not. In our passion for peace, have we forbidden war with any of the countries which so often hear the tread of our marines? Perish the thought! Do our American specialists in peace plans and in prizes for peace plans concentrate upon an American peace with our American victims? No! Absolutely and eternally no! If they did,

they would cease to be the chief and most valuable screens and allies of our contemporary American imperialists. No, they give to contemporary American imperialism a passing glance and then they leave it in the shadow and concentrate upon bringing peace to Europeans who have signed treaties much more far-reaching toward peace (of their sort) than any treaties are that are even suggested for us to sign in our own areas of dominance and duty.

What do such people represent? They represent a well-known form of what our modern mental philosophers call something like "substitution." They represent what our medieval theological philosophers equally aptly called an attempt to escape from the consciousness of sin. Having failed to perform their duty where they are, they fly to perform it where they are not.

We are in the Orient. Even before we took the Philippines we were in the Orient. We were there with special duties, special rights. On February 28, 1844, under special orders from Secretary of State Daniel Webster, there arrived at Macao, off the southern coast of China, with two frigates and a sloop of war, Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts. He demanded, he secured, audience with the aloof and contemptuous dignitaries of China. He demanded, he secured, a treaty with China. With that treaty we began to be one of the concert of Powers in China and in the whole Far East. We cooperated with that concert in opening the Japanese Strait of Shimonoseki, by naval force, in 1863. We have cooperated with that concert continuously in matters of extraterritoriality and in matters of tariff in China. Through ancient wrongs in the Far East we have contemporary rights and responsibilities in the Far East. We have none in Europe. We are not a European Power. We were, we are, an Oriental Power.

Where then is our Oriental Locarno? There is a Four-Power Treaty between us and Britain and France and Japan. Under this treaty we agree to respect one another's possessions in the Pacific. We do not agree to respect one another. We must not attack Japan's loot, Formosa. We are free to attack Japan. Japan is free to attack us. Where is our Locarno outlawing war between us and Britain and France and Japan in the Oriental region? It is nowhere. It does not exist.

We are American enough not to go to Europe; and yet we are so provincial and so colonial that we do not seem to be able to bring our minds to bear upon doing anything fundamentally effective for peace outside Europe. That is our situation.

Our proposed entrance into the new World Court is the cunningest device that we have ever faced for making us finally, after all, into the little brother of Europe and for making us finally, after all, forget and forfeit our possible leadership and headship of an American System. It is the cunningest because, as I pointed out last week, it takes us into "sanctions" without our knowing that we are going into "sanctions." And when we once have gone into "sanctions," when we once have gone into a recognized organized system for the joint international coercion of sovereign states, we shall have ceased to be, in the sense of the American Constitutional Convention of 1787, Americans.

We have used force waywardly and even inexcusably many times in the course of our national history. We have more than once followed international coercion as a devil. We never yet have enshrined it as a god. It is the differ-

ence between falls into sin and the elevation of iniquity into righteousness.

The members of the American Constitutional Convention of 1787 considered fully the problem of "sanctions." The word was as familiar to them as it is to us. They were acquainted with all the phrases, all the ideas, of all political time. Lord Chatham said that our Continental Congress of 1775 had never been surpassed in the records of legislative bodies for "solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, wisdom of conclusion." Our Constitutional Convention was superior even to that Congress. It explored "sanctions" through and through. James Madison, in his diary of the convention, early reports that "the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted its practicability when applied to a people collectively." He then subsequently reports that "the practicability of making coercive sanctions against sovereign states has been exploded on all hands." The idea of "sanctions" was thereupon totally abandoned by the convention.

Naturally, no work by legislators can prevent two sections of a country from springing to arms against each other if they are determined to spring. That is not the point. The point is that not even against the States of this Union were our constitutional forefathers willing to give even to our own Supreme Court the right to enforce its mandates by "sanctions." That court has issued many decisions against States in this Union. There have been evasions, there have been delays, in the obeying of certain of those decisions. Never has there been any effort to compel obedience to those decisions by force.

What our forefathers rejected between our own States they would infinitely more emphatically have rejected as a means of peace between countries actually foreign and alien to one another. Our forefathers believed that a system of "sanctions," instead of being conducive to peace, would be cumulatively productive of eternal warfare.

But the Permanent Court of International Justice is the adviser of the League of Nations, and the League of Nations is the enforcer of the Court's decisions and of its own decisions by force of starvation, by force of blood, by "sanctions," by might of an attempted universal Tower of Babel concealing but aiding and abetting the rise of a new and greater force-ridden, force-bearing Europe.

So, in sum, I say that we Americans again have our choice.

If the Americas bore us; if the Orient bores us; if home fills us with tedium; if we detest laboring to protect the Nicaraguans against ourselves; if we yawn at the task of freeing China from its exploiters (including ourselves); if we feel that our true happiness must lie in protecting Austrians against Hungarians, or Hungarians against Austrians, who have already by treaty protected themselves; if we pine to play about in an area all sown with "sanctions"; if we want to watch them bursting in air and making life lively; if we want to absorb ourselves into a system philosophically irreconcilably hostile to our own original traditional system; if we want at last definitively to abandon our system and to be reannexed definitively to a scheme of things which has filled Europe with glory and Asia and Africa with tears—why, then, let us join this new Court!

If, on the other hand, we abide in the American distrust of "sanctions"; if we reproach ourselves for not hav-

ing tried to build up in the Americas and in the Orient an American peace by consent without "sanctions"; if we wish to remain free to build up that sort of peace on that sort of foundation; if we do not wish to add to a long neglect of our duty a final sale of our birthright; if we are not willing to exchange the possibility of an American System for the certainty of the perpetual dominance of the European System; if we are not willing to become even the acclaimed and flattered savior of that European System; if we can still hear John Quincy Adams saying that our

mingling into the European System would "change the fundamental maxims of the policy of America from liberty to force" and would bring it about that "the frontlet on her brow would no longer beam with the splendor of freedom, but in its stead there would be substituted an imperial diadem, flashing in false luster, the murky radiance of dominion and power"; and if we can still hear him saying that thus in a Europe of force "America might become the dictatress of the world, but would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit"—why, kill our entrance into this new Court!

A Reply to Mr. Hard

By WALTER LIPPMANN

UNTIL I read Mr. Hard's articles I did not know that he was prepared not only to oppose and denounce those who, like myself, favor America's joining the World Court but to explain our aberrations as well. He says we are attempting to escape from the consciousness of sin. He thinks we have sinned in the Americas against nations like the Mexicans and the Haitians, and that we are turning to Europe in an effort to forget our sins. He thinks that we want to protect "Austrians against Hungarians or Hungarians against Austrians" because we do not want to think about protecting Haitians against Americans.

Mr. Hard may know better than I know it myself why I favor the World Court; so in the face of his beautiful certainty I must not speak dogmatically. I think I am for the World Court because I think it may help to maintain peace somewhat. I may be mistaken both as to what the World Court will do and as to why I think what I think about it. But if I am going to have a diagnosis made upon me, I would like somebody to do it who is not suffering, as Mr. Hard is suffering, from extreme absent-mindedness.

Mr. Hard has just written three articles arguing that Europe can take care of itself without our assistance, and that we ought to confine our activities to the Americas and to the Orient. For these are "our own areas of dominance and duty," whereas Europe and the affairs of Europe are no practical concern of ours. When I read this I wondered whether Mr. Hard had ever heard of the war which we entered in 1917. It is almost certain that Mr. Hard knew about that war at the time, but somehow he failed to mention it in any of his three articles devoted to outlining the foreign policy and describing the destiny of these United States.

I cannot regard as serious a theory of foreign policy which fails to take account of such an enormous fact as the participation of two million Americans in a war on European soil. For while it is excellent to talk about our dominance and duty and our sins in the Americas, neither our dominance nor our duty nor our sins in the Caribbean ever drew us into such a frightful mess as did somebody else's sins in the Balkans. Mr. Hard speaks with feeling about "our nineteen dead marines at Vera Cruz"; he says nothing about our fifty thousand dead soldiers in France. So, if in advocating the World Court I am trying to forget Vera Cruz, what, I should like to know, is Mr. Hard trying to forget when he forgets the Argonne?

A theory of American foreign policy formulated in the year 1925 which does not consider the *fact* that rightly

or wrongly, for good or for evil, we were drawn into the European war is not a very deeply considered theory. The area of our "dominance and duty" may be in the Americas and the Orient, but it was a war originating in Europe which really made a difference in our lives. I do not mean to underrate the importance of reforming our policy toward Latin America, but in their effect on American life, on American interests, on the whole course of our civilization, how is it possible to compare the effects of our interventions in Latin America with the effects of our intervention in Europe? However, Mr. Hard does not compare them. He just omits all reference to our intervention in Europe.

A theory of American foreign policy which is as one-sided as that is will not help a man to consider the World Court fairly. Mr. Hard, I say flatly, does not write fairly about the Court. I charge him with prejudice. For example: "The new Court has handled sixteen subjects. On only four of them has it made decisions of its own. On all the rest of them it has been the mere attorney of the League." That implies that the Court is to the League what a lawyer is to his client. That is wholly untrue. The judges of the Court are entirely independent of the League. They cannot be removed by the League. Their Court cannot be abolished by the League. The statute under which they operate cannot be changed by the League. They are nominated not by the League but by the national groups in the old Hague Court. After the nominations are made, the Powers of the League plus certain others elect them. If we sign the protocol we shall take part in the election without any obligation under the Covenant of the League. The pay of the judges was fixed by the Assembly, but it cannot be decreased during the period of their appointment. A judge serves for nine years. He cannot be removed except by the unanimous opinion of all the judges and deputy-judges.

I submit that these men are not in a relation to the League like that of an attorney to his client. I submit further that a fair examination of the whole question of advisory opinions will convince anyone that Mr. Hard misunderstands the word "advisory." It is true the word sounds as if the League could go to the Court and say: "Tell us how to do this or that. Tell us how to give an appearance of legality to our policy." But that is not what the advisory opinions actually are. They are opinions delivered publicly after a public hearing on a point of law and they differ from the ordinary opinion of a court only in that the proceedings are not started by the parties at interest. The League may ask the Court for an opinion

as to its powers under the Covenant or the League may ask the Court to decide a legal question which arises in the course of a dispute that is before the League. In any case the Court is probably free to refuse to give an opinion; it is certainly free to give the opinion the judges think right; and there is no power in the League as such which can coerce the opinion. The judges, of course, may be subject to the pressure of influences, but that weakness would exist in any court anywhere, and has nothing whatever to do with the League or with advisory opinions.

I am not sure I think the advisory opinion is a good thing. Yet the State of Massachusetts has used the device for a long time. But whether it is good or bad I am sure of one thing: No man trying to state the matter fairly would say that when the Supreme Court of Massachusetts renders an advisory opinion it is the mere attorney of the party in power. Yet that is what Mr. Hard would like his readers to think about the World Court.

He would also like them to think that by signing the protocol we shall become bound to back up the decisions of the Court by force of arms. No such obligation exists in law, but he thinks we should be in honor bound. I think this is a romantic view of the matter.

If we went to war against what is called a covenant-breaking state, it would not be because we belonged to the World Court but because we belonged to the world. We should be drawn in, no matter whether we had commitments or not, just as we were drawn in when we had no commitments in 1917, because in an era when commerce is world-wide neutrality is impossible in a great war. For modern war involves the blockade, and you have either got to assist the blockade or break it. You cannot be neutral in the face of a blockade. The United States especially cannot be neutral, for it is so great a source of munitions of war that the whole success of the blockade would depend upon the policy of the United States. If we allowed the blockade to be established we should strike a fatal blow against the blockaded Power; and if we ran the blockade we should ruin the blockading Power.

For that reason we shall always be involved in any war that is not merely a local war. Our entrance into the Court or even the League will not add to, or take away from, our entanglement in the affairs of the world. To my mind, therefore, the risks of association with Europe in time of peace are negligible since we are bound to be associated anyway in time of war. It seems to me sensible, therefore, to use our power in time of peace to give prestige to any agency which is designed to increase the facilities for peaceable adjustment. Since we cannot escape a great war if it comes, we do not add to our peril, and we may lessen it if we support institutions like the Court, which are intended to make war less likely.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter heard the other day that the ice was eight inches thick in the middle of a certain lake in northwestern Connecticut and fourteen inches thick around the edges, he was minded to take the next train for the north. The ice, of course, has often been as thick as that; but thick ice and no snow to speak of make a combination rare enough to be sought after. Skating, for those who enjoy it, is then at its best; fishing through a hole chopped with a hatchet offers a fine morning's entertain-

ment; and if these less strenuous diversions become tiresome, the visitor can always stand around on one foot and offer advice and an occasional shoulder while ice for next summer is being cut. Around the rim of the lake the Drifter can picture the winter woods, bare except for the pines and hemlocks, yet colored with the peculiar purplish light that lies on them from November on. If there are animals abroad—and most of them are sound asleep or gone elsewhere—they scurry over dried leaves and yellowed ferns and pick up a precarious living from partridge berries and the like. The laurel is still green and bright; a few burning brown leaves cling to the oak branches. It is, taken all in all, a most engaging time of year, less often celebrated, less spectacular, but fully as alluring as the more famous spring or ardent fall.

* * * * *

THE Drifter remembers vividly a description of W. H. Hudson's of winter near the Land's End. Outdoors it is damp and cold; inside the small stone houses, with walls two feet thick, fires of dried furze strive with the winter temperature and the rain. The room is lighted only by an inadequate lamp; the great stone fire-place yawns darkly; a heap of furze is thrown on the hearth and in a few seconds the room is a blaze of light and the heat unbearable. But only for a moment; presently it is as dark and cold as before, and until another burning bush is thrown down, the inhabitants shiver and drip. How different is the scene indoors near the Drifter's Connecticut lake. There the fireplaces have been closed off except in one room; stoves glow redly, the rooms are pleasantly dry and snug, and in the one chimney left open logs a foot through burn and are replenished all day. There are apples in the cellar and hickory nuts in a bag hung from the rafters in the woodshed. There is even a fender to hold lazy feet and a glass of something hot and fiery. If the frozen lake is alluring, how much more so this heat and drowsy comfort and pleasant inactivity! It is not even necessary to think of cutting wood, for this was done last November by an industrious and insistent buzz-saw.

* * * * *

IT is deplorable to think that millions of persons live through entire winters in New York without ever experiencing any of these things. For them the fireplace is the steam radiator, the lake an indoor skating rink, the glass of something hot a synthetic concoction with ice in it. Surely the human race can sink no lower. The Drifter pities those specimens of it; if he were actually by his fireside in Connecticut—or, more accurately, the fireside of an accommodating friend—he could pity them even more. As it is, he is doomed for the present to a steam radiator, but in memory he has known Eden. He can look out the window and see blown apple branches instead of radio apparatus, dried cornstalks in place of flying bits of newspaper, stiff grass and not uneven asphalt. The roar of the wind from the valley is in his ears instead of crashing motor trucks; his fellow-men are few and far between, beating their way along a sheltered ridge or down a rutty, frozen road. And instead of the almost imperceptible change in the city from winter to mid-winter, and then to late winter and early spring, he can imagine the delights of sugaring off, the first rush of water underneath the ice, the ice breaking up, and the tremendous advent of a crocus leaf.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Lewisohn's "Israel"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To students of race and racial characteristics no book published in the past year equals in interest Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's "Israel." The problem of the Jewish race in its relation to the rest of the community is there presented with understanding and sympathy. That this problem exists cannot now be denied. And it has sprung up in this country in the last fifty years. The race problem is not a new one over here. Seventy-five years ago an equivalent prejudice, though founded on different grounds, existed against the Irish in this country. "No Irish need apply" was a frequent insertion in advertisements here. Let the Jewish race give up claiming that they are "hundred per cent American." Let them be satisfied with being seventy-five per cent American and twenty-five per cent Hebrew. All the rest of us acknowledge and take some pride in our racial ancestry. The Jew can well and proudly claim that his race is the only pure race, the only race that has preserved for three thousand years its physical and mental characteristics; that the rest of the Americans are hybrids composed of a mixture of strains—Saxon, Teutonic, Slavic, Celtic, Latin, etc.—and that this very purity of racial strain gives the Jew a cause for pride. With this in mind the Jews should found, support, and patronize their own universities, hospitals, and other institutions of aid and culture, take a pride in their race and heritage and not try to deny them or force themselves into the society of Gentiles. And let the Gentiles, on the other hand, remember that Christ was born of the Jewish race and bear themselves toward the Jewish race accordingly.

New York, January 7

LAWRENCE GODKIN

Opponents of Militarism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please permit me to correct a slight inaccuracy in one of this week's [December 23] editorial paragraphs of *The Nation*. You mention Morris R. Cohen as the only professor of the College of the City of New York courageous enough to take a public stand against compulsory military science at the institution. This does a grave injustice to several other members of the faculty who were as outspoken and as vigorous if not as prompt in their criticism as was Professor Cohen. Particularly to be commended is Professor William B. Otis, one of the directors of the National Security League! Not only did he speak in behalf of the students' cause at his weekly forum in Public School No. 111, but he addressed a student rally at the college as well, and together with Professor Breithut of the chemistry department led the fight of the subsequent faculty meeting.

New York, December 23

A STUDENT

Getting a Hearing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With interest and some dismay I read not long ago in *The Nation* a statement which I hope may be symbolically rather than actually true. The statement, contained in an editorial headed *An American Paradox* [November 11], was to the effect that "Literary interest and literary talent are extraordinarily diffused in America. Nearly everybody can read, nearly everybody can write, and, as a result, almost anyone with anything to say is sure of a hearing."

I will not be personal. That it has become almost as much of a problem to dispose of rejection slips as it has to rid the house of disused razor blades is a fact whose explanation the

discerning mind will readily derive from the above-quoted statement. But there are yet to be accounted for two other classes of literary people from whose ranks I am eliminated. These are the perhaps few, perhaps many, who also receive rejection slips but who do have something to say nevertheless, and that menacingly large class of real 24-karat authors who are perpetually featured in our magazines but who long since have ceased to have anything to say. Thus it is that the covers of magazines contain a good deal of high-power ammunition which is never fired off inside.

And of that first class of writers, what? The very Titans of literature themselves are proud of the fact that for ten years they never succeeded in publishing a thing. And yet one must suppose that in that early day they had something to say, though it is gone from them now.

To be "sure of a hearing" is, I am afraid (and trust), a privilege not immediately accorded to owners of ideas, valuable or otherwise. No, Mr. Editor, you haven't given us the whole story. A link of logic is missing. Some day, when you have time and a column to fill, won't you amend that statement of yours to read: "Almost anyone with anything to say is sure of a hearing, if somebody will lift him up on his shoulders where he can be seen—and heard."

Schenectady, N. Y., November 21

DAVID O. WOODBURY

More About Bishop Brown

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Rowland F. Nye, in your issue of December 9, voices a common misunderstanding concerning the case of Bishop William Montgomery Brown when he criticizes *The Nation* for noting editorially what actually happened in New Orleans.

In the first place, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church was "deposed" and the tradition that Episcopal orders are indelible was thus sacrificed. In the second place, contrary to the traditions of the church, a man who subscribed in full to all the statements of the creeds, and whose honesty in the matter was never even questioned, was nevertheless held guilty because he did not interpret those dogmas as his judges wished them interpreted. But again, contrary to all the traditions, his judges refused to state *how* they wished them interpreted, but fell back, exactly as you stated, "on the sacred fourth-century words of the liturgies as 'doctrine' to which a bishop must subscribe."

If Mr. Nye had read the opinion of the Review Court, whose findings were ratified by the House of Bishops, he would not have to ask what those words were; for if the Nicene Creed is not a fourth-century wording of Christian faith, what is it? That it is a "doctrine" of the church, however, was disputed by Bishop Brown, on the ground that the Prayer Book itself does not make such a claim but presents the creeds rather as liturgies, while distinctly referring to the Holy Scriptures as the sole standard of Episcopal doctrine.

But the big point in Bishop Brown's case is not that he was unfairly treated. It is, as you intimated, that the church could not find him guilty without sacrificing not only its traditions but its common sense. For Bishop Brown, from the first, admitted the *right* of the church to hold its bishops to any standard of doctrine which the church saw fit to impose; and agreed to plead guilty, and resign without a trial, if his judges would declare their own literal belief in the dogmas which he was accused of controverting.

Bishop Brown, to be sure, does not look upon the church as a political party, held together by an agreement to stand by certain defined doctrines. He looks at it, rather, as a family; and if one member of a family disagrees with the others on some point of doctrine, it is not considered incumbent upon him to resign from the family. But if an agreement upon doc-

trine is required, common sense would seem to demand that something be stated upon which to agree; and Bishop Brown's great contribution to modern thought has been his demonstration that no such doctrinal standard can be raised today.

He admitted from the start that he did not believe the creeds literally and that he doubtless did not believe them as they were originally intended to be believed. The people who formulated them believed that the earth was flat and that heaven was upstairs and hell down below; and that they intended that others should believe exactly this is evident from the way they treated unbelievers as soon as they were strong enough to gain jurisdiction over them.

Bishop Brown, however, while freely admitting his guilt, if the creeds must be interpreted as they were originally intended, pointed out that the application of the old standard would find everybody else guilty as well. But if he were allowed to interpret them symbolically, he asked that some standard of symbolic interpretation be employed. The answer of the church, after the Review Court had pondered this problem for eight months, was to ignore the whole question and fall back (as Bishop Brown warned them that they would have to) upon those old fourth-century wordings which no modern churchman can possibly accept, unless he, just like the bishop, reads modern meanings into them.

There is no question, to be sure, that Bishop Brown's views are very different from the views of any other bishop and of the vast majority of the other spokesmen of the church. But the fact remains that they can not *try* him for this divergence without committing the church, as it was committed in New Orleans, to a standard which nobody can accept.

"You do not agree with us," the church very properly told him.

"Correct," said the bishop. "What of it?"

"We shall put you out," they said.

"For what?" he asked.

"For not believing as we do," they said.

"What do you believe?" he inquired.

"The Creeds," he was told.

"So do I," he said.

"But not in the way we do," they explained.

"In what way do you believe them?" he asked.

"In the right way, of course," was the answer, "but we won't go into that. Here are the words of the Creeds and here are your words. To be sure, each of us interprets the words differently, and nobody can interpret them today as the fourth-century formulators did; but here is their formula, here are your words; it is easy to see that they do not tally."

It was not very nice of *The Nation* to make any comment upon such purely ecclesiastical proceedings, but the comment which it did make was in exact accordance with the facts. The only excuse for making it is that the Bishop Brown case marks an epoch in American thinking which has hitherto been greatly clouded by the assumption that the church does "teach" certain things. The church does not teach. It learns. It learns slowly, but it learns.

New York, December 10

CHARLES W. WOOD.

A Word on Musical Criticism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Haggin's exposition of jazz in *The Nation* of December 9 is something for which musician and layman alike should be very grateful.

Such devastating penetration as Mr. Haggin's is an example of what musical criticism should really possess. It is obvious that the author of it derives his clarity from a mind and aesthetic comparatively removed from the necessity of daily utterance, and correspondingly capable of arriving at more

useful and discerning conclusions than characterize current musical criticism.

New York, December 4

ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY

Speed Control for Automobiles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. John H. Bartlett, the First Assistant Postmaster General at Washington, in courteous reply to my letter of inquiry, writes me, under date of December 17, that "All government-owned mail trucks are equipped with devices which make it impossible to operate them in excess of a certain speed."

The point I wish to make is this—that what has been done, *and done successfully*, by the federal government for the reduction of automobile accidents and fatalities could be done successfully by the various State governments; and that the government of the State of New York could, and should, pass a law making it compulsory that all the automobiles in the State, whether privately owned or otherwise, should be "equipped with devices to make it impossible to operate them in excess of a certain speed" (a speed consistent with public safety.)

Chicago, Christmas Day

BERTRAND SHADWELL

He Wears a Hat

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What, may I ask, has become of those most worthy of crusaders who last spring so loudly demanded a "hatless Manhattan"?

Have they, with heads exposed to the blazing rays of an August sun, like the stricken horse, passed on to their reward or has the withering frost of early November driven them into hibernation where they await the vernal call of another season?

A good, comfortable hat is one of God's finest gifts to humanity. I am not a hat-maker. I plow corn for a livelihood, and sure realize the value of a good hat.

Oradell, N. J., November 10

HENRY T. BELLEW

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author of "The Story of Mankind," "Tolcrance," and other books, is contributing a weekly page of drawings to *The Nation*.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS is a New York lawyer. He was a member of the counsel for defense in the Scopes evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee. He will debate the subject of this article with Doris Stevens at *The Nation's* dinner on February 4, in New York.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is in China studying the present situation.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

WALTER LIPPMANN is chief editorial writer for the New York *World*.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER lives in Denver, Colorado.

H. M. PARSHLEY is associate professor of zoology at Smith College.

BABETTE DEUTSCH has recently published a second volume of verse, "Honey Out of the Rock."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is a frequent contributor to current periodicals.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend."

MARIAN TYLER is a member of *The Nation* staff.

Books, Music, Plays

Pueblo Legend

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

The ancient tribes, when they and earth were new,
Dwelt on lush emerald fields, set in a frame
Of silver streams, and hunted willing game;
Fat with unending feasts: for Awanyu,
Plumed serpent-god of water sources, threw
His rivers down to them . . . till they became
Indifferent and ceased to bless his name.
Then, to the deeps of heaven he withdrew.

Long must dry lips of thirsty deserts pray
Before the rain's cool cup is theirs to take.
Still, Awanyu, who is the Milky Way,
Unpardoning, swims down his dark sky lake.
Did padres know, who at San Felipe
Carved round a font the image of a snake?

First Glance

THOMAS HARDY is perhaps the only poet today who could and would fill 279 pages with poems most of which are bad and all of which are interesting. He has done this in "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles" (Macmillan: \$2.25), a volume which at eighty-five reveals Mr. Hardy in all the baldness of his worst technique and yet is continuously readable. I could name several dozen pieces here and defy anyone to match them in all reputable English verse for grittiness and crabbed cacophony. But some of these very pieces I should also have to place among those English poems which I most respect; they, with others in this volume, have become new evidence supporting my old conviction that Mr. Hardy is far and away the most considerable of living British poets. I am not saying, either, that I like these poems in spite of their faults. I have grown to like even Mr. Hardy's faults, and suspect indeed that they are but aspects of some deep central virtue which deserves a better definition than it has ever got. In the case of this poet, as in the case of every other good poet whom I know, the thing seen is quite inseparable from the thing said; to rearrange his words would be to destroy the world which they have so patiently built.

The temptation is strong to find "Human Shows" expressing the old age of its author. One could seem to make a case by beginning on the first page with the little dialogue in which the poet and a star discover that they both are merely waiting until some change shall come. One might go on then to several pieces in which Mr. Hardy represents himself as walking like a ghost of old days among new dancers and new lovers who do not know him. And there would seem to be significance in numerous poems dealing concretely with death—in the address, for instance, to six boards which one day will have much in common with him who speaks to them, or in the remarkable lyric called When Dead:

It will be much better when
I am under the bough;
I shall be more myself, Dear, then,
Than I am now.

No sign of querulousness

To wear you out

Shall I show there: strivings and stress

Be quite without.

This fleeting life-brief blight

Will have gone past

When I resume my old and right

Place in the Vast.

But it must be remembered that Mr. Hardy has always been old and that he has always written poems. A few poems here are dated back as far as fifty years; others hail from their author's prime; and of the dozens which are undated I am sure it would be unsafe to talk in terms of internal evidence. I prefer on the whole to take "Human Shows" simply as one more collection of dramatic lyrics by a poet whose pleasure it has been to create within himself an infinite variety of human moods and to give them the most concise and gleaming form possible to his pen. The next book by Mr. Hardy cannot be older than this one, nor has any previous book been younger. His consistency has been quite as great as his variety.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Tower and a Light

Cornish Granite. Extracts from the Writings and Speeches of Lord Courtney of Penwith. Compiled by Esme C. M. Stewart and E. Satterthwaite, with an introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. London: Leonard Parsons. 6/.

LORD COURTNEY was a Cornishman of principles truly as strong and unshakable as granite—a type of statesman, it often seems to us, which England alone can produce, albeit in far too small numbers. He was distinctly of the material of which Bright and Cobden were made, and in his devotion to peace and international good-will, his never-failing championship of free trade, his thirst for justice, and his opposition to imperialism he walked in their footsteps. Like John Stuart Mill he was called "the conscience of the House of Commons," and like John Morley he could sacrifice high office for conscience' sake. As Morley left the Cabinet when the World War came, so Courtney resigned as Secretary to the Treasury in protest against the non-inclusion of proportional representation in the Gladstone Reform Bill of 1884—as he had also deprived himself of a Cabinet seat by refusing to go along with Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule issue. Finally he gave up his seat in Parliament in 1900 because of his opposition to his country and its government during the Boer War. The World War fulfilled several longstanding predictions of his—that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany in 1871 was a dreadful mistake and that the armament race of the nations could have only one ending. During it he spoke out bravely for an early and just peace, refused to hate and vilify the enemy, and pleaded the cause of the conscientious objector although he himself was not opposed to all war. As he was then in his eighties, and totally blind, he could make no other protests; he was the exact type of Englishman who should have made the peace at Versailles.

Curiously enough this internationally minded Liberal was for fourteen years a member of the staff of the London *Times*; a leader-writer of distinction under the famous Delane and at the same time a member of the Radical Club and the Political Economy Club. Yet he could not compromise his principles, and he was happy to graduate to a political life in which he could at all times stand for the things he believed in without thought of cost or consequences. "My maxim of international

conduct," he wrote, "is to make friends of all and allies of none." Like George Washington he was for "no entangling alliances" for his country, and he particularly warned his countrymen against the type of international pledge which took England, to her utter misfortune, into the World War. Especially severe was this graduate of the imperialistic *Times* upon the theory that the great countries must go to war all over the globe "to prevent anarchy"; because "when we go to prevent anarchy we create anarchy, and having created anarchy we are obliged to keep a firm hold upon it, because we cannot withdraw without a danger of something worse than existed before."

Lord Courtney was a passionate lover of poetry; his extraordinary memory retained poem after poem of great length and difficulty. Yet the extracts from his speeches in the little volume before us are unvaried by quotation and lacking in grace and charm. They are truly as forthright as the towering cliffs of his Cornwall. Simple, straightforward, and earnest these addresses are; sincerity and honesty shine through every page. They are admirable political texts—we wish they might be in the hands of every student of political science and international relations. It is a pity, however, that nothing appears from his speeches against the Boer War; and the book suffers greatly as a volume of reference because the extracts are printed with no regard to the period or place or circumstance of their delivery. Not a single source is given. Yet, fragments as they are, they justify Quiller-Couch in speaking of Lord Courtney as he did years ago as being portrayed by two texts: "Lord, make men as towers!" and "All towers carry lights." America needs nothing so much in her political life today as men of conscience like Lord Courtney—towers carrying lights.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Increase and Multiply

The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

PROFESSOR PEARL'S book affords the best evidence I know of that biology still provides infinite material for new and original studies; that such studies may have tremendous human interest and importance; that experimentation and statistics are not only compatible but so mutually dependent that each seems almost impotent without the other; and that the reports of such scientific work can and should be not only comprehensible but beautifully written and highly entertaining to the intelligent general reader. This book illustrates further the fact that science, studied for its own sake, can be enthusiastically set forth by one who is non-Messianic, cold to the appeal of the Higher Good, and a stranger to the Uplift.

What is the book about and what do we learn from it? In the first place it details statistics (for the most part in appendices) and controlled experiments bearing on the question: What principles underlie the increase in biologic populations—from yeast to man? Then it presents ingratiating and closely reasoned argument about some of the factors which determine the observed results. The main conclusion of the study is that population growth follows a single law (in a given cultural epoch), which may be represented by a curve shaped like an S with its upper end drawn out to the right, and which the author puts in words as follows:

Growth occurs in cycles. Within one and the same cycle, and in a spatially limited area or universe, growth in the first half of the cycle starts slowly, but the absolute increment per unit of time *increases* steadily until the midpoint of the cycle is reached. After that point the increment per unit of time becomes steadily *smaller* until the end of the cycle.

The universality of this principle is attested by the similarity in

equations and curves obtained by studying the growth of the rat, the pumpkin, the yeast plant, the tadpole's tail, and the population growth of Sweden, France, Germany, Algeria, and fruit-flies (*Drosophila*). Here we have, as the author says, means "to predict, upon a more adequate scientific basis than mere guesswork, future populations, or to estimate past populations, outside the range of known census counts." In making this statement he is careful to emphasize the limitation of prophecy to a single cultural epoch, modestly claiming high accuracy "for the next ten or twenty years."

The reader will be surprised to find three chapters devoted to Algeria, but the reason is plain and sufficient. It is because this country is a case which comes close to supplying in full desiderata which are rare in this field, viz., "adequate records and clean-cut racial and social discontinuities on a scale of respectable statistical magnitude." This study of the numbers, the mortality and birth-rates, the hygiene, and the sexual habits of the Algerians proves conclusively that the logistic curve approximates a real law; but beyond this it suggests inquiries—regarding the influence of density, of economic and social factors, of sex activity, etc.—which occupy the rest of the book and look outward toward limitless regions of future research.

In his discussion of the differential birth-rate in civilized countries Professor Pearl finds that powerful factors cause the poor to multiply while the rich do not, one of them being the unique availability for the socially unfortunate of bodily pleasures and the much wider choice of amusements open to the well-to-do. He concludes on such grounds that the efforts of the eugenicists to correct the situation by persuading the "socially, economically, and in some part biologically superior classes to reproduce more freely as a sort of transcendental social duty" are not likely to meet with any notable success. The alternative—birth control for the poor—seems to Pearl to be more promising. His experience has led him to the opinion that after proper legal and educational changes are made those with a high birth-rate may possibly see the light. This is as near to propaganda for social betterment as our author gets.

The section innocently entitled *Human Behavior and the Birth-Rate* is in reality a unique and unexpected contribution to scientific knowledge. In it will be found records of the sexual activity of 257 men averaging about 65 years of age, records which Pearl considers sufficiently reliable from every point of view. The analysis of this body of data brings out many points of interest immediately connected with the subject of the book, such as the relation of sexual prowess to fertility, as well as other items for which the reader must turn to the book itself.

Professor Pearl is the antithesis of the popular figure of the great scientist. He is intensely interested in music, prints, old editions of Lucretius, what is good to eat and drink—as absorbed in these spiritual things of this world, if the phrase be permitted, as he is in his scientific studies. Or so it seems to his observing friends. He is thus a lively witness to the truth of the principle that overspecialization, exclusive withdrawal from the world, is not necessary to learned achievement. And what is perhaps more important, his book with its wide appeal to the intelligent, non-scientific public would have been quite impossible apart from its author's wide human interests.

H. M. PARSHLEY

Spiced Pastry

Letters to a Lady in the Country, Together with Her Replies.

By Paul and Caroline, with an introduction by Stuart Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

THESE letters, ostensibly written by a young Kentuckian in New York to a lady who has married a *Landsmann* of his, appeared originally in the columns of *Books*, of which Mr. Sherman is the editor; and they now reappear with his editorial blessing. Some of the lady's replies are included in this formal collection, as well as a few epistles by her relatively

unliterary husband. One misses two or three of her earlier printed responses, which were, as I recall them, somewhat more pithy and less "purple" than her subsequent letters. One misses, to a far greater degree, a conclusion to the tale that is unfolded in these mildly romantic and as mildly intellectual conversations on paper. It looks very much as though the gentleman concealed behind the anonymity of "Paul" and the lady hiding her pretty face in the skirts of "Caroline," being unable to work out a satisfactory solution for the problem in which they are the acute angles, left it blithely to the Euclidean-minded reader and so made an end.

Indeed the charm, as well as the fault, of this rather bland volume is that practically every question touched upon—and they are various—is left, ultimately, in the hands of the reader. There is, first of all, this business of the destinies of Paul, Caroline, and the husband of Caroline, who is, by the way, the friend of Paul. The situation presented is not new. Especially since Caroline is represented as a lovely, lovable, and witty woman, Paul as a charming and cultivated young man, and Jim—the husband in the case—as an attractive but rather blunt, naive fellow who makes the usual move of the jealous mate—that of bringing as close as possible the beloved and the new lover. But the result of this juxtaposition is not revealed. Neither is a decision reached with regard to the problem with which the letters commence: the importance, to an author, of what a French writer calls "the little fatherland," and Paul, "our American provinces." Nor does one come away sure of the meaning and use of what Paul, again, calls "personal culture." There is a certain amount of to-do about all these things, and a pleasant mental stir in consequence, but the tone of the correspondence is so light that to read it is like eating a pleasantly spiced pastry. It would, however, be churlish to quarrel with a dessert because it was not substantial, and it is equally ungracious to dismiss a provocative and intelligent book because it is neither intense nor profound.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Novel of Manners

Possession. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

FOR the moment the American novel of manners is, with one or two notable exceptions, in negligible if prosperous hands, while the few writers of pronounced talent follow the flickerings of the individual soul through the mazes of a labyrinth that might as well be in China as in America. There are of course always two legitimate general forms of the novel. The one concerns itself with the individual seen against his social background, and the other sees him suspended, as he also is, in abstract time and space—a Tom Jones and a Werther. Both of these are legitimate, but the boundaries of the imagination are artificially narrowed when the author confuses that placeless labyrinth which exists only in his own mind with the external and infinitely more varied world.

So just at this time it is particularly fortunate that Mr. Bromfield should have evoked for us Grandpa Tolliver and Julia Shane, Skinfint Seaton, little Miss Ogilvie, and Clarence Murdock—should in a word have seen that American life, rather like life elsewhere, cannot be summed up in a few generalizations or wholly forced into the Procrustean bed of the revulsions of any one writer or group of writers. For revulsions have a curious way of distorting reality; and the revulsion of one generation of writers against the superficialities, or misconceptions, or commercialized misrepresentations of the preceding generation often has the effect of equally distorting the newer vision. Because the general run of story-tellers up to the last dozen years had expressed their sense of the variety of life by presenting theatrical and sentimentalized versions of stock char-

acters, many of the most gifted writers of the day deny the variety of life and paint for us only endless and rather one-sided self-portraits. And because many of our social customs are anachronisms or are hypocritical, they deny the complexity of the social milieu and see life stripped to a few basic passions; with the result that the foreigner wishing to gain from their work a notion of American life paints the ridiculous mental picture which Virginia Woolf exposed in a recent essay, and the relatively unimaginative average man whose sense of life must always in the main be drawn from more powerful imaginations comes to conceive it as curiously crude and dull.

The variety of the passing scene which Mr. Bromfield has craftily managed to snare for us—in short, Mr. Bromfield's reminder that the basic passions express themselves here, as elsewhere, in infinitely varied and interesting forms—is important. Nor does this importance seem to me to be invalidated by the fact that the novel does not come off; that in the end one must confess that the characters are only evoked, not created; that though the author is able to bring them on to the stage he cannot set them in motion; that he takes a pleasure in scenes like the royal accouchement of Ellen which leads him into a rather easy titillation of our nerves.

His imagination seems to work surely only in the smoky town where Shane Castle stands in the midst of mills. When he leaves it for the Arabian Nights magnificence and confusion of cosmopolitan success he gives us the stock characters of popular fiction, thereby possibly also giving aid and comfort to those more conscientious writers who scorn to falsify their sense of life even though it is rather dully symbolized in its more ecstatic moments by a man and a woman on a sawdust heap with a bottle of whiskey.

It is disappointing that this second novel by Mr. Bromfield shows no improvement over the promising first one, that it as consistently fails in the concrete working out of a really fine design, and that the writer, who has a definite talent for easy-flowing rhythmical prose, should still be as little disturbed about exactitude or poignancy of word or phrase. Though it must be remembered that the word fail can here have only a relative meaning, and that in doing Mr. Bromfield the high compliment of comparing his book with enduring work I do not forget that his failure betters most of the current output. Either Mr. Bromfield, whose native talents as a social historian are unusually rich, or someone else will eventually work the field which is here only zestfully surveyed and staked out.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Bits About Napoleon

The First Napoleon. Some Unpublished Documents from the Bowood Papers. By the Earl of Kerry. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THIS handsome volume has all the outward appearances of a book. It has a definite title and bears a respected author's name. But a book it is not; only a bundle of documents, ranging in date from 1797 to 1864, by miscellaneous authors on miscellaneous subjects. The one clear connection between them is that they found a resting-place in the capacious archives of Bowood Castle. There comes a time in the life of every student when he loses patience with all epic or dramatic narratives and with all hypotheses, opinions, and reflections, not excluding his own. In such a mood one fresh document will seem a pearl of great price, and this book promises us "unpublished documents." The reader's curiosity will not be completely unrewarded; but the reward could hardly be called munificent.

Among the documents is a letter from Napoleon to Flahault, dated Troyes, February 27, 1814, which "shows that the Emperor, under cover of his negotiations, was deliberately trying to deceive the enemy and to steal a march upon them."

This will cause no thrill of surprise and no shudder of indignation in any student of diplomacy, ancient or modern. We wonder whether any one between Saint Louis and President Wilson has ever played the armistice game without cards up his sleeves. The letter was omitted from the edition of Napoleon's correspondence published under the Second Empire by a commission of which Flahault was long a member. The very fact of the omission is in itself a document, but again a document which proves something that no one ever questioned, viz., the unreliable character of that monumental collection. The "Correspondence," evidently, was ruthlessly edited. At first it was not sifted quite carefully enough to please a thoroughgoing Napoleonist like Flahault. He maintained that the commission, "composed of intelligent men devoted to the imperial idea," should not "allow the printing of documents which were never intended for publication," but only of "such as might serve, if it were possible, to enhance the renown" of the Great Man; "in other words, documents which he, if he could have been consulted in person, would have himself published." In such wise are the sources of history medicated for several generations, until legends, like our own infant industries, are fully able to take care of themselves.

The person here in whom we can feel the keenest interest is Mme de Souza, Flahault's mother—a most devoted mother indeed. The way in which she used the wiles of the Ancient Regime under new and difficult circumstances is simply marvelous. A returned emigrée, the friend of Josephine, she captivated young Louis Bonaparte with her mature social charm. She managed to secure for her son a place in Louis's regiment, and instructed the youth to be "aux petits soins" with his influential colonel. So Charles became a lieutenant at the age of sixteen. The Consular Regime was keeping its promise: a career open to all the talents! When Flahault became the lover of Hortense, Mme de Souza was their go-between. And it was Hortense, a much greater favorite with Napoleon than his own morose brother, who paved "the way to promotion and pay" for the handsome young officer. As soon as Napoleon abdicated in 1814 Mme de Souza arranged for his submission to the Bourbons, and had him presented to the princes. After the Hundred Days she decided that an English heiress would be just the thing for him; and such was her genius for matchmaking that two years after Waterloo (June 19, 1817) her Charles married Miss Margaret Elphinstone, daughter of old Admiral Keith, who was none too well pleased with an aide-de-camp of Bony as his son-in-law. We are led to surmise that they lived happy ever after.

The strangest thing of all is that although young Flahault was not ignorant of his mother's scheming we do not find him despicable. He must have inherited the charm which was felt by such dissimilar characters as Talleyrand, Louis Bonaparte, and M. de Souza. He was personally brave and chivalrous; he was sincerely devoted to Hortense; and he idolized Napoleon, whom he served well. He lived to a ripe old age, covered with dignities by Louis-Philippe and by his "stepson" Napoleon III; he survived his brilliant offspring Morny by five years; and he died, lucky to the last, on the very eve of Sedan.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Books in Brief

The Relic. By Eca de Queiroz. Translated from the Portuguese by A. F. G. Bell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This novel is beautiful and damned; pious and blasphemous; romantic and realistic. It tells of priest-ridden life in Portugal and of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land made by a rake who, by pious conduct in the presence of his aunt, is seeking to win her fortune. The high point of imaginative power is the amazing description, presented as a dream, of the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus Christ; the high point

of passion is the Alexandrian episode; and the high point of cruel comedy, the uncovering of the "relic" brought back from the Holy Land. "The Relic" is not a novel for pietists, moralists, or the unhumorous. For all others it will be a delight.

The Grace of Lambs. By Manuel Komroff. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

In these fourteen very short stories Manuel Komroff displays a fine thin talent for making little cameos. Each one is distinct and clear and precise in a simplicity that never quite owns the sinews of power. Tales of Russian idiots and tramps and blacksmiths and soldiers ring like a brief lyric cry. It is not wholly fair to compare Mr. Komroff to Tchekhov and Bunin and Gorki, but the comparison is inevitable. All his stories have grace and delicacy without dark blood and rich humor.

NOTE: In the review of J. H. Leuba's "Psychology of Religious Mysticism," published December 9, the price was given as \$6.50. It should have been \$5.

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY CARL VAN DOREN

Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Oxford University.

Anatole France at Home. By Jean-Jacques Brousseau. Lippincott.

John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.

Jefferson and Hamilton. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin.

Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf.

Paul Bunyan. By James Stevens. Knopf.

Brigham Young. By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace.

The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen Mullin. Century.

Skin for Skin. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace.

Jungle Days. By William Beebe. Putnam.

Renoir: An Intimate Record. By Ambroise Vollard. Knopf.

An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.

Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.

Bread and Circuses. By W. E. Woodward. Harper's.

The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. Doran.

The Private Life of Helen of Troy. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill.

The Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Houghton Mifflin.

The Guermantes Way. By Marcel Proust. Seltzer.

The Book of American Negro Spirituals. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press.

Two Lives. By William Ellery Leonard. Viking Press.

Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni and Liveright.

Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.

Dialogues in Limbo. By George Santayana. Scribner's.

Essays and Soliloquies. By Miguel de Unamuno. Knopf.

The English Language in America. By George Philip Krapp. Century.

Americana—1925. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.

History of the United States. Vol. VI: The War for Southern Independence. By Edward Channing. Macmillan.

The Great Pacific War. By Hector C. Bywater. Houghton Mifflin.

The New Negro. By Alain Locke. A. and C. Boni.

The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl. Knopf.

The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan.

North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace.

The Fight for Everest. By E. F. Norton. Longmans, Green.

The Mentality of Apes. By W. Koehler. Harcourt, Brace.

Music

Jazz Leaves Home

THERE is no such thing as a jazz concert. There are concerts of symphonic music influenced by jazz, and there are programs of true jazz, namely, fox-trots. The latter are not concerts, however, but dances—whether the audience keeps its seat or not. So Paul Whiteman in his recent concerts in New York put only two numbers of sure-enough jazz on the program. Through those numbers all Carnegie Hall swayed in its seat and shuffled surreptitiously. To the rest of the program it listened.

It is no reproach in music to be called a dance-form. Probably the first music in the world grew out of tribal dances. A whole school is built around the theory that music can best be taught by dance like exercises. Folk songs and dances are inextricably mixed. The gavottes and sarabands and minuets of the seventeenth century created new musical forms which have long outlasted their period. The fox-trot is looked upon as a sort of disreputable descendant of the dances of the past, yet in a way it has more energy than its ancestors. It is hard to believe that the stately minuet ever meant as much as the fox-trot means in the lives of modern Americans, yet it was inserted bodily into hundreds of classic sonatas. Those of us who dislike fox-trots are going to be rather unhappy with the music of the next few years. We have already seen so-called serious composers borrow rhythms from jazz and jazz composers borrow harmonies from the serious moderns until the two are often indistinguishable. We shall see the fox-trot and its child, the Charleston, enthroned still higher.

For dancing is the only active recreation left to our poor overentertained bodies. The radio does our singing, and automobiles do our walking; but our dancing we still do for ourselves. When we tire of movie horsemanship or Chautauqua oratory we don't know how to ride or orate for ourselves. So we wait until the pressure is intolerable—then we dance. No wonder that we are a little feverish about it, and that the fox-trot seethes with accumulated vitality. We have not come to the point of admitting how bored we are with watching and listening and admiring the skill of professional performers, but it is true none the less. A concert by Kreisler cannot give us half the thrill we get from our own crude reading of a sonata.

As soon as we make the fox-trot a concert number it loses its virtue. It is one more boring thing to listen to, perhaps less boring than the classics because it is only one remove from a motor activity. Not that we can keep it out of concerts, but what goes over is a by-product. The essential rhythm of the fox-trot—the plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk that B. H. Haggin described in these pages the other day—is not suitable for concert music except in very short quotations. Some of the rhythmic embroidery can go over, and the new orchestral colors

the sour pervasive melancholy of the saxophones, the trombones' harsh cynicism. Most of all jazz can lend symphonic music large quantities of humor—not the sly ironic smile that serious moderns have extracted with such effort and pride, but a frank guffaw. The clowns and elephants of Deems Taylor's graphic "Circus Day," as scored by Ferdie Grofe, caused the audience to rock with laughter—a thing which never happens at the Boston Symphony. The Huckleberry Finn movement of Mr. Grofe's own "Mississippi" is an amusing cartoon; and George Gershwin's jazz opera, "135th Street," is full of delicious musical burlesque.

"135th Street" is not the jazz opera for which the world is waiting. It is a one-act sketch, and the soloists do an extravagant parody of grand operatic heroics against a background flippant, syncopated, and full of fox-trots in keeping with the cabaret scene. "Ladies and gentlemen," runs the recitative prologue grandiloquently, "come with me to Mike's colored saloon"; and Mike follows with an aria: "Sweep on, you lazy nigger; I got those Blue Monday Blues."

MARIAN TYLER

Drama

A New Carmen

AFTER a two weeks' eclipse the genius of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio shone forth again in its full glory with the production of "Carmenita and the Soldier" (Jolson's Theater). All the brilliance of the company had proved insufficient to redeem from triviality the two faded French operettas with which it had attempted to entertain us, and it had seemed to be wasting its talents; but "Carmen" is a work which, dramatically and musically, rises far above the level both of boulevard musical comedy and of nine-tenths of the grand opera which we are accustomed to see so solemnly performed. Its tone is, moreover, one which fits admirably the temperament of the Russians, and they threw themselves into it with a glorious abandon, moving with feline grace to its cruel rhythms and interpreting *con amore* its savage story. Even in its traditional form "Carmen" is one of the few operas which escape the absurd floridity of fable and musical setting that has made "operatic" an adjective of critical reproach used to describe whatever is too facilely and emotionally pretentious; and the version of the Moscow company, involving a radical revision of both the text and the score, reveals yet more clearly the barbaric passion which lies at its core. Gone is every trace of that saccharine varnish which those trained in the traditions of Italian opera invariably attempt to spread over it, and gone too are those processions, equine and human, which transform the performance at the Metropolitan into a sort of glorified circus. There remains the hard little story as Mérimée conceived it—the story of a love as brief, as fierce, as heartless, and yet as lithesome as the love of two cats or two tigers—and there remains the most inspired of the passages in which Bizet translated into staccato music the exultant ferocity of animal passions. As performed at the Jolson "Carmenita and the Soldier" is as inhumanly brilliant as the Spanish sun and as cruel as a bull fight.

In nothing does the genius of the director appear more clearly than in his arrangement of the scene and his management of the chorus. The single permanent setting consists of an open space upon which most of the action takes place and a series of bridge-like platforms, faintly suggesting walls, but remaining chiefly abstract. The chorus, disposed into ever shifting but ever beautiful groups, moves about upon these platforms and among its members is distributed a considerable portion of the music. After the manner of the classical chorus it serves as the voice of public opinion intently watching the career of Don José, and also as a means whereby his own conflicting emotions are expressed. Moreover the whole course of the drama is reflected in its motions as it laughs its amusement or draws together in excitement to peer intently down upon some climax of passion, thus constituting itself a body of perfect spectators who stimulate a sympathetic excitement in the audience and thus afford an admirable means for achieving that closer union between the auditorium and the stage which so many radical directors have sought in one way or another. One of the most seasoned of New York musical critics, who sat beside me, could not refrain from indignation at the shattering of traditions or from speculation with horror at the treatment which this company might give to "Tristan" or "Götterdämmerung"; but to me it seemed that I had never seen dramatic radicalism more completely justified by its fruits. It is true that the voices of the company are not distinguished, but art is always preferable to virtuosity, and this present performance is an almost complete realization of the company's aim of combining music with drama, since it achieves, as very few operas do, a complete integration of action, setting, and music.

Last week I confessed my fondness for revues and I must add "A Night in Paris" (Casino de Paris) to the list of those

which celebrate at least the world and the flesh if not the devil with befitting frankness. It has a gorgeously beautiful and accomplished group of Gertrude Hoffman girls and it has some excellent comedy, including a burlesque of "The Green Hat" with real satiric point. Perhaps, however, I should add by way of warning that the nakedness of its performers and the roughness of its jokes will be pretty certain to offend.

At the Hampden Theater Mr. Hampden is presenting "The Merchant of Venice" in his usual highly intelligent manner and Ethel Barrymore is playing opposite him. Her Portia has both beauty and majesty. The production of "The Taming of the Shrew" which is being offered for a series of special matinees at the Klaw Theater offers two excellent performances upon the part of Rollo Peters as Petruchio and of Ann Harding as Bianca; Estelle Winwood as Katherina is not so good as either of these. "The Monkey Talks" (Harris Theater) is a melodrama of the circus which would be entirely puerile were it not for the fact that a remarkably convincing performance of the part of the monkey by a French actor named Jacques Lerner gives it the interest of an ingenious novelty. "Stronger than Love" (Belasco Theater) is a romantic tragedy of illegitimate heirs and women scorned which is marked by the same florid emotionalism which was noted in "Stolen Fruit," written by the same Dario Niccodemi. Nance O'Neil plays it well.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ENTERTAINMENT



Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

*First New York Appearance
of 8-Year-Old Violinist*

YEHUDI MENUHIN

LOUIS PERSINGER at the Piano

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

34th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues

Sunday Evening, January 17th, at 8:30

"This is not talent; it is genius. It is the combination of vision with a nature magnificently normal. The technical mastery of the lad is superb."—REDFERN MASON in *San Francisco Examiner* (March 31, 1925)

Management LOUDON CHARLTON Carnegie Hall
MASON & HAMLIN

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BUILDING PERSONALITY

COURSE OF SIX LECTURES

by HARRY ALLEN QVERSTREET, A. B., B. Sc.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street

On Thursday Evenings, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25, Mar. 4, 11, at 8:15 P. M.

Course tickets, \$3.50, can be secured in advance at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission 75 cents.

"PROBLEMS OF THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER"

Auspices New York Chapter, L. I. D.

People's House Auditorium, 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.
Jan. 19—NORMAN THOMAS and M. J. Olgin, "Government and the New Order."

Jan. 26—NORMAN ANGELL and Jessie W. Hughan, "International Organization."

Feb. 2—JOHN BROPHY and A. J. Muste, "Trade Unions and the New Order."

Feb. 9—PROF. WM. H. KILPATRICK and Harriot Stanton Blatch, "Incentives in the New Order."

Chairman: HARRY W. LAIDLER.

Tickets 75 cents; for remainder of course, \$2.25, from LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. or at door on night of lecture.

MARK AND CARL VAN DOREN

recommend as two of the ten
outstanding books of the year

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS (\$3.50)

and

TWO LIVES

A NARRATIVE POEM

by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Critics from six different countries agree that *Two Lives* is one of the outstanding poetic masterpieces of the present day. Long withheld from publication—for personal reasons—this poem is now receiving the acclaim which it so well deserves. It belongs to every cultured American. *Fourth Printing. \$2.00*

Books can be sent by telegram. See your bookseller.



THE VIKING PRESS

30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

FACTS ARE SACRED BUT COMMENT FREE

Such, for more than a hundred years, has been the ideal of The Manchester Guardian, often called the greatest daily newspaper in the world.

The Manchester Guardian

WEEKLY

contains the chief features of the daily Manchester Guardian, providing, without suppression or distortion of facts, a terse review, week by week, of the world's most important happenings.

In its news columns, The Manchester Guardian Weekly supplies you with facts only; in its editorial columns it furnishes comment that is free, frank and fearless, at the same time always believing that the voice of those with opposing views has a right to be heard.

In more than sixty countries, today, readers of intelligence find that The Manchester Guardian Weekly keeps their knowledge of the world's most important happenings in constant repair and enables them to maintain a broad-minded outlook on all vital matters.

MAIL THIS COUPON

To The Manchester Guardian Weekly
222 West 42nd Street
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England.

Name

Address

International Relations Section

Japan's New Labor Party

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Osaka, December 5

THE Farmer-Labor Party of Japan was officially born about 5 p. m. on December 1. Three hours later the Government ordered its dissolution.

The new party was not born without birth pains. Japan, like Western industrial countries, has Communist and moderate Laborites who cannot get on with each other. In January, 1924 (shortly after the British Labor Party took office), Bunji Suzuki, president of the Japan Federation of Labor (a university graduate who left the secretaryship of the Japan Unitarian Association to organize Japan's labor-union movement thirteen years ago), repudiated Russian methods of action and hailed Ramsay MacDonald as labor's savior. In February, 1924, the federation, which had been indifferent to parliamentary action, officially endorsed the principle of a labor party. But before a new party could be organized the trade-union movement itself split. About a third of Mr. Suzuki's federation, including the important Kwanto Labor Council of the capital district, turned Communist.

In the early stages of the gestation of the Farmer-Labor Party the Communists and the moderates both participated. The Communists drew up the first draft of a proposed platform, which leaked into the press and aroused excited comment. Rumors of government interference were heard. Finally, at a committee meeting held in the Tokio Municipal Street Car Workers' headquarters on November 29 the Federation of Labor withdrew from the proceedings.

The newspapers announced that the new party had died. But at the next committee meeting, held on November 30, a Communist said that his group, solicitous for the success of the new party, had decided to withdraw. Thus both Left and Right were out of the new party. Nevertheless, on December 1 sixty-four delegates from thirty-four organizations, headed by the Peasants' Union and including the stewards, the pottery workers, the mechanics, the miners, the Tokio street-car workers, the government workers, and others, met in the hut of the Tokio Y. M. C. A. to organize the party. Two or three hundred sympathizers and about two hundred policemen watched its birth. Every visitor to the hall was thoroughly searched by four energetic and inquisitive policemen, and admission was by card, which had to be filled in with the visitor's name and address.

Meanwhile, the platform as well as the membership of the new party had been carefully censored by the organizers. The planks to which most objection had been taken were omitted. The new platform no longer called for the abolition of the House of Peers, of the Privy Council, the General Staff of the army, and the naval Board of Command. The proposal for nationalization of the land had been dropped, and so had the suggestion of soldiers' councils. So had certain proposed clauses regarding the police and judicial systems. The final platform read as follows:

POLITICS

1. Abolition of the Peace Preservation Law, the Public Peace Police Law, and all other laws and regulations intended to suppress working-class movements.

2. Immediate state compensation for damage caused by the abuse of judicial and police powers.

3. Unrestricted franchise for men and women of twenty years of age, and recognition of their eligibility to elected office. Proxy vote for seamen away from home.

4. Drastic reduction of armaments.

5. Enforcement of the one-year military-service system, and state relief for families impoverished by conscription.

6. Opposition to all policies intended to militarize the people.

FINANCE

7. Abolition of taxes and tariffs on necessities of life.

8. Imposition of high progressive rates in the land and house tax, tax on interest on capital, business tax, income tax, and inheritance tax.

10. Creation of a property tax with high progressive rates.

ECONOMICS

11. Establishment of the tenant's right to participate in the management of tenant farms.

12. Acquisition by peasants of the right of control over the production and distribution of fertilizer and agricultural implements.

13. State relief for peasants and fishermen in case of loss by natural calamities.

14. State regulation of the prices of basic products and foods.

LABOR

15. Acquisition of the right to organize and to strike.

16. Acquisition of the right of collective bargaining.

17. Eight-hour day and 44-hour week; six-hour day and 33-hour week for miners.

18. Prohibition of night work, mine work, and dangerous operations for boys under 16 and women workers.

19. Six-hour day and 30-hour week for workers under 18.

20. Enactment of a minimum-wage law.

21. Equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex, age, or race.

22. Abolition of contract-labor system, apprentice system, and other backward labor systems, relics of feudalism.

23. Health and accident insurance, and preventive measures against accident and vocational diseases.

24. State subsidies for the unemployed.

25. Control of employment agencies by labor unions.

26. Revision of the factory, mines, and seamen's laws, and of the regulations for workers in government factories.

SOCIAL WELFARE

27. State support of the aged, pregnant women, and children in the non-propertied classes.

28. Adequate institutions for the health and convalescence of the working class.

29. Public provision of houses for the non-propertied classes, and tenant management of them.

30. Abolition of bureaucratic control of young people and ex-soldiers.

EDUCATION

31. Abolition of capitalistic education in the primary schools.

32. Abolition of all restrictions upon women's education and vocation.

33. Abolition of restrictions upon education and vocation of children from the dependencies and colonies.

34. Extension of the period of primary education, the cost of such education for working-class children to be borne by the state.

"I have not the slightest desire to go to Heaven!"

SAYS R. F. FOSTER in one of the most daring books ever published. "The Coming Faith" has created a sensational storm of interest. Everywhere people are discussing this astounding book. Read why the author does not believe in Heaven and Hell—why he considers orthodox religion as nothing more than ignorant superstition—what he prophesies the religion of the future will be.

"*WHAT do I care about a harp and a crown, or a pair of golden slippers to walk the golden streets?*"

With such utter frankness as this, R. F. Foster dares to face the dogmas of Christianity. He turns the cold light of logic upon our religious beliefs and reveals them in all their glaring inconsistency, their disregard for fact, their childish superstition. In his startling new book, "The Common Faith," he sounds a challenge that is ringing round the world.

Twenty years ago this book could not have been published. Ten years ago no magazine would have accepted this announcement. But now, with the present day freedom of thought Mr. Foster feels the time is ripe to give his message to the world.

It is an amazing message, a mighty message—a message that has set the whole world agog, that is being discussed everywhere, that must command the attention of every thinking person, whether he be an orthodox Christian or an out-and-out atheist.

What Is "The Coming Faith"?

Mr. Foster does not simply tear down our present religion and give us nothing to take its place. The startling fact is that he tells us exactly what the faith of the future will be as he foresees it. He gives us a religion in accord with the laws of nature and the truths of science, a religion that reveals the true place and destiny of mankind in the magnificent order of the universe, a religion founded on unassailable logic.

Has R. F. Foster indeed wrested from the universe its Great Secret? Has he found the Truth for which mankind has sought through all the ages of time? There are many who think so. At least everyone will want to know how he answers such tremendous questions as *Where did we come from? What are we here for? Whither are we going?*

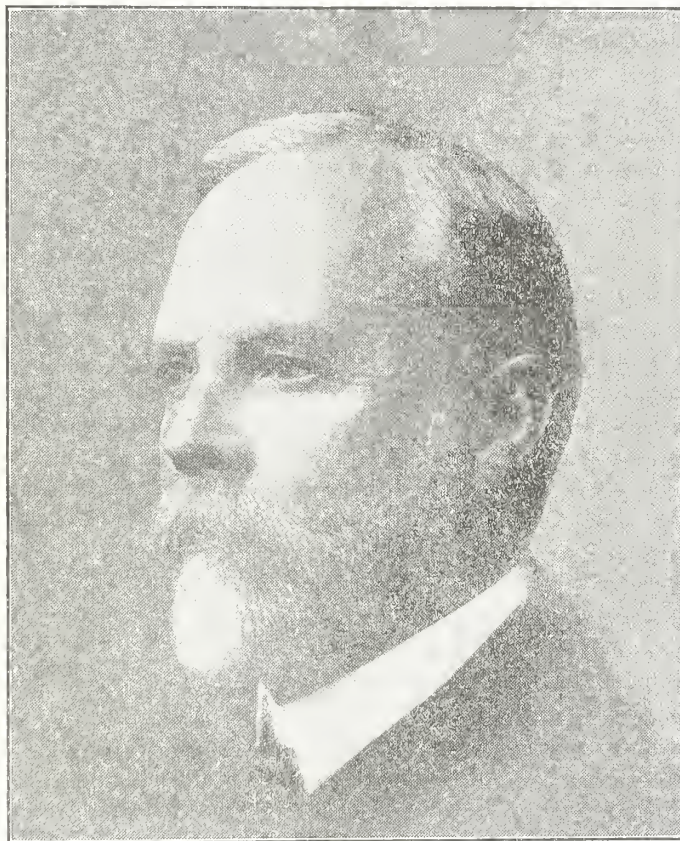
Some of the Chapter Titles

The Four Infinities
Space and Time
The Creation
Mind and Matter
Mind Without Matter
Other Worlds
Ideas of God
Immortality of the Soul
Heaven and Hell
Physical Evolution
Mental Evolution
The Universal Mind
What Are We Here For?
Birth Control
Vice and Crime
War and Peace
Marriage and Children
The Individual and The Race
The Future

It Took Forty Years to Write This Book

R. F. Foster is not a theologian. He is the internationally known authority on bridge and other games, on which he has written no fewer than seventy-eight books which are accepted as standard works in their field.

Now his keen, analytical mind focuses upon the subject of religion. Early in life his interest in this great question was stimulated by his mother, herself well known as the author of several controversial works on religion, including "The



R. F. Foster, whose astounding book "The Coming Faith" has created a world-wide sensation

World, Not the Book." "The Gospel, Not the Creed."

Forty years ago Mr. Foster began to write down the conclusions to which he had inevitably been drawn. But because his ideas were too startling, too revolutionary, he withheld them from publication up to the present. "The Coming Faith" is brutal in its frankness, it calls a spade a spade, but it is absolutely honest. Its devastating exposure of orthodox religion is founded not on prejudice but on relentless logic.

Is This Blasphemy?

"If you will be candid with yourself and get down to a concrete conception of what you call God, you will probably admit that while you speak of Him as a Spirit, your mental vision shadows forth something on the order of a venerable old man with a long beard."

"We explain the apparent impossibility of creating something out of nothing by saying that God can do anything. Who or what gave God this wonderful power that we call omnipotence?"

"Our present beliefs, collected under the

name of Christianity, were absolutely unknown two thousand years ago, and will probably be unheard of two thousand years from now."

* * *

You may be shocked by such statements as the above. You may call it blasphemy, you may cry out in protest. But whatever your personal feelings may be, you MUST read "The Coming Faith," if only that you may defend your own beliefs intelligently when it is discussed before you.

No one can escape this book. It is too big, too vital, too compelling to be overlooked. Here is a mighty searchlight upon the greatest mysteries of existence. Here is a tremendous challenge to sham, hypocrisy and superstition. And here is a definite, logical, clear-cut answer to the momentous questions of life and death that concern each one of us more deeply than anything else possibly can.

Examine It Without Obligation

Because "The Coming Faith" is a book that should be in the hands of every thinking person, a special offer has been arranged that enables you to examine it for yourself without obligation to keep it.

You need send no money in advance. Simply mail the coupon below. "The Coming Faith" will be forwarded to you by mail. Deposit the price of \$2.50 with the postman. Then read. If it does not immediately grip your attention; if you do not find the ideas advanced so revolutionary, so sensational, and at the same time so convincing that you want to read this enthralling book through from cover to cover, you are at liberty to return it and your money will be refunded in full without question.

But be sure to send for your copy now, as the demand is already overwhelming and increasing daily, so that the present edition must soon be exhausted.

The Personality Press, Dept. 1331
71 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Personality Press, Dept. 1331
71 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of R. F. Foster's daring new book, "The Coming Faith." 300 pages bound in rich green cloth. I am enclosing no money, but will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the postage on delivery. If I care to return the book within 5 days you agree to refund my money in full.

Name

Address

CityState

If you prefer to send \$2.50 with this coupon, the book will be mailed postage prepaid. Same return privilege. (Remittance should accompany Canadian and Foreign Orders.)

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

DIPLOMACY

35. Abolition of secret diplomacy.

36. Abrogation of all unequal treaties with weaker nations, and aggressive measures.

37. Abolition of consular jurisdiction and military interference in China.

38. Abolition of all obstacles to the international organization of the working class.

The following manifesto accompanied the platform:

The days of democracy are here. The time has come for the people to establish a form of politics of their own choice. The introduction of universal manhood suffrage [Japan's electorate has recently been extended from three to fourteen million, including virtually all men above 25] does not simply mean conferring on the people the right to cast a ballot. . . .

In other words, the people under the manhood-suffrage system must organize political parties of their own, with platforms and policies peculiar to themselves. They must see that the wishes of the classes to which they belong are embodied in the administration. The old political parties have all represented the propertied classes; none has represented the working class. . . .

All the political evils of this country have sprung from this cause, and all economic and social ills have been traceable to it. We have now combined to organize the Farmer-Labor Party which, unlike the old parties, represents the masses. . . .

Less than three hours passed from the issuance of that platform and manifesto to the order of dissolution—a period so short that it is hard to believe that the officials waited to read them. Their subsequent explanations suggest the same conclusion. The Home Minister at 8 p. m. sent to the chief of the metropolitan police an offer stating that “the Farmer-Labor Party which has been organized within your jurisdiction is hereby vetoed in accordance with Article VIII, Section 2, of the Public Peace Police Law.

Several explanations of this drastic action were issued by the Home Office. The first suggested that the career, ideas, and character of the promoters of the new party were suspect; that the party, organized by unions, included women and minors, who by law are not permitted to join in political activity; and that the platform was only a screen for hidden Communist principles. Mr. Matsumura, chief of the police bureau of the Home Department, issued a cheerful, reassuring statement in which he said:

It is hoped that the Government will not be misunderstood to possess a prejudice against the so-called Labor Party. What the Government desires is to eliminate the dangerous doctrines advocated by some which might blind the people and incite them to rash conduct endangering the foundation upon which the nation is built. The Government earnestly desires that the Farmer-Labor Party may follow the open and unprejudiced path by way of healthy and reasonable methods and contribute to the development of constitutionalism in this country.

The action taken by the Government in prohibiting the Farmer-Labor Party is partly intended to provide an opportunity for sincere reflection. The authorities cannot but hope that such reflection on the part of the promoters of the organization may afford an opportunity for the realization of a sound and healthy movement.

A more specific government statement gave as the causes of dissolution:

1. Expressed communistic views.
2. Most of the items of the original platform, which were subsequently struck out, are manifestly communistic.

3. Among the items of the platform eventually adopted those relating to state housing and tenant control of such houses, and to the acquisition by the peasants of control over the production and distribution of fertilizer and agricultural implements, smack of communism.

4. In explaining the platform at the inaugural meeting of the party a speaker stated that it represented only part of the party's demands, implying that the party had principles kept in the background.

5. The following items in the platform are designed to stimulate class-consciousness: (a) Abolition of the Peace Preservation Law, the Public Peace Police Law, and all other laws intended to suppress working-class movements; (b) abolition of capitalistic education in the primary schools; (c) abolition of all unequal treaties with weaker nations, and of aggressive policies; (d) drastic reduction of armament.

When a protesting delegation from the new party called upon Mr. Matsumura he gave still another reason. He said that the action of the Communists in withdrawing voluntarily indicated that they intended to continue to exercise an influence over the new party.

The Farmer-Labor Party has already announced that it will test the Government's action in the courts, but success is unlikely. The Japan Federation of Labor expected when it withdrew, and presumably still expects, to form a substitute new party which it rather than the Peasants Union, which it regards as tinged with communism, will dominate. Its officials have publicly protested against the order of suppression, but it neither surprised nor disturbed them. They steered their course with such a contingency in mind, and the Government's action has, for the time at least, strengthened their position.

A few individuals have supported the policy of the Government, including leaders of the Seiyukai and the Seiyuhon, the opposition parties which primarily represent the interests of the landed proprietors. These gentlemen agree that there were in the platform “improper items” which could not be tolerated. The leaders of the Kenseikai, the government party, have refrained from comment. Viscount Goto, who stands outside party lines, said: “I am of the opinion that communism is only a vogue at present, and that we need not take it seriously. . . . Since the Government has put an end to the party its officials will have much difficulty in controlling the illegal activities of the radical members.” The *Tokio Asahi* went further than most of its colleagues. “We deplore the fact,” it said, “that the freedom of the people to form a party which is granted by the constitution is so easily oppressed by a party government. . . . It is a question whether the Government can crush a rising political party, whatever its principles or platform.” The *Yomiuri* called the government apprehensions “silly.”

Within a few months, then, a mild and legal Farmer-Labor Party will be formed and tolerated—unless picayune jealousies within the ranks make it necessary to form two parties. The electorate will be four or five times as large at the next election as at the last; manhood suffrage for all over 25 now prevails. Under the old suffrage system, about 2 per cent of the municipal and village counselors were farmers or laborers; if the vote were proportionate, they would have eight or nine representatives among the 460 members of the national Diet. The organizers naturally hope that with universal male suffrage they will do better. They count on the factory workers of Tokio and Osaka, the miners of Wakamatsu, the steel workers of Edamitsu, and the tenant farmers of Niigata as surely theirs.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1926

No. 3160

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	73
EDITORIALS:	
Washington—Man or Waxwork?.....	75
The Coal Crisis—Whose Fault?.....	76
Russia's War Guilt Becomes Plainer.....	77
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	78
UNEMPLOYMENT IN ENGLAND. By John A. Hobson.....	79
WAGES FOR WIVES—II. THE HOME AS A JOINT-STOCK COM- PANY. By Doris Stevens.....	81
THE MAN WHO THREW THE TARIFF BOMB. By Silas Bent.....	83
JOHN GARIBALDI SPEAKS. By Frank R. Kent.....	85
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	86
CORRESPONDENCE	86
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
Free. By Laura Riding Gottschalk.....	89
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	89
This Side of Love. By William MacDonald.....	89
Document and More. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	90
Karel Capek. By Marya Zaturenska.....	90
The Unity of Mankind. By Melville J. Herskovits.....	91
The End of the Egmont Diary. By Benjamin Rand.....	91
Books in Brief.....	92
Interesting Books of 1925. Chosen by Stuart Chase.....	93
Drama: Mid-Season. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	93
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Serbia's Guilt at Serajevo.....	96

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 33 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

SINCE PRINCE CAROL of Rumania has become a front-page favorite it is important that we should have a clear idea of the causes of his recent renunciation of the throne. A summary of the news should help:

1. Carol renounced the throne out of loyalty to Zizi Lambrino, his morganatic wife and the mother of three of his children.

2. Carol renounced his throne for love of a beautiful Italian woman known as the "Princess Lupescu," who has been registered at the same hotel in Milan.

3. Carol was forced to abdicate because of his part in intrigues directed against his father, King Ferdinand.

4. Carol supported his father against the ruling clique headed by Premier Bratianu, Queen Marie, and her favorite, Barbu Stirbey. The King used the Prince's letter of abdication as a threat against the power of the Queen and her friends—and his bluff was called.

5. Carol resigned as the result of certain airplane scandals in which he was involved.

6. Carol retired in order to enter the airplane business.

7. Carol plans to head a Fascist revolt in Rumania.

8. Carol's female companion, "Princess Lupescu," is none other than his morganatic wife, Zizi, in disguise.

9. The "Princess Lupescu" is not a princess but is the daughter of a Rumanian merchant and the wife of a Rumanian army officer.

10. The lady in the case is neither Zizi nor Madame Lupescu, but Madame Tampeanu, also the wife of a Rumanian army officer; and the whole trouble started when

she threw a bouquet of roses into the Prince's car at the recent races in Bucharest.

11. Carol abdicated on account of his connection with the recent Hungarian counterfeiting scandal.

There, that tells the whole story. It is important to have the facts straight in regard to great international events.

PRESTO! SAID THE MODERN CAESAR, and found himself sitting on the top of Italy's Government, with only the King for company and the voice of the Opposition no longer heard in the land. It is perhaps only natural that Signor Mussolini, having achieved this triumph with comparatively little trouble, should consider his powers above the ordinary. Accordingly, without pausing for breath, he has issued an order which will test his capacities to the utmost: in five years Rome is to be restored to its majesty under Augustus. Just like that. The Theater of Marcellus, the Capitol, the Pantheon are to be surrounded by great open squares, with broad avenues leading to them; new schools, houses, baths, gardens, and playgrounds for good Fascists are to be prepared; "vast, well-ordered, powerful . . . Rome must again become the wonder of the whole world." But why stop there? There is the Forum, thirty feet below the level of the modern city. Why not reduce Rome to its old level, restore the ancient temples, including the sublime Temple of Castor and Pollux, of whose former magnificence only three noble columns are left, banish the Christians who demolished all this grandeur, reline the endless corridors of the Palatine with marble, hang them with silk and fill them with slaves, and move in, Emperor Benito the Great, to rule fittingly over all? While this is being done by competent artisans under the master's eye, there is another little matter that might be attended to; one troublesome voice is still lifted in Rome, one voice that Augustus certainly would not have tolerated. From the Vatican still comes defiance of the Fascist Government; the Holy See is not yet ready to accept violence as a creed or Mussolini as a dictator. And to the firm and unequivocal stand taken by the *Osservatore Romano*, the official Vatican organ, the Government can only reply a little timidly that it "regrets" that such statements should be printed.

GRADUALLY THE FACTS about the United States Tariff Commission are coming to light. Senator Norris has again rendered a great public service by revealing the conditions under which David J. Lewis, after he had signed the recommendation for a lower rate on sugar, declined what was virtually a bribe from the President of the United States. The bribe was his job as commissioner; the terms were that he should write his resignation, to be made effective whenever Mr. Coolidge saw fit. In other words, he could continue to draw \$7,500 a year from the federal Treasury if he would conform to the President's extortionate tariff views and help fatten the chief contributors to his campaign fund. That Mr. Lewis refused, and in consequence was kicked out of the commission, does him honor. But what shall we say of a President who thus flouts the law and attempts to bludgeon a high appointive official into dishonesty? Let us hope the tariff bomb Mr. Costigan

threw, which is discussed elsewhere in this issue, will shake loose more facts. For the Lewis case does not stand alone.

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING for students in our schools and colleges has been having a hard time of it lately. The Interdenominational Student Conference at Evanston, Illinois, passed resolutions against it, while in Cleveland the Board of Education has voted to eliminate military training entirely from the high schools of the city. This courageous action was taken by a vote of 6 to 1 despite the advice of Newton D. Baker, a flood of oratory from various so-called patriotic organizations, and opposition from an influential section of the press. Another plea against Prussianization comes from Atlantic City, where the convention of the Women's Boards of Foreign Missions went on record as against military training camps for young men. Events like these have naturally been annoying to our militarists; and they have been annoyed. The National Security League, for instance, has shown its irritation by calling for the resignation of one of its directors, Professor William Bradley Otis of the College of the City of New York, because he opposed the continuance of compulsory drill when the faculty met recently to pass upon the question. We congratulate Professor Otis.

THE FANTASTIC and staggering sums now spent by the Government and its assistant, the taxpayer, for the enforcement of laws in the United States are not large enough, apparently, for certain of our worthy citizens. They propose a law for the registration and deportation of aliens, among the provisions of which is the finger-printing of the 3,000,000 aliens already in this country and of those who shall enter in the future. How this law is to be enforced, of course, the bill does not say, nor does it contain any estimate of the cost of such a proceeding. Presumably the alien, having read about the new measure in the morning paper, will dutifully present himself for registration at the proper time and place; he will, that is, if human nature executes a complete right-about-face overnight. Or maybe a corps of busy bees in the shape of enforcement clerks will fly up and down the land, unerringly picking out the alien from the citizen, extracting from him the proper information and writing it down correctly in a little book, all out of pure love for the government and without thought of pecuniary emolument. But this sort of thing has not happened to date. Our immigration laws should be revised: the proposed amendments for admitting the alien relatives of citizens and persons who are in process of becoming citizens, without quota restrictions, should be adopted; the Japanese exclusion legislation should be abolished; and the proposal for registration should be dropped into the wastebasket where it belongs.

THE SEATING OF GERALD P. NYE of North Dakota by the Senate was the surprise of the present session. On their face the legal arguments against the validity of the appointment were impressive. We cannot, however, fail to be convinced when lawyers of the high standing of Senators Borah and Norris, who in such matters can be trusted to put conscience and principle and legal authority above partisanship, vote to seat Mr. Nye. We are content to take their word for it that the State of North Dakota is entitled to be represented by two Senators until a new election can be held. Of Mr. Nye, who is as young as Senator La Follette, we hear only favorable things. He has made an excellent

impression in Washington and has shown his colors by openly declaring himself a Progressive Republican. His accession has given fresh courage to the small progressive group and has correspondingly disturbed the Coolidge regulars who thought that their control of the Senate would be almost complete.

INDEED, THE REGULAR REPUBLICAN machine has reason for anger. Mr. Nye was elected by two votes only because there were a number of absentees when the vote was taken. Mr. La Follette's assignment to Republican committees after Senator Butler had declared that it would never, never take place still rankles with the Old Guard. Meanwhile the barrage of the opposition to Coolidgeism is not only not checked but grows in volume. On top of the Mellon-Donovan revelations has come the charge that no less than one hundred employees who do not figure in the civil-service list have been surreptitiously carried on the pay roll of that mass of rottenness, the Alien Property Custodian's Office. One of these secret employees on the pay roll up to last fall was Miss Mary Randolph, private secretary to the President's wife! Like the others, she was paid by a tax on the seized German property. It is true that the present Alien Property Custodian declares that the roll is now purged of Miss Randolph and all the rest, but as a sample of what has been going on under Mr. Coolidge this is striking. In the Senate Mr. La Follette has properly demanded of the Secretary of State the turning over to the Senate of everything relating to the situation created by the threat of the United States to withdraw its recognition of Mexico if that government does not remodel some of its laws to suit our taste. Senator Shipstead has demanded of the State Department the facts as to its activities in relation to the World Court. Finally, the Federal Trade Commission has been forced to inquire again into the Mellon aluminum trust, this time on complaint of unfair competition.

A NEWS AGENCY reports that while a week ago the acceptance of the World Court seemed absolutely safe, "It is now seriously in danger, and there is an even chance that it will be defeated." Senator Copeland says that he would like to get out of the promise he has given to vote for the Court. Senators Fernald of Maine and Williams of Missouri have come out against it. The fate of the proposal now depends upon the adoption of cloture in the Senate. If that can be put through the proposal can be passed; if not, it is extremely doubtful whether the Court will come to a vote at this session of Congress. Senator Shipstead in his attack upon the Court said: "It is organized for war; it is an organization for carrying on war against any state which refuses to bow to its will."

WHEN THE AMALGAMATED Clothing Workers of America opened in 1923 the first commercial bank to be established by labor in New York City even the most sanguine could hardly hope that within two and a half years deposits would have increased from half a million dollars to thirteen times that amount. But that has happened, and the Amalgamated Bank of New York has now recognized that growth by moving from its original quarters in the second story of an old building on East Fourteenth Street to the ground floor of the Tiffany Building on the west side of Union Square. This building, which forty years ago was identified with all that was most aristocratic

in the city's business, has now passed by a turn of fate into the hands of a labor union made up chiefly of foreign-born proletarians. Most important about the bank, though, is the fact that it is a limited-dividend corporation, the profits of which cannot go above 10 per cent. In this day of extortionate and almost inconceivable profits by many other financial institutions this fact is of cardinal importance in entitling the Amalgamated Bank to public support.

HIGHLY FLATTERING to Americans is the movement in England, sponsored by Lord Bledisloe, to make a national park after our model by purchasing the Forest of Dean and the Wye Valley as a public playground. Lord Bledisloe is not only parliamentary secretary to the Minister of Agriculture, he is one of the four Verderers who still hold court in the ancient Speech House in the Forest of Dean to hear cases of "vert and venison"—although there are now no deer left in the forest. The Speech House itself was formerly the house of Sir Walter Raleigh; the half dozen collieries are tucked out of sight in the woods and besides them there are only a few small hamlets. The *Manchester Guardian* declares that there is here "a finer combination of forest, hill, lake, and river scenery than in any other part of England," all of which is coupled with archaeological treasures dating back to the Romans. The new government School of Forestry is already established in this domain. As for the Wye Valley, it contains such famous places as Tintern Abbey and Symonds Yat. Lord Bledisloe has chosen our Yosemite Park as the model to be followed, and believes that the park could be made self-supporting if camping facilities were provided at reasonable prices and the annual timber-cut utilized. Finally he would have the four Verderers once more given worth-while duties by having them charged with the administration of the park after it is acquired.

WHEN WE ANNOUNCED last spring a prize contest for college students who should spend their summer vacation at work in factories or mines, on farms or railroads, one of our reasons was to encourage what we described as "experiments in facing the realities of industrial America." Capital and labor, we felt, were textbook abstractions to most students; and the note of surprise which dominated the accounts they eventually sent us justified our impression. Whatever the students may have given to their jobs, the jobs gave them a glimpse of an entirely new world. The fatigue of merely carrying a heavy pick and shovel to the place where they are to be used; the disgust and nausea after a day among the odors of a hot, dirty restaurant kitchen; at the end of a week of physical labor the weariness that makes the lightest reading an impossible effort—these are illuminating experiences to students who feel, as some of the contestants did at first, that workers are made of different clay from themselves. The contest was judged by Florence Kelley of the National Consumers' League, Pierrepont B. Noyes of the Oneida Community, Jerome Davis of the faculty of Yale University, Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation*, and in place of President Johnston of the Machinists' Union, whose illness prevented him from serving, Leo Wolman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. They awarded the first prize of \$125 to Margaret Sutherland of Antioch College, whose essay will appear in next week's *Nation*, the second prize of \$75 to Robert Leeper of Allegheny College, and the third prize of \$25 to A. George Purdue of Yale University.

Washington—Man or Waxwork?

AT a dinner given by the Sons of the American Revolution Rupert Hughes declared George Washington was "a great card-player, a distiller of whiskey, and a champion curser, and that he danced for three hours without stopping"; also that Washington "never prayed and persistently avoided any participation in communion." About Valley Forge Mr. Hughes was equally annoying. He said that the worst of the suffering there was caused by our ancestral war profiteers, and not by the cold weather.

Whatever else he said is not recorded, as his speech came to a close amid imprecations. But why? All that Mr. Hughes said is a commonplace to the student of history. The great George Washington himself would have no doubt been greatly astonished at the indignation of the Sons. Washington did own and operate a whiskey distillery; it was one of the most profitable enterprises on his Mount Vernon estate. In Haworth's book on Washington as a farmer you will find an account of its operation and a partial record of its profits. The New York Public Library has a recipe left by Washington for making "small beer." He drank wine with his meals, being especially fond of Madeira. He swore, on occasion, like a cavalry sergeant. His career lay in the midst of infinite exasperations and stupidities, and many persons will prefer to think of him as a human being rather than as a waxwork.

Land-owning and card-playing appear to have been among his chief pursuits. The acquisition of land was a sort of passion with him, and he was jealous of every encroachment on his rights as an owner. After he had served his two terms as President we find him making a trip to western Pennsylvania and evicting squatters from land which he owned but had never seen—and which they had cleared and settled. In reading his letters and diaries one is impressed by the huge amount of card-playing that he managed to crowd into one life. Taken altogether, he must have spent years at the card table. "At home all day over cards," his diary says at one point. He liked to play for money, but only for small amounts. "We danced all night," is another record in his diary.

Most of us think of Valley Forge as a place where the army froze while Washington prayed. There was no danger of the army freezing at Valley Forge. The troops were housed in warm huts, and there was plenty of wood to burn. But at times they almost starved, although the country round about was full of food. The farmers sent their grain and meat to Philadelphia and sold these provisions to the British army because the British paid in gold and paid more than the Americans. Washington's appeals to the patriotism of the Pennsylvania people were unavailing, so in the last resort he sent a column under General Greene to seize food in the neighboring counties. This caused a tremendous uproar among the profiteers.

Washington was cold in manner and rather dull. He had no delicate fancies, no flights of imagination. He had no conception of democracy, or of a society founded on anything but property. His strength lay in fortitude—in strength of will—combined with caution and a hard, do-it-today practicality. He had a pompous person, in a way, and was easily wounded by slights to his vanity. When he was elected President he wanted to be called "His Mightiness the President," and he never forgave the Speaker of the House for making facetious remarks on the subject.

The Coal Crisis—Whose Fault?

A FEW days ago among other valuables disposed of at an auction sale of household goods were four tons of hard coal. The neighbors crowded around and the bidding was lively. The lot was finally knocked down for \$139—nearly \$35 a ton! Meanwhile the operators and the miners have walked out of the Union League Club in New York City with nothing remaining of their two weeks' conference but bitter statements—each side accusing the other of deadlocking further negotiations. The operators charge the miners, and particularly Mr. Lewis, with obstinate obstruction because of refusal to "arbitrate." Mr. Lewis charges the operators with a deliberate muddling of the word "arbitration"; with refusal to show their accounting records; with no willingness to make concessions in spite of the large concessions already made by the miners; with being governed by a minority group. And there we are. The strike has nearly completed its fifth month, with no settlement in sight. To January 1, according to an estimate of the *New York Times*, the miners had lost \$113,850,000 in wages and the nation had lost 55,000,000 tons of potential coal.

The last agreement terminated on September 1, 1925, after running for two years. Early in July the miners formulated their proposal for a new agreement. It called primarily for a 10 per cent increase in wages for contract workers, \$1 a day increase for day workers, and for the check-off—a method by which the operator collects union dues on pay-roll days. Negotiations between the two sides opened on July 9. The operators asked the miners to agree to arbitration if direct negotiations failed. The miners refused—on grounds presently to be explained. Amidst the pleasures of Atlantic City the wrangling went on for weeks. All to no purpose; and on September 1 the men left the pits. Since that date various plans have been put forward by third parties, looking toward a settlement. The proposal of Governor Pinchot was accepted by the miners but spurned by the operators. Neither side took much cognizance of the so-called Engineers' Plan, or the plan proposed by the super-power committee of the League for Industrial Democracy. On December 29 operators and miners went into conference again in New York, and the chairman, Alvan Markle, led off with a plan for arbitration and publicity of accounting records which sounded reasonable. In acceding to its principles the operators appear to have made a genuine concession. But the miners refused to accept it. On January 12 the conference broke up as we have seen.

On the face of it the operators have the best case before the bar of public opinion. Their stout stand for arbitration, their considerable concession in allowing daylight on the accounting records under the Markle scheme, seem both fair and reasonable. Why will not the miners arbitrate? Why are they so pig-headed? What are they afraid of? Well, this is what they are afraid of: In the first place, according to Mr. Lewis, arbitration covering wages only is a false arbitration. It passes upon and delimits the human life of 150,000 miners, leaving the delimiting of prices—and hence the *property* rights of the owners—completely outside the picture. Life is to be arbitrated but not property. Real arbitration, says the miners' chief, must comprehend both. If the miners are to have their wages fixed, operators must

have their prices and profits restrained. On such a basis the miners are willing to go into arbitration at the drop of the hat. They would welcome any decision for government regulation of profits and wages—foregoing their demands for a 10 per cent increase and modifying their demands for the check-off. They apparently object to the Markle plan because, while the books of the operator would be shown, arbitration would apply to wage only.

Secondly, the miners fear wage arbitration because of its disastrous results in the 1919 settlement. The story they tell is this: A double-checked statistical survey showed that a 27 per cent increase in wages was in order. The findings of the impartial statistician were duly presented to the arbitration board of three—a miner, an operator, a representative of the public. The public member was ready to vote for the 27 per cent increase and said as much. After a midnight session with the operator member, he voted for only a 17 per cent increase. The miners claim that the psychology of a "public" member is usually identical with that of the operator, and foreign to that of the miner. No matter how honest, how fair, how sincere the third member tries to be, he just naturally gravitates to the operator's point of view; as educated men, fellow members of the dominant class, their habit patterns run in pairs and they unconsciously stick together.

It is now time to refresh our memory as to certain profound observations of President Coolidge—ukases delivered from the summer capital while the Atlantic City negotiations were in process. *The Nation* has dwelt on them before and will continue to dwell on them. There is a growing realization that the only way out of this industrial harkari in anthracite is for the President to seize the sword which Roosevelt and Wilson brandished in earlier deadlocks and settle the strike by government intervention. With the findings of the 1922 Coal Commission at hand, the possibilities of a just and lasting settlement are greatly improved. The White House maintains an impenetrable silence and a distinguished inability to do anything to date. But when it looked as if the miners and operators must come to some agreement, the President, through his official spokesman, declared himself not only ready to take up the sword but apparently to use tanks and Big Berthas as well:

"The government has decided on positive steps to be taken in case of a coal strike."

A plan has been thought out "which President Coolidge believes will be effective in the event the miners and operators fail to reach a settlement by the end of August."

The President is "determined to prevent a coal strike. . . . He has let the operators know that he will exert all the pressure possible to keep the hard-coal mines operating and prevent the condition of three years ago when the public suffered greatly."

"It is thought by those who know him well that the plan will be of a revolutionary nature."

These are fine words; the time has come to make them good. The public has suffered greatly, and every day that suffering grows. The hardships of miners' wives and children will shortly reach the proportions of a tragedy. The hour has struck for President Coolidge to do something if he has it in him.

Russia's War Guilt Becomes Plainer

JUST before Christmas Associated Press newspapers announced what was said to be the sensational disclosure of a hitherto unknown document proving that Russia was guiltless in 1914 and desirous of avoiding hostilities. The *New York Times* carried half a column under the headline: "Prove Russia Tried to Avert Great War." This supposedly startling document is the minutes of the Russian Ministerial Conference of July 24, 1914, and it is published in the January issue of *Current History*, together with an editorial introduction by Robert C. Binkley, librarian of Stanford University. It is alleged to prove that "the original intent of the Russian Government (perhaps, by implication, of the French Government also) was honorable and pacific."

What are the facts in the case? While it is, perhaps, true that this is the first time that the document has been published in full in English, its contents have been known by scholars for some time. The decisions of this conference are summarized in detail in the "Diary" of Baron M. F. Schilling, Chief of Chancellery of the Russian Foreign Office in 1914 (English edition, pp. 30-31), which was published in German nearly two years ago and appeared in an English edition early last year. So much for the novelty of the information, though we may be grateful to Mr. Binkley for giving us the text in English in easily accessible form.

The implications of the document are even further from the assertions in the article and the Associated Press dispatch. Instead of being a proof of Russian desire for peace, it presents evidence to the contrary, demonstrating that Russia took measures for mobilization a day earlier than we hitherto had supposed. In 1920 Professor Fay could find no evidence for mobilization measures before the conference on the afternoon of the 25th. We now know that the moment Russia learned of the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and before Serbia had an opportunity to reply, she began the preparation for those military measures which inevitably led to the European War. The ministers, with the Czar's approval, authorized the mobilization of the four great military districts of central and southern Russia, discussed in the secret Crown Council of February 8, 1914, and of the Baltic and Black Sea fleets. We know from the secret Austrian documents that Austria had planned to make the demands upon Serbia so extreme that Serbia would be unlikely to accede, with the result that Austria would intervene to punish Serbia by armed force. But the Russians did not know this at the time.

As to the alleged conciliatory plans urged upon Serbia, these were probably subterfuge. Russia did not want Serbia to declare war on Austria for several reasons. It would have put Serbia in a bad light before European opinion, which was still shocked at the assassination of the Archduke, and would have greatly handicapped Russia in her plan of intervention in behalf of Serbia. Also it would have precipitated hostilities too soon for Russia.

This ardent desire of the French and Russians to gain time is seen in the fact that the most insistent demand of both governments, as soon as they learned the terms of the Austrian ultimatum, was that Serbia have more than forty-eight hours to prepare her reply. Quite as illuminating, as bearing upon the Serbian reply, is the knowledge we now

possess that *it was drafted in the French Foreign Office at Paris by the deputy political director, Berthelot.*

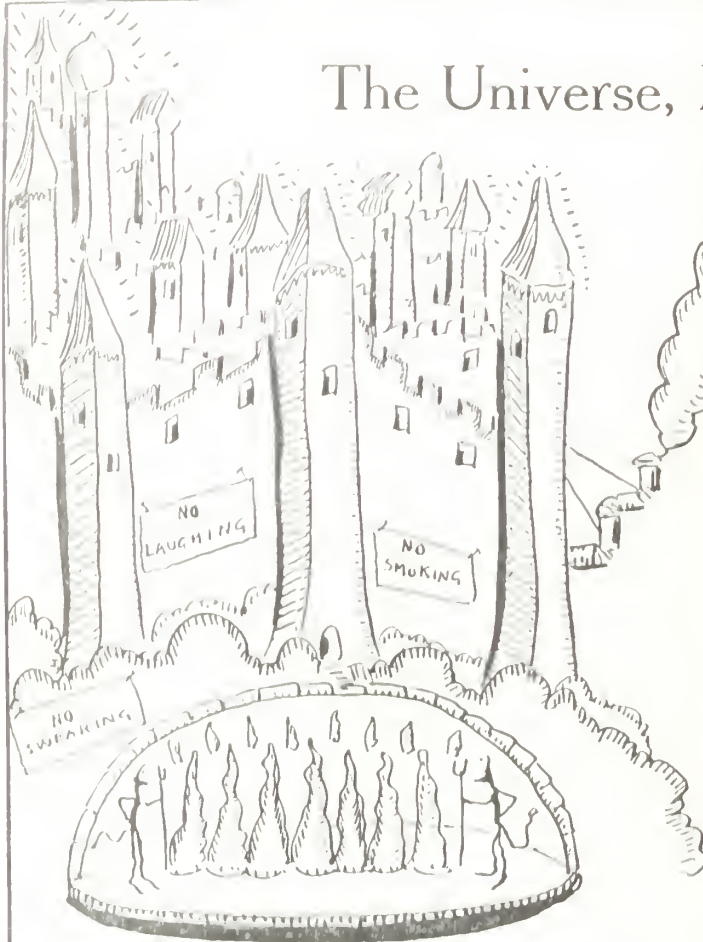
To have had Serbia make an appeal to the Great Powers would have been a gesture of real import for propaganda, similar to the appeal of Belgium which Sir Edward Grey later wormed out of that country after an effort. Still further, we cannot be sure that the words of advice to the Serbians were not for public consumption only. At least, we know that the Serbians ordered the mobilization of their entire army three hours before they sent the messenger to Austria to deliver the answer to the ultimatum.

Finally, as even Mr. Binkley admits, the guilt of Russia is not to be established or demolished by one document. It rests upon the plans of Izvolski from 1908 to 1914; on the memorandum of Sazonov to the Czar on December 8, 1913, telling him that Russia must have the Straits and that they could not be secured without European complications leading to a general war; on the minutes of the secret Crown Council of February 8, 1914, at which the Russians decided not to strike Turkey unaided but to await the expected general European war; upon Sazonov's decision to order Russian general mobilization on July 29, successfully executed the next day, when Germany's pressure on Austria was at its height and when there was every prospect for a pacific settlement; upon the full admission of Dobrorolski that the Russian authorities knew that nothing on earth could stop a European war after the mobilization order was sent out on July 30; upon Sazonov's declaration to England and France on July 27 that he would tolerate no moderating influence upon the Russian program; and upon Izvolski's proud boast in early August, 1914, "*C'est ma guerre!*" How much good faith there was in Sazonov's proposals for European conferences in 1914 is well illustrated by the fact that his most insistent plea for a conference came late on July 31, two days after he had determined upon war and twenty-four hours after he had authorized the order which meant irrevocable war. Sazonov has been afforded two opportunities recently to defend himself against the charge that he precipitated the European War through the premature and unjustifiable Russian mobilization, but even he has not cited this Ministerial Conference of the 24th as evidence in his behalf. Much more relevant and convincing is Sazonov's own statement in 1916:

Herr Bethmann-Hollweg maintains that France and Russia would never have dared to accept the challenge of Germany if they had not been sure of the support of England. But the real political situation was the following, even if the Chancellor will not admit it: in reality France and Russia, notwithstanding their profound love for peace and their sincere efforts to avoid bloodshed, had decided to break the pride of Germany at any price and to make her stop, once for all, treading on the toes of her neighbors.

But we do not have to rely upon general argument or circumstantial evidence to prove the war-like intentions of Russia and France from the 24th onward. General Dobrorolski in his authoritative memoir on the mobilization of the Russian army (p. 21) tells us that from the point of view of the Russian General Staff "war had been a certainty" from the 24th "onward." General measures preparatory to war were proclaimed on the 26th.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



A rumor from the Celestial Fields indicates that a recent arrival has brought about a consolidation of Heaven and Hell in such a way "as to retain the best qualities of both." It is added, however, that the Good Lord has refused the vice-presidency of the new concern.



IN NEW YORK a drunken chauffeur celebrated New Year's Day by murdering his wife and four children with a baseball bat. The story is being denounced as "another piece of birth-control propaganda."



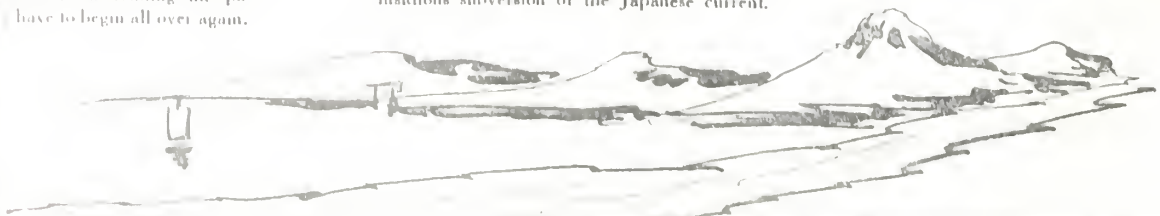
HUNGARIAN MONARCHISTS have taken to counterfeiting to promote their aims. The Amalgamated Crooks of Greater New York have cabled congratulations.



FRANK SULLIVAN is writing for the New York World and 1,441,892 people who had put sworn off reading the paper have to begin all over again.



CALIFORNIA IS FREEZING and in Alaska the Eskimos are chasing butterflies. Undoubtedly Tokio is once more to blame and Washington will be asked to protest against "the insidious subversion of the Japanese current."



Unemployment in England

By JOHN A. HOBSON

A TRADE depression of unprecedented duration and intensity has held Britain in its grip ever since the brief post-war boom burst at the close of 1920. The statistics of unemployment during these five years show several brief periods of partial recovery. From the nadir of June, 1921, when the unemployed figure, reinforced by strikes, registered 23.1 per cent of trade-union members, we floundered on through 1922, with a figure varying between 16 and 14 per cent, to drop in 1923 to an average of about 11 per cent. Early in 1924 a distinct revival was indicated, which brought down unemployment to 7.2 per cent in June; but the figure soon fell back a little, and through the rest of that year there was a worsening of the position, passing from 8 to 9 per cent. The setback grew in strength until last June, since when a slight and slow recovery has been recorded, the average for October standing at 11.3. This recent improvement, which still leaves our volume of unemployed at some 1,200,000, is, however, less significant than it appears, because there has been some transfer from the unemployment-insurance lists to the outdoor relief of the poor law.

In other words, there are as yet no clear signs of any substantial improvement. So far as unemployment goes we are bumping along a bottom that is distinctly lower than ever before recorded in our industrial history. And yet within my lifetime I have known several depressions in which far more misery and active disturbance have prevailed among the workers. The operation of the insurance acts, which now cover nearly all the organized trades of the country, has greatly alleviated the stress of the situation; and, taken in conjunction with the rent restriction acts and a looser administration of the poor law, has bought off exasperation and despair which might easily have brought a violent insurrection. Among the ignorant well-to-do (harassed by high taxation, high prices, and a shortage of domestic service) there prevails a widespread conviction that the "dole" (insurance relief) is responsible for most of the unemployment, for "Why should a person work when he or she can be kept comfortable in idleness at the expense of others?"

There is no substance in this general charge. It has recently been examined and rebutted by an official committee of inquiry. In the first place, the insurance relief is in part the proceeds of the weekly deductions from their wages when they work. Secondly, the trade unions and the official employment bureaus are interested in stopping all cases of imposture and malingering and, as they have close access to the facts in each case, cannot make many errors. Thirdly, the rate of unemployed allowances is, except in a few unskilled trades, much lower than the ordinary weekly earnings for work done. While, therefore, there must be among the recipients of the dole a certain number of idlers who could get work if they were willing, the quantity is negligible in relation to the size of the problem. There is no lack of applicants for any job that is going.

Some difficulty and some wastage may be attributed to the obstacles set by trade unions in the way of transfers of labor from one trade to another. It is likely that the

building trades could usefully absorb some labor from outside their ranks, if they would run the risks of an oversupply such as prevailed thirty years ago. But to no other considerable trade does this apply. The problem which presents itself to employers is that of a deficiency of markets for the goods which they could produce with their available plant and labor, at a price which would cover costs of production and yield a minimum profit. The term "costs of production" bulks big in any considered approach to such a problem, and here a clear rift appears in public opinion. Most employers hold that wages should come down, in order that England may resume the place in the world's trade she held before the war. Most workers insist that a fall of wages, besides the injury it would inflict on their standard of living, would, by reducing the purchasing power of the people, diminish the volume of consumption and so produce more unemployment in trades supplying the home market. These informed advocates also insist that more science, better organization, and more enlightened finance would enable industry to make economies of production adequate to lower costs without taking it out of labor. They point especially to America, where high wages have notoriously stimulated greater use of machinery and other economies of overhead charges, enabling firms to outcompete low-waged competitors in many lines of manufacture. It is common knowledge that, in the application of electrical equipment for industry, transport, agriculture, and domestic uses, we have much to learn, not only from America but from several continental countries. We were sluggish in new enterprises before the war, and we are not rich enough now to embark quickly on new expensive improvements.

A good deal of our present trouble is due, however, to causes directly connected with the war. The distribution of our unemployment shows that the trades suffering most are iron and steel, ship-building, engineering, the miscellaneous metals, and mining. Now, these trades have been injuriously affected in two ways. They were excessively stimulated and overdeveloped, both with capital and labor, for war purposes, so that in any case the return of peace would have deflated them. Secondly, they are especially injured by the reduced purchasing power of most other countries, the contraction of the world market due to the damages and dislocations of industry and finance during and following the war. For these are among our great export trades, and the shrinkage in value, still more in volume, of our export trade is universally recognized as a chief direct cause of the persistency of the trade depression. About 30 per cent of our total production is normally designed for export; and as the reduction of our exports during the past two years cannot be put at less than 25 per cent, it is evident that this fact is enough in itself to account for the greater part of our unemployment. Allowance here ought doubtless to be made for some substitution of home sales for foreign sales. But to us it appears as if the recovery of our pre-war position in the world market were essential to our economic safety and success. The intensified nationalism not only in Europe but in Asia, a political war product, has brought with it

an economic policy of self-sufficiency, which by protective tariffs and subsidies seeks artificially to foster home industries and to reduce foreign-trade relations to a minimum.

It is probable that even before the war the advance made by other nations along the road of capitalist enterprises was tending to diminish our supremacy in the main lines of export and of transport. But the total quota of foreign trade was so large that a smaller proportionate holding of it would have sufficed for our needs. And this is still the answer we may make to our pessimists. If the world can be restored to peace and prosperity, rid of the huge wastes on arms and wars, with the enlargement of every sort of international intercourse that would ensue, our share of export trade would doubtless suffice to meet our import bill and leave a not inconsiderable surplus for overseas investment, as in pre-war days. The notion that we are permanently handicapped by competition with lower-waged nations in a limited market is refuted by facts. Though our present export trade is cut down, it represents not a smaller but a slightly larger proportion of the aggregate world trade than in 1913. The notion that by a general reduction of wages we can materially strengthen our industries ignores the reactions of such a policy on trade as a whole. A recent study of unemployment published by the International Labor Office at Geneva thus succinctly states the case:

The diminution of wages has sometimes been suggested as a means of alleviating the situation in exporting industries. The immediate effects of such diminution would appear to be to assist the industries concerned into securing foreign markets. Such relief as might be given in this way must, however, be essentially at the expense of domestic trade; for the reduction of wages will be reflected immediately in a diminution of home demand. Whether such preferential treatment of the exporting section is desirable or not depends to some extent upon the relative importance of domestic and foreign demand and the conditions in the respective industries supplying the demand.

That our people should have to accept wage reductions and work longer hours in order to reduce poverty and unemployment by capturing more foreign markets is a doctrine as economically foolish as it is politically dangerous. And yet that is the policy of the bulk of our ruling classes at the present time. They profess to deplore the hard times. "But hard times require hard measures. We are producing less than before the war, and we find it more difficult to sell this reduced product at a profit. The workers to whom in war and post-war emergencies concessions were made of wage rises and reductions of hours must give them up as sacrifices to the needs of the nation." Such is the contention. The sheltered trades, those supplying goods and services for domestic consumption, are naturally the chief subjects of attack. For they include the public and semi-public services where wage rises have been largest, advancing most from a low level before the war.

It is, no doubt, true that these, together with some other strongly organized domestic industries, such as railways and building, have, by raising the cost of their services, kept up prices and taxes and so impaired the real wages of less favored workers. There is some immediate divergence of interests between the sheltered and unsheltered trades which the opponents of the labor movement seek to play upon. But there is no chance of breaking the

solidarity of labor by such tactics. The very fact that the main assault on wages is well advertised in the public inquiries recently set up into the railroad and mining industries has evolved a working-class opinion solidly against concessions on wages and hours.

The superficial case both in mines and railways for lower wages and longer hours is strong. A large proportion of the mines cannot afford to pay the present costs without a subsidy, and the railways are badly hit by reduced receipts and higher costs, and are only paying dividends out of back reserves. But the workers with sane obstinacy insist that a way must be found for maintaining a decent standard of living, and when they are told by statisticians that the country is not rich enough to meet that demand they rightly refuse to accept this verdict. They are aware partly from experience, partly from a sort of instinct, of the sophistry of the capitalistic contentions. They believe, and justly, that if they persist in their demand for a human standard certain industries can and will be reorganized technically and financially so as to be able to meet this demand. For the wastes both in our railroads and in our mines from stock management, overlapping, want of coordination and cooperation, not to speak of technical improvements, are attested by plenty of good expert evidence. The report of the coal commission some time next spring will bring the matter to an issue. The present subsidy policy no one defends except as a stop-gap. The purse with which this Government seeks to buy off trouble is ill furnished, and other claimants, such as agriculture, press their claims. Unless, for reasons so far unrevealed, the industrial clouds pass away, next summer will be a testing time for this Government. Nothing has been done in the way of internal developments or export credits to relieve unemployment. Protection is being introduced piece-meal, and possibly may by that time have included the iron and steel trades. The sudden restoration of the gold standard indubitably checked the slight revival of export trade in the early months of last year and aided the continuous clamor for reduced wages.

There remain, however, two considerations which should temper excessive despondency in our industrial outlook. Part of our unemployment is undoubtedly attributive to the temporary check on emigration during the past ten years. Whereas in 1913 our net emigration amounted to 329,073 the average for the last five years hardly exceeds half that number. With revival of world trade and a more liberal policy in our overseas empire, to compensate the restrictive policy of the United States, some considerable relief to our surplus population may be anticipated. Lastly, there are many valid indications of prosperity in our internal trades, especially in those catering for luxuries and comforts, attesting a rise in the standard of living for considerable sections of our population. The rapid and profitable expansion of automobiles and their accessories, the new manufacture of artificial silk, the increased national expenditure upon holidays and recreation, drink and tobacco, the large profits made in retail trades serving the working classes, have considerable significance, in view of the dismal pictures of our poverty and economic impotence drawn by some of our scaremonger visitors to America. The truth is, I think, that while the war has left us a little poorer than before in national income, that reduced income is distributed somewhat better in favor of the general body of the people.

Wages for Wives

II. The Home as a Joint-Stock Company

By DORIS STEVENS

EXCEPT, perhaps, for a few obscure tribes in remote hinterlands, women are the only people in the world who still perform work without pay. This is one of the situations which feminists seek to remedy in making a world kinder to women.

When one flatly states that women in the main are still slaves, the statement is usually scoffed at. Yet women in the home throughout the world underwork or overwork, as the case may be, without money reward. They receive their "keep" as do slaves. They receive their clothes as do slaves. They receive gifts—money, jewels, cars, as does the favorite slave a shining trinket. From a new hat to a new palace they get everything except a recognized share of the family income. Even with the more generous masters it is too often a dole, and like all doles, given grudgingly.

Home and mother have suffered under an avalanche of oratory, white carnations, and poetic nonsense. Home, that foundation of the state, that sacred institution, and mother's knee, well-worn, have alternated on the tips of the more articulate male at the slightest public provocation. Was there any threat of rebellion to stir the orator? Probably not. Slaves are slow to rebel. Yet every century has seen its handful of women challenging these unsubstantial public proclamations. Now that women are more articulate, greater numbers are asking that experiments be tried. The modern woman says: We have become so impressed with the importance of home and mother that we propose to do something about them. Even if we should do the wrong thing first, still we intend to try first one experiment and then another in this vast laboratory.

Wages for Wives is a faulty title. No one seriously demands pay for being a wife. The state of wifehood and husbandhood is presumably a state entered into by two people voluntarily for love. We need not consider exceptions to this. In a proper conception of love neither husband nor wife pays the mate for love received. One does not ask pay for falling into a delightful emotional state. Parenthood should also be voluntary and desired by both parents. In a proper conception of parenthood neither parent would ask pay, one from the other, for contributing to the production of a child. The problem then becomes one of how we shall pay the woman in the home for services—occupational, professional—not for services of mutual love and mutual parenthood, although services done lovingly should not act as a penalty on the woman's value but should rather enhance her value.

Bob and Sally desire to become husband and wife, and do. Later they want to become parents and so become. We shall put Sally in that class of women which comprises 90 per cent of our home women, that class in which no domestic service can be summoned to lighten the tasks. Sally, we have assumed, is a volunteer wife and mother. What is her work in the home? Sally is mistress of the household. That is an executive job highly diversified, which embraces many departments. Sally becomes nurse to the

child in its early infancy, a highly paid profession when done by one not the mother. Sally is the major body attendant and educational guide until at least adolescence, a profession moderately well paid when done by a governess, teacher, or tutor. Sally is the mistress of the family wardrobe, a job well paid when done by a seamstress. Sally is often the bookkeeper and cashier—both standardized occupations outside the home. And lastly she is shopper, cook, laundress, chambermaid, baker, stoker, and char. Like all persons who overwork in whatever field, Sally, unless she is a super-genius, risks becoming a drudge. Too often she becomes one.

Now obviously she cannot be paid what the specialist in each one of these departments is paid for her part time at each specialty. Often unskilled in most of these tasks to start with, she rarely becomes more skilled as fatigue and discouragement sap her strength. How then shall we compute her value as a worker?

There are some people who believe that Sally should be paid a wage. This involves standardization of wage rates in the home by taking that trade or occupation out into the open field of competition, as has been done for the engineer, statistician, garment worker, lawyer, and architect. If Sally wished to work as employee in her own home, she might demand the same wage that she could get if she went out to direct someone else's home and children. Thus she could approximate a standard wage for such service. She might feel she had more ability than her own home direction exacted and still want to stick to the profession of home making. She could then take a more responsible position and in turn hire some one else for less money to direct her smaller establishment. (The woman who works at another profession outside the home already does this.) Just as the expert gardener in our village of Croton hires himself out as extra at seventy-five cents an hour and pays a less skilled and younger man forty cents an hour to tend his own garden. Just as the expert income tax lawyer may turn over to a subordinate in his office the fathoming of his own income tax report, while he concerns himself with the larger incomes of big fee-paying clients.

This is the way one experiment might go. But it is possible that, having standardized the occupation to a high rate of pay, even should the housekeeper desire to return to direct her own and her husband's home, her husband's income would not permit her employment in their home. Her return home would penalize her. And, working for her husband below the wage she herself has helped to standardize, she destroys her own gain and that to all housekeepers, just as any union worker does.

This proposed solution fails to enlighten me. To pass from total slavery to partial slavery and become an employee is a gain, but it is not enough.

Personally, I want to see the business of home making recognized as a joint, cooperative enterprise directed by the two people who make that home, the husband and wife. Man brings to the home money capital, which he earns out

side the home. Woman brings labor-capital, which she contributes to the home. They mutually support each other. Man may earn his money in steel and spend those earnings developing oil. Or man may take his earnings in steel, whether through the pay envelope or the coupon, to invest in the development of the home. It is said that woman is not entitled to share in the financial profits of the home investment as well as in the spiritual because she does not bring in original money-capital. So conceived the home is the only business where each partner is required to furnish original money-capital at the start. Not counting for the moment the value of the enthusiasm put into chosen tasks done for people you love, will any one deny that the labor woman performs in the home is equivalent to money? This is apparent the moment the wife's labor is withdrawn and man has to call upon outside labor.

Many a man who directs every detail of his own company has passed his profits in that company to the hands of others in a totally alien company. The dry-goods merchant invests his earnings in mines. He trusts the responsible heads and engineers in the latter company. So must he do in the home. He must trust the spouse to do her job until she fails, as she may, just as the experts in the mines may fail. He cannot do both jobs himself.

Money-capital and labor-capital should be pooled in developing the home. If all the man's earnings, or whatever share of his earnings, are put into the home, all expenses of husband, wife, and children should have first claim. Then the surplus might be divided as profits are divided by partners, upon a basis of division satisfactory to both. Each spouse's share, no matter how small, would be each one's exclusive property, and could be saved or spent at choice. If such a plan were accepted one spouse might be prodigal, the other thrifty, but each would be responsible for his or her own acts during the union, and would face the consequences if the partnership were dissolved. Or the surplus might be carried by the partnership for the oncoming baby or the contemplated better housing quarters. Or there might be no surplus whatsoever. But there would be the residue of greater mutual confidence and mutual hope and increasing self-respect in their relations.

I propose a flexible contract of mutual support to be drawn at marriage, and frequently redrawn if desired; a contract recognized by law as binding on the two partners jointly, enforceable against each when broken by either without good cause. Such a contract ought not stipulate length of marriage, as that period is incalculable and such a provision would be anti-social. It must stress the mutuality of support.

Then if dissolution came, we would not see men retreating from continent to continent to avoid alimony, for such a contract, if properly carried out, should gradually supplant alimony. Nor would we see the spectacle of women digging shamefully, through fear of insecurity and sometimes revenge, for the last available dollar. Such conduct is humiliating to both parties and is a deep reflection on the haphazard financial arrangements in marriage. Alimony to the wife without children is often a penalty for unpaid back surplus. And it is as difficult to collect as is any old, long-standing, forgotten debt. And to pay it only when that particular partner no longer labors in the home is too ludicrous.

Difficulties over the division of jointly acquired prop-

erties would be avoided by the "divide-as-you-go" policy. Where there are children their expenses would still be borne jointly by the parents after they had separated. The system now works out variously. Woman in the main continues to supply the labor or supervision of labor, man the money, where the woman is without money of her own. That is another problem. But one thing is certain. We shall see no abolition of alimony and the wardship it implies until some better and wiser financial cooperation is practiced among the married. It is lamentable to hear men whine about alimony who refused their wives a share of the family income during the partnership.

The women of the economically more fortunate classes have lightened their tasks by employing domestic service. In no considerable numbers have they become partners of their husbands in the business of home-making. Recently a case came to my attention which was more than poignant. Two young people started their married life poor. The husband became a business success and acquired a moderate fortune. At the end of eleven years, during which time the wife had managed an ever-expanding household and had nursed and reared four children, the husband fell in love with another woman. I am not censuring the husband for this. Doubtless he would have avoided it if possible. The husband asked for a divorce. The wife consented to give it to him. At the end of their marriage the wife had not one cent in her possession, not one share of stock, not one bond, no security of any sort, and she was in middle life and untrained. She was obliged to take what was given her to support herself and her children. Had she been a real partner, had she shared the prosperity as well as the early denials, she would have had money security, and would have been spared the humiliation of a dole, given at a time when the giver was no longer in a mood to give and when she undoubtedly shrank from taking.

What is the result when two married people do not share their income? Uncertainties always produce unwarranted fears which lead to extremes. There are plenty of examples where the wife, ignorant of the state of the husband's financial affairs, becomes lavish, prodigal, wasteful. There are more who become bores through constant acts of unnecessary parsimony and self-denial. Both are unbeautiful and not likely to produce peace and happiness in the home. As a general rule men and women cannot live happily in prolonged personal uncertainty. How long would one business man endure an arrangement with a partner if accurate information of the state of the treasury were continually withheld from him by the latter, or if the latter falsified as to the surplus profits?

Non-recognition of the woman as a partner in the home is disastrous in another way. It is subtly pernicious where woman carries her work into the open fields of social competition. She carries with her the psychology of the unpaid work she left behind. So grateful is she to be paid at all that she accepts wages far too low. Unpaid work in the home affects her attitude as well as man's toward her fees in any occupation she undertakes.

In conclusion I would propose the following experiments:

1. Let both men and women look upon woman's work in the home as work with money value. Let them begin by demanding that the United States Government Census list women in the home as gainfully employed, rather than unemployed as it now does.

2. Recognize that the home is a cooperative institution with two joint directors.

3. Pool money-capital and labor-capital and decide in each case what division shall be made of surplus no matter how small.

4. Let those who wish make a contract of mutual support, to be satisfactory to both parties, and to be redrawn as often as desired, although making no provision for the end of the marriage. Let such contract stand in the law, with redress available in the courts, when the contract is broken without mutual consent or without good cause. No one would be compelled to make such a contract. Nor would it eliminate divorce. There would still be marital difficulties. It would merely safeguard the financial security of

women who work in the home. If the woman chooses to earn outside the home, a contract might provide for the pooling of all or part of the joint income, instead of the pooling of the wife's labor and the husband's money. Where she contributes both money and labor the contract would embrace still other provisions.

The essence of this proposal is that any such contract shall not be prescribed or limited by law, but that when made it shall be legal between husband and wife.

More responsibility of the right sort will see fewer slatterns among women. More sharing by men will see fewer arrogant and privileged males. Men of imagination will see the danger of their privilege—and women, too, where the privilege is theirs—and will work to abolish it.

The Man Who Threw the Tariff Bomb

By SILAS BENT

HOW long will it take Mr. Coolidge to find an excuse for firing Edward P. Costigan from the Tariff Commission? He, the sole survivor of those who voted for a reduction in the rate on sugar, is in direct line for the presidential ax. But his twelve-year term still has four years to run, and he cannot be supplanted, as David J. Lewis was, nor maneuvered to a diplomatic post three thousand miles away, as William S. Culbertson was. Some other method must be found; for, so long as he remains on deck, the Tariff Commission will never be safe for plutocracy.

However soon Mr. Costigan is beheaded, it will be too late. The fat's in the fire. The Tariff Commission is about to be investigated. And the revelations, so Senator Norris told his colleagues the other day, "will shock the conscience of the country." To hold Mr. Costigan solely responsible for this situation would be inaccurate; yet it came along with its nose right at the heels of some things he said in New York, in concluding his discussion of another man's speech. That the record may be clear, I will quote what he said:

1. Within the last year the United States Tariff Commission, taken as a whole, has ceased to represent disinterested and nonpartisan independence.

2. A serious obstacle to the consideration and correction of the commission's problems is due to the fact that the public has been denied access to a number of the commission's most important reports and findings; and that it has therefore not been possible for the public to be properly informed about the commission's work.

3. A congressional investigation of the activities of the Tariff Commission under the flexible provisions would appear to be an indispensable forerunner of any legislative correction of the present little-understood and regrettable situation.

4. Pending such investigation, confirmation by the Senate of the United States of new appointees to the Tariff Commission—including Commissioners Brossard and Baldwin—should be postponed.

5. Until adequate assurances are given that the membership of the Tariff Commission will be safeguarded by law and will conform to the standards of disinterested public service, it is fair to ask that no further appropriation for the commission's work be authorized by Congress.

Now, the Commissioner was telling no secrets out of school. Everything he said, except possibly his quixotic

suggestion that the pay roll be suspended, has been said publicly before; and even the pay roll expedient was tried on one occasion. That was when Commissioner Henry H. Glassie, admitting that his family owned a sugar plantation and mill, insisted on sitting in the sugar hearings until a special bill was passed by Congress, severing him from the Treasury until that case should be completed, and thus effectually terminating his services for the time being. There was no news in Mr. Costigan's speech except that a tariff commissioner made it, and only one newspaper gave it conspicuous space. Yet see what happened.

First, the speech was read into the *Congressional Record*.

Second, Senator King of Utah introduced a resolution calling for an investigation by a special committee of five.

Third, Senator Smoot of Utah countered with a resolution calling for an investigation by the Finance Committee, of which he is chairman.

Fourth, Commissioner Dennis issued a statement saying that the trouble with the Tariff Commission lay with the Harding, not the Coolidge, appointees. He is a Coolidge appointee.

Fifth, Commissioner Glassie said Mr. Dennis's statements were false and misleading. He is a Harding appointee.

Senator Smoot's resolution was admirable in that it manifested a chilled-steel nerve. The Senator owns 400 shares of the Utah-Idaho (beet) Sugar Company, which is a large beneficiary under the tariff; he is one of the twelve apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which as trustee controls that company; and Commissioner Brössard, whose appointment by President Coolidge will be one of the focal points of the investigation, is a Mormon and the Senator's handy man on the commission. His proposal that the Finance Committee investigate the Tariff Commission was clearly a proposal that he be permitted, please, to investigate himself.

For the investigation, if it is complete, will not deal alone with such comparatively recent happenings as President Coolidge's suppression of the sugar and other reports; his refusal (at a cost of \$200,000 a day to American sugar consumers) to lower the sugar tariff; his appointment of Edgar B. Brossard to succeed Mr. Culbertson, and of A. H. Baldwin to succeed William Burgess, who resigned on account of ill health; nor even his reasons for trying, with Sen-

ator Smoot's connivance, to make "Beet Sugar Charlie" Warren the Attorney General of this United States. The inquiry may go all the way back to 1921, when Senator Smoot told Cubans he would hold the sugar rates open until he heard whether they would be willing to reduce their cane acreage. The scandal of the ensuing wildly speculative market, which cost American consumers millions of dollars, has not yet been fully aired. The investigation might even bring out the Senator's use of statistics and statements prepared by Truman G. Palmer, long a lobbyist for the beet-sugar interests.

No, it is safe to say that Mr. Costigan did not have Senator Smoot's committee in mind when he called for an investigation. It is equally safe to say that he did not foresee the train of events which was to follow his speech. Certainly he could not foresee that Commissioner Dennis, while he and Commissioner Glassie were calling one another hard names, would be jockeyed into supporting the demand for an investigation.

Mr. Dennis is in an embarrassing position. He is a protege of Secretary Hoover and a personal friend of President Coolidge, about whom he has written laudatory campaign articles; but he is also a Democrat, a moderate protectionist, and a little thin-skinned. It is "a bit discouraging," he admits, to find himself always in the minority when rates should be reduced. The law required that a Democrat be chosen to supplant Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Dennis apparently feels that the Administration, in choosing him, regarded him as "safe."

Nobody has ever thought Edward P. Costigan safe in that sense. If he had said to himself when he took his degree at Harvard: I am now going to behave in such a way that never, during the next quarter of a century, or the quarter century after that if I live so long, in my goings out and comings in, in my utterances and in my friendships, never shall it be said that I am safe for the spoils system; if he had made some such resolve his whole life since that day would have been a post-graduate proof of it. To be unsafe for the spoils system it is not enough to let the system severely alone; one must be an enemy of it, one must move actively in the ranks against it. And that is what Mr. Costigan has been and done.

Mr. Costigan was admitted to the bar in Senator Smoot's Salt Lake City, but he began practicing at the beginning of the century in Denver, and has lived there ever since. He ran as a Republican for the Colorado House of Representatives, and on a contest was declared elected but was not seated. After this little lesson in politics he helped organize the Honest Election League; and since then he has been helpful in various such movements: a Direct Primary League and Direct Legislation League, civil-service reform and a municipal reform campaign; and in 1912 he helped organize the Progressive Party in Colorado. Twice he was the unsuccessful Progressive candidate for Governor. He has been an advocate of conservation, temperance legislation, equal suffrage, municipal ownership of public utilities, the initiative, referendum, and recall—that sort of thing. As an attorney he has appeared for mine workers and for strikers charged with murder, who were acquitted.

One of the things Mr. Costigan was plugging for was tariff reform; and when, in 1916, he saw that the Democrats at Washington were headed in that direction, he publicly urged—not as a Democrat, nor as a Republican, but in his capacity as a Progressive—that the Democratic ticket be supported. Mr. Wilson was reelected, you recall, in the West.

At Harvard Mr. Costigan had been a pupil of Dr. F. W. Taussig, who became the first chairman of the Tariff Commission created during the Wilson Administration; and the pupil now became one of the first tariff commissioners. At that time the commission was a fact-finding agency, without the quasi-judicial character which it acquired under the "flexible" provisions of the 1922 act. The two men worked together until 1919, when Dr. Taussig resigned. They came together again at the recent meeting in New York of the American Economic Association, where Mr. Costigan, commenting on Dr. Taussig's speech, let fall those five sticks of dynamite which have been set forth here.

Although Dr. Taussig and Mr. Costigan agree that the Tariff Commission, as now constituted, cannot command public respect, they disagree radically on an important point: Dr. Taussig thinks that the interests involved in tariff-making are so powerful, and can bring to bear such influence through the party in power, that we can never have disinterested and unpartisan administration of the "flexible" clause; Mr. Costigan believes that once the light is let in, we can. Dr. Taussig is pessimistic; Mr. Costigan has a larger faith in his fellows. It is that faith, I feel sure, which has kept him at his post ever since 1917, so that he is now the only "charter member" still serving; it is that faith which prompts his demand for an investigation, so the commission may not be undone in the dark. Never until Mr. Glassie insisted on sitting in the sugar case was it supposed that an interested commissioner might participate in such a judicial proceeding. Evidently Mr. Costigan believes that there can be a return to the earlier conditions.

It is refreshing to encounter a faith which persists through all that has happened in the Tariff Commission since the sugar investigation began. The mere matter of cotton hosiery, which has been on the commission tapis these thirty months, would wear down most men's optimism. The pocket veto by Mr. Coolidge of important reports, so that the public has no ground of information for judging the arbitrary rulings at the White House, might well cool any one's ardor.

But softly! Let it be said in justice to Mr. Coolidge that he has reduced the duties on bran and live bobwhite quail. Yes, after questioning the leading ornithologists of the United States; after making a laborious investigation covering five months and extending into New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Kansas, Texas, and Mississippi; after procuring the "costs of production" of live bobwhite quail covering 100 per cent of those brought into the United States in 1925, and 95 per cent in 1924, from Mexico, "the principal competing country"; and after analyzing expertly the weighted average costs, the commission reported in favor of a reduction; and the President, seeing his duty clearly, issued a ringing proclamation, lowering the rate to the full extent of his authority under the law.

At the end of the document containing this momentous report and proclamation I find a note: "Commissioner Costigan did not participate in the above report of the commission." It is the first from which he has withheld himself and it was his first chance, under Mr. Coolidge, to experience the sensation of participating in a "revision downward." But Commissioner Costigan had no time for clowning. He was meditating dynamite.

No, when the presidential ax falls, if it does, the Costigan slate will be clean; he will still be rated among the enemies of the spoils system.

John Garibaldi Speaks

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., January 16

LAST winter when John Garibaldi Sargent arrived in Washington to become Attorney General of the United States the good Calvin, then somewhat perturbed in spirit, sent a trusted messenger to meet his old Vermont friend at the station and bring him to the White House. The messenger was particularly instructed to see Mr. Sargent before he got off the train and tell him to let the reporters take his picture but to say nothing. So literally did the new Attorney General follow that advice that while he posed until the last photographer was satisfied he could not be got even to say what time he left Ludlow for Washington nor where he intended to spend the night. Since then he has adhered to that advice so closely that, while innumerable pictures have been taken of him for the movies and magazines, if up to ten days ago he had said anything either to newspapermen or anyone else other than "Good morning" and "Colonel Donovan has charge of that" it was said in complete privacy. From time to time a statement in his name has come out of the Department of Justice, but that was not Mr. Sargent speaking—it was the department through its publicity man, who, it is said, does not like to be referred to as a publicity man, though how else to refer to him no one knows. Personally, the Attorney General has carried out White House instructions and literally said nothing.

That was why there was such keen interest in the Senate when, a week ago today, Mr. Sargent took the witness chair before the senatorial committee investigating the aluminum case. It was his first public appearance, the first chance to hear him speak for himself, actually the first time some of the Senators who voted for his confirmation had ever seen him. It was not the fault of the Washington correspondents that the impression made by his testimony was inadequately transmitted through the newspapers. The fact is it could not be done that way. It had to be heard to be really appreciated. Merely reading about it means missing its full significance. However, after three hours of examination it was the unanimous verdict among those who listened that Mr. Coolidge's Attorney General was perhaps the most remarkable witness who ever appeared before a Senate committee—remarkable not in what he knew but in what he did not know. At the end of the hearing a Republican Senator, who had sat amazed through the morning, said, "Incredible as it seems, the Attorney General knows less about the Department of Justice than Denby did about the Navy."

To some who did not hear but read what the Attorney General said, searching for some explanation of his unbelievable lack of knowledge, the idea occurs that perhaps Mr. Sargent is really a superb actor, far deeper than is believed, and his replies to questions were for the purpose of cannily concealing knowledge rather than naively revealing his lack of it. It is perhaps natural that such a notion should arise, but no one who heard him entertains it. Unanimously they acquit the Attorney General of either guile or subtlety. Unanimously they would agree that he was, before this committee, himself. It was impossible to listen to him and doubt it.

Since Mr. Sargent took hold ten months ago there have

been two views of him here. One was that he had no real grasp on his job and did not pretend to have, that Donovan, one assistant, ran the legal end and Marshall, the other assistant, the political end, and that all Mr. Sargent did was to look ponderously wise and sign where he was told to sign. The other view was that he was a shrewd old fellow with real ability and resourcefulness back of his silence, that he kept personally posted on all important matters under him, and did the real directing, holding a tight rein over Donovan.

What Mr. Sargent did in his first public appearance was to prove completely the first estimate which completely disproves the second. He was, it is true, an evasive witness—evasive through no desire to conceal the facts or any effort to mislead the committee, but simply because he did not know. The things he did not know were amazing in an Attorney General. It was not only the law with which he was admittedly unfamiliar but the facts. He had not heard of the resolution of the Federal Trade Commission refusing to give the aluminum evidence to his department. He did not know of the letter of his predecessor, Mr. Stone, stating that it was apparent the company had violated the law. He was unaware of any controversy over the aluminum company until a newspaperman mentioned it to him. He had not heard of the aluminum company at all before he came to Washington. He had no recollection that he had ever taken any personal action in the aluminum case, as those things were in Mr. Donovan's hands. The following day he corrected this and said his attention had been called to a memorandum he had signed soon after he took office requesting Mr. Donovan to investigate the case and report to him. He must, he said, have done this, because the signature to the memorandum is his, but he had no recollection of it.

The most persistent questions showed that there was nothing from start to finish that Mr. Sargent knew about the case, almost nothing he had ever heard about it. It was so apparent that this was so that no one who heard him had the least thought he was holding anything back, although as a witness it was impossible to pin him down. Quite evidently he thought the thing to do above all else was to avoid answering any question yes or no. Not once in three hours did he use either of those words—even when they would have been the easiest way out for him. He spoke so slowly that often a Senator would ask him a second question under the impression that he had finished his reply, only to have the Attorney General continue calmly to explain that on this point he had no definite knowledge or was not clear in his mind or had not reached a conclusion or was not familiar with the facts.

It not only took him a long time to say these things but he said them in so many ways that there was always the expectation that he might get somewhere—but he never did. Every word was said ponderously, slowly, impressively, solemnly. His long pauses made it seem as if he were giving his replies the deepest thought, but when they came it was revealed they were nothing to think about. To the end he maintained his poise. Admissions that brought a smile to every face in the room left him unperturbed. Dignified and ponderous, a mountain of a man, with a heavy face and a kindly eye, John Garibaldi left the witness chair after having demonstrated beyond doubt that no man who ever held his great office knew less about it than he. The curious mixture of serenity and stolidity in the Sargent character blinded him to this, and, incredible as it seems, he

stepped down with the satisfied air of one who has confounded his critics and acquitted himself well.

Beyond doubt he made a deep impression, but not the one he seemed to think. While those who heard him certainly acquitted him of any sinister purpose and held him guiltless of guile, they were also in complete accord in regarding his reputation as a shrewd, resourceful, capable person as without foundation. That he is a nice old man nearly everybody would agree, but that he is an Attorney General is right hard to maintain after last week.

It does look as if following the Senate's rejection of Mr. Warren last year Mr. Coolidge played one of the greatest jokes on that body ever perpetrated by a President when he got them to confirm Mr. Sargent sight unseen. The fact that Mr. Coolidge did not do it as a joke is the most pregnant fact of all.

In the Driftway

SO Charlie Schwab has let the cat out of the bag again! Of all the captains of industry that the Drifter has known—and he doesn't pretend to know many—Charlie Schwab is the most likable because he is so absolutely frank, gives himself no airs, pretends to no particular wisdom, and is utterly unlike the sententious, all-knowing, and divinely prophetic Elbert H. Gary, the best-paid advance agent of prosperity. Schwab is just a good-natured grown-up boy and in Chicago the other night he admitted frankly that somebody else writes his speeches for him. "You know," he said to the American Road Builders Association, "there is a fellow down at New York who writes my speeches for me. He has written one for me to deliver to you. It has been given to all the newspapers and you can read it in the morning, but I am going to talk about something else." And talk about something else he did. The dispatches don't say what, but the Drifter guarantees that it was bright and racy and altogether human and much more worth reading than the speech that fellow back in New York had written for him.

* * * * *

THE charming thing about Charlie Schwab is his spontaneity as well as his frankness. The Drifter remembers with joy how on one occasion at Loretto, where the head of the Bethlehem Steel has built himself a very impressive country house with a big terrace, there was an afternoon tea going on to which all the neighborhood was invited, among them many of the Catholic friends of the host. Charlie has built a church, at least part of a convent, and other things there to help him in the future life. Noticing that the host was in mellow spirits and happy as he never fails to be when friends and neighbors are about him, one of the dignitaries of the convent decided that the time was ripe to ask him for another \$50,000 for that institution. He flashed back at her that she could have the \$50,000 if then and there on the terrace she would dance with him to the music of the band. She accepted, to the amazement of the neighbors, danced a step or two with him, and went off with a check. The Drifter is certain that she got absolution for her sin; there is only one thing that puzzles him: How did she happen to know how to dance? Is it possible that—but, no, the Drifter forbears.

* * * * *

CHARLIE SCHWAB has danced on other occasions. He has seen much of the world and is not unfamiliar with its weaknesses and follies, and his fondness for poker which

he can so well indulge is notorious. But he loves the simple life in Bethlehem where the neighbors drop in on him of an evening, in contrast to the lonely grandeur of his Riverside Drive mansion where people don't have the habit of calling informally to talk over the neighborhood news. But best of all, the Drifter thinks, Charlie Schwab loves a blast furnace. In fact the Drifter once heard him say that as between a \$150,000 painting by an Italian master and a blast furnace he preferred the latter because he got more fun out of it. The Drifter understood perfectly what he meant. He was not sneering at the old master or showing a lack of appreciation of art. It was a frank admission that the tremendous human and mechanical problems which a blast furnace offers stir him as nothing else could. He was not once a workman for nothing; he can look into the future, too, and when he stands by a blast furnace he sees many things in the flames visible at the furnace doors or issuing from the top of the stacks. His men like him because they know he was once one of them and because, whatever his faults, he is so human and so without affectation or pretense. The Drifter is sure that that speech-writing fellow upon whom Charlie Schwab peached does not bear him any ill-will at all—few could, and among them is not

THE DRIFTER

P. S. Later. Charlie now says it was all a joke—a joke perhaps on the many from the President down who do have their liter'ry fellers to supply golden words and copper-fastened thoughts.

Correspondence

Never Satisfied

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is no pacifying the pacifists. Our preparations are damned if they do and double-damned if they don't.

The Nation complains because, in the late lamented war, we spent a billion dollars on airplanes and have nothing to show for it. If we actually had a billion dollars' worth of airplanes, we would be the nightmare of the world.

Let us hope that our wars will never be carried on by deadly earnest pacifists who demand one hundred cents of result for every dollar of expenditure. Meanwhile giving thanks for our lackadaisical militarists,

Seattle, Washington, December 14

BERTHA F. LANE

The Sins of Sinclair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in Mr. Benjamin Stolberg's review of Miss Ida Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company," new edition, that "Miss Tarbell's research, unlike Upton Sinclair's recent performance, is as hole-proof as it is fool-proof."

It has apparently not occurred to Mr. Stolberg to go back and consult the reviews of Miss Tarbell's book when it was first published. He would find that it was not entirely hole-proof, and certainly not in any way fool-proof. Neither was it rogue-proof.

As for Upton Sinclair: in the course of his conflict with lawless wealth, he has stated some hundreds of thousands of facts, and a dozen or so have been incorrect; but there is this to be said for him: he has stuck by his guns, and you do not find him fawning upon those whom formerly he lashed.

Miss Tarbell has just published a fulsome biography of Judge Gary; and the sins of old Rockefeller against freedom of trade were white as snow compared to the sins of Judge

Gary against labor and against the fundamental rights of citizenship in his great steel empire. When I read the first reviews of this new book I said to myself: "There is only one thing left to complete the career of Ida Tarbell, and that is for her to write a third volume, whitewashing the Rockefellerers." Now I learn from Mr. Stolberg's review that this third volume is actually in preparation.

Pasadena, December 10

UPTON SINCLAIR

Conservative New Zealand!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have just had an election and it has resulted in the Government Party obtaining 55 seats, a gain of 15 seats; the National Party (formerly called Liberals) obtaining 10 seats, a loss of 11; Labor obtaining 13, a loss of 4. The great government victory was due to the absolute weakness of the Nationalists and to the fear of communism from the Labor Party. The British seamen's strike completely spoiled any chances that Labor might have had.

The tendency toward conservatism as against legislative and political experiment seems to be of world-wide character.

Auckland, New Zealand, November 14 J. D. ROBERTSON

A National Park in the East

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: History will record no more striking fact than the early establishment of vast national parks in the younger and little-settled Western regions of our country and the failure to establish during the same era parks of similar kind and of adequate area in the older and more densely populated Eastern sections. There are eight square miles of national-park area east of the Mississippi—in Maine. West of the Mississippi there are more than 11,000 square miles.

Evidently it was not through sectional favoritism on the part of the government that vast national parks were established in the West, because these parks were given to the government. Certainly cheapness of land did not determine the distribution, because cheap land of great scenic value has been available always in the East. Mere height of mountain relief or length of mountain ranges could not have determined the Western predominance, because the East has possessed the lofty Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and of Virginia and the long ranges of the Appalachians, including the Blue Ridge. The novelty of the canyons, sentinel peaks, deserts, glaciers, craters, great trees, cataracts, and forests as they appeared to the eyes of the pioneers of the West was, of course, the compelling fact which led to the enthusiastic creation of the great national parks. To the Western Indians, who were accustomed to these spectacles, the scenery of the East appeared novel.

Today the sons of the Western pioneers are finding Eastern scenery interesting in the highest degree. These men, when they journey toward the Atlantic in search of recreation, are making as it were a rediscovery of the rivers, lakes, the mountains, and the virgin forests of the East. Although men of the West are impressed with the novelty of the landscapes of the Eastern country and with the scenery of its vastly older mountains, the present movement to create new national parks in the East is not led by these Western men whose eyes and appreciation ought to be the keenest but by the men who live in the regions whose acquisition is contemplated. This awakening has been brought about by familiarity, through travel, with the national parks of the West and with the scenery of the country as a whole.

This perception of itself might lead only to a complacency regarding the scenic resources of the East were it not for pressing economic demands which are being made upon the

States which possess such scenery. The demand for timber is threatening to despoil this region of the virgin forests which are singular to it and alone remain of all those which covered the Eastern mountains when our country was settled. Action is needed to save these primeval woodlands and the scenery to which they are essential.

Who are these men and what are the lands and the scenery which they wish to save for national use and enjoyment? The men and the lands are of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, where the Great Smoky and the Blue Ridge mountains rise up to form the most impressive mountain scenery east of the Mississippi. These men are trying to raise money sufficient to purchase the highest mountain ranges and their forest cover and dedicate these lands and their landscapes to the recreative enjoyment and to the education of all the people of the country. Congress has appointed a commission to view these lands to see if they are worthy in distinction and in size to become national parks. The commission after a thorough field study has reported enthusiastically for their acquisition.

The great need of the moment is to inform the nation East and West of the unselfish work which the men of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia are doing to acquire these lands. If the people of the country are fully informed, there can be no doubt of the ultimate success of the efforts to secure an Eastern national park commensurate in size, distinction, and recreational and educational value with those west of the Mississippi.

Boston, November 22

ARTHUR A. SHURTLEFF,

Vice-President, American Society of
Landscape Architects

Eton, a School for "Poor Boys"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the exclusion of Countess Karolyi you advance (in your issue of December 2) the case of Antioch College and its exclusion of a Negro boy fully qualified to enter that institution founded to "stand always a place where neither sex, color, nor creed shall ever bar young people from an education."

Few people are aware that there are a score of great endowments in England which are handled in a precisely similar manner. The most notorious instance is Eton College, founded by some grateful native of long ago. The official title of this institution is "the Free Grammar School of Eton founded for the free education of the poor boys of Eton forever." Today it is the premier school for sons of the aristocracy. For over a century there has never been in the school a single poor-boy inhabitant of Eton. The income of the foundation is large and the trustees have from time to time obtained control of all the real estate in the parish of Eton which, through prevention of building and razing of old houses, today is a small and thinly populated area, apart from the school buildings. Within that area only traders are permitted to establish themselves. They make a good living out of supplying the needs of the 1,100 boys (whose expenditure averages \$1,500 per head annually) and the faculty and numerous officials connected with the institution and otherwise.

If a resident desires to send his son to the school his right is not disputed, but his business is placed "out of bounds," which means that any student entering it risks expulsion from the school. There is no difficulty in enforcing the regulation because English people are particularly loyal to established authorities and the headmaster's fiat is law and so recognized by the courts and the government. Thus commercial ruin is the cost of availing oneself of one's right to send a child to the school provided for the purpose. The authorities of Antioch are amply supported by English precedents if they desire to avoid the intentions of the founder of the college.

Oakland, California, December 1

EDGAR SUMMERTON

The New Newark Museum

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three months from now the Newark Museum Association will open to the public its new museum. When the museum opens it will, in addition to its regular collections of art, science, and industry, display for the first time an important collection of works by living American artists purchased this year. The museum is definitely following a policy of encouraging the arts in America by purchasing the works of living American artists and designers. The museum will stress from the beginning the importance of the arts of everyday life, in furniture and household utensils, in house decoration, in personal ornament, in clothing, not only as a necessary foundation for the growth of the fine arts, painting, sculpture, etc., but as ends in themselves.

The museum will emphasize also service to the public. It lends works of art, reproductions, and various forms of exhibit material to schools, stores, workshops, factories, and to individuals. Through its lending collections and its children's museum the Newark Museum before it moved into its new home was sending out over 2,000 exhibits each month to the public.

Newark, New Jersey, December 29 EDGAR H. CAHILL

Agreement in Brazil

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The leaders of the two great political parties in Brazil, of the "Ins" and "Outs," have wisely united in nominating Dr. Washington Linz for the presidency and Dr. Fernando de Mello Vianna for the vice-presidency of the United States of Brazil. This is automatically equivalent to an election, which formally will take place, in a simplified form, next March. The new administration will take charge in September.

This movement and its results are encouraging. Mr. Washington Linz, the present governor of the important coffee state of Sao Paulo, is a very able and highly esteemed statesman. Mr. Mello Vianna, governor of the important state of Minas Geraes, is equally well known and has also rendered important political services. With this political combination an era of good feeling is probably reentered after the disagreements which led, two years ago, to the outbreak of the so-called Sao Paulo revolution.

No little praise is due to the patriotic energy of the present president of Brazil, Dr. Bernardes, who courageously took charge of the government during a very dangerous crisis and introduced important and urgently necessary reforms.

New York, December 10 EUGENE SEEGER,
Formerly Consul General of the United States
at Rio de Janeiro

The Way of Salvation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In re Our Gallery of Iniquity, in your issue of December 9, permit me to submit (with apologies to Oliver Goldsmith) the following lines:

When man ambitious stoops to poli-
tics, and would win the votes of men,
What art can wash away his folly?
What charm can make him clean again?

The only art to seek salvation,
To win forgiveness from each eye,
To gain approval from *The Nation*,
And ne'er to lose it, is—to die.

Buffalo, Wyoming, December 22 MARY M. PARMELEE

MARK AND CARL VAN DOREN

recommend as two of the ten
outstanding books of the year

**THE BOOK OF AMERICAN
NEGRO SPIRITUALS** (\$3.50)

and

TWO LIVES

A NARRATIVE POEM

by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Critics from six different countries agree that *Two Lives* is one of the outstanding poetic masterpieces of the present day. Long withheld from publication—for personal reasons—this poem is now receiving the acclaim which it so well deserves. It belongs to every cultured American. *Fourth Printing.* \$2.00

Books can be sent by telegram. See your bookseller.



THE VIKING PRESS

30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

CARL VAN DOREN and JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH included the following titles in their lists of 25 books of 1925 that they found most interesting:

☐ Mr. Van Doren * Mr. Krutch

- | | |
|--|--------|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> * ARROWSMITH | |
| By Sinclair Lewis | \$2.00 |
| * MRS. DALLOWAY | |
| By Virginia Woolf | \$2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NORTH AMERICA | |
| By J. Russell Smith | \$6.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BRIGHAM YOUNG | |
| By M. R. Werner | \$5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> * THE MENTALITY OF APES | |
| By W. Koehler | \$4.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SKIN FOR SKIN | |
| By Llewelyn Powys | \$2.00 |
| * THE PSYCHOLOGY OF
RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM | |
| By James H. Leuba | \$5.00 |

Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave.
New York

Books and Plays

Free

By LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK

Thinking is the poorest way of traveling—
Paths in the head,
Dreams in bed.

Living in a body is the drearest kind of life,
Locked up all alone
In flesh and bone.

Turn me out of head,
Turn me out of body,
Wake me out of bed.

Rather than respectable,
Vagabond and dead.

First Glance

MRS. FLORENCE AYSCOUGH'S "A Chinese Mirror" (Houghton Mifflin: \$5) is not, as its title might indicate, a series of impressions. Or if it is impressions that we get, they are a great deal more than reflections from the surface. As Mrs. Ayscough explains in her preface, a Chinese mirror is expected to yield the reality rather than the appearance of a thing; and so she has tried in each of her chapters to give us the whole meaning of a Chinese thing. The result is a book which will not be easy to read, for it is learned and detailed. Mrs. Ayscough has spent a quarter of a century in the country she writes about, and for the purposes of her present study she has plundered not only the Chinese classics but the researches of many sinologues in Europe and America. But it may be well to have a book on China which cannot be read by one who runs. China has not run—at least till now—for something like four thousand years, and during that time, since she is a brilliantly gifted nation, she has accumulated an immeasurable stock of stories, beliefs, and arts. It is at this stock that Mrs. Ayscough's fascinating book teaches us to look with a more or less expert eye.

Her procedure is both less orderly and more profitable than that of one who writes guide-books or relies on impressions. Knowing and remembering so much, she is forced to settle upon some institution or place and collect her data about that—reaching always further and deeper until it seems to her that she has written enough. About the story of the building of her own house at Shanghai, for instance, she gathers eighty pages of information, always informally conveyed, concerning the popular life of China today. In three chapters called Symbolism of the Purple Forbidden City, T'ai Shan: The Great Mountain, and Cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Walls and City Moats she intrepidly explores the all but impossible realm of Chinese religious philosophy. And in a chapter on The Chinese Idea of a Garden—which is "that it shall represent as closely as possible the innumerable natural scenes so dear to the heart of a scholar"—she lights up the spirit of this paragon more richly than I have ever seen it lighted up before. The seven fine arts which among other things the

scholar must master are, one may repeat in passing, "calligraphy, painting, playing the table-lute, playing hedged-in-checkers, writing poems, drinking wine, and cultivating flowers."

But the triumph of Mrs. Ayscough's book is the chapter called The Literary Background of the Great River. "I have heard a tale," she says, "of a Japanese professor who went up the river in order to lecture. . . . The learned man arrived in a state of exhaustion, having, in his desire to identify the famous sites on either shore, barely slept or eaten on the way." Compared with the Yangtze, of course, the Rhine, the Danube, the Hudson, the Seine, the Thames, and the Tiber are newcomers; for every foot of The River is colored by a legend or remembered by a poem. Tu Fu and Li Po lived on its banks; and at P'êng Tsê another poet, T'ao Whirlpool-of-Intelligence, served for a few weeks as an official—or, as he put it himself, "crooked the loins for the sake of five measures of rice." Mrs. Ayscough went in a boat the 2,700 miles from Shanghai through the Three Chasms to Chungking and back, and her account of the expedition, packed as it is with reminiscences of lovers and scholars and soldiers and painters and poets, is one of the most moving narratives I know. MARK VAN DOREN

This Side of Love

Beyond Hatred. The Democratic Ideal in France and America.

By Albert Leon Guérard. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

MR. GUERARD writes brilliantly. His pages sparkle with anecdotes, allusions, and shrewd characterizations often amusing, seldom trite, and always apt. No reader who gets well started with "Beyond Hatred" will be likely to leave the book long until he has finished it, and by the time he has reached the end he will probably have chuckled enough to add appreciably to his normal expectation of life. Whether the residuary effect of the book will be equally inspiring, however, is another matter. Mr. Guérard follows a method which, in less clever hands, would seem to court disaster. He begins by exposing, in a masterly fashion, the weaknesses and absurdities of what passes for political democracy in France and America, and wields the knife so skilfully and remorselessly as to make political despotism seem attractive by comparison. To think of millions of immortal souls passing a ghastly eternity amid such contradictions and specious pretenses as are here depicted recalls the story of Machiavelli, who is said to have remarked, after a horrid dream in which processions of saints and sinners had deployed before him, that he would rather live in hell and discuss serious matters with the philosophers and heroes whom the church had banned than associate in heaven with the godly rabble that had just passed. Then, having demonstrated what a mess political democracy and civilization have made of things, Mr. Guérard pleads with the peoples to love each other as brethren and grow in grace through the unction of an international spirit. We are, apparently, in our several national ways, fools all, but if only we will forget the turmoil and the stench, put our arms about our neighbors' necks, and march cheerily onward to the tune of "God bless the human race!" the Promised Land shall be ours to enter and possess.

How, by so bewildering a route, the goal of an internationalized humanity is to be attained Mr. Guérard hastens to tell us even while the dissection proceeds. Some of the things that offend us most in democratic institutions are really not as bad as they seem; they may even be occasions for rejoicing if only we would understand them better. Political democracy, for

example, is in reality a hybrid affair in which vestigial remains of the glorious but benighted days of kings stiek out obtrusively in the mass of other functions belonging to the worthier days of the people. Clemenceau named the prostate gland and the presidency of the French Republic as the two things in the world for which he had never been able to see any use, but since democratic France insists upon having a figurehead, Mr. Guérard suggests that it might be well to have an emperor, a king, and a president, the first to entertain visiting emperors and such, the second to grace the funeral of M. Charles Maurras, and the third to attend the divorce of M. Herriot. Similarly, instead of Americans having only one flag to cheer for, let us have two, the Stars and Stripes for the democracy of Lincoln and a Dollar flag for dollar diplomacy. Some such practical adjustments as these would tide over the interval until internationalism arrives.

Mr. Guérard is at pains to insist that democracy does not mean racial or social equality, but although Negroes and whites in the mass will not mix, the Negro is advancing, as witness the changed relations between the races in the South, and even the black army of France testifies to a belief that racial barriers will not count for much in the international future. A universal language would obviously be better for certain purposes than are the forty-odd tongues with which Europe has to contend, and Mr. Guérard fences deftly with Anatole France over the Master's cynical distrust of Esperanto, but he is not ready to assert that a universal English is part of the price that internationalism must pay. And so and thus with the battle of the classics in France, Voltaire and the "new history," and all the other topics over which the book ranges.

Mr. Guérard's conclusion is as baffling as his main argument, if that may be called argument in which premises and conclusion are not always easily joined. The democracy of Lincoln is not a democracy of equality, but we may nevertheless act "as if" all men were equal. The common foe is "the assumption of unproved superiorities." What matters is only the negative side of social theories; "what is constructive in life can take care of itself without theory." "The root of hatred is not inequality but pride." The sovereign remedy, apparently, is love, and love we must if the world is to be saved. One hesitates to challenge so hopeful a conclusion, but whether the average reader of the book will conclude that love alone will really rid the world of evil, and forthwith begin to practice it upon all mankind, or conclude instead that Mr. Guérard's political philosophy is the more practical one of a cheerful tone and a stiff upper lip, may fairly be regarded as an open question.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Document and More

Black Valley. By Raymond Weaver. The Viking Press. \$2.

OF the scores of missionaries who annually sail away to carry the Gospel to foreign lands there are few who realize that it is, fundamentally, not the heathen but their own souls which they are bent upon saving. Some are running away from those complications of life which can be left physically behind, a greater number are in full flight from themselves, but all are driven, however little they may be aware of the fact, by the obscure needs of their own spirit. Men whose craving for power and position can find no adequate satisfaction at home, women who must find an environment where their gnawing shame of spinsterhood may be transformed into the glory of a willing sacrifice to God, and the whole company of those who can achieve no real adjustment at home pack up their Bibles and their belongings for the voyage to a foreign land where they may create for themselves the traditions and the standards which they cannot find in any natural society. Many of them achieve, in a measure at least, the sublimations which they seek, many pass on to their children problems created by

their own artificial adjustments; but here and there one is brought by some crisis in his own life to realize the real nature of that impulse to "push the heathen to the wall" which is called in ecclesiastical language "a missionary vocation."

Such, at least, I take to be the underlying thesis of Mr. Weaver's novel, through which run the threads of a double plot—the story of a boy who revolted from the solemn pretentiousness of his father's theology only to fall a victim to the subtler influence of his mother's possessiveness, and the story of a missionary lady of middle age who scandalized the community by announcing her engagement to a sea captain only to realize when he failed to appear on time for the wedding that her love, like her vocation, was merely a phantom generated by an emptiness of the heart which had never been filled. Doubtless Mr. Weaver's novel will be read chiefly for the swift interest of its narrative and the piquancies of its account of the ironies involved in the contacts between the East and that highly specialized portion of the West which is represented by the missionaries; but below this outward investiture lies a psychological study, not without a Freudian significance, whose interpretation is left entirely to the reader. The meaning of the story of the missionary lady is hardly in doubt—she realized in the time given her by the dilatoriness of her prospective husband that only the intensity of her need made him seem a suitable mate and so returned to such consolation as the service of her God could give her—but the story of the boy is left by the irony of the author to be interpreted according to the temperament of the reader. Outwardly the dying mother, who clings to him and who, by the loyalty which she tacitly demands, enables him to extricate himself from the two amorous entanglements into which he falls, is the heroine of the book; and outwardly his old friend Mrs. West, to whom he turns for guidance when his mother is dead, is to become the wise counselor of his young manhood. But there are those who will see, as I fancy that Mr. Weaver saw, another meaning in these events. They will see in that devotion to his mother, abnormally triumphant over passion, the beginning of one of those sinister obsessions which make men missionaries or worse, and they will see in Mrs. West but a substitute embodiment of the mother who is destined always to stand between him and any satisfactory adjustment to life.

It is obvious that Mr. Weaver knows his Japan and it is obvious, too, from his temperate and rounded characterizations of the principal personages concerned, that his attitude toward the missionaries is not that of a fanatic but rather the result of a seasoned and mellowed contempt which is not afraid to give the devil his due and which feels no necessity to overstate the case. His book will serve as an admirable document and as the record of an acute observer, but because it is so much more than merely local and informative it stands out as a novel of insight and power and as one with solid foundations in universal human character. Outwardly it is a story of Japan and a commentary upon the lives and personalities of those who devote themselves to service "in the foreign field"; inwardly it is a story of those frustrations of spirit which are peculiar to no special environment and which differ only in their accidents according to the environment of their victims.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Karel Capek

Krakatit. By Karel Capek. Translated by Lawrence Hyde. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Letters from England. By Karel Capek. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

CAPEK, like many others, is harassed by this age of iron which has made man a slave to the machine. How will the already poignant struggle between man and the machine end? Capek is full of foreboding. Like Bertrand Russell he believes that the future is in the hands of the man who invents the

most powerful machine, that the scientist rather than the poet or artist will be the dominating figure of the future.

In his novel "Krakatit" he attacks the imaginative theme of "R. U. R." A scientist has invented an explosive capable of blowing up the whole world in a few minutes. He is captured by emissaries from a foreign kingdom who are determined to buy or steal the secret of Krakatit from him. He refuses; the power to destroy all humanity, put in the hand of a single individual or nation, would be a deadly thing. Sometimes, however, he hesitates and with a philosophy strangely reminiscent of Anatole France in the last chapter of "Penguin Island" wonders if the destruction of humanity is so dreadful after all.

What do I care for the laws of eternity? Your moment will come and you will explode. You may liberate love, pain, thought, I don't know what. You are not part of the endless order, or of the millions of light years. Explode with the most lofty flame. Do you feel yourself shut in? Then burst to pieces the mortar. Make a place for your sole moment. That is good.

There is a slight love episode with the Princess Wilhelmina, a daughter of the royal house in whose kingdom the inventor is captive. Here Capek is like Anthony Hope or Marie Corelli. And, unfortunately, this episode is characteristic of the book. It has fire and color, and yet it never rises above the commonplace. In spite of the quality of the plot and the evident artistic ability of the author the novel is not as a whole interesting; it is dull, and at times it is obscure with the obscurity that comes from a certain mental looseness. Capek does not quite understand everything he himself says. One suspects that, after all, he is a poet who thinks he knows a great deal of science.

The "Letters" record the charming, light impressions of Capek during his recent visit to England. They have all the charm of a witty, clever, cultivated acquaintance who is talking to you of his visit to a strange country and who has an eye for detail, a shrewdness of vision, and an excellent sense of humor. Capek met a great many literary men in England, and he gives them in vivid paragraphs. The illustrations by the author are equal to the prose itself.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

The Unity of Mankind

Social Origins and Social Continuities. By Alfred M. Tozzer. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IN the course of a general discussion of the life and ideas of "primitive man" Mr. Tozzer demonstrates that "man is one and cultures are many" in a fashion that should drive the point finally home.

The first chapter, dealing with methods and theories which have been used in the study of anthropological data, should give the reader a clear idea of that difference between the cultural and the natural backgrounds of man which is so simple to state and apparently so difficult to grasp. The author insists quite rightly that a sharp differentiation should be made between biological and cultural inheritance, and then goes on to explain some of the difficulties which are in the way of accepting this position—for instance, the similarity of cultural phenomena the world over and the questions of psychic unity and diffusion of culture. There is a good critique of the popular contemporary English diffusionist school, and finally a discourse on progress, with the result, as might be expected, that the difficulty of determining criteria looms very large as an obstacle.

Passing on to a consideration of the nature of savage society, Mr. Tozzer discusses some theories regarding the origin of society and surveys some of the causes which go to make up divergences in cultures. Is it race? Or environment? Or perhaps the social background itself? Clearly it is not the

first or the second, as is seen after reading the results of all the investigations to date. Man, as Wissler remarked, is a culture-building animal; "man inherits some of the factors necessary to make a pattern—the warp alone is there to hold the fabric together; but the woof, the filling in of the pattern, is a product of man's invention . . . and quite apart from any innate characteristics he may have."

In his presentation of the crises in the life of the individual Mr. Tozzer is committed to an acceptance of van Gennep's theory that the various rites which mark the periods of stress and change in status of an individual's life are really "rites du passage"—attempts to make the going over from one period of life to another less fraught with danger than it otherwise would be. Here are mentioned birth, the change from childhood into adolescence, death, and burial, the important rite of marriage being reserved for an entire chapter on that ceremony and the general topic of the family. Mr. Tozzer says nothing in this connection which has not been said before, though perhaps his concise presentation of the very difficult subject of social organization may be recommended. At the same time it is difficult to understand why he plays at the game, too common among anthropologists, of standing up the outworn straw men of theories, already adequately refuted, merely for the pleasure of knocking them down again. After a final consideration of law, government, and ethics, there are several conclusions the gist of which may be stated as the conviction that it has yet to be proved that savage man is either essentially different from or inferior to us, or is possessed of a culture less well adapted to his needs than ours is to us. The book ends with an amusing account, based on freshman themes, of the superstitions of college freshmen—which offer striking proof that superstition is not confined to primitive folk.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The End of the Egmont Diary

Manuscripts of the Earl of Egmont. Diary of the First Earl of Egmont (Viscount Percival). Vol. III, 1739-1747, with Appendices and Index. Edited by R. A. Roberts. London: H. M. Stationery Office.

THE publication of the Diary of the First Earl of Egmont is completed by the printing of this third volume from manuscripts in possession of The Historical Manuscripts Commission. While the first and second volumes extend over four and five years respectively, the third covers a longer period of nine years—from 1739 to 1747. It contains fewer pages, doubtless owing to the ill health and old age of the diarist. But its contents abate no jot in interest.

The main theme of the present volume, like that of the second, concerns the transactions of the Trustees of the Georgia Colony. The history of the province during these years is very fully set forth through the reports of officials, the letters of colonial residents, and the detailed conversations of numerous prominent persons who returned from Georgia to England. It is clear that this was a period of stress for the colony. There was danger, even, that the colony might be surrendered to Spain. Walpole appears to have regarded its retention as of no paramount importance, since he sought to place upon the Georgian Trustees the burden of establishing their title against the Spanish claims. They very justly replied that such a duty belonged properly to the government and not to "a set of private gentlemen." Although the trustees made persistent and successful endeavors to retain the colony, yet they had every reason to feel ill rewarded for the many years of disinterested effort they had exerted in behalf of the philanthropic enterprise involved in the founding of Georgia.

Still another danger to the colony at this time arose from the French, who had made peace with the Chickesaw Indians,

heretofore friends of the British. In 1740 Egmont writes: "The French are now masters of the Mississippi River, and can join their forces from Quebec, so as at any time to make head against Carolina and Georgia, and drive both into the sea. . . . Colonel Bull has wrote for protection by the addition of more troops, and possibly this may turn out ill for Georgia; for, as Carolina is most favored, if it be resolved to send a regiment thither, the ministry may abandon Georgia to the Spaniards and order Oglethorpe's regiment to Carolina."

While the second volume of the *Diary* contained many valuable facts about John and Charles Wesley the third volume gives much interesting information concerning their successor, the great evangelist Whitefield. In the first entry of the 3rd of January, 1739, it is said of Whitefield that he goes to Oxford to be ordained priest. Thereafter he collects a considerable sum of money for a church at Ebenezer and an orphan house in Savannah. Stirring scenes follow upon his return in 1741 to Georgia. A year later he was back in England with new demands upon the Trustees. On this occasion he was summoned by the House of Commons as a witness of affairs in Georgia. His descriptions of the province in this volume are thus very full. Opinions varied greatly as to Whitefield's own success in Georgia, but there was no doubt of the views he held, as in his farewell sermon in Savannah he said that "the people there had only been sent to prepare the way for a better set of men."

This final volume is enriched, too, by literary references. A play of Cibber was damned the first night. Although on the second occasion the Prince was invited to save it, not a word could be heard for two acts owing "to such a scandalous noise of hissing, talking, and catcalling." Here is also a striking allusion of Addison: "Lilly, the perfumer at whose house Mr. Addison and the wits of that time used to meet, says that the 4 last verses Mr. Addison made shewed he was tired of life. They were as follows:

Plagued by a vexatious wife,
And tired of this packhorse life,
I'll to the stable hie
And slip my pack and die.

He married the Countess of Warwick, who always passed for a woman of small sense, but it is not known that she gave him any domestic chagrin."

An exhaustive index of 167 pages has been happily added to the third volume. Thus the rare material to be found in this unique chronicle of past times is rendered easily available to every reader.

BENJAMIN RAND

Books in Brief

Principles of Wage Settlement. By Herbert Feis. H. W. Wilson Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Feis's book will prove valuable to teachers of labor economics in furnishing material illustrative of the many and intricate problems arising in wage disputes and their settlement. Mr. Feis has not arranged his cases in such a manner as to indicate development of thought or prevalent opinion. One feels that he has only half done his job. Cases of 1908, cases of 1923, cases from Australia, Great Britain, and America are all jumbled together. Moreover, the emphasis is overwhelmingly upon the wage principles enunciated by arbitration courts instead of those illustrated by collective action. The latter are far more significant, since the development of wage policies in the future must rest upon agreement of opinion between the two parties to the wage contract.

Family Welfare Work. By Sophonisba P. Breckenridge. The University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

This volume of selected case records is designed to serve as social data from which instructors of welfare work "will

extract accepted principles of case work." It consists of exhaustive histories of maladjusted individuals in their voluntary or enforced contacts with medical, philanthropic, and psychiatric welfare agencies. It introduces the student to standardized practices whereby the feeble-minded, the ne'er-do-well, the unmarried mother, and the economic misfit are brought into harmony with their environment. A metropolitan community like Chicago affords diversified examples of typical and atypical cases; and, since the "case method" is a recognized form of instruction, a study of Miss Breckenridge's book should prove more informing than attendance upon lectures. But it may be questioned whether the "principles" deduced may not prove less sociological laws than generalizations of procedure.

Public Ownership. By Carl D. Thompson. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.

Like many gospelers, Mr. Thompson has no propagandist purpose. He simply wants to present the facts of public ownership, but the miserable facts just insist on public ownership, of course; and if there are any facts that don't so insist, Mr. Thompson either doesn't see them or else, as in the Seattle street-car fiasco, explains them in terms of the private-ownership devil tricking the innocent public-ownership saint. It is not that Mr. Thompson wants to be unfair, but what a man sees naturally depends a good deal on what windows he looks out of. This book, then, is essentially a cyclopedia of facts favorable to public ownership all over the world, with arguments in favor of that policy. In the hands of a discriminating reader it may be very useful, despite the fact that it is uncritical and one-sided. It should be used as an antidote to the tons of private-ownership propaganda that pour weekly from the presses, particularly in connection with the major issue of the control of our future power systems. Compare Mr. Thompson's account of the Ontario Hydro-Electric, for example, with that found in the Murray-Flood Report, and you will never again be guilty of believing anything easily.

The Passing of the Phantoms: A Study of Evolutionary Psychology and Morals. By C. J. Patten. (Today and Tomorrow Series.) E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.

The purpose of this small book is to show in brief and sketchy fashion that mental traits, no less than physical, have had an evolutionary history, since the rudiments of memory, attention, and morality are discernible in the behavior of the lower animals. After citing embryological and anatomical facts that point toward man's relationship with lower forms of life, the author describes experiences with ants, gulls, cats, and horses which seem to him to demonstrate clearly the presence of psychic and moral qualities. He believes that even imagination and superstition must be ascribed in some degree to the horse which displays fear of a curiously moving object; and he finds in the dreams of dogs the germ of human animism and theology. Like Kropotkin, Patten lays great stress on "mutual aid" among animals, finding in this manifestation the beginnings of morality; but his observation that birds of prey are harmless and even jocund companions of the weak—once they are full fed—may strike one as bearing very dubious ethical connotations. The progress of mankind is traced through various forms of superstition and sectarianism until, at the end, the reader is invited to view modern man as consisting of two "orders"—the Superstitious and the Non-superstitious.

Memories of a Militant. By Annie Kenney. Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.25.

This book is a vivid personal history and interpretation of the militant suffrage movement, with an engaging autobiographical picture of the author's childhood and early struggles. It should be of interest to those who like auto-

biography, to feminists, and to psychologists who care to study the development of radical movements and their leaders. It throws illuminating sidelights on the psychological reactions of audiences and crowds, and can be recommended as a suggestive textbook for militant movements. Annie Kenney was a Lancashire Lassie born into a working-class family. She and Christabel Pankhurst were the first women imprisoned for militancy, and during Miss Pankhurst's exile in Paris it was to Annie Kenney that she delegated her dictatorship. The author has a gift for relating vividly and swiftly the experiences through which she has lived, and possesses a power of reflection and penetrating analysis which is exceptional in an individual endowed as she is with the religious temperament capable of sustained fanatical devotion in action.

Architecture. By Alfred Mansfield Brooks. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.) Boston: The Marshall Jones Company. \$1.25.

To present in a manner simple, "popular," and concise a subject of such complex ramifications as the influence of classical architecture on that of today requires not only a complete knowledge of the architecture of Greece and Rome, not only a realization of the structural technic and the cultural and economic forces which determine forms today, but also an unerring instinct in the differentiating of form and spirit, the accidental and the significant. Professor Brooks seems constantly to mistake the relative values; he constantly and triumphantly points out the obvious as the important. To begin a consideration of Greek architecture with a hard and fast description of the numerical proportions of "the" Doric order is to commit again the sin of Vitruvius; it is an unjustifiable simplification that gives at once a totally wrong impression of Greek artistic genius. Similarly of the examples Professor Brooks chooses; we believe that Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, might understand the Hotel Shelton, but at the sight of Grant's Tomb he would feel only nausea.

Gambrinus and Other Stories. By Alexandre Kuprin. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Adelphi Company. \$2.

No one in American literature has done the saloon as Kuprin has done the beer hall in "Gambrinus," wherein sailors and thugs and bums gyrate in a thick fog of stale beer and riotous orgies and sentimental songs. It is a splendid and soul-rousing epic. All of Kuprin's immense vigor and love of life and boisterous irony are gathered into a sustained rhythm and a hymn of life celebrated by dancing tars and sociable burglars.

Essays in the Romantic Poets. By Solomon Francis Gingerich. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

The studies in this volume have the single aim of tracing in the major poets of the romantic age the pervasive presence of the doctrine of necessity which came to them as a heritage from the eighteenth century. They shed a good deal of light on the development of thought in Coleridge and Wordsworth and on the conflict of ill-assimilated systems in Shelley. These men had a conscious philosophic aim in their poetry, which in certain of its aspects will stand some heavy-handed analysis. When applied to Byron's unconfined aspirations, Professor Gingerich's method is rather trifling. To dwell elaborately on the absence of a coherent philosophy where no one would suspect its presence argues a lack of humor on the part of the professor. But lack of humor, alas, is not the only thing that is wrong with this essay. It will give a regrettable opportunity to the cynics who believe that the art of writing is not an essential part of the equipment of a professor of English literature. It would require more than a page of the *Nation* to transcribe all the unidiomatic and contorted sentences of

which Professor Gingerich is guilty. Let one or two suffice as examples: "As compared to other religionists Christians he considers hypocrites." "This grandeur is heightened by the fact that the setting of the story is the most rocky and cavernous and widely beautiful parts of the Alps Mountains, of which, for background and scenic effects, the poet takes full advantage."

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY STUART CHASE

An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.

Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.

Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.

Bread and Circuses. By W. E. Woodward. Harpers.

Caravan. By John Galsworthy. Scribner's.

Thunder on the Left. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page.

Fishmonger's Fiddle. By A. E. Coppard. Knopf.

The Monkey Puzzle. By J. D. Beresford. Bobbs-Merrill.

The Constant Nymph. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page.

Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf.

John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.

Rebel Saints. By Mary Agnes Best. Harcourt, Brace.

Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.

May Days. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. Boni and Liveright.

The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl. Knopf.

The Phantom Public. By Walter Lippmann. Harcourt, Brace.

Behaviorism. By John B. Watson. People's Institute.

Influencing Human Behavior. By H. A. Overstreet. People's Institute.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey. Harpers.

The Case of Bituminous Coal. By Walton H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright. Macmillan.

The Women's Garment Workers. By Louis Levine. Huebsch.

Jungle Days. By William Beebe. Putnam.

The Fight for Everest. By E. F. Norton. Longmans, Green, North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace.

Drama

Mid-Season

BY this time last year five plays, each definitely superior to anything which the present season has afforded, had been produced in New York. "A Man's Man," "Craig's Wife," and "Young Woodley" are, considered purely as dramatic literature, the best works of the year written in the English language; but though each of these has a considerable excellence of its own, none is marked by an originality of substance and tone comparable to that of "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," or "Desire Under the Elms," and none constitutes an experiment in form like that so successfully carried through in "Processional." "Craig's Wife" depends largely upon its theatrical adroitness and "Young Woodley" depends largely upon a sort of topical interest, while "A Man's Man" is merely vivid naturalism of a thoroughly old-fashioned and unimaginative kind. Thus though each respectably maintains a not unimportant tradition neither carries forward to any appreciable extent the development of the American drama.

Yet such a development, and that in a definite direction, has actually begun, since, diverse as are their methods and temperaments, Messrs. O'Neill, Howard, Anderson, Stallings, and Lawson are alike in one respect: each is struggling to bring into contemporary dramatic literature that sense of largeness and that emotional lift which tended to disappear

with the triumph of naturalism and which is so conspicuously absent from such a play as "A Man's Man." Each realizes, unconsciously at least, that some substitute must be found for the spiritual exaltation which old-fashioned romance communicated to those who were capable, as we are not, of accepting it; and each is, in his own way, modifying the realistic tradition with that end in view. Thus, for example, O'Neill's plays tend constantly to assume an almost mystic fervor, while the famous piece by Anderson and Stallings was not, to use the two words which once constituted the highest critical praise, merely "grimly realistic," for without sacrificing essential truth it had the exultant sweep of romance.

Thus far, however, neither of the writers mentioned has contributed anything to the current season worthy of his capacity, so that one must turn from the drama considered as literature to the art of the theater if one is to find current achievements of outstanding importance. The production of "The Dybbuk" at the Neighborhood Playhouse and the productions of "Lysistrata" and "Carmencita and the Soldier" by the Moscow company playing at the Jolson are very successful examples of the tendency to enrich the stage by means which are not primarily literary. Each depends upon a synthesis of aesthetic effects in which the spoken word is no more important than the various appeals to the eye made by a definitely non-realistic style of acting and a setting which aims rather to suggest a mood than to reproduce an actuality. Each makes its appeal to the emotions more directly than do those plays which approach them through the intellect, and each belongs to an art essentially different from that of the stage as the present generation has known it. At the Neighborhood Playhouse alone has this art found a permanent home in America, but it is undoubtedly destined, sooner or later, to play an important part in our dramatic history.

The only recent events which must be recorded are "The Song of the Flame" (Forty-fourth Street Theater), an elaborate operetta of admirable music, well staged and sung by an enormous company, and "Love and Death," a series of three pieces performed by the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio at the Jolson. One of the three, "Cleopatra," is extremely fine.

I subjoin a list of the current offerings which seem to me most worth seeing:

"A Man's Man" (Fifty-second Street Theater).

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco Theater).

"Young Woodley" (Belmont Theater).

"The Dybbuk" (Neighborhood Playhouse).

Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio (Jolson Theater).

"Androcles and the Lion" (Klaw Theater).

"Arms and the Man" (Garrick Theater).

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ THEATER □



Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.
ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK
English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

□ LECTURES □

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BUILDING PERSONALITY

COURSE OF SIX LECTURES

by HARRY ALLEN QVERSTREET, A. B., B. Sc.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street

On Thursday Evenings, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25, Mar. 4, 11, at 8:15 P. M.
Course tickets, \$3.00, can be secured in advance at the office of the
Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission 75 cents.

Shall the United States Join the World Court and the League of Nations?

DEBATE

MORRIS HILLQUIT Says

Leading American Socialist,
author, and labor attorney

Y

CLARENCE DARROW Says

Foremost criminal lawyer
and authority on interna-
tional affairs

N

O

at **CARNEGIE HALL**
57th Street and Seventh Avenue

on **TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1926, at 8:15 p. m.**

Tickets including tax 50c, 83c, \$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20
FOR SALE AT RAND SCHOOL, 7 EAST 15TH STREET

NORMAN ANGELL

on

"International Organization and the New Social Order"

auspices N. Y. Chapter L. I. D.

Tuesday, Jan. 26, 8 P. M.

Peoples House Auditorium, 7 E. 15th St., N. Y. C.

Discussion Leader: **JESSIE W. HUGHAN**

HARRY W. LAIDLER, Chairman

Tickets 75c at LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or at door.

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL

ANNUAL DINNER and SYMPOSIUM

ALDINE CLUB, 200 Fifth Ave., at 23rd St.

Friday, February 12, 1926, at 7 p. m.

Subject: "The FUTURE OF AMERICA"

SPEAKERS

John Haynes Holmes
Hendrik Willem Van Loon
Dudley Field Malone
Harry Dana

Rabbi Nathan Kross
John Macy
Edmund B. Chaffee
Will Durant

Tickets, at \$2.50, may be obtained at 244 East 14th Street

The First Round

is over on that provocative subject

Wages for Wives?

DORIS STEVENS, in this week's issue
of *The Nation*, has answered the ar-
guments of ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS.

*The bout will be resumed with fresh facts and opin-
ions at the next Nation dinner, February 4; the
Fifth Avenue Restaurant; 200 Fifth Avenue; New
York; 7 P. M.; \$2.50 per cover for Nation sub-
scribers and their guests.*

COME AND HELP RENDER A DECISION!

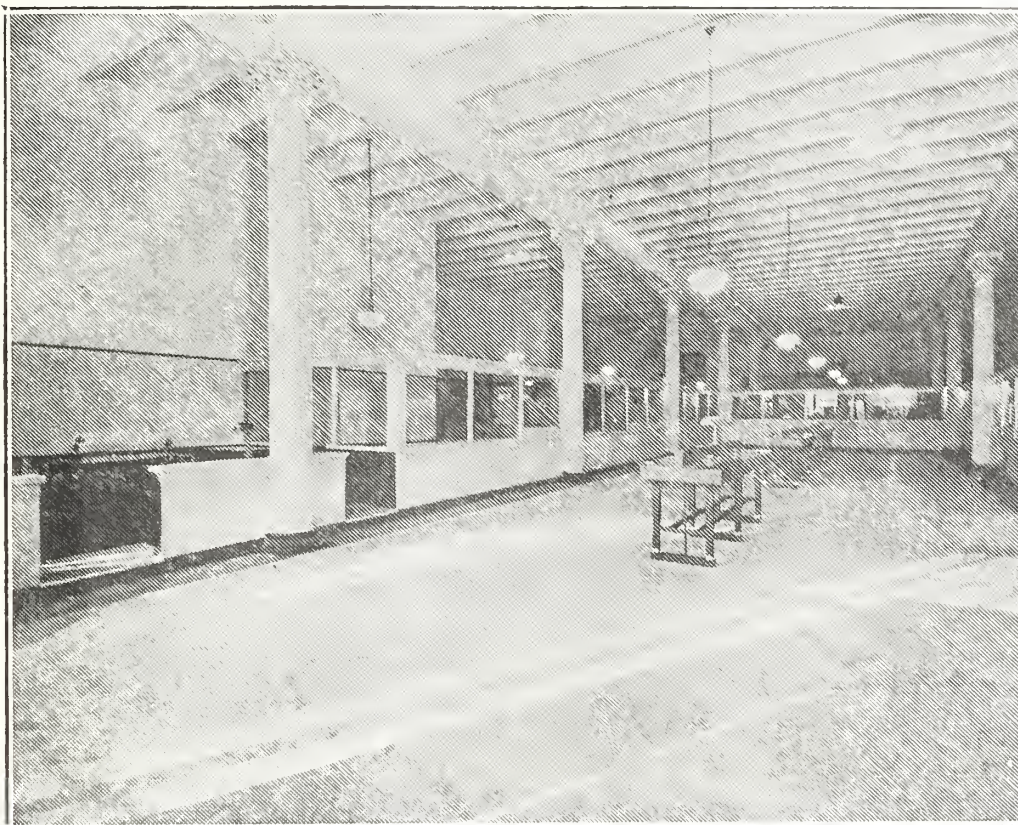
The Amalgamated Bank

OF NEW YORK

*Invites the readers of The Nation to the
FORMAL OPENING of its NEW HOME*

Saturday

January 23, 1926



S. W. Cor. 15th St. and Union Square, New York City

NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK

Opened for business April 14, 1923

Resources \$ 556,000

Moved to new quarters Jan. 15, 1926

Resources **6,256,596**

The constantly growing number of our depositors made it imperative for the Bank to seek larger quarters.

The new Amalgamated Bank is now equipped to serve its more than 12,000 depositors and their friends with every facility offered by a thoroughly trained banking organization.

MEMBER OF FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

International Relations Section

Serbia's Guilt at Serajevo

FROM the October number of *Die Kriegsschuldfrage*, published in Berlin, we take the following article by Dr. Friedrich R. von Wiesner concerning the famous Wiesner documents relative to Serbia's guilt or innocence in the matter of the Serajevo murder.

The commission appointed on 25th January, 1919, by the preliminary peace conference to ascertain who was responsible for the outbreak of the war and to fix the penalties to be imposed declared in its report to the conference that "the war was deliberately planned by the Central Powers . . . and was the result of acts which were committed with intention and premeditation in order to make war inevitable." The commission based this conclusion, in so far as the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the deductions drawn therefrom by Austro-Hungary are concerned, on the following "ascertained facts": "A crime committed by an Austro-Hungarian subject within the territory of the Dual Monarchy can in no way compromise Serbia. . . . Quite unexpectedly Austria dispatched to Serbia an ultimatum carefully worded in such a way as to make it impossible of acceptance."

In point 1 of its note of April 4, 1919, the American Delegation not only identified itself with these statements and with the deductions drawn by the commission, but even went so far as to declare that "the war had arisen in consequence of Austria-Hungary's deliberate intention to destroy this brave little country (i. e., Serbia)." In proof of this contention the American note adduced four diplomatic documents, the first of which is "a report drawn up by the Austro-Hungarian agent von Wiesner, who had been sent to Serajevo for the purpose of investigating the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand." This document is then quoted, the following passage being given as its essential part:

HERR VON WIESNER TO THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
IN VIENNA.

Serajevo, 13th July, 1914, 1:10 p. m.

There is nothing to show or even to lead one to conjecture the complicity of the Serbian Government or that it directed or prepared the crime or that it supplied the weapons used. On the contrary, there is evidence that would appear to show that such complicity is out of the question.

This is the much-quoted Wiesner document that runs through the whole of the war-guilt literature of the Entente, a document offering the most unanswerable and crushing proofs that the Austro-Hungarian Government, although in possession of this evidence concerning the innocence of the Serbian Government, nevertheless accused it of having done the very things which the report had declared unproved.

As far back as the middle of 1919, at a time, I must confess, when I had but a vague knowledge of the contents of the American note and its reference to my report, I pointed out that this quotation was incomplete and misleading and that the deductions drawn from it were incorrect. The Austrian Secretariat for Foreign Affairs in the more detailed Red Book published by it in the summer of 1919 issued the full text of my dispatch of July 13, 1914, containing fifty-one printed lines, of which the American note had published only four. Several foreign newspapers made use of this publication of my report to throw light upon the thoroughly wrong and misleading manner in which the Wiesner document had been exploited by the American Delegation. No reply to this statement has ever been published by the other side. As, however, the "document" in its American form and interpretation has been bequeathed from one writer to another like a disease and has had to serve as a flaming proof of the guilt of the Central Powers, I have on several occasions attempted to put an end to this method of adducing arguments

as proofs. Such attempts have hitherto proved futile. For the Wiesner Document continues to crop up in its old form and with its old functions, not merely in propaganda literature but also in the works of serious writers, as, for example, in Asquith's recent book on "The Origin of the War," just as if no syllable had ever been uttered against its genuineness and finality. . . .

At the time of the Serajevo murder I was one of the experts on International and State Law employed in the Law Section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Vienna and I may say that I had formerly been a judge and crown attorney and in these capacities had had to conduct important trials. After the murder of the Archduke I was transferred to the political section, in order to assist the political chief as legal expert. In this office among other work I had to examine and work up the notary evidence collected at Serajevo concerning the assassination, and more especially to state what were the definite results in the way of proof that had come to light in the course of the investigation. As it was difficult to sift this matter in Vienna and as various obscurities and gaps in the evidence were difficult to deal with by correspondence, to say nothing of the delay involved, I was ordered to proceed to Serajevo and get into direct touch with the authorities on the spot in order as speedily as possible to get a clear account of what had happened, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs being desirous of getting clear information as to the connection the murder and the murderers had with Serbia, its Government, its political institutions and other organizations, and the population, including both official and non-official circles. The chief difficulty to be overcome lay in the fact, first, that the military authorities and a part of the political administration were thoroughly convinced that the crime had been carried out with the knowledge and at the wish of the Serbian Government, and, secondly, that the Austrian authorities in question had no proofs to offer for this conviction, apart from their intuitive interpretation of the situation and some vague circumstantial evidence. As the authorities in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs refused to base the steps that were to be taken on the hypothesis of the complicity of the Serbian Government unless they had proofs of it, and as there was, moreover, a report to the effect that by getting into touch with the local authorities on the spot we should be able to furnish the Foreign Office with all the evidence that it appeared to be in need of, I was given the task of finding a way out of this dilemma between a convinced belief and its demonstrability. . . .

My task at Serajevo was therefore plainly mapped out for me. Bearing in mind the state of the corroborative evidence existing at the time I undertook my investigations, I had to inquire what connection, if any, could be discovered between the crime and Serbia. Limited as I was both as to time and material in drawing up my report—a limitation which, though obvious enough, is generally overlooked—it cannot be wondered at that my report has been misinterpreted in a very misleading fashion. Was it right that the American Delegation as late as 1919 should regard it as a proof of Serbia's innocence that I on 13th July, 1914, had, in the necessarily restricted scope of the evidence available, evidence that was incomplete wherever one turned, failed to discover any proof of Serbia's guilt?

I arrived at Serajevo on July 11, 1914, and in the three days and two nights that followed I went through the whole of the material that was laid before me, scrutinizing and discussing it. Certain obscure points and various gaps in this material were during this scrutiny elucidated and filled up as far as possible. I summed up the results of my investigations in my dispatch to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs dated 13th July. The text of my dispatch was as follows:

That Pan-Serbian propaganda is being carried on here from Serbia as a center, not only through the press but also through clubs and other organizations, and further that this is taking place with the encouragement as well as with the

DORAN BOOKS

Two Striking Novels of World Unrest

UNCHANGING QUEST

by Philip Gibbs

¶ Russia in turmoil, England in chaos—Against this seething background move a great mother and her great son.

¶ Philip Gibbs understands social conflict—he understands, too, the human heart. \$2.00

BLACK HARVEST

by I. A. R. Wylie

¶ A daring study of race problems and war, past and future. Klaus Felde, African Teuton, is an astonishing hero and his adventures are significant as well as thrilling. \$2.50

At All Booksellers

George H. Doran Company, Publishers
244 Madison Avenue New York

DORAN BOOKS



THE BIOLOGY OF POPULATION GROWTH

BY RAYMOND PEARL

*Director of the Institute for Biological Research of the
Johns Hopkins University*

"It would be a notable book, indeed, if it contained nothing new. But it contains a great deal that is new, and much that is important. . . . It is packed with interesting material, presented in an admirably lucid and succinct manner."—*H. L. Mencken.*

The scope of the book is indicated by the chapter headings, as follows: *How Things Grow; The Growth of Experimental Populations of Drosophila; The Indigenous Native Population of Algeria; The Mortality of the Native Population of Algeria; The Birth Rate of the Native Population of Algeria; The Influence of Density of Population on Fertility; The Differential Birth Rate and the Population Problem; Human Behavior and the Birth Rate; Summary and Conclusions.*

The text is fully illustrated with diagrams and tables. An extensive bibliography is included. This book contains matter of interest to all students of human biology, anthropologists, sociologists, economists, physicians, psychologists, and hygienists and health officers, as well as the professional biologist.

\$3.50 at all bookshops

ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

In Canada from The Macmillan Co. of Canada



THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

EDITED BY *Harry Elmer Barnes*

"A book so pertinent, so authoritative and so interesting as *The History and Prospects of the Social Sciences* is seldom published. It consists of ten essays, each being a history of one of the social sciences, a summary of contemporary thought in that field, and a discussion of the immediate outlook. The merits of these articles can be judged by their authors: History, H. E. Barnes; Human Geography, Jean Brunhes; Biology, H. M. Parshley; Social Psychology, Kimball Young; Cultural Anthropology, A. A. Goldenweiser; Sociology, F. H. Hankins; and Jurisprudence, Roscoe Pound."—*Post Intelligencer.* \$5.00

AMERICA IN CIVILIZATION

BY *Ralph E. Turner*

"The book covers just about that quantity of information which a thoughtful and intelligent citizen desiring to keep up with the times should carry around with him as reachable mental equipment. The roots of our religion, our history, our educational and economic systems, the growth and the current status of the physical and social sciences, the effects of geography and climate, the evolution of politics are admirably summarized and admirably presented."—*The Nation.* \$5.00

THE PROBLEM OF GOVERNMENT

BY *Chester C. Maxey*

All the essentials of political science and American government are here presented in simple, direct language, offering the basic facts and ideas in such a way that the reader is made to appreciate the profound significance of government in social and economic affairs. \$4.00

OUR RURAL HERITAGE

BY *James Michel Williams*

"The value of the type of effort represented by this book can hardly be overestimated. Besides such a book as this most preceding social psychologies seem to play across the surface of contemporary events without giving us any workable foothold in genuine causation."—*The Nation.* \$4.00

THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT

BY *Manuel Ugarte*

"We hear much of Yankeeophobia in Latin America. The people south of us are constantly warned against the Yankee peril. This book by an Argentine writer of international reputation is the most readable and illuminating discussion of this specter—or bogey-man—hitherto published."—*The Living Age.* \$3.50

Alfred A. Knopf

730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



In Canada from the Macmillan Company, Ltd.,

St. Martin's House, Toronto, Canada

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

knowledge and approval of the Serbian Government is the conviction of authoritative circles here. The material that has been laid before me by the civil and military authorities as the basis on which they have formed their conviction may be characterized as follows: the material belonging to the period preceding the assassination offers no evidence that would lead me to suppose that propaganda was encouraged by the Serbian Government. There is, however, material which, though sparse, is sufficient to show that this movement with Serbia as a center was fostered by clubs with the toleration of the Serbian Government.

Investigation of the crime: There is nothing to show the complicity of the Serbian Government in the directing of the assassination or in its preparation or in the supplying of weapons. Nor is there anything to lead one even to conjecture such a thing. On the contrary, there is evidence that would appear to show that such complicity is out of the question. From the statements of the persons charged with the crime, it has been ascertained in a manner hardly controvertible that the crime was resolved upon in Belgrade and that it was prepared with the assistance of a Serbian state official named Ciganovic and of Major Tancosic, these two men providing the bombs, ammunition, and cyanide of potassium. The participation of Pribicevic has not been proved and the first reports on this point are due to a regrettable misunderstanding on the part of the police authorities investigating the case. It has been proved objectively and beyond all doubt that the bombs originally came from the Serbian army magazine at Kragujevac, but there is no evidence to show that they had only recently been taken from this magazine for the special purpose for which they were employed, as the bombs may have belonged to the war stores of the Comitatschis.

Judging by the statements made by the accused, we can scarcely doubt that Princip, Cabrinovic, and Grabez were secretly smuggled across the frontier into Bosnia with bombs and arms by Serbian organs at the instigation of Ciganovic. These organized transports were conducted by the Frontier Captains Schabatz and Loznica and carried out by organs of the excise guards. Even though it has not been ascertained whether these men were aware of the purpose of the journey, they must surely have assumed the mysterious nature of the mission. Other investigations made subsequent to the assassination throw light upon the organization of the propaganda of the Narodna Odbrana. The material obtained is valuable and can be turned to account. It has yet to be carefully examined. Investigations are being made with all speed.

In the event of intentions which prompted my departure still remaining unchanged, the demands could be still further extended:

(a) The suppression of cooperation of Serbian Government organs in the smuggling of persons and articles across the frontier.

(b) Dismissal of Serbian Frontier Captains Schabatz and Loznica, as well as of the excise guard organs concerned.

(c) Prosecution of Ciganovic and Tancosic.

I leave this evening, arriving Vienna Tuesday evening. Will come straight to the Ministry. It is necessary that I should supplement my remarks with verbal report.

If one compares this detailed text of my report, which takes account of different points of view, with the single paragraph torn out of its context by the American note, one is forced to admit that the American note is wrong in referring to this quotation as the "essential part" of my report. For it is just that part of my report which is not contained in the American note which is to be regarded as essential. Did the ultimatum delivered to Serbia accuse the Serbian Government of complicity in the assassination and of lending active assistance in carrying it out? If this were the case, my dispatch would really afford a proof of mala fides in the procedure of the Vienna

Government. As it is, however, my report proves, on the contrary, that our Government, in spite of all the circumstantial evidence and grounds for suspicion telling against the Serbian Government, held strictly to the situation created by the actual evidence available at that time. Essential factors in my report were the discovery of the connection between the crime and Serbian officers, as well as all sorts of government officials, and furthermore the toleration of Serbian propaganda by the Serbian Government. And now let the reader take the text of the ultimatum and see whether it contains a single accusation which is not covered by facts that can be clearly proved; whether it makes a single demand that is not justified by the result of the investigations. The Geneva journal *La Feuille* clearly recognized this as far back as October, 1919, and summed up its opinion in the following terse sentences: "The sentence quoted by the American Delegation is not a confession on the part of Austria which can justifiably be used to show that Austria's official statement is given the lie by its own officials; this sentence is nothing more than a loyal utterance in the midst of accusations of the gravest nature, the only accusations that count, seeing that Austria-Hungary has nowhere accused the Serbian Government itself, but has brought its accusations only against certain Serbian functionaries and certain Pan-Slavistic organizations. These accusations, however, are formulated in detail in the Wiesner Document. The American Delegation has juggled them out of existence. One needs only to read H. von Wiesner's report to see that, far from being in opposition to the steps taken at such a late hour by the Vienna Government, the report is in reality the very basis of the action taken by the Vienna Government and contains the essential elements of this action. When compared with the arbitrary quotation cited by the American Delegation, von Wiesner's report shows that this famous commission has, to put it bluntly, falsified the sense of it by dubbing a few sentences arbitrarily torn out of their context 'the essential part' of the report, while at the same time suppressing the main part of the report, which was identical with the Austrian standpoint." . . .

Be this as it may, a certain suspicion rests upon the American Delegation of having, either consciously or carelessly, made use of a document which was a gross falsification for the purpose of supporting its argument. It is accordingly in the interest not only of truth but also of the prestige of the American Delegation that the following questions should receive a clear answer:

1. From what source did the American Delegation derive its knowledge of my report from Serajevo dated 13th July, 1914, a report which, as the American note says, was in this note quoted for the first time?

2. In what form did the American Delegation receive this report? In the original draft or only in an extract? If the latter was the case, what was the context? Was the text received by the delegation in German or was it in some other language? If not in German, in what language?

3. Did the American Delegation, supposing it received only an extract from the report, take any steps to make itself acquainted with the whole document? If so, what information did it receive on the point? . . .

These questions, it is true, can receive an authentic answer only in America, for the documents of the American Delegation must still be in existence. They are documents which would clear up this matter beyond a doubt. Moreover, to the best of my knowledge, both members of the delegation, Messrs. Robert Lansing and James Brown Scott, are still living.

It would be welcomed as a distinct step forward if these questions could be solved. It would then be explained how it was that the American Delegation came to base their note upon a document the sense and purpose of which have been distorted by shortening it, with the result that it now appears to prove the exact contrary of what it was originally intended that it should prove.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON's latest book is "Tolerance."

JOHN A. HOBSON, British economist and author, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

DORIS STEVENS was active in the National Woman's Party's campaign for suffrage, and described her experiences in the book "Jailed for Freedom."

SILAS BENT was formerly associate editor of the *Nation's Business*.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK is an American poet, now in Egypt.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly associate editor of *The Nation*, is lecturer in American history at Yale University.

MARYA ZATURENSKA contributes verse to current periodicals. She is a native of Kiev, Russia.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is lecturer in anthropology at Columbia University.

BENJAMIN RAND is librarian of philosophy at Harvard University and the author of various books.

HIGH RENTS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

People are paying unconscionably high rents in the Village and elsewhere. They pay them for environment, not surroundings. For the same or less money they can get both—live midst beauty and comfort at

MT. AIRY—Croton-on-Hudson

and enjoy a delightful social life with their own kind. Mt. Airy is attracting artists, writers, professional people. Beautiful wooded country. 1 hour from city, 100 trains daily. Easy payments arranged.

To stop paying rent see or write

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Avenue, Room 411, Chelsea 0432 New York



THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

210 West 91st Street, New York City

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

Offers a course of fifteen months of graduate study and field work in preparation for Jewish social work.

Several tuition scholarships of \$250 and maintenance fellowships of \$1,500 are available.

The national backing of the school assures successful placement of graduates.

The Catalogue will be sent on request.

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

Superstition or Rationality in the Action for Peace? A Criticism of Jurisprudence

By A. V. LUNDSTEDT

The author endeavors to show that the so-called Law of Nations is only a baleful phantom. He holds that the legal ideas in the international province are nothing but survivals from primitive superstitions thousands of years old, and formed into the modern "Law of Nations" by Hugo Grotius exactly three hundred years ago.

"Dr. Lundstedt here throws a rather heavy money-wrench into the machinery of legal conceptions in the interest of what he regards as a more rational and effective way of working for world peace than that hitherto followed."—*Boston Transcript*.

\$4.50

Gleanings from Irish History

By W. F. BUTLER

The author's aim is to describe from original contemporary sources the leading features of the organization of the Gaelic portions of Ireland at the time when the old Gaelic polity was passing away, and was being replaced by English institutions.

\$4.50

The Ascent of Man by Means of Natural Selection

By ALFRED MACHIN

The author has sought to interpret the ascent of man by means of Darwin's theory of Natural Selection. Progress—the development of civilization from savagery, and the development of civilization itself—it is submitted, is due to a conquest of nature, and to a discipline and development of human nature, and eventuates from a natural selection of the fittest in the competition between individuals and between societies, of the human race.

\$2.75

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., Publishers

55 Fifth Avenue

New York City

New Comprehensive Authoritative

A History of ECONOMIC PROGRESS in the United States

By WALTER W. JENNINGS, Ph.D.
(University of Kentucky)

800 pages 6 x 9, fully indexed, \$4.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

393 Fourth Avenue

New York

OUROBOROS

or the Mechanical Extension of Mankind

A new volume of THE TODAY AND TOMORROW SERIES in which GARET GARRETT calls attention to the terrific momentum with which machine power is increasing in the world today, says that the industrial equipment already in operation is so great that if it were worked at capacity for one year, markets would be glutted and producers ruined. Yet the foreign markets are narrowing rather than expanding because of the industrial development of such countries as Italy, India and China. The significance of machine power to the commerce, finance and even the civilization of the future is here set forth by Mr. Garrett in a manner which deserves careful attention. \$1.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE to the DEAF

10 Days Trial of the
World Famous
Acousticon



Every one who is troubled with deafness is now invited to enjoy Ten Days of Good Hearing with the world-famous Acousticon. Let us send you our interest improved model for 10 days free use entirely at our risk and expense. No deposit required—no obligation on your part. Just try it—10 days Free and let results convince you.

Mr. A. H. Herrick, of Harvard University, says: "We who suffer from impaired hearing have cause for profound gratitude to you." Rev. G. M. Rainey, the Evangelist, says: "The results have been all you claim." Mr. A. Hollander, of the Equitable Life, New York, says: "Not a day passes but what I recommend the Acousticon to friends or business acquaintances—it has made a new man of me." In like manner write thousands of others, expressing their gratitude—men and women in every state, in practically every civilized country on earth. Yet we don't ask you to believe. We simply ask that you allow us to prove the merits of the Acousticon in your own case, to your own complete satisfaction without a penny of expense or risk on your part. Just try it—free, that's all we ask. Send name and address today.

Dictograph Products Corporation
1367 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION

among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

FOR RENT: To a business woman, attractive room in private apartment on Riverside Drive one block from 125th station of subway. For particulars address Miss X, *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, N. Y.

SECRETARY, college education, capable taking rapid and intricate dictation is seeking a broader outlet for her capabilities in literary field. Will consider any interesting proposition. Box No. 411.

YOUNG LADY with eight years' editorial, literary, advertising experience. Seeking position where such experience will be appreciated and where advancement is not an impossible hope. Box No. 413.

TAX EXPERT will accept limited number of clients—has extensive government experience—he will prepare income tax schedules to the best possible advantage. Reasonable compensation. Box 414, care *The Nation*.

MANAGER of busy plant nursery desires young woman for office director and private secretary. To assume duties immediately. No previous knowledge of the business necessary. Nine miles from Philadelphia. Box 415.

EDUCATIONAL

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
Program Jan. 29-Feb. 4
AT COOPER UNION
(8th St. and Astor Place)
At 8 o'clock ADMISSION FREE
Friday, Jan. 29Everett Dean Martin
"The Meaning of a Liberal Education"
Sunday, Jan. 31Concert by the American
Orchestral Society
Chalmers Clifton, Conductor
Tuesday, Feb. 2Prof. Edward A. Ross
"Is the World Growing Better or Worse?"
AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL
(Lexington Ave. and 22nd St. at 8 o'clock)
Single Admission, 25 Cents
Reduction for Course Tickets
Saturday, Jan. 30Houston Peterson
"Philosophy"
Monday, Feb. 1Dr. E. G. Spaulding
"Logic"
Wednesday, Feb. 3Prof. John Mantle Clapp
"Public Speaking"
Thursday, Feb. 4Dr. Wolfgang Kochler
"Psychology"

ELIZABETH MERSON

(of The School of the Theatre)
INSTRUCTION in VOICE and SPEECH
ACTING, SINGING and PUBLIC SPEAKING
—PLAYS COACHED—

344 WEST 72ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Tele. Endicott 6870

ENGLAND IRELAND FRANCE & GERMANY

No finer vacation than a European trip. See the wonders of the Old World. Cross on a fine, up-to-date steamer where the service is the world's standard.

ROUND \$170 TRIP

Tourist Third Cabin and up
Teachers, Professors and Students: you can now realize your dreams of a vacation in Europe. Also excellent accommodations at moderate rates in the 2nd Class of our larger vessels from New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Bremen

And superb One-Class Cabin Steamers to COBH and BREMEN with calls at Channel Ports.

Send for our Booklet "1926 European Tours" 20 to 67 days. \$128 to \$700 up.

Full information from your local S.S. Agent or 32 Broadway, N. Y.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

LABOR TEMPLE AUDITORIUM, 14th Street & 2nd Avenue New York City

Thursday and Friday evenings at 8:30 o'clock

LABOR TEMPLE PLAYERS present

THE DREAMY KID by EUGENE O'NEILL
THE FLATTERING WORD by GEORGE KELLY
PANDORA'S BOX — a pantomime.

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers at Manufacturer's Price
Suit Lengths Cut to Order. Price \$2.00 per Yard. Postage Paid
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired

BOOKSELLERS

BOOKS OLD, RARE, AND NEW

In all departments of Art, Science and Literature, Out-of-Print books supplied. Catalogues issued. Libraries purchased. Open evenings.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc.
64-66 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Phone Chelsea 5670

BOOKS FREE

Build Your Library Without Work or a Penny's Expense

Write for Catalog

MILFORD FLOOD & CO., - KEARNEY, NEB.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 vols., second hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books, and sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outlines requirements and interests. Commissions executed. FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, LONDON, ENGLAND

German Books a Specialty

W. BEYER, Inc., Books and Art

Now at 259 5th Avenue

bet. 28th and 29th Streets New York

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS

15th to 20th century

Interesting catalogue mailed free

HOWES, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England

THERE NEVER WAS

a more concise and comprehensive book on the PREVENTION OF DISEASE by natural methods than "BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR."

It is a guide that will forever keep you well, a book that you will never part with.

Price postpaid \$1.00.

Write to WILLIAM UTRECHT, Zephyr Hills, Florida

"THE MARXIST"

Second Issue—"The Scopes Case"; "Introduction to Universal History"; "An Aid to the Study of Capital"; "In Memoriam."

Third Issue out soon.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE

P. O. Box-24, Station E. Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Services

The Russian Inn, 83 W. 37th Street New York

Luncheon - Tea - Dinner and
After the Theatre Dancing

Phone FITZ ROY 6667 Open daily and Sundays
Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30 to 1 P. M.

SPEAKERS: WE ASSIST IN PREPARING special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service.

AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1926

No. 3161

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	101
EDITORIALS:	
Is the World Court an Agency for Peace?.....	104
The Touring Car Passes.....	105
Again the Students Speak.....	105
Country Dance Tunes.....	106
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	107
IS FRANCE GOING FASCIST? By Robert Dell.....	108
A STUDENT FACTORY HAND. By Margaret Lindsay Sutherland.....	110
THE WORLD COURT—"A POLITE GESTURE." By S. O. Levinson.....	113
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA GETS ITS ORDERS. By Nell Battle Lewis.....	114
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	115
CORRESPONDENCE	116
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:	
On a Death Mask. By Edgar Lee Masters.....	118
The Enigmatic Burr. By Clarence Walworth Alvord.....	118
Beauty into Wit. By Clifton P. Fadiman.....	119
The Story of Workers' Education. By David E. Lilienthal.....	119
Among the Czechs. By John O. Crane.....	120
Karl Kautsky. By V. F. Calverton.....	120
Leon Daudet. By Webb Waldron.....	120
Books in Brief.....	121
Art: "Significant Form." By C. J. Ducasse.....	121
Drama: Whips and Scorns. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	122
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
An International Fascist Plot. By Emery Déri.....	124

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

The anthracite coal business is controlled by perhaps the most odious monopoly that ever arose among a free people. This trust maintains its power by the possession of two privileges; it has acquired control or ownership of 98 per cent of all the anthracite coal in Pennsylvania, which means the country. . . . The other privilege enjoyed by the trust is that through related organizations they control all the railroads leading out of the anthracite fields. They have driven out practically all the independent operators through the control of these railroads by discriminating against them in transportation.

THIS HERESY was voiced by the new Governor of New Jersey, A. Harry Moore, in his inaugural address on January 19. Will some one please call Calvin Coolidge's attention to it? If the President should read further he would find the Governor saying that the Sherman law had been invoked in vain and that the monopoly had been denounced before the Federal Trade Commission and the United States courts, all to no purpose. Governor Moore wishes a tri-state commission to be formed by New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey to condemn mines containing anthracite and to set up competition against the trust by a coal railroad to be built from the mines to tidewater in New Jersey. This plan would, he declares, absolutely destroy the anthracite coal monopoly and would bring to the people of the East and to industry a never-failing coal supply at \$10 a ton. Meanwhile, Governor Pinchot's coal bills to make

anthracite production a public service function, and to give the Governor power to regulate the retail business of selling coal, have been done to death in the Pennsylvania Legislature. At least Governor Pinchot has tried. Mr. Coolidge refuses to move despite his thundering last summer. Fortunately, the miners have not given up trying for a settlement; as we go to press they are again in conference with the operators.

THOMAS W. LAMONT and Otto H. Kahn are often to be found enlisted in undertakings that call for vision and idealism. Hence we are the more amazed at the crass materialism of their defense of Mussolini before the Foreign Policy Association, or rather their worship of certain of his achievements. Mr. Lamont dwelt upon the wiping out of unemployment, the ending of strikes, the changing of the deficit into a surplus, and the balancing of the budget. He even stated that the people of Italy, terrorized and cowed and deprived of free speech as they are, with their necks under the heel of a dictatorship such as the world has hardly seen since the days of Bomba of Naples, are unanimously behind their government. "As to the matter of liberalism," said Mr. Lamont, "the question seems to me to be liberal enough to let Italy have the sort of government she seems to want." We should like to hear from Mr. Lamont if he is liberal enough to let Russia have the government she seems to want, to say nothing of China. As for Mr. Kahn, we find it hard to believe our eyes in reading his statement that Mussolini is "no dictator." We fail to recognize these words as descriptive of Mussolini: "Single handed, equipped with nothing but the genius of his brain, the force of his character, and the ardor of his patriotism, he flung himself against that sinister portent [the faltering of the Italian people] and set the Italian nation once more on the high road to national achievement." "I bow," said Mr. Kahn, "before the solitary figure who encompassed it." Is it not treason to all American idealism to applaud one who boasts that he has wiped his feet on the "prostrate form of liberty" and glories in it; who admits that he carries on by force and violence contrary to all law and democracy?

FOR LOGIC commend us to Calvin Coolidge. Senator Norris having charged him with improper use of his office in connection with the several federal commissions—by asking members to sign their resignations in advance and otherwise making them subservient to him—the "official spokesman" for the White House made the following remarkable explanation of the President's relation to these independent commissions: He thinks they are responsible neither to Congress nor to the Executive but to the law which created them and laid down their powers. But the law must be enforced by somebody and that somebody is, of course, the Executive. So Mr. Coolidge regards himself as the power which must see that these laws are obeyed! This new theory that the President has nothing to do with a commission in his role as President, but has everything to do with it in his capacity as Enforcer of the Law of the United States, is the clearest possible revelation of the confusion so characteristic of Mr. Coolidge's thinking. As a matter of fact, any court would hold that a commission, if

subject to anybody, is subject to its creator, which in this case is not the law but the body that passed the law. Congress intended these commissions to be independent of the President. Mr. Coolidge intends that they shall reflect his views on every question that comes before them. That's the thing in a nutshell, and it is an issue of enormous importance to the future of democratic government in America.

MEANWHILE SENATOR NORRIS has gone further in his revelations of improper acts by President Coolidge in his efforts to manipulate the federal commissions. William S. Culbertson, it will be recalled, was finally got out of the Tariff Commission by appointing him to a diplomatic post, but previous to this he had been dogged in such a way that he obviously felt it impossible to stand the strain of presidential pressure any longer. Senator Norris explained one angle of this persecution when he told the Senate how Mr. Culbertson had been hounded by charges made against him for having lectured at the Williamstown Institute of Politics and at Georgetown University. Senator Norris made it plain that the charges had been pushed by the White House in order to induce Mr. Culbertson to vote to delay the sugar report. Another echo of old Republican scandal was heard recently when Mr. Harding's Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, was compelled under threat of contempt of court to tell a federal grand jury in New York City about the records in the bank at Washington Court House, Ohio, which were vainly demanded by the Senate investigating committee. What Mr. Daugherty told the grand jury is not yet disclosed, but it may come out in the pending suit—the case against Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian.

THE VOTING OF CLOTURE in the Senate in the World Court debate is the Senate's answer to the Vice-President and its other critics who declare that the present rules do not adequately limit debate and result in endless delays. As a matter of fact the World Court issue seems to us, if anything, to have been rushed through the Senate. The question is one of enormous importance and it ought to have been debated at length. Unfortunately, it has been treated by both party machines as a political issue. It is probable that if Senators were free to vote on this issue as they chose they would vote it down. Some, like Senator Copeland, are tied by pledges they now regret. Others, many Democrats among them, hope that the reservations will keep us out of the Court, but because it is a party measure they will vote for it. Republicans there are who cynically boast of their dislike of the Court but say they are voting for it because Mr. Coolidge asks them to and they will need his aid next fall. Mr. Lenroot, to whom the leadership in the Senate has been intrusted, is himself a potential "lame duck"; he hopes, though doubtless in vain, to ward off defeat next fall by posing as the hero of this Senatorial joust.

THE REPLY which Mexico has made through the press to the complaint which our Department of State voiced in a similar manner against her new land and petroleum laws is tit for tat in diplomacy. In addition, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, it "is conciliatory while firm in upholding Mexico's undoubted rights, and answers categorically and to the point the questions which have been raised by our Government." This, though, is not of great consequence if American oil interests have exerted pressure upon

the Administration, as it would seem they have, to back their demand for modifications in the new legislation. If our Government sincerely desired justice for its citizens, instead of special favors, it would propose that the difficulties be arbitrated. Instead the Department of State announces that we had no "secret understandings" as the price of our recognition of Mexico and contradicts the statement in the next breath by saying there were "verbal assurances." The truth is that the entire Payne-Warren "agreement," which preceded our recognition of Mexico, was contrary to the spirit of our Constitution, according to which the understanding should have been drawn as a treaty and submitted to the Senate for ratification. We are glad that Senator La Follette has asked for all the details of this usurpation of one of the Senate's powers. We have had far too much of this diplomacy by administrative "agreement," instead of by constitutional treaty.

CARDINAL MERCIER faced with unfaltering courage the German invaders of his country, and it is for this that he will longest be remembered. Rather than retract his ringing pastoral letter he risked prison and expected it. His "Appeal to Truth" remains one of the stirring utterances of a war of which few documents can survive the test of time and scientific inquiry. Beyond doubt he roused public opinion throughout the world against the Germans who, confessedly, were unable to decide what to do about him. Edith Cavell's heroic death supplemented the work Cardinal Mercier had begun. Both were recruiting sergeants of enormous value to their side in the struggle. Those who knew the Cardinal spoke often of his saintly qualities. His learning was extensive, especially in the field of philosophy, and he was beyond doubt an extremely picturesque personality. Yet had the war not given him the opportunity for his consummate bravery he would have died almost unknown beyond the confines of his church.

THE EXCISE DUTY on Indian manufactured cotton goods, the most tangible evidence in India of British political domination employed to secure economic control, was suspended by ordinance on December 1, last, and the Government of India has promised, if the situation permits, to abolish the duty in the next budget. This duty has stood for fifty years. India has long been the great market for British cotton manufactures. So when a duty of 3½ per cent was laid upon cotton goods imported into India, an equal excise tax was placed upon cotton fabrics made in India, in order that the mills of Lancashire might not be at a disadvantage. The latter tax, it is true, has never been increased, although the import duty has been advanced to 11 per cent. Still the excise tax has remained as an intrinsic injury to the Indian textile industry and a sentimental thorn in Indian pride. Although the Government of India several years ago promised to abolish the excise duty at the first possible opportunity, it continually refused to take the action, and the present move comes only as the result of special circumstances. In July, 1925, the Bombay mill-owners, owing to the accumulation of a large stock of unsold goods, announced a general reduction of wages amounting to about 11½ per cent, stating that Japanese competition was capturing the Indian market and forcing the cut.

THE WORKERS at once went on strike. By the end of September the strikers numbered 125,000 and sixty-five of eighty-two mills in Bombay were closed. The owners

petitioned the Indian Government to remove the excise duty as a means of relief, but the latter at first refused, saying that it could not afford to forego the revenue. Meanwhile the strike kept on. Increasing pressure was brought to bear upon the Government, and at last it yielded. The expected protest from Lancashire has not developed. Various reasons are assigned. One is that the Lancashire spinners have learned that Indian affairs must now be settled according to native notions and that interference will react unfavorably on their trade. Another reason, possibly more potent, is that the Lancashire business is being forced out by Japanese competition. A glance at the Indian import figures for cotton piece-goods and yarn would seem to show this. With their market going anyhow, the Lancashire mill-owners may have felt that a fight would not be worth while. The abolition of the excise tax by the Government of India removes an effective weapon from the Nationalist arsenal. But, like most other great British concessions to Indian demands, it has probably been granted too late, too grudgingly.

THE REPORT of the committee appointed by Surgeon General Cumming to investigate the dangers of ethyl gasoline is not as reassuring as many persons desirous of presenting a clean bill of health for this new motor fuel have been trying to make the public believe. In the first place the committee did not study the effect upon workers of the manufacture of tetra-ethyl lead or the blending of it in gasoline. As it is in these processes that all known deaths have occurred so far, it should be obvious that the findings of the committee do not touch the chief source of complaint at all. Whether the making of ethyl gasoline should be permitted, and if so under what safeguards, remains to be determined. So far as the use of ethyl gasoline goes, the committee did not find any harmful effects upon chauffeurs, but feels that the subject should have further study. Most disquieting, however, is the evidence of lead dust in garages, whether using ethyl gasoline or not, in quantities that may constitute a definite menace to the employees. This, as well as the dangers in the making of ethyl gasoline, deserves further investigation, and we heartily concur in the recommendation of the committee that Congress appropriate funds for a continuing study of the subject to be made under direction of the Public Health Service.

THE NO-LYNCHINGS-IN-1926 record did not last very long. Before January was a fortnight old, Florida had broken the ice and dispatched a Negro "suspected of having made an attack on a white woman." Meanwhile in Mississippi Sheriff Glass, the officer who was "unable" to protect his Negro prisoner—a man just acquitted of the murder of a white plantation manager—from a mob has been fined \$500, the maximum penalty that the law permitted short of being removed from office; and he has been threatened by Judge W. A. Alcorn with prompt removal in case he should find himself "overcome" by a mob in the future. Mississippi last year led the South—which is to say the world—in the number of these barbaric killings by mobs; but in Mississippi, too, the seeds of justice to the Negro are sprouting and bearing fruit. Decent citizens in the State are aroused to protest and to action; reform is coming from within, where it is always most effective and salutary. There is no doubt that Louisiana, Texas, Florida are watching their neighbor; it is only a question of time before they,

too, must bestir themselves. The Negro is no longer a slave; he is becoming less and less a peon. With the advance of education and economic independence among members of the black race must go an advance in political independence and solidarity. Mississippi does well to begin the reform of its treatment of the Negro before that oppressed and harassed race finds itself in a position to demand better treatment in a voice that cannot be denied. Perhaps, indeed, it is the first faint notes of such a voice that have set the ball to rolling.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in Washington of a new set of seven annual awards of \$400 to be provided by the William E. Harmon Foundation for American Negroes distinguishing themselves in literature, music, the fine arts, industry, science, education, and religion comes on the crest of a most remarkable wave in Negro culture. The period which produced the great "spirituals" belongs to the irrecoverable past, as does that more recent period wherein Negro art and thought were chiefly imitative of white modes. The Negro has now a voice and hand which he may proudly call his own; and it would be fatal for any student of contemporary forms of expression to be ignorant of that fact. The Harmon awards have numerous predecessors in the way of prizes offered with the design of uncovering talents awaiting recognition either in the centers of Negro population or elsewhere over the country. The Amy Spingarn prizes in literature and art, offered through the *Crisis*, have drawn out work of indubitable excellence; and it is worth noting that the list of judges this year includes such names as H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, J. E. Spingarn, Eugene O'Neill, and Robert Morss Lovett. As much or more may be expected of the contest recently announced by *Opportunity* and made possible through gifts by Casper Holstein. Prizes are to be given for stories, poems, plays, essays, and musical compositions, and the result of the enterprise should be an awakening of Negro art even more lively than that which attended the *Opportunity* contest last year. The New Negro is not only justifying his name; he is making us wonder how many still newer Negroes there will be.

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY, whose death at eighty-two has been reported from London, was one of the most interesting members of a passing generation in England. He was both a far traveler and a poet—sharing this twofold distinction with W. H. Hudson and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, recently dead, and with Thomas Hardy and Robert Cunninghame Graham, who happily continue to manifest their vigor through the printing of new books. Hudson and Cunninghame Graham in South America, Blunt in Africa, Hardy in vanished Wessex, Doughty in Arabia; it is a great list, and though for various reasons Doughty was perhaps the least widely known of the five he was by no means the least among them. He published several works in verse, the most important of these being a huge epic in six volumes called "The Dawn in Britain." He cast this story of earliest England in a style, even a grammar, of his own; and only those who have taken the trouble to master the difficulties involved in reading the poem have recognized its nobility. So with "Arabia Deserta," Doughty's prose masterpiece, which is by no means easy reading, but which, once read, must be acknowledged one of the great travel narratives of all time.

Is the World Court an Agency for Peace?

ONCE more we are asked to state our position on the World Court as an instrument of peace and as a step toward that community of nations which has been mankind's goal for centuries. Those who question us admit that the Court has its defects, but they advance the same arguments used when anyone points out the faults in the organization of the League of Nations. These are: "Well, come in and join and we'll improve it"; "Our own form of government was a failure at first and had to develop gradually into a real success"; "The Court, like the League, is young—give it the opportunity to grow"; "Like all reformers you refuse to join the Court because it does not exactly suit you instead of being practical and taking a three-quarter loaf when you can get it."

To these queries and comments we reply once more that we are opposed to the United States joining the Court except with a reservation that no force shall be used in carrying out any decrees affecting the United States, and with other safeguards. It is a sham and a pretense to offer the Court in its present form to the American people as an instrument of peace. Not only do multitudes so regard it but they also have been given the idea that everybody will run to submit his grievance to it and that the Court can compel attendance in some miraculous way even if offending nations are not members of the League or the Court itself. It has carefully been kept from the public that the Court's jurisdiction is extremely limited, so much so that, aside from the matter of advisory opinions, which may be requested by the Council of the League of Nations, it cannot take cognizance, even by consent of the parties involved, of those political and economic questions which today chiefly cause war. If force is to be used to carry out its decrees, it will by that much contribute to the continuance of war in the world. It will legalize wars sanctioned and provided for in the name of peace precisely as the Covenant of the League of Nations today provides and plans for war. Both contemplate keeping alive standing armies and the professional soldiery whose talk does so much to make peoples and governments plot, plan, and provide for war. Why should we in an era when the people of the world are thirsting for peace deliberately set up new institutions that make for force? If there is one lesson from the World War it is the utter failure of force. In China it has failed and in India; wherever one turns. It settles nothing; at best it merely postpones issues. Then why should reasonable people go into organizations which talk about sanctions, by which they mean not public opinion but the law of tooth and claw, of the bomb and of poison gas? What intelligent people are trying to do is to *outlaw war*. That is what counts and not the setting up of new international bodies or courts that *legalize* war and deliberately contemplate the creating of war in given contingencies.

Of course, we are well aware that at this point we shall be asked whether any court can get on without a force *in esse* or *in posse* ready to carry out its decrees. We are fortunately in a position to quote some extremely practical statesman who have intrenched themselves on exactly the same ground in this matter of force. There was the late Senator P. C. Knox, for instance, a big-business man, a former Secretary of State, and a former Attorney General. He was absolutely opposed to the use of force to support the decrees of a world court. No one will charge Charles E.

Hughes with being a pacifist or an impractical editor. Yet he has stated that "when nations agree to submit a dispute to a tribunal and to abide by the decision, its observance is a point of international honor of the highest sort. You can really have no better sanction than this." He also pointed out that "all contrivances for maintaining peace by economic pressure, as well as by military force . . . are likely to fail when they are most needed because national interests are diverse and unanimity of action under stress of crises . . . is well nigh impossible." Mr. Hughes is a modern. Oliver Ellsworth once stood before the Connecticut Convention to declare that the States must choose between a coercion of law and a coercion of arms, and to assert that the latter would lead inevitably to a war of States. James Madison stated that "the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice, the efficacy of it." A union of States, containing such an ingredient, seemed to him to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look like a declaration of war. John Marshall also had his doubts about the use of force. As long as force is provided for the World Court, or the United States cannot safeguard itself against the use of force in matters to which it is a party, or in the outcome of which it has an interest, we shall have to stand with Senator Borah in thinking of the Court as an instrument of war and not one of peace.

There are other points which we might dwell upon, such as the question of advisory opinions through which the League can exercise political control over any country, even one which is not a member, as witness the treatment of Turkey in the Mosul case. Some advocates of the League are frank to say privately that that is what they want, just as they say privately that they believe that our entering the Court will get us into the League and that is why they are for it, while at the same time trying to prove publicly that the Court has no relationship whatever with the League. But we do not care to go into these points at this juncture. What is controlling with us is this question of force.

We would once more make our position plain: *The Nation* is in favor of a World Court with obligatory jurisdiction in legal questions, but depending only upon its moral authority for the bringing of disputants into court and for the enforcement of its decrees. We desire a court absolutely separated from the League of Nations, controlled as it is by a group of three or four powerful countries. We believe in a court which shall not be called upon to give advisory opinions to the League or its Council and will be unable to do so if asked, but shall be willing to give advisory opinions to individual nations in their individual capacity and not as members of the League. We desire no sanctions for such a court save public opinion; we are opposed to the use of any political or military machinery to enforce any decree, and we submit that the success of arbitration since 1787 affords no room for doubt, despite four or five rejections of arbitral decisions, that the authority of the kind of court we have described would be sufficient to make the nations of the world accept its decrees. If any nation did not, it would face world-wide odium and reproach, but even such a refusal could be only a temporary backset to a court rightly organized and avowedly conducted with entire faith in the public opinion of the world.

The Touring Car Passes

THE New York Automobile Show has confirmed the most striking recent development in the automobile industry: the touring car passes. None of the old-fashioned type were on exhibition. Where there were such they were usually sport models or touring cars elaborately dressed up with wind-shield for the back seat after the manner of the French open car. But these were for the very young or the very rich; the old type of car in which you could stow the whole family and their luggage, together with several friends and the family dog and cat, has vanished. Not even the compromise California body has stayed the hand of fate; the American is to use his car winter and summer whether he drives in the city or tours to the Rockies or to Florida or to Quebec for winter sports.

This development is the more interesting because in the closed cars the trend is all to smaller and narrower bodies and less head-room than ever. As Walter P. Chrysler has prophesied, the whole drift is toward the smaller car, not only for city use, but for touring. In the cities the advantage is obvious, while the improvement in the roads has made touring in a machine with a short wheel-base less trying than in former years when everybody sought to buy the longest chassis his purse could afford. But why the bodies should be so made that only two persons can sit on the back seat in comfort, especially when they have winter coats on, is hard to understand. Many people will believe that here the fashion is deliberately set by the makers in order to get people to buy new cars. But this is a dangerous game for the makers to play for the reason that the second-hand car market is already badly overstocked; if one sells a good car after two years, even of the Packard or Pierce-Arrow type, one cannot get 33 per cent of the cost. Indeed, the sale value is cut in half after the first twelve months of ownership. Yet in order to stimulate sales the makers have been holding out every inducement to people to trade in their old cars and to buy new ones on time payments. That they often have heavy losses on these transactions is beyond doubt, but they prefer the situation to one in which the owner will hold on to his car for five or six years as he easily can so far as the mechanical worth of the average automobile is concerned.

The small closed body has serious disadvantages for traveling; for the carrier on the running-board does not solve the problem of the bestowal of luggage. It is a far cry from the days when you could get a good-sized steamer trunk into the space between the front and rear seats and still have room for your legs. Then, convenient as the closed car is, it will never take the place of the touring car on beautiful spring or autumn days when, with the top down, one can survey the countryside as far as one can see. Curiously enough, the collapsible winter top, so fashionable in Europe, hardly appears here; American manufacturers seem unable to make a landau-top that will not in the course of time let the water seep in.

Whatever the styles, the public is just as mad about cars as ever and the crowds at the New York show broke all records. This year like the last starts in with still another new car offered to the public. The January production of some cars was at high-water mark and some of the companies making accessories report the largest sales in their several histories. The saturation-point is not yet reached, and the motor-bus industry is hardly out of its infancy.

Again the Students Speak

BY a vote of 1,099 to 701 the men students of Ohio State University have declared in favor of the abolition of compulsory military training. By a majority, however, they voted that optional military training had a legitimate place in the curriculum and that they themselves had received some benefit from drill. Their vote added momentum to the movement against compulsion rather than against military training itself. The proportion of students who voted was disappointingly small.

The comparatively small vote is the more surprising in view of the active campaign carried on by both sides in the controversy. In the life of Ohio State University the Reserve Officers' Training Corps means far more than it does at the College of the City of New York. It is one of the largest and best-drilled groups in the country, consisting of some 3,500 students. It has its own special uniform which is intended to set forth most favorably the manly beauty of the wearer both in his own eyes and in the eyes of the girls with whom he is associated in the pursuit of jazz and culture. There are over twenty commissioned officers of the army in the university, to say nothing of sergeants to whom life in a university is greatly preferable to the dull routine of an army post. These gentlemen, more or less ably assisted by the privileged members of the student Officers' Club and the Pershing Rifles, fought the Optional Drill League in debates and discussions both formal and informal, most of which were carefully reported in the university paper.

Three arguments of the military appear to have had weight. The first was that opposition to military training in the colleges is part of an immense bolshevist-pacifist plot. One speaker assured the students that in voting against the R. O. T. C. they would go with a group which was inciting to "riot, revolution, and violence." The same speaker at another time said that a man who "gets lost in dreams of a sort of world-wide brotherhood or this internationalism we hear so much about becomes in reality a man without a country." The most amazing declaration was made by a student on the alleged authority of "a professor in class" that "the European governments have already sent over \$40,000,000 to New York to finance the Optional Drill Leagues in the colleges." By such fairy tales are men trained for intelligent citizenship.

A second point much stressed by advocates of compulsory drill is "its efficacy in teaching the student later in life to handle men." This is an argument which ought to make organized labor sit up and take notice. The military conception of handling men is the absolute antithesis of industrial democracy. Its attempted application by a military-academy graduate in the affairs of the International Tailoring Company recently brought about an exceedingly bitter strike which the company finally lost.

But such arguments, the discussions made plain, were all secondary. The real purpose of the R. O. T. C. is to prepare us for or against another war. And it was tacitly, if not openly, admitted that the great value of such preparation was psychological rather than actual. When the editor-in-chief of the *Ohio Lantern*, who had seen two years' service in France, taunted the men of the R. O. T. C. on the military ineffectiveness of their drill for actual war there was no answer. There was some attempt to prove that men who took the course for four years learned something of military value.

But since the last two years are optional, that argument had little weight in justifying compulsion for the first two years. General Orten let the cat out of the bag in saying that what drill there now is "doesn't even begin to make the sort of army we really need. It isn't even a fair start." And Colonel Shipp hailed the R. O. T. C. as furnishing "a connecting link between the permanent military establishment and the people."

There you have it. Compulsory training in the colleges is the entering wedge for militarizing our youth. It is not worth what it costs from the army's point of view except as it teaches men to accept the inevitability, or at least the high probability, of war and to prepare themselves for it. The compelling objection to this compulsory training is that this semi-fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of war is one of the chief obstacles to the establishment of permanent peace. With it always goes fear, and public opinion fertilized by fear is soil prepared for the seeds of war. As was to be expected, in the debates and discussions at Ohio State a great point was made of the military preparedness of foreign countries, especially Japan.

Thus is the issue drawn. It is not primarily a question, What shall we do with our college students? but How do we expect to preserve peace? We are glad to observe that the Ohio pastors' convention, at the time of the vote at the university, went on record, without dissenting voice, against compulsion in the university and against all military training in high schools. The church could not do less and be loyal to its own recent declarations. We hope that the faculty committee now considering the subject at Ohio State University, the faculty itself, and the trustees with whom the final power lies will accede to the request of the students for optional drill. For the moment Ohio State University symbolizes both the fight for peace and against compulsion. But the fight itself is bigger than any one university and concerns every American citizen.

Country Dance Tunes

ANTIQUARIANS have not paid much attention to American country dances. They have spent most of their time on folk songs and made fascinating collections of cowboy music, Indian songs, and chanteys. When Cecil J. Sharp placed a book of songs from North Carolina beside his numerous English collections, Americans began to appreciate these "lonesome tunes," and searchers are still following in his footsteps. Explorers in the rich field of Negro spirituals within the last year have added "The Battle of Jericho" and other new favorites to the familiar "Go Down Moses" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Of the dance tunes everybody knows "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Turkey in the Straw." They are hardly antiques yet, and so they are not to be found in libraries. The one collector who has made a volume of country dances, Elizabeth Burchenal of the American Folk Dance Society, is more interested in the steps than in the tunes.

The folk songs happen to be comparatively local, while the dances are known over the country. The "Arkansas Traveller" was played and danced in New England, the "Boston Fancy" in Western mining towns; Georgia fiddlers in their prize contests played many of the same tunes that Mollie Dunham learned in Maine. Henry Ford, who imported Mollie and started him on his present triumphal career over the Keith vaudeville circuit, is offering a cup as

prize in a contest in Michigan, and this has inspired fiddlers in their eighties to polish up "Money Musk" and the "Devil's Dream."

But how does one dance without a drum and a saxophone? Can a single fiddle playing an unharmonized melody make the rhythm strong enough? Examine the tunes and you will have the answer. The harmony is so simple that the three major triads usually suffice; and these are often supplied by swift embroidery in the form of broken chords. The same sixteen bars are played over and over again without a pause, so that the beat is grouped into large units and thereby intensified. A tune drummed into your ears this way need not be played loud. You sing it to yourself and reinforce the fiddle. If it doesn't drive you insane it will hypnotize you into a rhythmic ecstasy.

The good old barn dance was once quite as wicked as the Charleston is now. It is many decades since the violin was too profane an instrument, from its association with the ungodly dance, to be played in New England churches unless it was held upside down like a cello; but there were towns in Indiana in 1916—Florence Wolford wrote a book about them—where dancing to the fiddle was immoral and only singing games could be played by Christians. The game "Old Dan Tucker" has the same steps and tune as the New England dance of the same name, but virtue was satisfied if the players provided their own music by singing:

Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
Washed his face in the frying-pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with a toothache in his heel.

Get out of the way of Old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper,
Supper's over and breakfast's cooking,
Old Dan Tucker's out a-looking.

Some consistent souls, however, saw the resemblance between the game "Weevily Wheat" and the evil Virginia Reel. Their daughters left the floor when "Weevily Wheat" was played. No wonder, when the song had such dangerous lines as these:

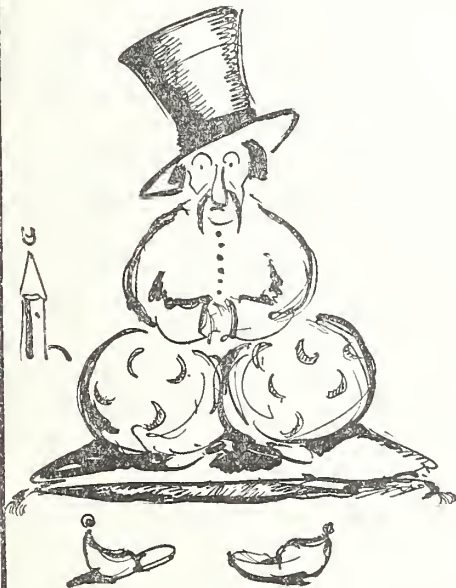
The higher up the cherry tree,
The riper grow the cherries;
The more you hug and kiss the girls
The sooner they will marry.

Take a lady by her hand,
Lead her like a pigeon,
Make her dance the weevily wheat,
She loses her religion.

iris-

Percy Grainger has made concert music out of the Irish reel "Molly on the Shore," out of "Shepherds Hey," and other folk dances. American composers are beginning to take the hint. Some one has used the "Arkansas Traveller" as theme for a piano composition. If he did it well he must have produced something thoroughly American, with the salty, grotesque humor of the original emphasized and enhanced. Another composer has done a similar job with "Old Zip Coon," which somehow got itself rechristened "Turkey in the Straw." And there are plenty of good subjects left; the "Spitfire" played for the dance "Beaus of Albany"; the "Quinardo Hornpipe," "Jefferson and Liberty," "Soldier's Joy." It is obvious to object that some of the old American reels came from Ireland and England and Scotland. A few of them came bodily, with the tune intact, as British as "America"; and some of these, unlike "America," kept their old names; others have been modified until they are as native as anything not red Indian.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



FROM ANGORA comes the news that the Turks have taken to the High Hat—presumably as a tender tribute to our beloved Western civilization;



they have relegated the ancestral Fez to the local museum of antiquities;



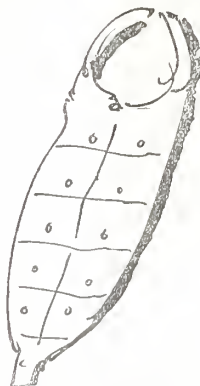
the change of haberdashery has brought about such a miracle of improvement that the dear boys of the Soviet armies have decided to change their *kepis* for the more Western sunbonnet;



and (unless our advance information is wrong) our own Great White Father has expressed a desire to return to the simpler style of Mark Smith, the late Cough Drop King.



our own Senate contemplates a return to the Roman laurel wreath for members over 89 years of age;



the German Reichstag may at any moment abandon their official dickies;



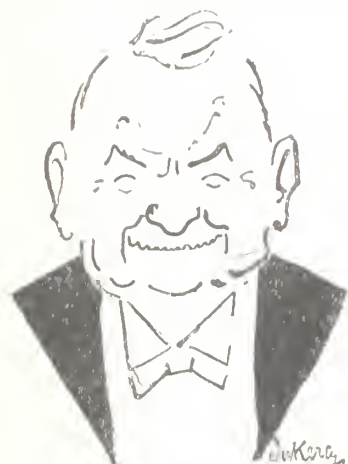
the brethren of the Fascist army contemplate a change to something a little more à la Kate Greenaway;

Is France Going Fascist?

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, January 12

THE new parliamentary session has begun in circumstances that cannot be called happy. Since the beginning of last year France has had in succession four governments and six ministers of finance, and the position of the fourth government and sixth finance minister is far from secure. The franc, which stood at about 18 to the dollar at the beginning of last year, now stands at nearly 27, and



From *l'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris)
President Doumergue

no solution of the financial problem is in sight. Every politician with any claim to authority on the subject has his own solution, but none has the courage to propose the first and most essential condition of solution—the stabilization of the franc. For there is no French politician with the courage to face the opposition of certain powerful interests hostile to stabilization, the risk of being obliged for the purpose of stabilization to fall back on the sacred gold reserve of the Bank of France

(which at present serves no purpose), or the unpopularity that he might incur in consequence of the economic crisis and the rise in prices that would inevitably follow stabilization.

In reality the French people themselves are more responsible than their politicians for the present situation, the ultimate cause of which is their unwillingness to pay direct taxes or to accept disagreeable but necessary measures. If a minister of finance proposes either, he is promptly overthrown by a Chamber susceptible to popular feeling. What was the real origin of the unpopularity that M. Caillaux so long enjoyed, if not the fact that he was the author of the income tax and that his income-tax law in its original form, before it was hacked to pieces by the Senate, would have made the income tax a reality? M. Caillaux's experiences were not such as to encourage any successor to follow his example. Few men, however, are willing to admit that they are responsible for their own misfortunes, and the French least of all. So, after having made it clear to their politicians that, if they seriously try to put the national finances in order they will do so at the risk of their political career if not of their liberty, the French people put all the blame on the politicians and the parliamentary system.

It is fashionable at present in France to declare that the parliamentary system is played out and in various quarters—fundamentally opposed to one another in other respects—there is talk of a dictatorship. Since the public became familiar with the famous dictatorship of the proletariat the word "dictatorship," which really means the arbitrary rule of one man, has been used in a very loose sense. It has come to mean any form of unconstitutional

government. So the other day a French Socialist orator called on his comrades to establish the dictatorship of the Socialist Party on the ground that, if they did not, a Fascist dictatorship would forestall them.

This sort of talk has perhaps been taken rather too seriously in other countries. I gather that many people believe a Fascist or some other kind of upheaval to be imminent in France. I confess that I see no signs of it. The present political fashion is no new one. There has always been anti-parliamentarism in France, both on the extreme Right and on the extreme Left, so long as I can remember, and whenever things do not go well people talk as they are talking now. There is some justification for French anti-parliamentarism. The parliamentary machine has never worked well in France partly because the system of two houses with equal powers is unworkable, more, perhaps, because it requires for its satisfactory working a genuine party system, which France does not yet possess. "En France," said an eminent Frenchman once to me, "il n'y a pas de partis politiques. Il n'y a que des clientèles." [In France there are no political parties. There are only factions.] It would pass the wit of man to define the precise shade of difference in principle that separates each of the ten groups into which the Chamber is divided from every other group. The system works in a vicious circle. Because there are so many groups a French government is usually a sort of political menagerie composed of specimens of each species. And the multiplicity of groups arises from this method of forming a government. A Deputy who would have no chance of office on his own merits becomes immediately *ministre* if he forms a group—a *clientèle*—and has a score of votes at his disposal.

The funny thing is that, whenever an attempt is made to develop a genuine party system by methods accepted in England as a matter of course, it is denounced as an outrage on the first principles of parliamentary government. If a party expels a member who has put himself up as candidate for some office in opposition to the candidate of his own party and had himself elected by the votes of its opponents, the *Temps* gets up on its hind legs and lectures the party for its shocking intolerance. If a party meets to decide on what conditions it will join or support a government, or draws up a definite political program, or objects to the inclusion of its political opponents in a Cabinet supposed to be composed of its friends, it is denounced for substituting the rule of "clubs and coteries" for that of Parliament and accused of trying to "exclude Republicans from the Republic." It would be considered quite natural by at least half the French press that, if two members of the present English Cabinet resigned, Mr. Baldwin should replace them by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and very wicked on the part of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues in the Cabinet to object.

This being so, I consider it premature to say that the parliamentary system has failed in France, for it has yet to be tried. Nevertheless, this is not recognized by the French public, and perhaps if the present parliamentary chaos continues the French people may sooner or later become exasperated and try something else, but that does not seem to me at all likely in the near future. When one remembers

how many abuses much more intimately affecting their daily lives than any political shortcomings the French have patiently endured for generations while swearing at them all the time, one is inclined to think that it may be some time yet before the point of exasperation is reached. I do not ignore the fact that changes in France are usually made by revolutions, because they are rarely made by reforms, and that, when the extraordinary patience of the French is at last exhausted they have a habit of smashing up everything; but at present they do not seem to me to be in the mood for a revolution either on the Right or on the Left.

French dictatorships in the past have been associated with military glory. Napoleon III, it is true, had no glory of his own, but he profited by his name and the tradition attached to it. The poor man's obligation to live up to the name and the tradition, in defiance of all his natural inclinations, brought him to ruin. Since his fall France has once been within an ace of a dictatorship, for it is probable that General Boulanger would have succeeded had he not allowed himself to be bluffed and fled the country. He was a poor creature with as little courage as intelligence and had no glory to his credit, but he talked a lot about it and looked very well prancing about in a cocked hat on a white horse. His chief asset was the appeal to *la revanche*. But that appeal is finished. France has had *la revanche* and found it a disillusion. The French are cured of their love of military glory, at any rate for the time being. Far from being in an arrogant mood, they are dispirited and dangerously lack confidence in themselves and their own future. No general is popular or has any prospect of becoming a national hero. There is, it seems to me, not the least chance of a military dictatorship.

Fascism, however, is said to be the danger. The Fascist movement in France, such as it is—and it does not look dangerous at present—is just the old Bonapartism without a Bonaparte or even a plausible substitute for one, for M. Millerand hardly fills the picture. It starts with the disadvantage that it is violently opposed by the *Action Française*, so that the anti-parliamentary forces of the Right are divided. And how is a Fascist coup to be brought about? By the army? I very much doubt whether the army could be depended on for such a purpose, even if the generals could be. Nearly twenty years ago the 17th Regiment refused to fire on the revolting wine-growers of the South, although the orders came from the legal government. Such an incident might happen again, especially if the orders came from the authors of an unconstitutional movement for upsetting the legal government. Conscripts object to firing on the civilian population.

I also doubt whether the methods employed by the Italian Fascists during their long preparation for the march on Rome would succeed in France. The French may be patient, but they are also pugnacious, and they would not quietly submit to be murdered and plundered without resisting, as did the more pacific Italians. If the French Fascists began burning down trade-union offices, forcibly expelling municipal councils, and raiding private houses to carry off their occupants, they might easily get the worst of it. Moreover, the Italian Fascists had the King on their side and a government too weak or too complaisant to interfere with them.

I doubt whether French Fascists would have the support of M. Doumergue or whether it would help them much, if they had. They might have a complaisant government but, in my opinion, an attempt to imitate the tactics of the

Italian Fascists in France, if not at once repressed by the government, would lead to a civil war, the result of which might easily be unfavorable to the Fascists.

There remains the suggestion of an American newspaper that the Chamber might be dissolved and not reelected. According to the newspaper in question, M. Doumergue is quite ready to take that course. Again I doubt it. I doubt still more whether, as was suggested, the Senate would at once agree to a dissolution of the Chamber for that purpose, if M. Briand or M. Poincaré asked for it. The Senate may be conservative, but it is staunchly republican and constitutionalist, and the Senators would have a shrewd suspicion that they would be the next victims.

Any kind of dictatorship seems to me unlikely in France unless and until there is a man with the temper and qualities of a dictator and the necessary popularity. So far as I can see there is no such man either among the generals or the politicians, or anywhere. Italy had a Mussolini. France has not even a Boulanger. The two leading figures in French politics not definitely on the Left are M. Briand and M. Poincaré. M. Briand has a certain popularity, although he has not the hold on the public that he has on Parliament, but nothing could be more alien from his temperament than a dictatorship. He is persuasive, diplomatic, accommodating—a master in the art of reconciling irreconcilables—but he does not remotely resemble a dictator and can hardly have the smallest inclination to play such a part. M. Poincaré has perhaps more inclination, but he does not seem to me to have the qualifications. He is first and foremost a lawyer with a rigidly legal mind and has very little perception. Did not M. Clemenceau once say that he knew everything and understood nothing? Besides, M. Poincaré is not a bit popular and in fact never was. No Lorrainer is ever really popular in France. A French dictator should come from the South. Napoleon was more Italian than French, with the histrionic side to his character that is typically Italian, which a dictator needs in France as in Italy. To use the French term, he was something of a *cabotin*, as a genius can be. His nephew, who was not a genius, was even more of one and Boulanger was nothing else. There remains M. Millerand, who is positively unpopular and seems to me to be, as Bismarck did not say of Lord Salisbury, a lathe painted to look like iron. Were M. Clemenceau a little younger and had he retained his hold on the popular imagination, I should say that he was the most likely man in France to pull off a dictatorship, but of course he is now out of the question. Apart from his age, it is amazing to see how completely the old Tiger has been forgotten.

On the whole, I should say that an unconstitutional movement on the Left might have more chance than one on the Right. If a Socialist Government were in office it might, if it wished, be able to resort to unconstitutional methods with success, at least for a time. But a Socialist Government is unlikely to be in office and if there were one it would be strictly constitutional. My belief is that the French will just continue to muddle along.



From *l'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris)

Aristide Briand

A Student Factory Hand

By MARGARET LINDSAY SUTHERLAND

[This essay has been awarded the first prize of \$125 in The Nation's Student-Worker Contest as announced last week. Three prizes were offered to university and college students for accounts of their summer at work in some industrial or agricultural occupation. The second prize of \$75 was won by Robert Leeper of Allegheny College, and the third prize of \$25 by A. George Purdue of Yale University. For reasons of space some portions of Miss Sutherland's narrative are here omitted.]

"SAY, dearie!"

I smiled as I turned to the neighbor who addressed me. It was my third day in the employment office. The first day I had been ignored; the second I was addressed with a comradely "girlie"; today I was one of them. All of us were hunting jobs and reduced to the common denominator of unemployment, we were friends, almost buddies.

"You're new at this, ain't you?" the woman went on.

"Yes, kind of," I said. Certainly I looked the part I was trying to assume. I thought my bargain-basement clothes were correct to the last detail, even to the fat powder puff I carried in my hand-bag. And I spoke very little. My voice had not marked me as an alien.

"Are you past the age limit?" she asked. So that was it. Most factory girls of my age looked very much older. I had observed that fact in the two days I had spent going from factory door to factory door asking for a job, after unsuccessful mornings at the public employment-bureau. The age limit in the State was sixteen. Any girls below the age limit who wished to work had to secure a certificate.

"Oh, yes."

"How long you been tryin' to get a job?" she asked.

"About a week. And you?"

"Me? I been out o' work some time now. There's too many young girls in the summer-time. We old hands have to wait our turn." The stalls of the employment office, like the factories, seemed to hold middle-aged women or very young girls.

"You oughtn't to be in here askin' for an unskilled job, girlie. A young girl like you, too. Listen, here dearie," and my new friend leaned over the lap of a Norwegian woman sitting between us, "you ain't never goin' to git a job by tellin' the truth. You got to lie like they do to git a job. See?" That was, it proved, the soundest advice I got. When my summons came I went up to the desk where the woman in charge of our stall sat with one hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Any experience in die-cutting?" she asked. It sounded too difficult, even in the face of my late advice, so I shook my head. "Then I don't believe I'll have anything else today, unless you'll take housework." I told her that I had tried that, but did not like it. I went back to the stall. It was no use to wait around any longer. I had already learned that there is only one hour a day in which to apply for jobs and that is between seven and eight in the morning. I stood leaning against the wall listening to the chatter. I felt more at home there than any place in the city.

"Where you goin' now?" asked a woman with a tangled plume in her hat that had once been someone's finery.

"I don't know. Home, I guess."

"Do you want to go over to the pay-employment office across the street with me? There ain't no business here today. Never is at the end of the week. We can get swell jobs over there." I agreed. On the way over she told me the system of the pay-employment agencies. You tell them what kind of job you want and give them \$6.

"Yes, it's right high," said my friend with the plume. "But sometimes we think it's a sight better'n no job."

We filled out an application, very much like the one in the public office. It asked age at leaving school, number of dependents, former employers, and other things I had to lie about. The man said he had a good job in a box factory for me. He asked for \$6. But I objected.

"I don't even know where it is. It might not be convenient to work there." He said he could not give me the address. However, he did mention the street.

"And what if I don't like the job?" I asked.

"That ain't our business, lady. Of course, if there is any real good reason for you wantin' to leave you can write the bureau within three days and we'll get you another job. If they fire you before three days are up we'll get you another, too." There was something obnoxious about getting a job at an agency that is supported by the very people who on account of their desperate straits must patronize it. Besides, I hadn't \$6. I left the lady of the plume to get a job.

I went immediately to a directory and found that there was only one box factory on the street the man had named. After riding for forty-five minutes on two different surface cars I reached the street. It was a street of small stores. And on the second floor of one of the smallest, dingiest shops there was nailed a board with the name of the factory upon it. I only saw it from the outside, for I did not apply.

The following morning there was an advertisement in the paper for experienced olive packers. It sounded easy. I was still busily fabricating my story as I walked up and down in front of the factory waiting for the doors to open. There were one or two sleepy-eyed girls ahead of me, and the line behind me was getting longer every moment.

A man at the entrance was the first to question us. I said that I was experienced, and named a factory that was unknown except to me. He sent away several undesirable-looking girls and women and the rest of us were admitted and sent to the fifth floor. The elevator stopped by the olive packers, fortunately. They worked rapidly, fitting the olives into impossible places with chopsticks. And the nice red stuffing was always on the outside! I was panic-stricken. I forgot the name of my fictitious factory and all my experience by the time the forewoman reached us. I was just a factory girl out of work when she spoke to me. But she employed me, saying she needed girls.

Those of us that she "took on" were taken to the office. The forelady—the word "forewoman" is not used outside textbooks on factories—gave us long applications to fill out. They were the most formidable questionnaires that I had yet encountered. They asked, among other things, for references, five former employers, father's name and business,

and personal debts. In return for all that information we were told that we would work for nine hours and a half a day at \$13 a week.

In factory uniforms of white caps and long aprons, we were put to work ladling jam. The whole fifth floor of the packing plant was used for making jams and jellies. Great vats holding half-ton lots of strawberry preserves were surrounded by big copper kettles in which the jam was cooked. The cooking was done with steam and the air was heavy with the odors of hot preserves. White-coated men ran back and forth with kettles of boiling jam that sizzled when they were put in the water trough to cool. The released steam filled the factory with a roar that sounded like a roundhouse. The forelady's voice was shrill and nasal above the noise:

"A little faster, there, girlie. You have to learn to work fast here or we don't want you."

But if the forelady was unnecessarily abrupt my immediate boss was very kind. The girl who had charge of the "gang" I worked with was an intelligent colored girl named Roxie. I was apprenticed to her to learn my job. At first she exercised her authority over me by ordering me to pick up her towel when she dropped it and to wipe the jam up from around the kettle where she stood. But gradually we became friends, and before I left she had released me from her tyranny and I had overcome in part my Mason-Dixon prejudice against her orders. The Negro girls were the pleasantest of all the girls to work with, for they were tireless and almost always happy.

My particular job was to ladle the jam into bottles. Other girls in the gang brought up fresh bottles, put tops on, filled bottles, operated the vacuum-capping machines, and packed the bottles in great iron baskets for the sterilizer. The ladles were heavy and clumsily made of copper. The jam was hot and with every dipperful I got fresh burns on my bare arms. By noon my hands were blistered and every muscle rebelled against its particular use. The afternoon was interminable. But Roxie was kind.

"Say, you ain't much used to work, is you, honey? Here you, Winnie, take this girl's place while she rests a spell." I sat down on a box. Roxie brought me up with a start. "You can't set down, child. Don't you never let the boss ketch you settin' down if you want to keep your job. Now you load the bottles onto that truck awhile to rest you." Bending, carrying, dipping, loading. There was jam in our eyebrows and in our shoes. The steam was stifling. Toward the end of the day, and all the days were alike, the noise and the steam and the pain merged into a dull confusion in my mind that was like taking an anaesthetic. And through it all came that sharp voice of authority like the crack of a whip, and the tired eyes of the girls. They joked and fought and were quiet in turn. Day in and day out.

It was several days later that I incurred the displeasure of my forelady. It was the beginning of the end. We were working on a machine that the girls called the "strawberry hell-cat," which automatically filled the bottles with jam as they came around the tread with a diabolical regularity. We were the servants of the machine. We had to adapt our irregular motions to its stern regularity. We had to feed it fresh bottles, even up the filled ones as they came around, and put them on the belt that took them to the capping machine. To relax one moment meant a broken bottle and a scolding from the forelady.

When two experienced "cappers" hurt their hands in the machine Roxie gave me a chance to try it. It worked

with a foot pedal, but it required a certain deftness to take one bottle out and put one in simultaneously without catching a hand in the machinery. The belt that brought the bottles down to the machine was built into a movable table, and the strange thing was that the girl at the capping machine stood with her back to the belt and the bottles were fed to her on the left side. It was very awkward. I suppose we broke thirty bottles a day knocking them off with our elbows. We stood on planks to be above the jam sea-level. Just such a pile of broken bottles and strawberry jam attracted the foreman's attention. He asked how it happened. I explained it:

"It's the machine, sir. The bottles come up on the left side and we knock them off with our elbows. I don't think we'd break them if the belt were changed over to the other side." He was interested enough to stand in my place to try it. He called the machinist over, when the forelady walked up. He was the floor manager, but he was also her husband. She asked what it was all about. "Listen," she said, "that new girl thinks she knows just a little too much. We've been here for nine months now, and that machine was good enough up till today, and it's good enough for you, even. You're just tryin' to cook up excuses to stop work for a few minutes. Now get back to work all of you." I was punished for my interference by having to scrub the jam off the machines the rest of the time I worked there, and it was a loathsome job.

I had several disagreements with the forelady in the next few days and I learned a strange thing from it. The women who have grown old in the factory heartily resent any opposition to the power that aged them. I learned it from one experience. I had been fishing little pieces of brown pineapple out of pineapple preserves as I stood at a table that came to my knees. The jars were too heavy to lift; the table too low to bend over. So I pulled up a box and sat down. I did better work and I worked faster sitting down. The forelady appeared and yelled—she never spoke—at me to get up. And she kicked the box from under me half way across the floor. I felt like a character from Dickens and at the idea I smiled. The woman drew back her arm to strike me, but instead she said that I was too damned fresh and she had had just about enough of me.

When she had gone I looked for sympathy from the older women about the table. I got none. I got several I-told-you-so looks. The young girls loved it. A little Hungarian girl fourteen years old cried joyously that the forelady had not said "damn" since February. The young girls were not yet broken. They were very sympathetic the next day when I got fired. It was hard to leave them, especially as I was fired along with a half-witted woman whose face twitched.

It was for the girls that I went to the manager of the factory. I said I was a college girl; that perhaps he would be interested in hearing an employee's point of view about his factory. He drew himself up proudly:

"I don't think there's anything you can tell me about this here factory that I don't know. I've been in a lot of factories and I've never saw one better run than this." And he added as he walked away, "You're not going to get your job back no matter what you have to say." Never again during the two months did I attempt the part of the reformer. I remained a spectator.

Factory workers as a whole never know the name of any of the factory officials, for the only one that concerns them is their immediate superior.

If a girl says, "You'll like this factory," it usually means that she is fond of her forelady. I heard that remark in the next factory I got a job in. Still adhering to the advice of the woman in the employment office I was employed at \$14 a week doing "fancy packing" in a candy factory. I claimed to have worked in a retail store for two years packing candy.

The factory was large and refrigerated to a degree that made goose-flesh on our arms. We worked at great long tables packing about sixty boxes of candy at once from a pattern box. Young Italian boys ran up and down the aisles with fresh trays of candy in answer to frenzied cries of "marshmallows," "car'mels, Tony, hurry!" and "three-cornered raspberry." For ten hours a day we stood at our tables, slipped candy into little frilled cups, and packed it into tight boxes. The monotony was broken only by the half-hour lunch period. The afternoon was six hours and a half long.

The hours were longer than in the other factory, the work was more monotonous if not so hard, and there was not even the convenience of a washroom; yet there was a difference. And the difference was Josephine. Josephine was our forelady and beloved of all. She, too, had been a factory girl, even as Mrs. O'Brien of the jam factory, but Josephine remembered it. She was gay and friendly. She told the girls funny stories, usually vulgar. They adored her.

The second day I worked in the factory I became one of Josephine's staunchest admirers. In the morning I dropped a tray of candy and it rolled like marbles. I waited for the abuse I was used to. But Josephine called, "Don't mind that, girlie. It's a little hard to begin with, isn't it?" In the afternoon the girls ordered a great basket of flowers for her eighth wedding anniversary. They left their tables and crowded around Josephine while she unwrapped them. When she opened their card she hesitated a moment between crying and laughing, and said simply:

"Ah, girls, what did you do it fer?"

I was apprenticed for the first few days to a young Bohemian girl who was more of a tyrant than Roxie was. I did most of her work for her and a little of my own. She was very contemptuous of the girls about her because they spent their pay on themselves. She had to give hers unopened to her father, but she clothed her necessity as a virtue and gloried in it. She was working hard to "get on piece-work," for after the first month the girls were recommended for piece-work, and they could make as much as \$25 a week if they were good. (At least an Italian woman who had worked there eight years made that much, and all the girls hoped to.) Her father, who had worked for three years on a furnace in some factory, made \$19 a week, and she wanted to make more than he did. The two of them supported a family of six.

At the end of my first week I was given a number for my boxes and a table to myself. The Italian woman who had been there eight years worked beside me. She had four children and a husband to support and she labored at a speed that left no room for casual visiting. The piece-workers had a speed mania that betided woe to him who stepped in their way. Rosa swore at me more than once in her native language and once or twice in mine. She stole everything I left around, even if it was tin foil that we wrapped the candy in.

It was several days after I left the candy factory—and I left with real regret—before I got another job. It

was late summer and the factory hands who had migrated during the summer had come home to find schoolgirls in their places. The employment offices were filled. The only advertisements were those for "Bonnaz operators" and "stitchers." When a big publishing house put an ad in the paper for fifteen girls two hundred and fifty of us answered it. I was one of the first girls there before seven. When the office opened at eight there were perhaps a hundred and fifty. By nine we were a fighting, pushing mob, two hundred and fifty strong. In competition there is little of camaraderie. It was a grim battle. I was not an outsider trying to see what industry was like. I was one of them, and I felt that my next meal depended on the outcome of that ordeal. When, at 10:30, I reached the inner office of the employment manager and she hired me I was elated. This time I was chosen because I claimed to have had two years of high school. The employment manager boasted that almost every girl in the factory had had an eighth-grade education.

My new job was that of book-inspector. I was in the bindery, hidden from the world by a mountain of books waiting to be inspected on one side and a mountain of books that had been inspected on the other. For nine hours and a half I sat behind my walls and looked through books for imperfections. After the first week I averaged sixty books an hour, not without aching eyes.

After two pure-food factories I was working in the first factory that provided soap and towels. For fingerprints show on paper! In this factory we sat down. After sitting down the first morning for several hours I pushed back the stool and stood up. A red-haired forelady, hideously painted, swooped down on me and began without any preliminaries: "Trying to do things different from everybody else, are you? What do you think those chairs are for? To look at? And watch I don't catch you standing up again." And so after six weeks of enforced standing I was reprimanded for not sitting down. It was not the worker that was considered. It was the article we manufactured.

"How do you like it here?" I asked a girl working next me.

"Not much, I been here three years and only got one raise. And look at Katie over there, she's been here six—she's only twenty now. Looks older, don't she? Well, she started out on nine a week and she don't get but eighteen after six years. They're tight, here." I made friends with Katie several days after that. It was difficult, for we were not allowed to talk during working hours. I asked her why she had stayed so long. She shrugged her little round shoulders.

"Oh, I like it all right and you never know when you're goin' to get in a worse place. Beside, I might not find any job, and then where'd I be?"

"Have you really been here since you were fourteen?" I asked.

"Sure. Why? Who told you? I ain't missed more'n two weeks altogether since I come, either." There was pride in her voice and loyalty. The same loyalty that I had discovered at the candy factory when I left. They were friends of mine until I left, but they had no use for me when I talked of leaving. For six years, a girl of twenty had only seen the world after six o'clock in the evening. Loyalty! And yet, even I had left each factory reluctantly. I loathed some of their methods, but I had known the girls and the women and liked them. Perhaps it was loyalty to human contact.

The World Court—"A Polite Gesture"

By S. O. LEVINSON

THE proponents of the World Court have been driven to take two positions inconsistent with each other and leading to an anomalous result. In the first place they are seeking to hold Republican votes by attempting to demonstrate that the Court is not a subsidiary of the League. Proof of this is necessary to enable the Republican Party to carry water on both shoulders, as its platform pledges it to go into the Court and at the same time to have nothing to do with the League. This demagogic distinction must be upheld or the Republicans may have to swallow political poison. Now, it is a plain evasion of substantial truth to say that one has a contract with the Illinois Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, and yet has no legal relation to the United States Steel Corporation. It is equally evasive to say that we go into a Court created under Article 14 of the League, whose statute was prepared at the direction of the Council, which struck out at least two of Mr. Root's best provisions, and yet contend that the Court and the League are entirely separate institutions. Now, if the Court has a legal relation to the League, which it manifestly has, including parentage, and if the United States goes into the Court, it logically and inevitably follows that the United States will have a genuine relationship with the League.

In order to maintain plausibly that no relationship is created the Court advocates contend that there is a clear difference between the members composing the League acting as individual states and the same states acting officially as members of the League. They contend that the Court was created by the units of individual states that constitute the League and not by the same states acting as members of the League. There is an important published case, with which I was connected, where policy-holders sought to recover a large sum of money paid personally to the manager of their insurance company for aiding in the transfer of its policies to another company. The directors of the selling company were put on the witness stand and claimed that they knew nothing about the payment of moneys to the manager officially as directors, but knew it only in their individual capacity. Suffice it to say the court entered a decree compelling the restitution of the money.

Forced by political necessity to make this scholastic refinement and to take the position that the Court is independent of the League, the question of "sanctions" compels friends of the Court to take a second position which utterly confutes the first. Senator Walsh, with characteristic candor, discloses the second contention. He writes *The Nation*:

That a nation which belongs to the League may find itself in some embarrassment by virtue of certain provisions of the Covenant should a decision of the Court go against it may be true.

The "embarrassment" arises from the effect of the second contention, namely, that a member of the League cannot divest itself of League-commitments even when signing a court protocol which it is claimed is independent of the League. These two contentions cannot stand together; united they fall. If the League and the Court are independent of each other and created by separate treaties, then it is strange that a member of the League suffers an "em-

barrassment" from which a non-member is free. As the first proposition of the pro-Courters is necessary in order to hold Republican votes, the second is designed to prevent the adoption of reservations against the use of "sanctions" or legal war by the Council. Let us follow the scholastic trail to its anomalous end.

If the United States adheres to the Court without safeguards against "sanctions," it thereby recognizes the power and right in the Council to administer "sanctions" in at least all cases where League members are involved. If, then, a controversy between a European state and a Latin-American state, both members of the League, is submitted and judgment is rendered against the Latin-American state, we have by acquiescence confirmed the power of the Council to enforce this judgment by war against the Latin-American state, no matter what questions may be involved. Shall we thus, incidentally, permit the Monroe Doctrine to be exposed to collateral attack?

Next, suppose there is submitted to the Court a dispute between the United States, a non-member, and, say, France, a member of the League. If the United States wins, it seems the Council, under this second contention, will have the power of physical enforcement against France because the judgment is against a member of the League; but if the judgment is against the United States, a non-member, the Council cannot enforce the judgment. Isn't it a poor rule that doesn't work both ways? And will a member of the League thus handicapped be willing to submit a major dispute with a non-member? If this contention is upheld it is obvious that a premium will be put upon staying out of the League, because all members of the League will be at a decided disadvantage in submitting disputes with non-members to the Court. No such result by construction could stand or should stand; it is unilateral, inequitable, and unworkable.

Sooner or later the Court will be called upon, probably by an advisory opinion, to construe the reservations and all the papers and documents connected therewith. It is almost judicially inconceivable that the Court would give an interpretation so anomalous in character and one which would work such manifest injustice to members of the League. It is the settled province of courts to decide what is the legal effect of instruments and statutes. If, in the opinion of the Court, our resolution of adherence does in fact create legal relationship to the League, a reservation stating that no such relationship is created thereby is of no effect. Powers can be limited by clear declarations, but the courts control the interpretation and construction of documents. For example, where parties to a business contract attempt by a statement to declare that the contract does not create a partnership, the court says to the parties that it is the sole prerogative of the court to decide that question. Here, then, we see that the effort to maintain two inconsistent positions leads to absurd results, and also leaves the rights and obligations of the United States with respect to the Court uncertain and undecided.

The real answer to *The Nation's* recent question concerning sanctions is given by Senator Walsh in his letter when he says:

Your proposition really, then, is, as I view it, that we do not go into the Court at all, since you attach a condition that it is known in advance will not be met.

This, of course, means that the Council will not tolerate any interference with its control over "sanctions." This is overwhelmingly so because one of the main purposes of the League was to give a small number of states within the Council control over war and thereby over the world. So long as that power is preempted by the League, the United States should enter none of its portals. Unless and until the Council is willing to give up its theory of coercion and control, of sanctions and war, it would be a betrayal of world peace to enter into a limited partnership with the League

through the medium of the Court. For even the advocates of the Court are now tempering their approval of the tribunal. For two years a veritable crusade has been conducted throughout the country, representing to our people that the Court was a great instrument of peace and a genuine remedy for war. By means of this exhortation hundreds of resolutions were obtained favoring adherence and symbolizing irresistible public opinion. Now in the Senate its friends admit that the Court is "but a feeble, halting step toward peace," "a polite gesture," a balm to the injured sensibilities of Europe. Thus the only possible justification for a departure from the faith of the fathers, the goal of abolition of war, is altogether lacking.

The University of North Carolina Gets Its Orders

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

THE University of North Carolina has got its orders from the cotton manufacturers of that State and has accepted them without protest. The manufacturers have peremptorily told the university to "stick to its knitting," and not to forget its "proper function" so far as to make a study of the textile industry in North Carolina, thus "breeding radicals and reformers." Such a study was recently proposed by the university's Institute for Research in Social Science in conjunction with its Department of Commerce. It was to have been one of eight studies of various aspects of the State's life planned by the university and made possible by a three-year donation of \$97,000 from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund. In regard to the object of the study, officials of the institute had said:

Publicists and mill men alike have tended to present their views as extremes. In all likelihood, somewhere between the extremes lies the truth which only the unbiased investigator can discover and present with authority. The Institute for Research in Social Science begs to offer its services in this role. Its sole interest is to discover the truth and make that truth available not only for North Carolina but also for the entire South.

A condensed outline of the proposed study shows its purposes to have been:

1. To show statistically the extent to which mill operatives move about.
2. To prove or disprove the charge of lack of leadership in mill population.
3. To compare the general moral status of the mill group with other groups of population.
4. To work out, on a thorough and scientific basis, a cost of living study in mill villages.
5. To show statistically the efficiency of welfare schemes by collecting facts, over a period of time, from various kinds of mills.
6. To make the results of such studies available for the use of manufacturers and students in general in the form of books, pamphlets, and articles for the press.

This outline, in fuller form, together with a request for permission to make the study was sent by the institute to the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association at its recent meeting at Pinehurst. Whereupon the members of the association unanimously adopted a resolution in which permission was bluntly refused and the study declared to be "neither important nor necessary." One reason for this

refusal, it was reported, was the manufacturers' displeasure because of an article which had appeared in the *Journal of Social Forces*, published by the University of North Carolina. This article described a survey of the children in two mill schools in the State. The representative of the university was denied opportunity to appear before the board of the manufacturers' association at Pinehurst to prevent an appeal for cooperation.

The cotton manufacturers' refusal to disclose to a responsible agency facts about the textile industry in North Carolina was first given general publicity by the *Raleigh News and Observer*. Two days later the university's unprotesting submission to the manufacturers was shown by a story sent out to the State press by the university's director of publicity, who wrote that university officials would not comment on the mill owners' refusal to allow the study, and that "the university was not planning further steps in connection with the situation." The publicity director continued:

The university's attitude, it is understood, is that since the proposed study has been rejected and that since the mill owners were acting within their legal rights in rejecting the offer, there is nothing for the university to do, unless the mill owners change their attitude.

Apparently not satisfied that the university's submission was complete, David Clark, editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*, reputed to be the organ of the manufacturers and published at Charlotte, North Carolina, gave to the *News and Observer* a few days later an interview in which he was reported to have said that if the university persisted in carrying through such a study the manufacturers would make their influence felt against the university at the next session of the legislature. According to the *News and Observer*, Mr. Clark said:

It [the study] will hurt the university. The university will feel it when the next legislature meets. Not only the manufacturers but other business men of the State have expressed the opinion to me that this is outside the university's function, and they will not stand for it.

"Mr. Clark expressed no doubt," the interview continued, "that the manufacturers can and will cause the legislature to cut the appropriation of the university if they persisted in making studies unwelcome to them."

Two days later Mr. Clark denied having said this, but as the accuracy and integrity of the reporter who wrote the interview are well known, the *News and Observer* refused to accept Mr. Clark's denial. Previously Mr. Clark had declared editorially in the *Southern Textile Bulletin* that the study by the university was "but another attack of our enemies" and had added:

The business meeting turned down unanimously the request of representatives of the University of North Carolina to be allowed to make what they call a "study" of the cotton manufacturing industry. There was no mistaking the idea of the manufacturers that the university should stick to its knitting and not engage in the pastime of breeding radicals and reformers.

In another editorial in the *Bulletin* Mr. Clark had written:

We have from time to time had something to say about outside activities of colleges and are becoming firmly convinced that such activities are a real menace.

We believe that a college should attend strictly to the education of young men and we can see no good reason for outside activities and investigations.

The country is sick unto death of federal bureaus, without having the added burden of bureaus in every college and university.

It may be the function of a college to investigate the social and economic evils of its State and set the student upon the problem of curing such evils; but we fail to see why it should be considered a college or a university function, and we know that such investigations breed radicals.

The same editorial expressed considerable agitation in regard to what Mr. Clark called "bolshevism in the colleges."

North Carolina leads the South in the manufacture of cotton, and for the month of November, 1925, reported more spindle hours than Massachusetts. Competition with New England mills is very keen. Cotton mill operatives in North Carolina are not unionized, labor is cheaper than in the North, and working hours for children are long. So far, the cotton manufacturers of the State have been in complete control of the North Carolina General Assembly. A bill for an eight-hour child-labor law, sponsored by the North Carolina Legislative Council of Women in the General Assembly of 1925, was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving only one vote in committee. A study of conditions among women employed in North Carolina cotton mills, which the North Carolina League of Women Voters last year requested the State Child Welfare Commission to make and which the commission authorized, was never made. The excuse given was lack of funds.

At the last session of the North Carolina Legislature the cotton manufacturers were at no pains to conceal their hand. The present Governor came into office on a program of economy. During the 1925 session he favored a bill consolidating the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare and the State Child Welfare Commission. The latter has supervision of child labor in North Carolina, but the county superintendents of public welfare help to enforce the child-labor law and there is much overlapping of work by the two agencies. The Board of Charities and Public Welfare is the State agency most free from political control. Its head, Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, lobbied for the eight-hour child-labor law and is noted in the State for her honesty and courage. Under the proposed plan of consolidation enforcement of the child-labor law would have been under her direction. A few hours after the

consolidation bill was drawn the legislators were flooded with telegrams from excited cotton manufacturers opposing the bill. Pressure by the manufacturers was so strong that the Governor withdrew his support and the bill was not introduced.

There is no phase of the life of North Carolina about which less authoritative and unprejudiced information is available than about the textile industry. And as long as the cotton manufacturers have their way this will continue to be the case.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been reading "Bread and Circuses," by W. E. Woodward, and this week he sits at the feet of the hero, Michael Webb, and listens with respectful attention to America's foremost debunking expert. Michael is talking of poetry and the practical man:

It is really discreditable, in a popular sense, to be a poet in America. Poets are patronized, and looked down upon, and pitied a little. Why? Because, to the American mind the worst of all failings is impracticality; and, of course, poets are considered impractical. . . . At the present time the world needs nothing else quite so badly as about a million impractical people, to take charge of larger operations of all kinds. We are urgently in need of impractical ideas. History has shown that nothing whatever in the way of progress can be expected of practical people. I don't want to run them down unjustly, or take away the credit that rightfully belongs to them. They are excellent at all small and piddling affairs. They can build a very good road, for instance; provided that some impractical dreamer tells them how wide the road ought to be and where it ought to be located.

* * * * *

YET even at building roads Michael goes on to explain the practical man often fails, probably because he thinks of a road merely as such and not of the people who must use it.

What a pity that New York was not laid out by impractical people! It was done by practical men. Now look at the thing—the streets are not wide enough; there are no diagonal streets; and the blocks are all turned in the wrong direction. No dreamer would ever have made such a colossal blunder as that. Practical people are splendid in all minor matters, such as devising the best method of pasting labels on cans, or in selling suspenders, or in running shoe factories at high speed. But in all really big affairs, in matters affecting humanity in the mass, they are always wrong and are sometimes terribly destructive. . . . Such questions should be turned over to impractical men with full power. In my opinion there are no *practical* solutions for most of the great social questions—and, indeed, I'll include in that the major problems of industry and finance. Yet they have to be solved. You cannot get rid of a problem by admitting that there is no practical solution for it. The practical mind is defeated by them because there is no way of solving them in a practical manner; the only possible solutions are impractical and visionary. Such a dilemma is a hopeless riddle to practical men; they lack imagination; they're soaked in conventional ideas. Everything of great importance is the work of visionaries and dreamers.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, who of course has been taunted from childhood with his lack of practicality, reads on with a glow of content:

The slavery question, as it existed before the Civil War in the United States, shows the failure of the practical mind to handle a problem that lay a little outside its frame. Many plans to do away with slavery were proposed. One was for the government to buy all the slaves and send them back to Africa; another was to buy them and set them free wherever they were, giving each one a bit of land to start him off in life; another was to move all the white people out of the State of Texas and turn that State over to the Negroes, where they could develop into a nation of their own, as a *vassal* of the United States. These plans were all considered very foolish. They were the ideas of impractical and visionary men. They met with vast, overwhelming, and perfectly logical objections on all sides. In the end the question of slavery was settled by force of arms. That was the practical solution. We know now that even the most visionary and extravagant among the impractical plans proposed before the war would have solved the slavery problem at not more than one fourth the cost of the Civil War, to say nothing of the destruction and the hate.

* * * * *

A WISE man, this Mr. Webb. He might have gone on to comment similarly on common sense, one of the most overruled qualities in the world. But instead he chose to wind up his discourse with a burst of oratory:

All the great heroes of progress have been impractical people. Galileo was a sacrilegious fool; Christ was a peniless tramp; Newton was an absent-minded, addle-headed person; Robert Fulton was a visionary. . . .

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Hard Is Taken to Task

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if *The Nation* is not a bit ashamed of Mr. Hard's article, *The New World Court*, As Tramp (January 13)?

In the first place, Mr. Hard discovers us the perfection of wisdom the so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration established at the first Hague Conference, though it is nothing but a convenient list of names from among whom nations involved in future controversies may perhaps select arbitrators. If this unsuited "Court" is so satisfactory, why does Mr. Hard suppose that Secretary of State Root (whom he quotes approvingly in another connection) instructed our delegates at the second Hague Conference to work for "a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility"? Why does he suppose that the second Hague Conference was at such pains to draft a convention for a "fixed bench," failing only to agree on a method of electing the judges? Even Senator Lodge, in a resolution presented to the Senate on May 6, 1924, trotted out a scheme of his own for a "fixed bench" to be elected by the concurrent action of a "General Committee" and a "Special Committee" composed after the pattern of the Assembly and Council of the League respectively.

As for Mr. Hard's reliance on the prophecy of M. Bourgeois in 1899 that "governments would not take important cases" to a "fixed bench," it is sufficient to observe that some twenty nations have already accepted in advance the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice in any future controversy of a justiciable nature, and that France itself signified its willingness to do so coincident with the coming into force of the protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes.

Mr. Hard says: "The League is the Court's creator and reviser." The League as such has literally nothing to do with amending the statute of the Court. Such amendment can be made only by unanimous consent of all the nations signatory to the separate treaty setting up the Court. Very likely any future conferences of the signatory Powers to consider amendments to the Court statute would be held at Geneva, as a convenient meeting place of the nations, but aside from convenience such a conference might as well be held in Washington, or Tokio, or Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. Hard repeats the obstinate misconception that if the Senate ratifies the proposal to adhere to the Court statute, the United States will "sit on the Court"; the American judge who happens now to be on the bench will "represent the United States." This is a favorite expression of Senator Borah, which led him to come out a rather pathetic second best in a recent colloquy with Senator Walsh on the floor of the Senate. Mr. Hard might have taken warning from that. (See 67 *Congressional Record*, No. 12, page 803.) It is precisely as loose and inaccurate to say that the United States would be "sitting on the Court" in the person of Judge Moore as to say that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is sitting on the Supreme Court in the person of Mr. Justice Holmes.

It is this same misconception which leads Mr. Hard to suppose that the United States will be under some sort of obligation to enforce the decisions of the Court "which we in the Court have helped to hand down." With reference to the suggestion of Mr. Hard that "under Article 13 of the League's Covenant, the League has the duty of enforcing the decisions of the new Court," it is sufficient to observe that under that same article the League has the duty of enforcing the decisions of the old Permanent Court of Arbitration which the United States is already a party to supporting. Not being a member of the League, and disavowing any obligations under its Covenant, we would have no more obligation to "enforce" a judgment of the Permanent Court of International Justice than we now have to enforce a judgment of the Permanent Court of Arbitration which is no obligation at all.

As to the bugaboo of advisory opinions, Mr. Hard quotes an isolated sentence from Mr. Root, without mentioning that Mr. Root is a staunch supporter of the pending resolution to adhere to the Court statute. He quotes an old expression of John Bassett Moore, hostile to advisory opinions, without having the fairness to set forth Judge Moore's considerably revised view after a few years of actual experience with the advisory opinion. The Court does not act as "attorney" for the League; its advisory opinions, confined to questions proper for judicial determination, are rendered in open court, after full argument by all interested parties. As Judge Moore says, the rules established by the Court in giving advisory opinions "assimilate the process as far as possible to a judicial proceeding, and exclude any supposition that advisory opinions may be rendered in a diplomatic sense and without publicity."

One must give the opponents of the Court credit for shrewdness in the tactics they have adopted. They know the American people can't concentrate on any one topic for very long without becoming bored. They know that if they beat the tom-toms long enough, if they continue to put forth extravagant and lurid distortions of the Court proposal, the public mind will be overcome with bewilderment, which is the precursor of boredom. And they expect the World Court to be lost in that ennui.

CALVERT MACRUDER

Law School of Harvard University, January 15

The Nation announces two pamphlet reprints: "Force and the World Court," by James N. Rosenberg, Manley O. Hudson, and ten United States Senators; and "The New World Court," by William Hard and Walter Lippmann. Price 15 cents each.

Ethics Among Historians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for December 23 Dr. Worthington C. Ford, in reviewing Professor E. D. Adams's "Great Britain and the American Civil War," comments on the use made by Professor Adams of material gathered from public and private English sources by the late Charles Francis Adams for a life of his father, United States minister to Great Britain 1861-1868, and adds: "Professor Adams does not state in his preface how he secured a right to use this material for his own purpose," and "it is known that he did not first ask and obtain permission of the owner of this material—the Adams family."

I do not write in a controversial spirit, Mr. Ford having been for many years one of my best friends and of course incapable of intentional injustice. But I feel impelled, as cognizant of some of the facts, to say a few words in the interest of a more complete understanding of the matter.

It should be premised that the biography of the elder C. F. Adams originally planned was to consist of three volumes. Charles Francis Adams the younger completed before his death, in 1915, the first volume, extending to 1848. Mr. E. D. Adams, as his collaborator, and with an earlier manuscript of C. F. Adams, Jr., at hand for use, prepared the second, 1848-1860. For the third volume, the only one which need here be considered, little or no text had been written, though large preparations had been made. It should be said:

1. That Mr. C. F. Adams allowed Mr. E. D. Adams to have a set of transcripts of the materials which Mr. Ford describes;

2. That while the uses to which Mr. E. D. Adams might put these transcripts were not definitely prescribed in writing, the natural assumption is that Mr. C. F. Adams expected them to be used later in a book on Great Britain and the Civil War which the former had already begun, it being at that time the confident expectation of both writers that the "life" would be finished first and published soon;

3. That when Mr. E. D. Adams set out to finish for publication the book now under consideration he understood, and had reasons for understanding, that publication of the whole biography of C. F. Adams the elder was indefinitely, though it was hoped not permanently, postponed.

4. He also understood the latest thought concerning the third volume to be that it should be composed, not by causing the preparation of a fresh narrative based on all the materials collected but by a compilation of extracts from the manuscript war-time diary of C. F. Adams the elder and printed papers of his son;

5. This situation seemed to Professor Adams to leave him free in all conscience to use his set of the transcripts in the writing of a book on "Great Britain and the Civil War";

6. Permission for their use for this purpose was sought and obtained from their British owners, public and private, with careful explanation of the different purpose now had in mind. To this procedure Mr. Ford, on being informed of it beforehand, raised no objection.

Washington, January 2

J. F. JAMIESON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is awkward to reply to one not a party to the question, who admits that he is "cognizant of some of the facts," who has heard only one side, and who "naturally assumes" that Mr. C. F. Adams expected the material to be used by Professor Adams at some indefinite time for his own [the professor's] purpose. I objected strongly from the time the professor said he proposed to use the material, both as a question of decency and of right; but when he stated he expected Mr. Hoover's influence to be potent in securing access to the public papers, I gave way as to the papers in the Public Record Office—less than half the material—as I could not but recognize that such influence there would be effective.

But I have held from the first, and made it plain, that the private collections rested on a different basis and that access to them did not depend on the officials of government but on the unique claims of Mr. C. F. Adams. It is one thing to gain such access for the life of a father by a son, and a very different thing to say to the owner of the papers: "I have a copy of this letter, may I use it?" which was the method of Professor Adams. Mr. Jamieson confuses the two series—as professor Adams did—and even in asserting that I raised no objection. The great question of ethical conduct remaining, for in my view the professor's zeal for his own interests has carried him into violating a trust and appropriating to his own use what belonged to another.

Boston, January 14

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Admiral Bristol

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am pleased to see (in your number of December 2) that you could not let Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol return to Constantinople without expressing appreciation of his work. As one who has had unusual opportunity to observe that work at first hand, I fully agree with your remarks. Even to the fact that you use the word "extraordinary" three times in nine lines. The Admiral is a triply extraordinary admiral, diplomat, and statesman.

A Turkish diplomat said to me the other day: "We are anxious to resume normal treaty relations with the United States, except for one consequence we fear they will have: Admiral Bristol will then be replaced."

Everybody in the Near East, including Americans, of course, wants the Admiral to remain. Why should we let anything deprive us of the services which his character and experience during the past six years allow him to give in the future?

Vienna, Austria, December 11

C. K. STURGE

Our Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to call your attention to what is an increasingly alarming situation as regards the moral influence of the daily press of the United States. The front page of the San Francisco Chronicle for December 22, 1925, offers a striking illustration.

An analysis of this front page is quite suggestive. Ninety-three per cent, or 150 column inches, are used in the following manner:

15 inches—Political scandal in Los Angeles.

17 inches—Photo of dead divorcee and two stories of accidental deaths.

20 inches—Tragic death of rich divorcee, who seems to have driven off the docks into the bay in a storm at about three in the morning, after attending a party.

14 inches—Platoon of suicide and girl supposed to have jilted him, prompting the act. Also article on fraud in dry work.

18 inches—Story of above suicide.

20 inches—Rate suit between P. G. & E. (our leading benevolent public service corporation) and the city of San Francisco. Company offers to refund \$1,000,000 to city in compromise settlement.

20 inches—News oddities, headed by a run-runner story.

12 inches—Sex and divorce scandal of a former actress.

14 inches—Cigar advertisement and an edifying cartoon entitled, "Oh, Margy!"

Berkeley, California, December 22

W. H. STALLARD

On a Death Mask

(H. W. M. died November 14, 1925)

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I

Life cuts depressions and these make reliefs,
As gnarls make hollows in the final cast
By Life the sculptor. So this mask amassed
In bronze what Life had done: brought clear beliefs
From the incisions of defeating griefs;
From hate brought love, brought wisdom, and at last
Brought peace and pardon, as the soul surpassed
The clay and rose emancipate from the fiefs
Of Fate and flesh—all sculpturing here is shown
Of Life whose hands opposed or helped his soul,
Resisting or accepting in the role
Of clay and spirit making the Fate his own
For the master mask, whose finish would control
The dignity of bronze, the peace of stone!

II

Whatever Life pressed down and back is here:
Great music only imagined, never heard;
Great fellowships afar, always deferred;
And life more ample in a richer sphere.
The spirit of genius to his eye was clear
In lovers, lovers, in the impassioned word.
Beethoven's face, or Shelley's, Byron's stirred
Fraternal reverence, as the returning year
Denied his longing, and as a deepening glance
Revealed him to himself, his stuff and strain,
Called by Venetian songs, an English lane,
By happy freedoms where men drink and dance.
So Traviata speaks him, so remain
In bronze the prize denied, the great romance.

III

Scarcely in life did the life that moved within
This brow, these eyelids, these Mercutio cheeks
Break the disguise of flesh—but now all speaks
Down to the humorous mouth and granite chin,
And the laughing rays that star the untroubled skin
About the eye which smiles, and no more seeks
The Secret. But the eye long blind still wrecks
Its patient wonder, leaving the brow to win,
And solve the secrets blindness sees—this brow
Like a great boulder from the Sangamon. . .
I never saw him all in all, this son
Of Jackson's day, but Death instructs me how:
This Hawthorne face, this prairie Jefferson,
This type American departed now!

IV

As if the Fate which brought paralysis,
And closed his throat to water for his thirst,
Intended his last hours to match his first,
With strength prolonged to ask the benefice
Of water and the tenderness of a kiss—
So did it punish him it had amerced,
And gave not water, neither the lot reversed

Which all his days wrought hard antithesis
Between his longing and his long defeat.
An old man dying in a lonely room
Where no one but a nurse was had his doom
Of thirst and silence and a winding sheet.
Now the bronze smiles upon the distant tomb:
Love is and thirst, but Death how great and sweet!

The Enigmatic Burr

Aaron Burr: A Biography compiled from Rare, and in many Cases Unpublished, Sources. By Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. \$10.

THE botanist passes no moral judgment on the wanton lipstick of the rose or the cruel kiss of the poison ivy; nor is his scientific attitude toward them influenced by their relation to the past of his race or to his own political, economic, and social views. Our scientific training has prepared us for this dispassionate view of the surrounding flora on the part of our botanizing friends, but we have not yet learned to expect the same objectivity of our historians. Upon them we impose the task of providing us with ready-made judgments on historic figures in order that we may know whom to admire, whom to condemn. So the historians, anticipating the Day of Judgment, set themselves up as spokesmen of God and mete out praise and blame as their own prejudices dictate.

Such thoughts have been inspired by reading this new biography of the most enigmatic of Americans, Aaron Burr, whose career is described in popular history much as an historically minded botanist might describe the evolution of poison ivy. He was the sum of all immoralities, a profligate, a dishonest politician, a duelist without honor, a traitor to his country. Many public men have been accused by contemporaries of similar crimes and misdemeanors which good-natured history has chucked into the garbage can of putrescent politics. No kind hand, however, has drawn, until recent times, the curtain over the skeleton in Burr's closet. There is good reason for this, although it is not to be found in the magnitude of his sins. He offended Washington, he killed Hamilton in a duel, he made of Jefferson an enemy. Thus his reputation has not swum in either stream of the hallowed tradition which bubbled up from the footprints of the canonized fathers. Historians of both the Hamiltonian and the Jefferson schools have been free to take a kick at the memory of Aaron Burr.

The Aaron Burr of the popular picture album is a purely fictitious character, a creature of the contemporary propaganda so readily accepted by uncritical and simple-minded historians. About twenty-five years ago a courageous student, Walter F. McCaleb, made a careful study of the so-called historical sources and succeeded in breaking through the wall of prejudices and presenting us a picture nearer the truth. Now come a man of research and a man of letters with this new life. It is based on the older work but presents a full-figure portrait with bolder strokes. The process of rehabilitating the true Burr may be considered as accomplished, as Mr. McCaleb himself points out in a well-written introduction to the work.

The biography is not directed to the specialist; there are no footnotes; the bibliography lacks all scholarly apparatus; some items of importance are missing, such as the work of W. S. Robertson on Miranda and that of Professor Marshall on the boundaries of Louisiana. On the other hand the reproductions of portraits, some for the first time, are excellent and form a most interesting addition to the work. Fortunately the authors have not indulged in psychoanalysis—at most there is only a hint of it—nor have they sinned too much on the side of special pleading. They let the simple facts speak for themselves. But it is

evident from their interpretation of Jefferson's acts and their few slurs about Woodrow Wilson—why need they tell us their own politics?—that the authors belong to the more respectable historical tradition that flows from Hamilton through Lincoln to Roosevelt. I do not mean that they slur over the faults of Hamilton, for his political and private life touched Burr's at too many points to permit this, but the great Federalist does appear in more dignified character than does the protagonist of Democracy.

The first volume carries the life story of Burr through the episode, or rather the tragedy, of the duel with Hamilton. The picture of Burr is rather engaging than otherwise. His ancestry ran to notable piety, his father was president of Princeton, his maternal grandfather was Jonathan Edwards. He was a precocious child but not a genius, his mind being too formal and rigid. He treated his wife and his brilliant daughter, Theodosia, as a schoolmaster does his pupils; yet his life at home was in many ways beautiful, for deep love and profound respect dwelt there, in spite of the waywardness of the head's affection. Many women crossed his pathway. His legal and political life had much of brilliance, and he won for himself the esteem of his contemporaries by his common sense, his ability, and the liberalism of his principles.

The duel with Hamilton marks the turning-point in his life. The propagandists of the Federalists and Republicans alike hounded him until the people were prepared to believe him capable of any crime. His Western adventure in land speculation with its Mexican filibustering attachment furnished the material to feed popular credulity. Betrayed by his associate, General Wilkinson, who raised the hue and cry and fortified New Orleans, and accused of treason by Jefferson, who put in motion all the forces of the federal government to convict him, Burr was easily condemned in the court of public opinion though cleared by the court over which the Chief Justice of the United States presided. He fled to Europe, where he continued to talk grandiosely of expeditions into Mexico even while he was clinking his two last ha'pennies in his pocket to keep up his financial courage. On his return to New York he was unable to regain his position in society or politics. His enemies had done their work well. Burr as interpreted by the authors presents an interesting study in developing personality and persisting propaganda.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

Beauty into Wit

The Private Life of Helen of Troy. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

VIEWS rigorously as a novel, Mr. Erskine's first venture in prose narrative may contain some faults; but it is a highly aesthetic reader who, that he might peep and criticize, would forcibly renounce the mood of chuckling joy in which its wit, its lightness, its ironic observation, its emancipating frankness leave him. One of the most humorous and brilliantly incisive conversationalists of our day has for the time being abandoned the fields of criticism and lyric poetry to take up a position in which he is more obviously impregnable. "Helen of Troy," whatever else it may be, is the best talk this reviewer has met in years, whether inside or outside the covers of a book. Never to encroach on the province of the drama and yet to write a continuously interesting novel in three hundred pages, only ten of which are narrative or expository in form, is in itself an astounding technical feat. The brisk tempo, the unflagging reality, the neatness of execution which advances the plot evenly by a mere notation of the talk of half a dozen characters—Menelaus, Hermione, Orestes, the priceless gate-keeper Eteoneus, the only less successful Charitas, and finally the peerless Helen herself—these and other originalities entitle the book to serious consideration as a new art form. There will be a host of imitators to prove this con-

tention. But Mr. Erskine has little to fear. They will not talk as he does.

In no real sense is the book a life of Helen of Troy. It is essentially unrelated to that increasingly wearisome modern phenomenon, the Strachey-Maurois novel-biography. The author's kinship is rather with Euripides. Both handle old beloved myths with as much reverence as originality, using the legitimate glamor that clings to the heroic figures, but adding satire, psychology in the untechnical sense, and the idea-world of the contemporary critical consciousness. The author depends upon the simple base of classical legend, carefully collated and pieced together with a completely unobtrusive scholarship, to give us the past of his characters so that he may the more entirely illuminate their temperaments without any stressing of accident and circumstance. Essentially, of course, the book is a novel of modern life, and a highly inclusive one, because all the blur of explanation, character-introduction, and locale was wiped clean centuries ago by Homer, Euripides, and others. If penetrating depiction of character, and of character alone, is the essence of a narrative masterpiece, "Helen of Troy" is one of the most formally pure novels of recent years.

Its most obvious achievement is Helen herself. "It will be seen that apart from her divine beauty and entire frankness she was a conventional woman," says the disarming foreword. This modest declaration does not at all prepare one for a Helen who, to put it simply, is at once convincingly realistic and glamorously epic. Utterly clear, distinct, and modern, a life-size Shavian heroine who has forgotten to propagandize—yet she is also the miraculous possessor of the face (and spirit) that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers. The unknown quantity which Marlowe felt is in her—and not less that modern subtlety, that cool clarity of insight into the tangle of alien souls, which holds so special an appeal for the predominantly psychological temper of our time.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Story of Workers' Education

Workers' Education in England and the United States. By Margaret T. Hodgen. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

IT is fortunate for the cause of workers' education that so scholarly, so admirably written, and so sympathetic a book should appear at this critical hour in the development of labor's own educational enterprises. These ventures have their roots deep in the soil of the labor movement; to understand the forms they are assuming, to detect their weaknesses and their potentialities, necessitates a tracing of those roots, an analysis of that life-giving soil. And this is exactly what Miss Hodgen does, with the painstaking thoroughness of the scholar and the color and warmth of the enthusiast.

Miss Hodgen begins her story of workers' education in the United States with a closely packed statement of the social and economic conditions which gave rise to the Working Men's Party in 1828, a labor organization which "became the chief instrument of the founding of the American public-school system." But this accomplishment does not mark the beginning of genuine workers' education, for by means of the public schools the workers of the thirties "proposed to educate themselves not for working-class activity but for admission to middle-class opportunity." This tradition of the Working Men's Party persisted until but a few years ago as the accepted trade-union doctrine. An explanation is found by the author in the philosophy which during those years dominated American trade unionism—the economic philosophy of Samuel Gompers. In this discussion the author unfortunately allows herself to criticize orthodox unionism's stand on education not analytically but with the scorn of a partisan.

The beginnings of genuine workers' education—the education of workingmen to meet the peculiar problems of working-

class life—Miss Hodgen finds in the Women's Trade Union League and the Jewish needle-trade unions. Today labor's own schools and colleges are found in almost every field, and number over two hundred; twenty-five thousand workers attend them; classes are to be found in every important city. Miss Hodgen points out, however, that in spite of this remarkable spread of the movement workers' education in America is still in the experimental stage, that even to the best-informed its methods and its ultimate purposes are as yet in dispute and ill-defined. Shall the schools teach union administration, "something practical that will help . . . in the time of a strike"; shall they try to instruct workers in the industrial and social responsibilities which a shift in control may bring; shall they try to "pass culture around" to the men and women who do the hard work of the world? On such questions of fundamental purposes there is the utmost confusion; Miss Hodgen's book is an invaluable aid in the solution of the difficulty.

In the same volume the author has written the story of workers' education in England. Her history of the English workingman's intellectual struggles is comparable in excellence to the Webbs's achievement in recording his economic struggles. The book will doubtless be read more widely in England than here, since workers' education is there more firmly and generally established.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Among the Czechs

A Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia. By E. I. Robson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

MR. ROBSON begins with a word about the Czech people, their customs and their country. He goes on to an historical sketch of Prague, which he is tempted to misname a "great international capital." Even though Prague has ever been the focal point of Czech culture and art, it is by no means outwardly a world center like Berlin, Vienna, or even Budapest. History in Central Europe is as vividly remembered as if it all happened yesterday, and Mr. Robson is on the right track when he attempts to interpret the spirit of the Czech people by telling us about their idols—Jan Hus the reformer and the extraordinary Hussite Jan Zizka. Just why the author fails to mention Komensky (Comenius) is not clear.

Mr. Robson saw all of the *curiosities* in western Czecho-Slovakia. He was, as we all are, enchanted by Zlatá Praha (Golden Prague), the noble and picturesque capital-city; he visited lofty Karlstein, the most striking of the many fine monuments that Charles IV left to posterity; he wandered through the vast Bohemian forest of Sumava; he delved into the fiery spirit of the Hussites at Tabor, their once impregnable stronghold in southern Bohemia; the Moravian capital of Brno (Brünn) he found only less interesting than Prague itself; and he considers the caves of Mococho near Brno to be one of the supreme natural wonders in Europe. All true, but what a pity our wayfarer did not move on into Slovakia, where Oriental Europe still holds sway. If he liked the colorful peasant costumes of Moravia he would have beheld the entire peasantry of Slovakia, both Slovak and Magyar, clothed in clumsy, gaudy beauty. If he succeeded in qualifying in his own mind the medieval Catholic odium that "Bohemians are dull and drab," he would have discovered in Slovakia a race fiery and talented and untouched by civilization. And if he is interested, as doubtless he is, in moral reconstruction he would have found in Slovakia, in Mr. Seton-Watson's words, the most remarkable example of cultural progress in modern times.

Nevertheless, Mr. Robson is a delightful wayfarer. Fortunately he does not touch on politics in Czecho-Slovakia, for politics anywhere, even there, can go a long way toward ruining an otherwise charming narrative. Moreover, he has overcome the silly prejudice about "that impossible Czech language." Throughout he makes use of Czech names with deadly accuracy.

JOHN O. CRANE

Karl Kautsky

The Labor Revolution. By Karl Kautsky. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

CRITICIZED as a sciolist by the Conservative, denounced as a renegade by the Communist, hailed as a philosophic genius by the Social-Democrat, Kautsky is one of the most provocative and powerful figures in our generation. In reality he belongs to a past generation, although his influence, mitigated somewhat by his opposition to the bolshevik revolution, is still wide-sweeping and profound. At the age of seventy-one he still writes with a directness and a lucidity which are foreeful if they are not elegant.

Following the appearance in English of "The Foundations of Christianity," an old but still ingenious and competent work, this fresh volume of Kautsky introduces a new side of the author to a public which hitherto had known him only through the abominable Askew and Bohn translations. Before the bolshevik *tour de force* of 1917 socialist thought had been largely consumed with dialectics and party tactics, with disquisitions on the character of the industrial state and the fundamental approach of radical organizations. Today the center of interest has veered. With the survival and advance of the Soviet system in Russia and with the tentative flare of socialist governments in Western Europe, more immediate problems are presented. It is the problem of the transition from capitalism to socialism upon which the attention of radicals is now so anxiously focused, and "The Labor Revolution" concerns itself with this.

While Kautsky's historical analysis of the middle-class revolution, adduced to defend his position with reference to contemporary revolution, is limpid and revealing, his attack upon the bolshevik revolution as but an instance in the process of middle-class revolution savors strongly of personal prejudice and rationalization. That the transition period in Russia may at times have been scarred by hastiness and misjudgment does not justify its being classified as reactionary and ridiculous. The laws of revolution, even the labor revolution, have not been finally established. Moot problems still remain. The labor revolutions in other Western countries may take on a different aspect, but this is not a sufficient reason for saying that Russian communism illustrates "the transition from the revolution to the reaction." Russian conditions were peculiar; and it must not be forgotten, since Kautsky refers so frequently to the founder of scientific socialism, that it was Marx who said that even a precocious society "can shorten and lessen the birth-pangs" necessary to the development of a new order. The subtlety of Kautsky's arguments—and Kautsky is an agile logician—cannot annihilate the significance of that statement.

V. F. CALVERTON

Leon Daudet

Memoirs of Leon Daudet. Edited and Translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. The Dial Press. \$5.

DAUDET is a phenomenon unknown, inexplicable, in America—a man at once a rowdy politician and a literary figure. As to the rowdiness of his political methods, no one need enlarge upon that. Daudet and his *camelots du roi* have been sufficiently in the press. As to his sincerity, there is a question. Perhaps he is as sincere as any politician. In Paris one is told that Daudet, having failed to make headway in the parties of the Left, took up royalism as a shrewd business move. Yet in spite of Daudet's howling no one in France takes the royalist party seriously. There is indeed this new fascist movement, the blue shirts, with some of the royalist figures in it, and shibboleths roughly paralleling those of the royalists—that is a different matter, it may grow to power.

But it is Daudet the literary man who writes this book. He was born into the most interesting literary circle of the

French nineteenth century, and he absorbed the art of writing through the skin. He has known everybody—from Renan, looking like “an elephant who has lost his trunk,” to Proust, “pale, with eyes like a deer, always nibbling or pulling one end of his drooping brown mustache, and wrapped up in woolens like a Chinese idol”; Theodore de Banville, “whose talk was as airy as an improvisation of Mercutio”; Whistler, looking like “an attractive Mephisto”; fat Zola, “reigning on his dung heap . . . lisping and wriggling his forked nose”; Oscar Wilde, Clemenceau, Sardou, Octave Mirbeau, George Meredith, Barrès, Anatole France, Loti, Jaurès, Maupassant—what a company! And how much more sharply Daudet etches his enemies than he does his friends!

WEBB WALDRON

Books in Brief

Henry Ford, America's Don Quixote. By Louis P. Lochner. With a preface by Maxim Gorki. New York: International Publishers. \$3.

Louis Lochner, who was Henry Ford's secretary at the time the peace ship was sent to Europe, has set forth in this volume the facts of that adventure which reflected so favorably upon the heart of Mr. Ford and so unfavorably upon his brains. It was Mr. Lochner who suggested the peace ship. Mr. Ford was immediately taken with the idea and offered the vessel to President Wilson for the use of official delegates with a view to intercession in Europe through the neutral nations. Mr. Wilson declined; the next day Mr. Ford announced the peace ship to reporters in New York with the famous slogan: “We are going to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.” He entered upon this venture without the slightest consideration of what was involved. He had thought of no details, no method of procedure, who was to go or when the ship was to leave; with the result that as remarkable a collection of cranks as surely ever voyaged the Seven Seas departed without any more knowledge of what they were to do than Mr. Ford had himself. This book shows how much the International Commission, subsequently established by Mr. Ford as a result of this expedition (which he deserted shamefully as soon as things got uncomfortable), actually accomplished. It makes it presumable that if the right forces had been behind this undertaking much might have been accomplished at that time in arousing public opinion in the neutral and other nations against the continuance of the useless and fruitless mass-murders which accomplished nothing beyond setting the world back. Mr. Gorki's preface is an eloquent appeal to the women of America and the world to put an end to war. As a whole the book was worth doing as a record of a war episode tragic in its futility.

Sixteenth-Century Books. A Bibliography of Literature describing books printed between 1501 and 1601. By James Bennett Childs. Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. Vol. XVII, Part 2.

The bibliography of sixteenth-century literature has suffered under the spell of that of the fifteenth. The chief interest of the bibliographers of the first half-century after the invention of printing has been typographical. They have produced monographs on the productions of the printing presses of individual towns and on the work of individual printers. There are not a dozen works devoted to the productions of the printing presses of whole nations, though there are comprehensive records of all the known incunabula. The bulk of the material brought together by Mr. Childs consists of monographic studies of individual printers and works on the history of printing in cities and provinces. Mr. Childs has done a distinct service to students of the sixteenth century by collecting these four hundred and sixty-four titles; it is to be hoped that among other things his work will call attention to the need of a comprehensive bibliography of the literature of the sixteenth century.

Art

“Significant Form”

WHILE Mark Twain was editor of a certain Western paper he printed a news item describing with great seriousness and much scientific detail the discovery of a petrified man. He mentioned that the thumb of the man's right hand was against the nose, the fingers spread out, the thumb of the left hand hooked into the little finger of the right, and the fingers spread out likewise. Only, instead of saying it all at once like this, he sandwiched the bits of the description in among other details; and nobody saw the joke. The story was widely reprinted as scientific news and actually appeared in the London *Lancet*.

A similar and wonderfully baited trap seems to have been laid by the talented art critic, Mr. Clive Bell, for the innocent readers of his book on “Art.” Mr. Bell there asks: “What quality is shared by all objects that provoke our aesthetic emotions?” He answers that in each such object “lines and colors combined in a particular way, certain forms and relations of forms” are what stir our aesthetic emotions; and he proposes to refer to these forms by the name Significant Form. But if we now inquire just what particular way of combination of lines and colors it is that the name designates, the only answer is, the particular way which moves us aesthetically! Significant Form, alas, thus turns out to be only the name of what Mr. Bell is looking for. He has named the baby before it is born. Perhaps a babyless name is a less awkward gift than a nameless baby.

The bait held out to us is cunningly tempting, for the word “form” really means something; namely, whatever is other than content—in visual art, one would suppose, whatever is other than color. But let us beware of the trap, for our author slyly tells us that “the distinction between form and color is an unreal one,” because, forsooth, “you cannot conceive a colorless line, or a colorless space . . . a boundary line without any content, or a content without a boundary line.” This is as much as to say that because one cannot conceive of an uncle without a niece or nephew, the distinction between uncle and nephew is an unreal one. On this ground Mr. Bell proposes to use form to mean both form and content—which is like saying that a Negro is a black man, and adding that black means white also. But the little joke on the reader, of course, demanded that the meaning of the word “form” be quietly done away with.

And with regard to the word “significant,” our author is equally clever, for he tells us in effect that so long as we confine ourselves to aesthetics and leave out “metaphysics” the word “significant” is not, as we might have thought, descriptive. This means, of course, that it is a proper name only, a mere tag which can be pinned on to things but which tells us about them only the fact that we did pin it on. To avoid being misled by the appearance of meaning in the term, let us then replace “Significant Form” by an honest proper name. Shall we say “Abracadabra”? We can then better observe what the “aesthetic hypothesis,” as Mr. Bell deliciously calls it, turns out to be when the veils wherewith his wit had clouded its glory are torn asunder. It is this: The quality common to such lines, colors, and combinations of lines and colors as move us aesthetically is that we shall henceforth call them all Abracadabra!

I submit that Mr. Bell is much too clever a critic to have done a thing like that unawares. Moreover, other evidences of the plot are not far to seek. Note, for instance, how neatly he clears beauty out of the way of Abracadabra. Mr. Bell's objection to the use of the word beauty is that everyone calls a butterfly or a flower beautiful, but that no one feels for them, or in general for natural beauty, the same kind of

emotion that he feels for a cathedral or a picture. Therefore what calls forth the aesthetic emotion should not be designated beautiful.

But in addition to the beauty of the butterflies, the flowers, and the birds, Mr. Bell also mentions the beauty of woman as something that is not aesthetically moving. What is commonly meant, he believes, when a woman is called beautiful is sexually desirable. Mr. Bell does not say whether this definition of beauty is intended also to cover the case of the birds and the butterflies; but so far as people are concerned, who like most of us venture to call not only women but also some men beautiful, it is obvious that on such a definition of beauty they belong in Reading Gaol. However, salvation from the slough of impurity in which we thus find ourselves wallowing unawares would seem to lie in the possibility of making artists of ourselves, for Mr. Bell admits that artists at least are moved aesthetically by nature; that is, what in it arrests their gaze is not the foulness which beauty is but the pure sublimity of Abracadabra.

This discovery, however, brings us out of aesthetics, and into the realm of "metaphysics," where the word significant is given a meaning by our author. Form that moves us aesthetically is called significant, he tells us, "because it expresses the emotion of its creator." With Tolstoi—or is it Croce?—thus brought to the rescue, our hopes of solid nourishment suddenly rise. But, alas, we have here but the fragrant bit of intellectual cheese which is to entice the guileless bohemian mouse further into the cruel trap. For if the art which moves us does so because it conveys to us something that the artist felt, how is it that the same emotion can be provoked, at least in artists, by nature, which does not express but just *is*? But now Schopenhauer, in strict *incognito* it is true, is called in to help with the "dirty work." Natural objects, we are told, give rise to aesthetic emotion only when one ceases to attend to their associations, uses, origins. And when a natural object is being thus viewed as what Mr. Bell pleases to call an end-in-itself, what there is then left to provoke our emotion is, he tells us, something which philosophers used to call "the thing-in-itself" and now call "ultimate reality." A devilishly subtle transition, that: End-in-Itself, Thing-in-Itself, Ultimate Reality! One almost regrets that it should be but verbal. However, what comes next is the grand *pied-de-nez*. It is this: "Shall I be altogether fantastic in suggesting, what some of the profoundest thinkers have believed, that the significance of the thing-in-itself is the significance of reality?"

One might well ask how it is possible to speak of a thing as in-itself and yet make it function as significant of something? But Schopenhauer, instead of arguing the logic of that outrageous statement, would more likely have roared at seeing the words "significant forms" picked bodily out of his book, where he uses them honestly, and wantonly made a joke of under the shroud of a faked-up spook which, on some intellectually dark night, might be mistaken by unwary pedestrians for his own.

If we look at the whole matter by daylight, the fact is seen to be that the elementary lines, colors, sounds which art borrows from nature, together with such feeling-value as they there have, constitute the only alphabet wherewith the artist may spell out to others his own feelings. Just how the characters of that alphabet must be put together to do this well no one has yet said very exactly, Mr. Bell less than any one. And there is nothing to be gained by giving a resounding name to the problem and calling that the answer. This would be like sucking one's own thumb for nourishment. "Significant Form" is thus but a clever catchword for putting a real aesthetic problem quietly out of the way. And indeed, recalling the advice of Goethe's Mephistopheles to the student, one may well ask: Why think when a pompous word will serve so well?

C. J. DUCASSE

Drama

Whips and Scorns

AFTER two disastrous experiments with native but highly derivative essays in expressionism the directors of the Provincetown Theater have returned to an original source and are offering for the first time in America "The Dream Play" of Strindberg. Their production, highly intelligent, and, if judged by the rather lenient standards applicable to a purely experimental theater, well acted, will serve among other things to illustrate the difference between art and sham as exemplified in what, for want of a better name, we call expressionism. Strindberg, unlike Mr. Basshe who was responsible for "Adam Solitaire" and unlike Mr. Webster who concocted "The Man Who Never Died," was not compelled to labor his incoherence; whatever else may be said of his fantastic piece, it must be admitted that its chaos is at least unforced and real. Born of a tardily legitimized union between a bankrupt shopkeeper and a bar maid, remembering fear and hunger as his earliest sensations, and torn throughout life by the conflict between the impulses of a perverse nature and the judgments of a moralizing mind, gloom was not to him a fashionable affectation nor formlessness a new form to be assiduously cultivated. Heredity had given him a hopelessly neurotic temperament, a lifetime of tortured maladjustment had convinced him that suffering was the lot of all mankind, and when, toward the end, he made "The Dream Play" a chaotic compendium of human ills he was writing from his deepest conviction. Perhaps his vision was awry and his reactions morbid; perhaps the confused but vivid scenes which he sketched were the product of a mind on the point of dissolution; but to him his vision was real and it bears the stamp of sincerity.

He had already, in a series of realistic plays, attempted to illustrate some of the major discords of life, but his perceptions had continually outrun his pen. Human misery seemed too vast ever to be thus described, and its forms too manifold ever to be set down one by one. The universe, as he contemplated it in himself, lost its pattern and its logic; it became for him a nightmare of suffering and injustice, and only as a nightmare could it be reproduced. Into one play, if it were to be other than ridiculously inadequate, must be crowded not one discord or one tragedy but that endless succession of tragedies which is the story of humanity and that cumulation of innumerable discords which is existence. The whole catalogue of miseries, from the pangs of despised love and the other ills which Hamlet enumerated on through the results of economic injustice and all the other sources of evil discovered by the sad experience of mankind since his time, must be recited; and life must be presented as the phantasmagoria of suffering which an epitome shows it to be.

Thus expressionism was born, not out of conscious experiment but out of a need for expression. Strindberg did not decide to represent life in a free form with the logical illogic of a dream; rather life suddenly came to be, for him, more like a nightmare than like anything else, and as such he set it down. The scene, like the scene of a dream, shifts without logical reason from vaguely localized place to place, and the characters bob up, often strangely transmogrified, in fantastic but curiously significant situations; but, again as in a dream, the material from which the fantasies are composed is the most poignant experience of the dreamer. Here, for example, is Strindberg himself suffering under the tyranny of an absurd schoolmaster and, though conscious that he has received his doctor's degree, strangely unable to get away; there is the ugly girl at a dance hiding her shame in a corner; and there in the midst of an idyllic scene are suddenly observed two grimy workmen who make possible the indulgences which they are forbidden to share. All changes and all passes, but in the

nightmare which life has become for him no scene rises to his mind which has not at its core some misery or some injustice simplified and made typical. Strindberg is not exactly writing a dream play; he is rather engaged in the process of dreaming, for as a result of the gradual process by which his inward world became more vivid and real than the outward one his work began to follow the pattern of his fantasy instead of the pattern of objective existence. He had ceased to live and to record; he merely tossed in the nightmare which his life had generated. This is no place to discuss the causes of this process or to undertake any final evaluation of the work in question, but it ought at least to be plain why it is that "The Dream Play" has all the vivid fascination of a real dream, while some of the imitations which have been laboriously made of it have, on the contrary, all the irritating tediousness of the breakfast table liar who makes up tales out of Freud.

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" is in itself just sufficiently exaggerated and overdone to furnish admirable material for the libretto of "Hello Lola" (Eltinge Theater), a musical comedy which I found considerably more amusing than the average, chiefly on account of some first-rate burlesquing. "Sweetheart Time" (Imperial Theater) is another musical comedy, but one of more conventional pattern, and it is at least pleasing to the eye. "The House of Usher" (Fifth Avenue Playhouse) is an uninspired but competent drama, which tells how the daughter of a wily Jewish financier undertook to outwit him in the cause of love; while as for "Move On" (Daly's Theater), the less said of it the better.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Do you vote Yes or No?

Wages for Wives?

At the next Nation dinner, February 4, Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Avenue, 7 P. M., \$2.50 for Nation subscribers and their guests.

DORIS STEVENS and ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

will debate this fascinating subject

with FREDA KIRCHWEY, Managing Editor
of *The Nation*, as chairman.

Understanding Our Children

By **FREDERICK PIERCE**, Author of "Our Unconscious Mind," "Mobilizing the Mid-Brain," etc.

It answers such questions as:

A constantly
practical outline
of character
building from
infancy to eighteen.
\$2.00

What hidden workings of a child's mind
cause a child to retire into itself?
Is there any "best" method of punishment?
How may both sexes be prepared for and
guarded at adolescence?
What made the "flapper revolt," whose
fault is it, and how can it be dealt
with?

ANGELO PATRI writes: "It is one of the best texts on child training I have read."

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENT



Tel. Dry Dock 7816

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.

The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

INTERNATIONAL FILM ARTS GUILD presents A WEEK OF REPERTOIRE at the CAMEO THEATRE, 42nd Street East of Broadway

"The Salon of the Cinema"

Sun. Jan. 31—THE LAST LAUGH with EMIL JANNINGS

Mon. Feb. 1—DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE with JOHN BARRYMORE

Tues. Feb. 2—A WOMAN OF PARIS directed by CHARLES CHAPLIN

Wed. Feb. 3—MALE and FEMALE by Sir JAMES BARRIE

Thurs. Feb. 4—DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

Fri. Feb. 5—A WOMAN OF PARIS with ADOLPHE MENJOU

Sat. Feb. 6—"THE LAST LAUGH" and "CRAINQUEBILLE" by ANATOLE FRANCE

(Prize contest—"Which is the greater screen characterization—Emil Jannings in 'The Last Laugh' or Maurice de Feraudy in 'Crainquebille'?")

Continuous Performances, 11:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M. Popular Prices

Send your suggestions for film-revivals and your name for regular announcements to our offices.

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM ARTS GUILD, Inc.

500 Fifth Avenue New York City

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BUILDING PERSONALITY

COURSE OF SIX LECTURES

by HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET, A. B., B. Sc.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street

On Thursday Evenings, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25, Mar. 4, 11, at 8:15 P. M.

Course tickets, \$3.50, can be secured in advance at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission 75 cents.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICIES A COURSE OF FIVE LECTURES

by EDWARD MEAD EARLE, Ph. D.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.

On Monday evenings, Feb. 15, 22, March 1, 8, 15 at 8:15 P. M.

Course tickets, \$3.00, can be secured in advance at the Office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission, 75 cents.

Shall the United States Join the World Court and the League of Nations?

DEBATE

MORRIS HILLQUIT Says YES
Leading American Socialist, author, and labor attorney

CLARENCE DARROW Says NO
Foremost criminal lawyer and authority on international affairs

at CARNEGIE HALL
57th Street and Seventh Avenue

on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1926, at 8:15 p. m.

Tickets including tax 50c, 83c, \$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20

FOR SALE AT RAND SCHOOL, 7 EAST 15TH STREET

JOHN BROPHY

President District No. 2, United Mine Workers
will speak on

"Trade Unionism and the New Social Order"

PEOPLES HOUSE AUDITORIUM, 7 East 15th Street, New York City

Monday, February 1, 1926, 8 P. M.

Leader of Discussion: A. J. MUSTE; Chairman, H. S. Raushenbush.
Tickets at 75 cents from N. Y. Chapter, League for Industrial Democracy
70 Fifth Avenue, New York City
or at door of auditorium night of lecture

Kindly note change of date from 2nd to 1st of February
Feb. 9—Prof. WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK on "Incentives"

An International Fascist Plot

By EMERY DÉRI

ABOUT two months ago Benito Mussolini announced the foundation of a new Roman empire as the next step on the conquering road of Fascism. This speech, containing the threatening remark that "two million Italians are ready to march," produced marked nervousness in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, which suspected some mysterious political scheme lurking behind Mussolini's rhetorical phrases. Not more than two months passed before sensational events in Rumania, Hungary, and Bavaria began to indicate the outlines of Signor Mussolini's gigantic scheme of a second Roman empire. The arrest of well-known Fascist leaders in Rumania, the measures taken by the Government, and the statements of such Nationalist leaders as Julius Maniu show that the sudden resignation of Crown Prince Carol was connected with a well-prepared Fascist plot, which the Bratianu Government was able to obstruct. At the same time the investigation of the counterfeiting conspiracy in Hungary brought to light the plans for an immediate Fascist revolution in that country. The German newspapers' exposure of the complicity of Bavarian Fascist leaders in the counterfeiting affair in Hungary throws light on the close connection between the Fascist revolutions planned in Hungary, Rumania, and Bavaria. The details of a sensational scheme are coming to light—a scheme of starting Fascist revolutions simultaneously in those three states, seizing the power by a coup de main, lifting Carol to the throne of Rumania, making Archduke Albrecht King of Hungary and Prince Rupprecht King of Bavaria, and creating a chain of new Fascist kingdoms from the Danube to the Black Sea, backed by the active support of Fascist Italy.

The history of the movement dates back to the early summer, when the Hungarian Archduke Albrecht visited the ex-Kaiser at Doorn. This young, blond, and rather insignificant Hapsburg harbored secret claims to the Hungarian throne, which, however, were not taken seriously in Hungary either by the Legitimists or by the so-called Free Electioners. Albrecht had no party in Hungary and no support abroad. His only strength was his mother, the Archduchess Isabella, an extremely clever old lady, who understood how to make friends and how to organize secret movements in the interest of her son. The visit to Doorn was made under the pretext that Albrecht, having been the guest of a Prince Salm in the Rhineland, wished to pay his respects to William II. A few days later several well-informed Bavarian newspapers reported a meeting between Archduke Albrecht and Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who was in Mondsee at the time. Archduke Albrecht, on his way to Rome with his mother, stopped in Mondsee, where they were guests of Prince Rupprecht. In August they were in Rome. The pretext of this sojourn was to appear before the Pope. Italian newspapers, however, did not mention the young Hapsburg's audiences with the Holy Father, but, on the other hand, his frequent visits to the Quirinal stirred much comment. Mussolini's press mentioned with satisfaction that the young Archduke came to Rome to study Fascism. Rumors began to circulate in the Hungarian and Austrian press that Albrecht would marry a daughter of the King of Italy, the younger sister of Princess Mafalda.

Archduke Albrecht remained for several weeks in Rome, spending much time with Signor Mussolini. No one in Hungary suspected at this time that Albrecht would soon appear in Budapest as pretender to the throne of St. Stephen. A second visit of Albrecht to Mondsee and a second meeting with Rupprecht, however, drew public attention to his movements. A Vienna newspaper reported that an agreement between Albrecht and Rupprecht had been reached: both were to seize power and become kings, but Albrecht was not to aspire to the Austrian throne; it was agreed that a part of Austria should go to Bavaria. The report was ridiculed everywhere in Central Europe. But the earnest *Berliner Tageblatt* saw danger in the conspiratory spirit prevalent in Bavaria and remarked upon the apparent activity in reactionary circles. As to young Albrecht, he continued his journeying. He spent a few days unofficially in Bucharest. Fascist leaders, such as Professor Cuza, paid visits to him and, as was only natural, he also saw Crown Prince Carol. Strangely enough, the press of Central Europe paid no attention to this incognito visit. Not until months afterward, when the resignation of Prince Carol startled the world, did the Paris press suddenly remember that early in the fall Archduke Albrecht had seen Prince Carol in Bucharest, and link this mysterious visit with the resignation of the Rumanian Crown Prince.

These journeys of Archduke Albrecht, these secret or even open meetings were the first steps toward a Fascist organization throughout Central and Eastern Europe. Fascism was organized already under different names in all three countries. In Rumania they called themselves Nationalists; in Hungary, Awakening Magyars; in Bavaria, *Hakenkreuzler*. The only thing that remained to do was to merge the various groups into one powerful organization. The merger was effected on a cold business basis in a perfectly businesslike manner.

From October on things took a sudden and startling turn everywhere. Archduke Albrecht appeared in Budapest and started an open propaganda in the interest of his aspirations for the throne, avowing openly his Fascist sympathies. Suddenly this young Hapsburg, who had had no party and no backing, marshaled behind him all the reactionary organizations. Two newspapers supported him, he was elected president of the powerful League of Social Organizations, and Bishop Rassay greeted him after his election with the words: "Art thou he who was about to come? . . ." While before there were Awakening Magyars and Knights of the Double Cross in Hungary, all organizations now assumed the name "Fascists." The newspapers were full of stories about Albrecht. The Fascists openly claimed the support of Mussolini. Political murderers fled to Italy and there enjoyed the protection of the Fascios. One of them, a man named Kmetty, perpetrator of a bomb attempt, was bold enough to send a telegram to a Fascist paper in Budapest, saying that he was in safety and under the protection of the Milan Fascio. Colonel Buday, sent by the Albrechtists to Vienna to place propaganda in the Austrian press, made this statement in the *Abend* printed on November 28:

In a short time Albrecht will be King of Hungary. Fascism is spreading rapidly. Archduke Albrecht, when he was in Rome, came to a complete agreement with Mussolini, who is supporting him. It is agreed that the Archduke will marry the younger sister of Princess Mafalda, so strengthening the future alliance with Italy.

"12 BILLIONS BY 1926"

—N. Y. Times.

American capital is going abroad at the rate of over a billion a year. The inevitable nature of this movement, its world-wide extent, and its significance to financiers and students are made clear at a glance in this authoritative volume:

**AMERICAN
FOREIGN
INVESTMENTS**

By ROBERT W. DUNN

436 pages; tables, lists, and index of 800 bankers and corporations. The appendices contain texts of typical loan contracts, concessions, and other documents relating to foreign financing. \$5.00.

**THE VIKING PRESS,**

30 Irving Place, N. Y.

**The
NEW SCHOOL
for Social Research**

Spring Term—March 1 to May 21
Registration—February 22 to March 5

Twenty-two courses are announced, including the following:

Francis Hackett—Varieties of Literary Experience

Harry A. Overstreet—Changing Behavior Through Philosophy

George A. Dorsey—Biological Interpretation of Civilization

Everett Dean Martin—Psychological Problems of Social Reconstruction

Horace M. Kallen—Religion and Its Philosophies

Frankwood Williams—Problems in Psychopathology

Stark Young—The Current Theatrical Season

E. C. Lindeman—The Technique of Workers' Education

For Hours and Fees, or for Information about other Courses, write for catalog.

465 West 23rd Street Chelsea 1386

(Courses Subject to Change)

**THE BIOLOGY OF
POPULATION GROWTH**

By RAYMOND PEARL

Director of the Institute for Biological Research of the Johns Hopkins University

"It presents ingratiating and closely reasoned argument about some of the factors which determine . . . what principles underlie the increase in biologic populations—from yeast to man. . . ."

"The section innocently entitled 'Human Behavior and the Birth-Rate' is in reality a unique and unexpected contribution to scientific knowledge. In it will be found records of the sexual activity of 257 men averaging about 65 years of age, records which Pearl considers sufficiently reliable from every point of view. . . ."

"His book with its wide appeal to the intelligent, non-scientific public would have been quite impossible apart from its author's wide human interests."—H. M. Parsbley, in *The Nation*.

\$3.50 at all bookshops.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

In Canada from The Macmillan Co. of Canada



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Jewish Child Care, Jewish Community Centers, Jewish Federations and Jewish Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

**THE TRAINING SCHOOL
for
JEWISH SOCIAL WORK**

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

The liberal newspapers in Hungary were furious about this open declaration of a militant Fascism and demanded an explanation from the Archduke. But Albrecht remained silent. He allows his supporters to speak. And they did speak, in fact. Tibor Eckhardt, a Fascist leader, delivered a speech in Parliament, saying: "Yes, we declare openly that we want a Fascist dictatorship, that we admire Mussolini, and we are certain of his support when the hour of action strikes." At the same time, for some mysterious reason, in spite of the violent opposition of the left parties, the Hungarian Government decorated Mussolini with the highest Hungarian order.

Then suddenly strange news came from Rumania. Professor Cuza, on his way to Italy, stopped in Budapest and the Hungarian Fascists gave a banquet in his honor. It seemed almost incomprehensible. The Hungarian Fascists, notorious haters of Rumania, who had preached the necessity of a war against that country, had shouted for "revanche" and killed hundreds of people charged with being Rumanian army spies—these same men suddenly declared that an amicable understanding was necessary with the Rumanian Nationalists, their most bitter enemies. It is, indeed, a strange sight to see the opponents of yesterday embracing each other in the names of Fascism and Mussolini.

As if taking new strength from the march of events in Hungary and Rumania, Fascism in Bavaria was making bold preparations to seize the power by a coup de main. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, one of the leading papers not only in Germany but in Europe, printed in its issue of November 19 a sensational article exposing the imminent danger of a Fascist plot. The paper told how Count Salden and Count Moehl, intimates of Prince Rupprecht, visited high official personages in Munich, known to be Fascist sympathizers, asking them what they would do in case Prince Rupprecht, impelled by extremely important motives and encouragement from abroad, felt compelled to seize the power by a coup de main? The next day the Munich *Post* published new exposures, reporting a meeting of the "Organization Pach" at which the Fascists decided to take action. Generals Muehl and Von Epp were present and declared that Prince Rupprecht was ready. Deputy Dittmann described his secret journey to Italy, saying that the Fascist revolution would be supported by Mussolini and no complications were to be feared; that Prince Rupprecht had an agreement with Archduke Albrecht, who was also about to seize the power. The exposures made a sensation in Germany. The newspapers demanded an investigation. The Fascist press in Bavaria was embarrassed and promised a disavowal from Prince Rupprecht, but Rupprecht declined to make any statements. An investigation was started, but it disclosed only well-known facts, namely, that the Fascist organizations in Bavaria were plotting against the republic and that conspirators and murderers were hard to seize because they were taken in with open arms in Hungary or in Italy. This was the situation in December.

In Hungary Fascist leaders prophesied that the question of the throne would be solved in January. The well-informed Count Apponyi warned Hungary against "a monarchy of adventurers." In Rumania the Cabinet Council decided, on the advice of General Trajan Mosoiu, to refuse a visa for the Fascist leaders in Hungary who wanted to hold a joint meeting with the Rumanian Nationalists in Nagyvárad. Mysterious hints at relations between Archduke Albrecht and Prince Carol began to appear in the press.

This was the state of affairs in Central Europe when Crown Prince Carol's startling abdication became known. The Rumanian Government instituted a severe censorship, but the significant news leaked out and Rumanian newspapers reached the capitals of foreign countries. Simultaneously with the resignation of Carol, Professor Cuza, Rumanian Fascist leader, was arrested, the Government giving no reason for his arrest. Arrests of other Fascist leaders followed. At a meeting of the Crown Council Julius Maniu, leader of the Nationalists (Fascists), demanded that Prince Carol be solemnly asked to revoke his resignation. Nicholas Jorga and Alexander Voivoda-Vajda implored the King to ask the Crown Prince not to provoke a grave crisis and to revoke his abdication, but the King interrupted the speakers and said: "No! It is resolved. Nothing can be done." These details were published by Rumanian newspapers and the censorship was subsequently imposed.

The Fascist plot in Rumania was nipped in the bud. The exposure of the counterfeiting plot was a death blow to the Putsch-preparations of the Hungarian Fascists. The Bavarian movement, of course, is not yet dead, but alone it will not amount to anything. The plotters of this international Fascist uprising have fled. Where to? To Italy, of course. Carol is in Milan. Count Csáky, former Hungarian Minister of War, has gone to Italy. Emery von Nádosy, chief of the Budapest police, was on his way to Milan when he was arrested. French detectives, searching for the counterfeit plotters, went to Milan. Italy is reported to be full of German, Hungarian, and Rumanian Fascist leaders who are wanted by the police. Perhaps they have regular meetings to discuss further possibilities for the formation of the new Roman empire by way of putsches, conspiracies, murders, revolutions, and wars. For the time being their plans have been thwarted. But Fascism has shown that it is not merely a political creed but an international danger, and while Mussolini is in power in Italy peace cannot succeed the era of hatred and wars in Europe.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and "Tolerance."

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

S. O. LEVINSON is chairman of the American Commission for Outlawing War.

MARGARET LINDSAY SUTHERLAND is a sophomore at Antioch College.

NELL BATTLE LEWIS is a North Carolina newspaper woman.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS was a lawyer in Chicago when he wrote "A Spoon River Anthology." He has recently come to New York to devote all his time to writing.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD has been professor of history at the universities of Illinois and Minnesota.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN was graduated from Columbia University in the class of 1925.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a Chicago lawyer.

JOHN O. CRANE has been for three years on the personal staff of President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly*.

WEBB WALDRON wrote "The Road to the World" and "We Explore the Great Lakes."

C. J. DUCASSE is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Washington.

EMERY DÉRI has served as correspondent for Budapest newspapers in most of the European capitals.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1926

No. 3162

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	127
EDITORIALS:	
Our Mexican Diplomacy	130
Mr. Norris Indicts the President	131
Our Financial Battle-Line	131
The Bottom of the Well	132
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon	133
LETTERS FROM TOLSTOI. Translated by Herman George Scheffauer ..	134
LABOR CAPITALISM—WHERE DOES IT LEAD? By Cedric Long	136
THE SECRET SORROW OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Frank R. Kent	138
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	139
CORRESPONDENCE	139
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Intrigue in the Middle East. By Albin E. Johnson	141
MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION	
THE NATION'S PRIZE POEM FOR 1926:	
Thoughts at the Year's End. By Babette Deutsch	143
ALDOUS HUXLEY. By Edwin Muir	144
THEY WANTED TO TELL. By Floyd Dell	146
THE POLITICAL THEORY OF HAROLD J. LASKI. By Walter James Shepard	147
BOOKS:	
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren	149
"The Fanatic of Liberty." By Clarence Walworth Alvord	150
A Peculiar Wanderer. By Henry W. Nevins	150
Crime and Punishment. By Joseph Wood Krutch	152
Admonitions from the Motherland. By H. L. Mencken	152
Christian Science. By Joseph Jastrow	154
Relativity and Reality. By Edwin E. Slosson	157
Until Utopia. By Carl Becker	158
Two Artists and a Critic. By Thomas Munro	159
Good Prose. By Allen Tate	160
Books in Brief	162
MUSIC:	
Puppet and Conductor. By Henrietta Straus	164
DRAMA:	
The Tragedy of Masks. By Joseph Wood Krutch	164
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR	
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	
LEWIS S. GANNETT	JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
ARTHUR WARNER	JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MANAGING EDITOR	LITERARY EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY	MARK VAN DOREN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS	
JOHN A. HOBSON	LUDWIG LEWISOHN
NORMAN THOMAS	CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER	

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION. New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S rescue of twenty-five men from the sinking steamer Antioe, at the cost of the lives of two of her own crew and the loss of five life-boats, constitutes one of the most gallant feats in the annals of Atlantic seamanship, one of which all Americans may well be proud. It even surpasses the achievement of her sister ship the President Harding in December last. We believe that the President Roosevelt's master, Captain Fried, broke all records in the length of time—four days—that he stood by the Antioe. When one considers how much speed counts with a mail-carrying passenger liner the financial sacrifice was not inconsiderable. There can, however, be no better advertisement for a line than to have such captains as those of the Roosevelt and the Harding. It is pleasant, too, to record the fact that the North German Lloyd liner Bremen made an equally gallant attempt to succor the British ship Laristan, from which she did pluck six men, the others perishing when their vessel sank at night. The German skipper's skill in picking up the Laristan with only slight indications as to

her whereabouts has compelled the admiration of the shipping world. What a happy change from a few years ago to have German sailors risking their lives to save some of their former enemies! As to Captain Fried, his success is all the more noteworthy because of the cockleshell life-boats that are carried by most liners. It would seem that every line ought to be willing to place on board each ship some specially equipped non-capsizable motor life-boats of the type used by our Coast Guard.

THE SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT of the Spanish aviator, Commander Ramon Franco, and his companions from Spain to South America is another notable event in the history of aviation. With comparatively little fuss and feathers, and only three or four warships to patrol the course, they took their long jump, 1,432 miles, from the Cape Verde Islands to the island of Fernando de Noronha in fifteen hours. The flight to Pernambuco was a matter of only 279 miles. Not unnaturally the Spaniards are elated by this successful feat. Already they are talking of a cross-Atlantic dirigible line based at Seville. The airport soon to be built there is to cost 31,000,000 pesetas. But it is not the commercial prospects which are thrilling the Spaniards today. They are particularly happy that Spanish adventurers have been the first to cross the South Atlantic in spite of the familiar Nordic sneers at all Latins, and they see in it another strong tie with South America, even if it should prove to be only a sentimental one.

MR. HOOVER seems to have put all the blame for high tire-prices on the British Government's rubber monopoly. But in doing so he has told only half the story of prices, and the smaller half at that. Now comes Representative Shallenberger with the other—and more important—half. He sat on the committee to which Mr. Hoover appealed. He says: "There is about ten pounds of crude rubber in the average standard tire. The British rubber control has advanced the average price of that crude rubber about fifty cents a pound. That accounts for a \$5 advance in the cost of making a tire. But a thirty-three by six Goodrich balloon tire and tube which cost \$30 before the British advance now costs \$54, or an increase to the American buyer of \$24. We have found that the Englishman got the \$5, but who got the other \$19?" Some light on the mystery is thrown by recent profit-and-loss accounts. In regard to them Mr. Shallenberger goes on to say: "The big tire companies all show the greatest net profits for 1925 of any year in their history. The Fisk Company more than doubled their previous profits; Goodrich netted \$15,000,000; Firestone earned 26 per cent; United Rubber 25 per cent. . . . It seems to me that instead of investigating English rubber we had better get after the American tire manufacturer." What have you to say to this, Mr. Hoover?

WARREN WORTH BAILEY is being kept out of his seat in Congress by one of those miserable technicalities of the law which so constantly bring American justice into contempt. On the face of the returns in the

congressional election of 1924 in the twentieth Pennsylvania district Mr. Bailey was beaten by about twenty-seven votes. An official count, which he demanded, developed errors in the returns which gave to Mr. Bailey a clear majority of fourteen. Twenty-four hours later his opponent, Mr. Walters, demanded of the courts a certificate of election based on the original returns, on the ground that the computation board, which made the official count, had exceeded its powers in opening certain boxes and correcting errors. No one has questioned the accuracy of the recount, but for nearly fifteen months Mr. Bailey has been deprived of his seat because the courts have been passing upon whether in a congressional election canvassing boards can go behind the returns to correct errors or detect fraud in order to obtain a true count. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that the election of Mr. Bailey be upheld, not only because he is morally and legally entitled to his seat, but because, if canvassing boards may not go behind the returns in congressional elections, the door is thrown wide open to fraud and corruption. One of the worst features, moreover, is that although Mr. Bailey is obviously the winner of the contest the whole burden and expense of the litigation have been placed upon him instead of upon his antagonist. The matter is now before Congress, and there, too, it seems as if every possible delay were being contrived in order to keep Mr. Bailey out of his seat.

IF A THOUSAND SOLDIERS are necessary in Kentucky to see that justice is done one Negro accused of a revolting crime, a determined Governor is ready to furnish them. Eight companies of infantry with appropriate artillery were called out to protect John Henry Jones, black, confessed murderer of a man and his two children and attacker of his wife. A courageous sheriff and a posse of obstinate men refused to give up their prisoner to a mob and beat off the Negro fellow-convicts who sought to lynch him in the jail. There is, in this case, no doubt that the crime was committed by the accused; it was a hideous and bestial act without any mitigating circumstances; if ever a lynching seemed justified, here was the time. But a lynching is never justified in a state that calls itself civilized, and Governor Fields is evidently bound that Kentucky shall deserve that appellation. The time will come, undoubtedly, when it will not be necessary to call out troops in order that simple justice may be done; but the South has a long and dark record of dealing without the law, and men do not learn to change completely overnight. Meanwhile Kentucky lines up with Mississippi in an honest, brave, and forthright attempt to clean house.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS in prison Richard Ford has been acquitted in California of the murder of a deputy whom no one ever thought he had actually killed. The question, of course, was not a simple killing: it was whether, as leader of a protest meeting at a hop-pickers' camp that turned into a riot at which two deputies and two workers were shot, Ford could have been called the murderer of the deputies. At his trial for the death of the first deputy in 1913, a jury found Ford guilty of murder; his life sentence was commuted last fall but he was immediately rearrested, charged with the murder of the second officer. He has just been acquitted. Ford is therefore, in the eyes of the law, guilty of murdering one deputy and not of murdering the

other, and has in addition twelve years of prison to remember. But perhaps belated justice is better than none at all; and a return to some degree of sanity in California cannot be unwelcome. In Pittsburgh they are still jailing men for sedition; the first of nine men accused of "distributing pamphlets and belonging to an organization advocating the overthrow of the government" has been found guilty. Presumably the other eight will be convicted. So the nervous tremors of our officials continue, sedition laws remain firm upon our statute books, and when occasionally a ray of common sense—as in the Ford case—pierces the gloom of panic we must be astonished; we cannot expect, as a matter of course, justice and dignity in trials involving popular prejudice.

NEW THAT COMMUNISM was raging at Ohio State University set the venerable authorities by the ears. But a thorough investigation of the alleged seditious and "red" activities of certain members of the faculty ought certainly to have allayed their fears forever. Thus Professor Albert R. Chandler testified that he "had joined the Committee of 48 which seemed to be behind an effort to revive the Roosevelt Progressive Party"; this had evidently been the extent of Professor Chandler's dangerous acts; said he: "No good professor is likely to indorse the present government of Russia, nor to lead his students to do so." Mr. Chandler does not, he testified, consider the Committee of 48 either socialistic or communistic. Professor H. G. Hayes of the economics department was asked to testify because he teaches a course in socialism; but Mr. Hayes, too, was quick to deny any really socialistic yearnings: "Because I teach a course called socialism does not mean that I am a socialist. I never have voted for any other than a Republican or a Democratic candidate except on one occasion when I voted for a Prohibitionist." Asked if he advocated socialism in his classes, Mr. Hayes replied: "Indeed, no. I usually have two or three out of my class of twenty-five who are confirmed socialists at the beginning of the course, but for the most part . . . I believe they change their opinions before the course is completed." All the faculty united in declaring the student body more law-abiding than it had been in years, and in denying that there was any prevalence of drinking; and none of them had ever heard of one of their own number who was a socialist or communist. Thus is Ohio State discovered to be 100 per cent pure.

WILLIAM B. WARD, our baking king, has decided to sugar-coat the trust pill he has prepared by giving to the board of directors of his gigantic company the power to make contributions from their surplus or net profits for the erection or maintenance of one or more hospitals, infirmaries, or homes for invalid or aged employees of the company. More than that, whenever a full dividend (7 per cent) has been paid upon the preferred stock, some of the surplus is to be used "for the advancement of the right of every child to be born well, to grow to maturity physically and mentally fit for American citizenship, and generally for the advancement of the health and welfare of the American people, and dividends upon the common stock may then be declared out of the remainder of surplus or net profits." We admit that this is unique in company financing and promoting, but much as we are interested in the welfare of the American child and the American people

somehow or other we cannot rejoice about it, particularly the provision that the gift to the children shall come before the common-stock dividends. This is mixing philanthropy and business, and however well meant it may be—we credit Mr. Ward with a genuine zest for well-doing—we cannot but feel that it is a mistake, if only because it will be accepted by the public as an effort to still criticism and to pave the way for an even greater control of the staff of life of the American people.

FRENCH FINANCE and, therefore, France's entire national life, is in a more hopeful position. No acceptable program for balancing the budget has yet been found by Parliament, it is true, but the state of the public mind seems to have changed in a way that is encouraging. From the Treaty of Versailles to the fall of Poincaré the French people lived under the fatal illusion that Germany was going to pay their debts. Then they struggled on for months under the equally evanescent dream that nobody need pay them. Early this winter, when one finance minister after another had gone down in the vain attempt to devise an acceptable program, and with the franc falling catastrophically, it looked as if the entire financial fabric might collapse before the people woke. Happily the national psychology seems to have changed. Three months ago the French were asking, Shall we pay taxes? Now they are asking, Who shall pay taxes? That is a great advance. Fortunately, also, Premier Briand will not make the acceptance of the plan of Paul Doumer, his Minister of Finance, one of ministerial confidence. He is willing to take the Doumer plan or that of the Left Bloc, as the Chamber decides. So there is hope that some scheme for balancing the budget will win. Probably it will be a compromise, with the poor man, as usual, carrying the heavy end. But even for the poor man this may be better than a collapse of the national finances. Meanwhile the exchange value of the franc has remained in a position of virtual equilibrium for some weeks, a situation which, if it continues, should assist decidedly in straightening out the financial tangle.

IF THE FRENCH, as part of their financial measures, should enact the proposal to raise their import duties 30 per cent, how our protectionists would rejoice, especially as France buys more from us than from any other country and in 1925 imported goods valued at 6,382,900,000 francs! The action would, of course, put our American manufacturers to their trumps, unless perhaps they were prepared to do some wholesale dumping. Well, it is all part of the after-war madness. Some Frenchmen think their country could raise several hundred millions of francs by such tariff levies—provided, of course, that the demand for foreign goods continued after French consumers realized that those products cost them 30 per cent more. It is interesting to note that the conservative French dailies are not to be fooled as to what the scheme would mean to the French buyer. Thus the *Temps* declares that "of all taxes on consumption, customs duties are the most detestable," points out that the yield has always been mediocre, and correctly asserts that such duties immediately send up domestic prices and thereby increase the cost of living. Finally the *Temps* indicates the possibility (it could well say probability) of commercial conflicts, of the cancelation by other countries of existing treaties, and of trade reprisals. The *Temps*, at least, has gone to the heart of the protection folly.

EGYPT, like various other oppressed nations, has two governments. One cooperates happily and profitably with the oppressor; the other pretends at least to represent the majority. When Ziwar Pasha, present Premier of Egypt and head of the pro-British Unionist Party, returned from Europe last fall he ordered the Parliament dispersed. Its membership too generally supported Zaghlul Pasha and the policy of complete independence. Thereupon the Zaghlulist members, about 130 of them, met under the leadership of Zaghlul himself, declared themselves the Parliament, adopted resolutions, and adjourned. They have not met since. Meanwhile, the Ziwar Cabinet has promulgated a new election law and is preparing for a nation-wide election designed to produce a more amenable and loyal Parliament. In order to carry out the polling, the provincial mayors, called omdehs, must make out lists of electors. Several hundred omdehs have refused to do this. Many have been arrested, tried, and fined, and, on their promise to comply with the instructions, permitted to return to office. No sooner are they back on the job than they renounce their promise and try passive resistance again. The Zaghlul Party may obtain a majority in the coming elections in spite of the Government's elaborate precautions. The feeling against the British and the present subservient cabinet is bitter. Recently when King Fuad passed through the streets of Cairo in an open carriage he was greeted with shouts of "Long live Zaghlul!" If the Zaghlulists win the election, or if passive resistance increases, the British authorities, through the strong arm of the High Commissioner, will doubtless take the necessary measures to "maintain order" and "support the Government." And the joke of Egyptian independence will become manifest to the world.

THE DEATH of Anna Kuliscioff in Milan on December 29 brings grief not only to Filippo Turati and to their daughter but to all who remember this remarkable Russian as the outstanding figure in the struggles of Italian liberalism from 1878 to 1912. Then, broken in health, she was forced to give up her dramatic career as a Socialist leader and the founder of the woman's movement in Italy. A political exile from Russia at seventeen, she was active among the refugees in Switzerland, and had served a prison sentence in Paris when she went to Italy to study medicine and take an active part in the liberating movement. Arrested by the Italian police, she baffled the judges with her keenness of mind. Though finally acquitted, her fourteen months of imprisonment had permanently shattered her health. But this did not stop her work. She completed her medical studies at the University of Naples. Then she practiced obstetrics as a profession while she brought up her own baby at home and continued to lecture and write for the Socialist Party. In 1891 she and Turati founded *Critica Sociale*. In 1898 her work was interrupted by a year in prison. After her release she devoted herself more and more to the problem of the proletarian woman. The law on woman and child labor, passed in 1904, was her work. She started the first women's newspaper in Italy in 1909. The following tribute is paid to her by *Lavoro* (Genoa): "Whatever great and good things have been accomplished by Italian socialism (and there have been many) were initiated and made possible by her; all the errors made by Italian socialism (and there have been many) were denounced by her, and would have been avoided if her advice had been followed." In spirits such as hers lies not only the hope of Italy but the hope of the world.

Our Mexican Diplomacy

FOR fifteen years the diplomatic relationship of the United States with its one independent land neighbor has been a story of continuous official ineptitude. During a period analogous in the Mexican national existence with our revolutionary and confederation days, our administrations have been generally antagonistic in spirit, frequently hostile in word and deed, consistently supercilious and bullying, and always profoundly stupid in their attitude toward Mexico's efforts to shake off the shackles of a medieval feudalism and secure the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness that belong to free peoples.

The connivance of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson in the overthrow of Madero and the seating of a bloody butcher in the Mexican presidential chair forms one of the blackest and most sordid chapters in our foreign relations. President Wilson, though wise enough to dismiss that diplomatist, was himself responsible for the needless slaughter at Vera Cruz of several hundred Mexicans, most of them little more than boys, and of seventeen Americans.

Then came Mr. Fall. But even after his well-oiled exit into oblivion Secretary Hughes persisted in seeking to impose on Mexico a legislative program conceived in petroleum and dedicated to the proposition that American property rights take precedence over Mexican national needs and aspirations. Recognition was granted only grudgingly in response to overwhelming public sentiment in the United States and the exigencies of a presidential campaign.

What might then have become an era of unprecedented good-feeling and mutual cooperation between the two governments—a friendliness already established and steadily growing between the two peoples—was marred by the monumental Kellogg-Sheffield blunder in June last. But the stinging rebuff from the American press, 80 per cent of which indorsed the Calles stand against its own government, taught Mr. Kellogg nothing.

In November, last, the American embassy viewed the proposed Mexican petroleum legislation with such anticipatory alarm that an informal communication to the Mexican Government suggested that its enactment would affect the good relations between the two countries and render a continuation of the policy initiated during President Obregon's regime impossible. Implied, of course, was the threat to withdraw recognition.

It should be understood that Mexico's legislation in this and many other matters prescribed by the Constitution of 1917 has been long delayed—largely because of constant pressure from Washington. The provisions of that document, which the Mexicans rightly consider as the Magna Charta of their emancipation, form the basis for the country's fundamental laws. The bone of contention in the new oil law which enacts a portion of Article 27—vesting the subsoil rights in the nation—is that the petroleum rights acquired prior to 1917 in fee will become leaseholds at the end of fifty years. The oil in the properties involved is four-fifths exhausted. At the present rate of production it will be non-existent in five years. To assert that such a provision is confiscatory and retroactive is, at best, the quintessence of legalism. But whatever the purely technical aspects, similar and far more confiscatory laws relating to foreign-property holdings have been enacted in many

American States. No foreign government questions our right so to legislate.

The Mexican Government replied setting forth its view that the legislation is not confiscatory and retroactive and citing many analogies and precedents from our own legislation. Such an exchange of views would appear a proper way of arriving at an understanding were not the American efforts—apart from the threatening implications of our first note—accompanied, as always, with collateral and gravely prejudicial manifestations.

The *Washington Post*, looked upon as a quasi-official spokesman for the State Department, on January 11 sent up a trial balloon in the shape of an editorial violently denouncing the "communist" Mexican Government and the proposed legislation, ending with this significant paragraph:

A respectable portion of the Mexican people detests the communist movement and would overthrow it if opportunity afforded. Many influential army officers are disgusted with the communization of the national army. It is quite possible that the communist excesses will drive the Mexican people to revolt, in which case Calles would be succeeded by an executive willing to fulfil international obligations and capable of doing so. If the Calles administration should proceed with its confiscatory plans despite the American protest it would be the duty of the United States to withdraw recognition, sever diplomatic relations, and *interpose no obstacle to a movement by the Mexican people to set up a responsible republican government.*

While a few of the rebels surviving from the De la Huerta revolt, amply financed, slip across the border and make an abortive attempt to capture a barracks, an incident which lends itself easily to magnifying in the press dispatches, one of the confidential news services in Washington which presumes to give the "straight inside dope" sends out the report that "a revolution is brewing in Mexico, *financed by conservatives*, due to break around the middle of March, *causing only temporary disturbance to business.*" It was Secretary Kellogg himself in his newspaper statement of June 12, last, who first suggested the possibility of impending rebellion in Mexico.

Needless to say this information is as false as the gruesome picture painted by the *Post*. Communism is non-existent in Mexican government circles, while the Mexican labor movement has drastically combated its sporadic manifestations. On the contrary, the Calles Government, while adhering unflinchingly to its wholly moderate, pledged program of land reform, education, labor organization, and revindication of national rights, has leaned over backward in its efforts to satisfy its foreign and domestic creditors and to reestablish peace and security for life and property.

One can hardly expect a Secretary of State who has never exhibited a bowing acquaintance with traditional American principles to be interested in the development of democracy and self-government, in the land of our neighbor. But a modicum of intelligence would indicate, in the interest of American investments which are his only concern, the advisability of supporting the regime in Mexico which is successfully building an orderly political and economic structure on the ruins of the past. Fortunately, Mr. Kellogg's press feelers have shown that the American people are better informed about Mexico than he is and do not de-

sire to impair friendly relations with neighbors in behalf of a handful of concessionnaires. Senator La Follette's resolution, meanwhile, is an attempt to bring into the daylight of open diplomacy the communications that have passed between the two governments, publication of which by the Mexican Government has so far been withheld out of courtesy for the State Department's wishes. Mr. Kellogg's sudden shyness has one gratifying implication: he realizes that he has again blundered and would like to withdraw as quietly and inconspicuously as possible from the blustering position to which he has committed our Government.

Mr. Norris Indicts the President

BY all odds the most serious charge yet brought against Calvin Coolidge was that made by Senator Norris of Nebraska in his speech in the Senate on January 23. In its essence, it is that, for political reasons, the President, then being a candidate for reelection, asked William S. Culbertson of the Tariff Commission to delay the report on the sugar tariff until after the election. The Tariff Commission is a semi-judicial body. It was created by Congress to pass upon the tariff schedules in the interest of the protected manufacturers and also of the public, and to do so scientifically and independently of both the Executive and the Congress. Mr. Norris charged and proved—no denial of any kind has come from the White House—that the commission, standing three to two in favor of reporting to the President a reduction of the sugar tariff, every effort was made to bribe, cajole, and threaten Mr. Culbertson to withhold the report in direct violation of his duty as a public official.

The facts, as Senator Norris proved them by Mr. Culbertson's own contemporary memoranda, are as follows:

1. The Tariff Commission was first deadlocked, three to three on the sugar report.

2. Mr. Glassie of Louisiana being disqualified on the initiative of Mr. Culbertson, because it appeared that his family owned \$200,000 worth of stock in a sugar corporation, the commission stood three to two in favor of sending the sugar-tariff report to Mr. Coolidge.

3. An offensive against Mr. Culbertson was begun.

(a) He was summoned to a conference by Senator Smoot at which he found between fifteen and twenty persons, among them another sugar Senator and a Representative; the rest were business men interested in sugar. At this conference Mr. Culbertson, being both a judge and juror, was subjected to pressure and told how these parties to the suit desired him and his associates to proceed.

(b) Next Mr. Culbertson was summoned to the White House by the Secretary to the President and before him was held out an appointment in the diplomatic service which Mr. Culbertson had long coveted. Mr. Slomp dangled before him the possibility of his appointment as Minister to China or as Agent General of Reparations or as Governor General of the Philippines. Prior to that interview he had also been offered a position on the Federal Trade Commission.

(c) Mr. Culbertson, having agreed to deliver some lectures at Georgetown University and the Williamstown Institute of Politics, suddenly found the legality of these actions challenged. An Assistant Attorney General, Mr. Martin, assured two of Mr. Culbertson's associates, Messrs. Lewis and Costigan, that he had not violated the law, that

an opinion favoring him had been drawn and was to be signed by the Attorney General that day (July 21, 1924). Three days later Messrs. Lewis and Costigan were invited to see Attorney General Stone at once; when they arrived there lay before him an adverse opinion as to Mr. Culbertson. When they asked for delay in order to present their views in writing, Mr. Stone refused to hold the opinion because he had been ordered to send it to the President at once.

(d) The next day (July 25, 1924) Mr. Culbertson was summoned to the White House. Mr. Coolidge discussed with him the Attorney General's unfavorable opinion as to his lecturing and *with it as a threat asked Mr. Culbertson to delay the sugar report* which it was the Commissioner's duty to present.

(e) Mr. Culbertson refusing, he was later appointed Minister to Rumania but not until the sugar-tariff report had gone to the President, who pigeonholed and did not act on it for eight months, that is, until the presidential election had come and gone.

It seems to us that there is no mistaking the facts here set forth; the President deliberately tried to threaten and bribe an office-holder of the United States to withhold a semi-judicial opinion simply and solely because of the effect it might have upon his political fortunes. In a lesser person Mr. Coolidge's action in threatening Mr. Culbertson as he did might easily be termed blackmail. Yet because of the paralysis of the critical faculty in our press and our public men, and the partisanship of the Republican organs, there has been scarcely any editorial comment upon this performance of the President. Had such a charge been brought against Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison or William H. Taft or Woodrow Wilson, it would just about have wrecked their administrations. Fortunately for the sake of the truth, Senator Norris has lived up to his reputation of fearlessly defending our American institutions and castigating misconduct in office, whether in the White House or anywhere else.

Our Financial Battle-Line

WITHIN the last few years we Americans have been somewhat startled, rather proud, and not a little puzzled to discover that we have become the controlling financial power of the world, a great creditor nation instead of a debtor country; that a host of persons abroad are paying us an annual tribute in interest, and that we are approaching the position of the king in his counting-house with nothing more laborious to do than "counting out his money." Hard work and good fortune have combined in about equal parts to transform us in 150 years from a poverty-stricken band of insignificant colonists into a position of world dictatorship and hitherto unknown affluence. Our natural resources were the most splendid, probably, with which any country has ever been endowed. To subdue them Europe contributed some 30,000,000 immigrants (12,000,000 from 1900 to 1920) raised to manhood at her expense and given to us in the prime of life for nothing. We ourselves supplied the industry, the intelligence, and the discipline to weld out of this our present greatness.

There is no minimizing that greatness of its significance. The United States today produces a quarter of the world's wheat, half of its iron and coal, three-fifths of its aluminum, copper, and cotton, two-thirds of its oil, three-

fourths of its corn, and nine-tenths of its automobiles. Our national wealth, which in 1850 was placed at about seven billion dollars, was estimated by the Census Bureau as 322 billions in 1922. Our national income is believed to be as great as that of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, and Germany all rolled together. The growth of our wealth and income has been especially marked since the beginning of this century, at which time, roughly speaking, our change began from a pastoral and agricultural community into a manufacturing and financial power. Whatever the course of events, the United States was doubtless destined to become the dominant commercial power of the twentieth century, as Great Britain was of the nineteenth, but that destiny was acutely accentuated by the World War. In the year 1914, despite our rapid rise as an industrial power, we were still a debtor nation. Already our foreign investments were placed at more than \$2,500,000,000, but the Comptroller of the Currency estimated that overseas investors held from four to five billion dollars' worth of American securities, which left a substantial balance against us.

During and after the war an Aladdinlike change occurred, the extent and significance of which is just beginning to be appreciated. Our profits have been so phenomenal that we have not only put a vast sum of new capital into enlarging our industrial plant but have been obliged to send great sums abroad for investment. Private American investment abroad now totals more than ten billion dollars, in addition to which the United States Government has loaned sums to foreign states which with accumulated interest now amount to some twelve billions. Thus in a little over a decade we have increased our foreign holdings nearly tenfold.

The political responsibilities and complications of this situation, obviously tremendous, are suggested in two recent books, "Dollar Diplomacy," by Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman, and "American Foreign Investments," by Robert W. Dunn.* The authors of the first book expressly disclaim that it is a history of American imperialism, but it is an excellent presentation for the general reader of the rise, scope, and possibilities of its most important phases. Mr. Dunn's volume, chiefly statistical and documentary, is a mine for the student who wants to dig into the subject for himself. Both volumes raise issues with which Americans who want to know where their country is going should become familiar. The United States has begun a career of financial and economic direction and dictation of the world. There is no stopping it by moral appeals or political expedients. The United States is the culmination and the stronghold of the profits system of industry. Its course is inevitable and unchangeable unless the profits system itself is abandoned or until it comes head on into collision with a rival method that is better and more vital.

The only better methods now visible seem to lie in the direction of cooperative production and distribution by large groups on a voluntary non-political basis, or in government control. Probably a combination of the two, wherever one or the other may be realized, presents the greatest immediate possibilities. Certainly those who refuse to accept one or the other of these methods, and yet hope to save their country from becoming a world tyrant and oppressor, are unaware of the facts or lost in sophistries.

The Bottom of the Well

THE pleasure of reading a very good poem is equaled only by that of reading a very bad one. Some persons consider the second pleasure infinitely greater and purer than the first, and it would be difficult to prove them wrong, though it would be easy to call them perverse. We hope that we commit no sin against humanity or good taste when we confess that we enjoyed the worst poems submitted in *The Nation's* poetry contest, just concluded, quite as much as we enjoyed those which we were bold enough to vote the best. For the middling pieces there is not so much to be said. Average poems, like average people, are dull beyond discussion. But if we admired the clear waters at the top of the well whose depths we sounded, we also felt affection for the honest gravel at the bottom.

There was the historical ballad, for instance, which informed us that

When it was known that Polk was the
Presidential nominee,
The news was flashed the wires o'er
To Washington from Baltimore,

and which went on to treat of the various problems confronting Polk once he was elected:

After Polk's inauguration,
The first work for consideration
That was of real vital concern,
Was right to Oregon confirm. . . .

Just before inauguration
Congress approved the annexation
Of Texas to the Union, tho
Not approved by Mexico.

The author of the foregoing stanzas may or may not have wanted us to smile. Probably he did not. But another ballad-writer, to judge by internal evidence which there is no space to spread upon the record, was certainly serious from the first word of his contribution to the last. The reader may guess the extent to which this solemnity was contagious from the following stanza:

Oh, a shipwrecked sailor am I!
For my ship has sunk to the bottom of the sea
And if you will give me your kind attention please
I will spin you a yarn that is worth a piece of cheese.

The last two lines here were worth considering as an attempt to convey a nonchalant, even a cynical, view of all that is most familiar in romantic verse. But in view of the true tragedy which was developed in the course of succeeding stanzas we had to pronounce the couplet a failure and proceed to another piece whose purpose was definitely comic. It seems that

Once upon a time there was a learned doc,
Who never deigned to wear other than silk sock,
And who graced his noble brow with purple lock,
And kept his time one hour off the local clock.

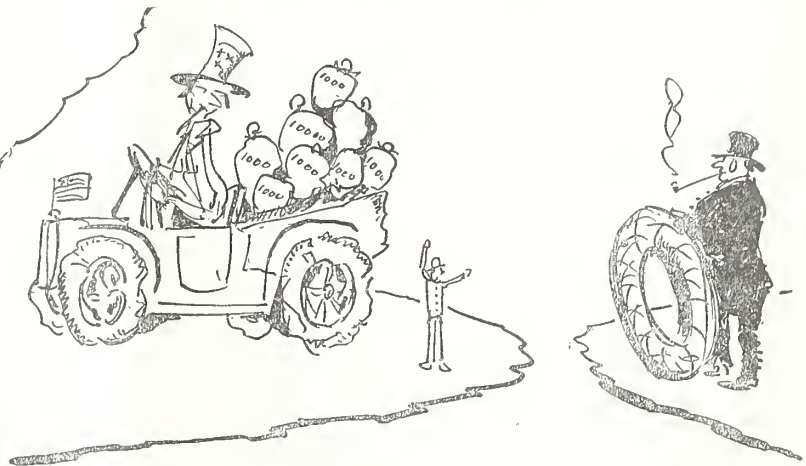
But his pride went before a fall. For

When it came that he should fall badly ill
He phoned the apothecary for quinine pill
And of them he did take half a gill
And now other doctors are trying their skill.

Our smiles were broader at this point than even the author, perhaps, had hoped they would be. So on and on. To anyone afflicted with melancholy we recommend a poetry contest of his own. The Muses will save him, or nothing can.

* Both are published by B. W. Huebsch and the Viking Press, the first at \$2.50 and the other at \$5.

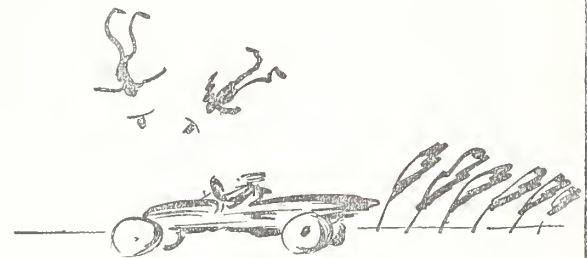
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



MR. HOOVER SHOUTS ACROSS THE OCEAN to Mr. John Windsor Bull "You are an extortioner," and Mr. Bull pleasantly answers "So is your old man."



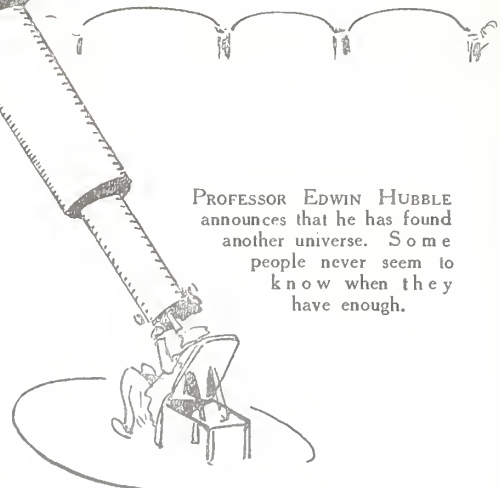
THE ALUMINUM PEOPLE have begun a national advertising campaign.



THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION announces that there were 4 per cent more accidents last year than the year before and we all rejoice that the industry is picking up so nicely.



THE NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE demands an official investigation of the funds dispensed by the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia to discover whether he did not receive money from foreign Powers.



PROFESSOR EDWIN HUBBLE announces that he has found another universe. Some people never seem to know when they have enough.

Letters from Tolstoi

Translated by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

Copyright by the Translator

[These letters, hitherto unpublished, were written between the years 1894 and 1910 to Eugen Heinrich Schmitt of Budapest, author of books on philosophy and leader of a group called the League of Gnostics. Schmitt was the editor of a small weekly, *Ohne Staat*, a philosophical anarchist paper, which opposed all forms of service to the state—especially military service. He was a social and political idealist and close to Tolstoi in many of his beliefs. The letters in this series, written originally in German, were obtained from his widow, now living in Berlin. They will appear consecutively in several issues of *The Nation*.]

I

August 18/30, 1894

DEAR SIR:

I have long since received your letter and your pamphlet "Mammon and Belial," and I thank you heartily for both. I believe the time has now come for us to devote the greatest energy to the end of destroying the basic falsehoods upon which all the evils of our human society are established, as you already attempt to do in your pamphlet. The greatest enemy of truth, and therefore of true progress, is today not ignorance, but the treacherous compromises which have made their way into all conditions of life. To expose these and to express the truth about life in a brief, clear, and simple form must be the most urgent and most important activity of our time.

I shall have your pamphlet translated and give it the greatest possible circulation. I would also like to have some idea of your journal. I am not able to subscribe to it, because of the censorship, but if you would send it to Professor Nicolai Grott, at the University of Moscow, I should be most grateful and would at once send the fee to the address given. God aid you in your courageous and beneficent work.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

II

October 6/18, 1894

DEAR SIR:

I received your letter with the open appeal. In all frankness the appeal did not please me. From it I can obtain no clear conception of the religious Weltanschauung of the members of your league. I hope to find this more exactly defined in the periodical. I have not yet received this. The description of your personal affairs interested me exceedingly. The position which every man must adopt who earnestly accepts the true and only religion of our time—whether this be called Christian or the *Religion of the Spirit*—and serves this religion in his daily life, is the same everywhere. I am convinced that the most important as well as the most difficult thing for those of us who would serve truth is not the interpretation of religious principles but the carrying-out of these principles in our actual life.

As to your relationship to the intelligentsia and to the laboring classes—things are precisely the same with

us. The intelligentsia seeks salvation where no salvation is to be found, and as a matter of fact it is not quite sincere in its activity—it wishes to do good without sacrificing any of its advantages. The workers who incline to the socialistic creed endeavor to change the present condition of things not because it is unjust and prejudicial to love, but simply because justice in this case would bring them certain advantages. Salvation, I believe, will come neither from the workmen who are socialistically inclined nor from their leaders, but only from people who will accept religion as their only guide in life, as the Nazarenes in Serbia and others in certain places in Austria do—namely, that hundreds of them refuse to take the oath and do military service and are condemned for this to spend years in prisons and fortresses. It is only from such men as these who are ready to give up their lives for their convictions that salvation will come. Men like these are to be found everywhere and we ourselves must become such men in order to fulfil our destinies and to imbue others with our spirit.

I believe that you are such a man and therefore I am most happy to be in direct contact with you. My letters are badly written and they are not worth publishing. But as soon as opportunity presents itself I shall write something for your paper and send it to you.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

III

February 1/13, 1895

DEAR FRIEND:

I received your letters and was overjoyed to hear the good news contained in them. Your work, *our* work, that is to say God's work, makes great progress in your hands. I may say the same in respect not only to Russia, but also to England (Kenworthy, Morrison), Lachmann (Denmark), Sweden and Finland (Ernefeld).

I thank you heartily for your two pamphlets which please me greatly, especially "The Hunt," and in a still greater degree the suit-at-law which arose from this. I cannot, however, say the same with regard to "The Catechism of the Religion of the Spirit." Although there is not a single point on which I do not agree, yet I would have liked to see more profundity in the whole and as a consequence more unity. Nevertheless, I send you my cordial thanks not only for the message but also for the book. It will serve to help many people to establish this new, more rational and sublime Weltanschauung. Both pamphlets shall be translated into Russian and will appear in our journal which is published here—not in a printed, but a hand-written form.

I regret that I have so far not received the periodical. No doubt the censorship got hold of it. Please send this if possible, as well as all other things, to me in care of Professor Grott at the University of Moscow. And please be so good as to convey my gratitude and my love to all our friends and fellows in the faith.

I have a short article, actually a letter upon the subject of the relation between faith and reason, which I can

let you have, if you wish. But please let me know if you have a good translator from the Russian at hand, or whether I shall send you the article in German.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

IV

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received your letter with number 5 of your periodical, and have read your article upon Egidy. Like all your writings this pleased me as a whole very much. I am especially delighted with the sincerity and fire of your writings, but what you mention on pages 144 and 145 in relation to your Weltanschauung I could not approve. One can never rightly estimate the importance of one's own thoughts; one must leave that to others. But your point of view is not your own but the Christian as we must deduce it from the New Testament if we read this without any preconceived intention. Your merit consists in this—that you have illuminated this Weltanschauung from a new side. Excuse me, my dear friend, for permitting myself to make these remarks. I do this only because I love you and treasure your activity very highly and expect great things of it.

My friend Makovizky has, I hope, already sent you the preface which you may publish in your periodical—if you wish. I am now sending you a small correspondence written by a friend of mine upon the persecution of the Dukhobors with a short article written by me in relation to this matter. The correspondence is too long for publication in your magazine, but if you think well of it you might make an extract and print it with my article as an afterword.

The correspondence, however, I should like to see published in the German, Austrian, and Prussian newspapers of greatest circulation with my short letter or with the appendix.

Should this translation and the sending about of this correspondence cause you too much trouble then please send it to Makovizky who will attend to everything. I am writing to him by the same post.

Your friend—who loves you with all his heart,
LEO TOLSTOI

V

May 2, 1885

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received your letter with the number of the publication and I have read the article entitled Christ and Buddha with great interest. The article contains a great deal that is valuable and new respecting the basic principles of both religions, of which we hear so much, and the essential difference between the religion of pity and the religion of love has been adjudged most correctly by you.

In the same issue I find an article upon the text: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Some years ago I wrote a short article upon the false interpretation of this text, and I believe that this has never been translated into German. The article will be sent you from Geneva and if you wish you can publish it in your review.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

VI

3/1 July, 1895

DEAR FRIEND:

You must forgive me for not having answered your letter for so long a time. The death of my child and the

sickness of my wife and my own which followed it and from which I have just recovered, were the causes of the delay. I have received all the letters and other things you sent me, and as I remember I replied to your pamphlet "Herodes." But however this may be, I shall now answer your letter of June 20.

The attitude which the Social-Democrats adopt toward you is nothing new to me. It is only a proof that your work is important and that for this reason it appears dangerous to the Social-Democrats. I am sorry that you must suffer calumny for this. But you must not lose heart nor give up the publication of your paper. Every number that I receive I read through with the greatest interest and pleasure. Your article upon anarchy I shall also have translated. It pleased me particularly. A few weeks ago I had begun a paper upon the simplest and most accessible means of redemption from the bondage in which we live, and this essay would have been precisely what you desire for your periodical. But now I am occupied with other labors. But as soon as I am done with these I shall complete this article with the keenest pleasure and send it to you for publication.

As to the international edition I have as yet begun nothing, but I have not given up the idea.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

VII

October 28, 1895

DEAR FRIEND:

My friend Popov, the author of the biography of Drojin, asks me not to publish the foreword to his book which I sent you in my last letter through Makovizky. For this reason I repeat what I communicated in my telegram: Not to translate this article nor to publish it in your paper. The essay upon the Dukhobors you must have received by this time. The more this correspondence as well as my afterword is disseminated the better. I received your last letters. . . .

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

VIII

Moscow, December 18/30, 1895

DEAR FRIEND:

Please forgive me for not having written you for so long. I have received your book "The Secret of Christ" and then the latest number of the *Religion of the Spirit*. The form of the first-mentioned did not please me very much, but I am wholly in accord with you in the matter of your article Love Your Enemies.

As to the remarks of your Russian friend you may have these printed but not in my name nor in the name of the author of the correspondence about the Dukhobors. The success of your endeavors gives me great joy, although on such occasions I always think of St. Luke x, 20, where it is said that the disciples have not joy, etc.

It is so natural and dangerous to deceive ourselves, and indeed we are inclined to give undue importance to such happenings as seem desirable to us. And it is still more dangerous to attribute these to outer rather than to inner events and now, when I see how the truth is given the same recognition from all sides I remember this great saying.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

Labor Capitalism—Where Does It Lead?

By CEDRIC LONG

ORGANIZED labor is "buying into" capitalism. And capitalism, in turn, is energetically at the business of "taking labor into partnership." There is a strong movement toward the center from both directions; with the pace getting faster every year.

Scarcely a week passes without the news that organized labor is flirting with a new phase of capitalist finance. A new labor-trust company, a national labor bank, or an investment company is started. A union purchases a thirty-five million dollar office building or acquires a controlling interest in a mammoth Wall Street bank or a coal mine in West Virginia or forty-nine thousand acres of Florida real estate.

Meanwhile, on the extreme right we see efforts equally frantic. Statistics are marshaled to demonstrate that since 1918 public utilities alone have added three and a half million stockholders (including 500,000 employees) to their rolls and two and a half million bondholders. Huge corporations of every kind are seeking out bigger, better, and brighter methods for a wider and more democratic distribution of their stock. College professors, railroad presidents, and bankers vie with one another in quoting figures to prove that ownership and control of industry and finance are rapidly being transferred to the common men and women of the country.

Employee ownership of traction companies; labor partnership in railroad management; labor financiers; labor landlordism; labor capitalism—What is it? Where did it come from? Where is it going?

At first glance it would seem self-evident to those who distrust the system that if capitalism itself is a menace to society, labor capitalism or its counterpart, "democratic stock distribution," is no royal road to the Cooperative Commonwealth. These moves merely give us a broader and stronger foundation for the capitalist system; and economic democracy does not figure at all. Whether we happen to be residing on the left or on the right side of the road, once we fall in line behind this popular bandwagon we are enlisted in the campaign to see that capitalism is more firmly entrenched than ever in the economic life of the country.

For the main end and aim of that particular form of organization which we know as the capitalist corporation is to subordinate all the other interests of the economic order to the interests of the financial investor. The producers in industry take the fixed wage that is given them; the consumers pay the price that is assigned; the borrower pays the interest rate demanded; the tenant pays the rent set for him. But the profits, the surplus remaining after all expenses are paid, the rewards of business go to the stockholders, the investors. Possession of stock carries ownership, it conveys control, it commands the profits. And the owner of 10,000 shares gets ten thousand times the control and ten thousand times the profits returned to the owner of one share. Capitalism not only scorns the principle of equality as between stockholders, producers, and consumers; it scorns the equality principle between capitalists themselves. While the farmers and workers of the country think they are taking control of capitalism, in reality capitalism is taking control of them. Economic democracy un-

der capitalism does not exist, nor can permanent justice for producers or consumers ever be born of it.

But let us be more specific. Here are a few concrete instances of capitalism at work:

The case of Standard Oil is already a classic, but it is worth citing again. Standard Oil of Indiana has this record:

Stock outstanding from 1892 to 1912 was worth \$1,000,000.

In 1912 came a 2900 per cent stock dividend.

In 1920 came a 150 per cent stock dividend.

In 1921 came a 100 per cent stock dividend.

Thus, without a cent of new investment the original \$1,000,000 increased to \$150,000,000 through the pyramiding process of profits-to-capital. In addition to stock dividends the cash dividends declared between 1911 and 1924 were \$125,248,969. In other words, every \$100 invested before 1912 brought back to the investor within twelve years approximately \$27,500.

So much for just one industrial corporation. Among distributive corporations the following is a typical example of capitalist accumulation. Kresge's five-and-ten-cent-stores company had 254 stores in 1924 and its sales were \$90,096,249. It is not necessary to list the various cash dividends declared. The stock dividends have been:

80 per cent in 1915

54 per cent in 1921

33½ per cent in 1923

50 per cent in 1925

The increase in capitalization from \$2,000,000 preferred and \$5,000,000 common in 1912 to \$2,000,000 preferred and \$36,791,899 common in 1925 took place with the addition of almost no new cash investment. In eight and three-quarters years the company has earned dividends of \$40,027,181, or 387.97 per cent on the \$10,000,000 of common stock outstanding in 1918. (Kresge stock, to the best of our knowledge, is not being distributed widely among the consumers and employees of the stores.)

The Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company in its 12,000 grocery stores has annual sales of \$350,000,000, and the profits last year were about \$10,500,000, or nearly 800 per cent on the \$1,250,000 common stock for the twelve months.

In these and hundreds of similar instances we see vast productive or distributive organizations built up out of the labor of the workers and the needs of the consumers with all the control and all the rewards in the hands of the owners of the capital.

What, then, are the alternatives to capitalism? Dr. Fosdick says he is in favor of the capitalist system because no workable alternative has yet appeared. A surprisingly large number of otherwise rather intelligent folks seem to agree with him; and most of the leaders of organized labor apparently have no quarrel with this point of view.

There is at least one form of economic organization in which the control and the distribution of the rewards are genuinely democratic, and it is an organization that works. The reason that so many Americans cannot see it is that they continue to think the rewards of any worth-while system must be in terms of interest and profits on investment. The test question is not Does it do the job? but Does it pay?

When we talk about deflecting the rewards of industry to the workers we are accustomed to think in terms of the financial gains to be made from industry. When we talk of labor control of business we find ourselves thinking in terms of stock ownership. In brief our first need is for a new thought process with regard to economic affairs; mentally we must learn to subordinate the capital-stock control of a corporation to the more important elements of producers' labor and consumers' needs.

The genuine demand of labor for control in industry should be not for control of industry's profits but for the control of industry itself. Modern capitalist industry is only incidentally interested in production. Thus, capitalist business and the joint-stock corporation are not adapted to true control by either producers or consumers, for they are not designed for service. Real control of industry by these groups demands a new form of economic organization. Hence the futility of this stock-distribution movement.

The most effective alternative to capitalism is the economic form of organization known as Rochdale Cooperation, which does thus subordinate the capital element in industry to the labor and consumer element. There was evolved in England these eighty years ago a type of business institution which pays the minimum market price for capital just as it pays the minimum market price for any other tool, pig iron, coal, or freight cars; and it then devotes its main energies to production or distribution for use. It does, in most cases, issue shares of stock, but these are mere certificates of membership given in exchange for a loan of capital. They have no claim upon surplus or profits and they carry no extraordinary control power to the shareholders. Both control of policy and rights to the profits are vested in the producer or consumer in his capacity of producer or consumer and not in his capacity of investor. American workers have not yet learned to make this distinction.

An illustration. The British Canadian Cooperative Society, an organization of coal miners in Cape Breton, is eighteen years old. Its membership has risen from eighty-eight the first year to 2,767 in 1924. During these eighteen years the society has paid interest on the capital investment of stockholders at the rate of 4, 4½, or 5 per cent (after allotting each year something to the reserve fund); and the balance has been returned as patronage rebates. In 1924, for instance, the gross sales were \$1,359,800; net earnings were \$169,732.97; interest paid on capital was \$12,391.64, and the amount returned to patrons in proportion to purchases was \$153,425.33 (a 12 per cent savings-return). The totals for the eighteen years are:

Sales	\$9,633,523.00
Net earnings	1,281,888.93
Interest on capital	84,484.31
Patronage rebates	1,167,386.87

Under a capitalist form of organization the investors and the patrons would probably have fared somewhat as follows during, for example, the years 1920 to 1924—after a similar amount had been put each year in the reserve fund:

Year	Dividend if paid on capital Amount	Per cent	Return to patrons
1920	\$154,237.97	83	0
1921	176,804.26	68	0
1922	156,933.53	72	0
1923	153,180.64	63	0
1924	165,816.97	65	0

Original capital in the beginning was only \$1,710. The total return on this investment alone, had capitalist rules been

substituted for cooperative, would have been several thousand per cent.

The Indian Orchard and Ludlow Cooperative Association in Massachusetts is another example of the cooperative division of "earnings to those who make earnings possible." It is not necessary to give the figures year by year. For the nineteen years this association has been in business the sales have been \$2,058,785.80. Net earnings during the period have been \$104,863.48, divided as follows:

Interest on Capital	\$7,582.80
Reserves	12,163.28
Return to patrons	85,117.40

Whereas the return to stockholders has been 5 per cent each year, the annual amount returned to purchasers has usually exceeded the paid-in capital!

The point may be equally well illustrated in a producers' cooperative where the cooperators use their association for selling instead of for buying. The Farmers' Equity Cooperative Creamery Association of Orleans, Nebraska, is a simple illustration. Between early 1918 and June 30, 1925, the "profits" have been \$186,382. This has been divided as follows:

Cash patronage refund to members.....	\$44,000
"Stock dividend" (stock rebated in proportion to patronage)	67,000
Surplus and undivided earnings.....	75,382

The members of this cooperative have never received more than 3 per cent interest on their capital invested in shares of the association—or not more than (approximately) \$10,000 during the seven years. The big "profits" went back to the same people in their capacity as producers. Had it been paid on investment, the return would have been somewhere between 400 per cent and 500 per cent.

The same principle holds true in the banking field. A large New York bank like the First National makes for its stockholders profits of 160 per cent from the traffic with the depositors and the borrowers. The cooperative bank, La Caisse Populaire, Quebec, started with a capital of \$26 among wage workers, has done a business of more than \$11,000,000 in twenty-two years without a single loss from a bad loan, and has never returned more than 6 per cent to the stockholders. The "money dividends" that might have enriched a few owners of the stock have become "service dividends" to the borrowers and depositors.

The liberals and radicals of the country, if they are to contribute to a sensible solution of our economic problems, must incorporate the cooperative principles of organization in their manner of handling the economic problem. For the creation of a democratic and cooperative economic order we do not need to wait for the total collapse of our capitalist system and the chaos which would result. But neither need we expect that in the marriage of modern capitalism and labor unionism is the cooperative commonwealth to be conceived and born. The technique for the control of industry and commerce cooperatively has been established these fourscore years and is gradually undermining and supplanting capitalism in all parts of the world.

We quote Professor Fred Hall, adviser of studies in the Cooperative Union of Great Britain and Ireland: "The cooperative position is that all the requisites of production should be owned by the community . . . so that the workers, as organizers of industry, would receive not merely the share of wealth which now goes to them as wages, but those shares of wealth produced which are now distributed as rent, interest, and profits."

The Secret Sorrow of the White House

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, January 30

THE little Massachusetts clique which hovers about the White House and constitutes the Coolidge inner guard or advisory board or Kitchen Cabinet or whatever you choose to call them has a secret sorrow. The cold, clammy hand of apprehension clutches their hearts these days. It isn't the tax bill or the farm problem or the World Court or the coal strike or railroad consolidation or the immigration question or the Aluminum case or anything of that sort about which they worry. As a matter of fact, I am credibly informed and believe subjects such as these are rarely touched upon between Mr. Coolidge and his New England intimates. For one thing he himself is not greatly interested or concerned about them and is content, as explained at yesterday's correspondents' conference, to take the judgment of Senator Curtis, the majority leader, on such strategic questions as the application of cloture, and of Senators Lenroot, Swanson, and others on World Court reservations, believing that they know best and having no particular convictions on them himself. That is in effect what the presidential spokesman said, although you were not supposed to make that deduction.

For another thing, these large legislative and departmental matters bother and bewilder good old Garibaldi Sargent and are not altogether clear to the devoted Stearns. Politics and appointments, the activities and attitude of the various persons suspected of presidential aspirations, whom next to invite to the White House, who can get the shoe vote in Massachusetts—these are more congenial topics. Besides, there is no use worrying about legislative problems. If you let them alone they will come out all right nine times out of ten anyhow. That is the basis of Calvin's whole political philosophy.

A much more serious matter is the question whether Bosom Friend Butler, Senator from Massachusetts, can be elected next fall. Now, that really is something worth worrying about—at least from the angle of the little White House group. And the thing that gives them most concern is the thing they most want to conceal—to wit, not only the complete absence of record made by the Bosom Friend since he entered the Senate more than a year ago but the absolutely barren prospect that he will do anything between now and next November calculated to win him votes.

The truth is Senator Butler faces a desperate fight. He may win, but his friends and supporters are scared stiff over the prospect, and the White House concern is based on the belief that the Butler defeat will not only be an individual disaster to him but a slap square in the eye for Calvin. Here are the facts: Massachusetts is Mr. Coolidge's own State. Senator Butler is his Bosom Friend, the manager of his campaign for the Presidency, the man he selected for chairman of the National Committee. Further, Senator Butler has but one issue—Mr. Coolidge. The only reason that can be given for returning him to the Senate is that he is Mr. Coolidge's friend, and a defeat for him would be a defeat for the President.

The danger, clearly perceived by the Coolidge group, is that failure of Senator Butler may start the presidential

prestige and popularity, concededly a temporary and precarious asset, on the down grade. It would certainly be interpreted as a repudiation of Mr. Coolidge by the people of his own State, just as surely as the 1918 congressional elections were a repudiation of Wilson in the country. There could be no other interpretation. No wonder the little Coolidge group is worried. No wonder they deplore the inability of the Bosom Friend to help himself. No wonder they wish he did not have to lean so heavily and wholly on the President and that he did not have against him such a whirlwind, hard-hitting opponent as Dave Walsh.

The fact is that the good Butler is what might be termed a net loss as a campaigner. He is, of course, a man of integrity and character. He has all the small virtues, but he is about as jolly and genial and festive as an owl. A colder, frostier proposition in politics cannot now be recalled. Unquestionably he is an efficient business man, but when you say that you have said 90 per cent of what there is to say of Senator Butler. Neither as chairman of the National Committee nor as Senator has he distinguished himself. The seven million majority was due not in the least to him but to the Democrats, to La Follette, to the irresistible, unprecedented, unparalleled prosperity. One could not conceive of a man less well fitted to make an uphill fight with the odds against him and the money and weight on the other side. In the Senate it was supposed that the power of his position as head of the committee, plus an exclusive closeness to Mr. Coolidge would establish him as a real factor. It has done nothing of the sort. He has no influence in the Senate, no following, and has made no particular friends. He does not pass on the presidential orders or instructions from the President. For one reason, there are no such orders or instructions, and for another Republican Senators would not take them from Butler if there were. He has, since he has been in the Senate, made but one speech I can now recall and that was in defense of Warren, the jolly old beet-sugar king who came so close to being Attorney General. Everyone who heard the speech agreed it was zero in effectiveness and almost zero in substance. But after all it is not to be held against Mr. Butler that he is neither eloquent, brilliant, nor cordial in his manner. Lots of men and some Senators are like that. Yet people like them, and they are of use in legislation and politics.

The trait that distinguishes Butler from other wealthy business men who, in one way or another, have broken into the Senate and are making regular, unobtrusive, mediocre, and utterly unexciting machine members of that body is the stiff and narrow intolerance of his mind and the smug but unshakable conviction that all the righteous and patriotic people in the country are organization, high-tariff Republicans and that there is necessarily something low and degraded in those who are outside of that class. He is one of the most rigid and complete partisans there is in the Senate today. Those who know him best say he does not want to stay and that the waste of time, the lack of business methods, rasps him very much. If money and organization and federal patronage and the appeal to stand by and "uphold the hands of our splendid President," as the pious Pepper so often and so earnestly says, can pull him through he will win; because he has all those things. But if they are not enough, he will certainly lose—because he hasn't anything else—not a thing. And that is the secret sorrow of the inner White House circle.

In the Driftway

"DRIFTY, my boy," writes a friend who still recalls a period of service at 20 Vesey Street and is accordingly impudent, "you are too provincial. You ought to come out to China. Those remarks of yours about the awkward, not, constricting, and bulky clothing of the male, and your incidental references to the 'more decorative and sensible sex'—apparently referring to the female of the species *Homo Americanus*—betray a limited perspective. Your assumption that stiff hats and stiff collars, long trousers and hot coats are secondary sex characters because the benighted males of New York and London cling to them is as provincial as the disgust of the tourists who wander about Hangchow hungry because they can't find good American bread and milk or chop suey.

* * * * *

"COME out to this country of sartorial freedom, where the men wear skirts and the women trousers—or vice versa if they like. Take a look at a group of rickshaw boys and try to find constriction, heat, or bulk, or any principle of fashion expressed among them. Invite your lady friend who suspects men of fearing to expose their legs to look at these sturdy coolie shins—and bare brown coolie chests as well. Consider the individuality expressed in a coolie coat patched (quite literally) in seventeen different shades of blue. Note their trousers—some tied at the ankle, some tied at the knee, others cut off at any convenient length. Or watch the dignified gentry parading the street, with flowered silk trousers concealed beneath priestly robes, long and all-enveloping as a 1900 skirt. You will see sour-colored felt hats here, too, but also impressive skull-caps reminiscent of freshman days on the campus, and untrammelled by any hats at all the wind blows through a more fantastic variety of hair-cuts than decent Americans would think of tolerating—from brush cuts through grizzly forests of hair to coiled queues.

* * * * *

"AS for the ladies—if you are still incurably romantic, go to Japan. There the ladies really decorate the landscape—and can have little time left to do anything else. No statistician has yet computed the hours spent in rolling a Japanese obi about a shapely waist, or the ratio of cloth in a kimono to that in a 1925-length Western skirt. But as to the effect—if beauty determines, you will stay in the Orient and let the Western styles fade out of your unfortunate memory. Chinese women, to be sure, are more practical—most of them seem to wear whatever they happen to find lying about the house. Their baggy trousers would give pointers to a Princeton undergraduate; and Western pyjama designers would do well to study a batch of Chinese factory girls. And when the ultra-modern Chinese miss decides upon a skirt she refuses Western models and invents her own, which a mere man would hardly dare describe. In this year of grace her silk-slipped toe barely peeks from beneath the sweeping base-line.

* * * * *

"SHOES are another item in the catalogue of Oriental freedom. Those peekaboo feminine shoes now advertised in the home papers are obviously patterned after coolie footgear, which consist of a straw base bound to the foot by miscellaneous strings. Soft slippers are infinitely more graceful than the hard-heeled abominations of the West,

and silk offers fairer possibilities than leather to the artist. And a Japanese shoe store full of painted and lacquered *geta* is a joy to the eye. Come out to the East, Drifter; forget the prison fashions of the West. You have been sitting still too long."

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER agrees it is high time that he be set drifting again. Unfortunately, the weather is too cold.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Crime and Capital Punishment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 2 Judge Frederick Bausman attempts to uphold the institution of capital punishment in the United States on the ground that the application of this penalty in Great Britain has resulted in a substantial decrease of capital crimes. The chances of being hanged for a capital offense in this country, he tells us, "are very small." Were more "wilful persons" who "murder to get money" hanged, such crimes would soon be as infrequent here as in Northern Europe. Hence he favors not only retention of capital punishment in our codes but also its stricter application.

Now, it seems to me that Judge Bausman has here given a very strong argument in favor of legal abolition of capital punishment in this country. He admits that, as a matter of fact, only one out of 180 persons accused of murder in Cook County, Illinois, was actually hanged. Of what use, then, is this penalty, if convictions under its provision cannot be secured? American jurors are reluctant to bring in a verdict of guilty when the penalty to be inflicted is death. They are afraid of making a mistake—of condemning to death an innocent victim of the police force.

My records show that this fear is well founded. Such mistakes have occurred—just how many no one knows. If Judge Bausman will turn to Vol. XLIII, No. 3 (May-June, 1909) of the *American Law Review*, he will find that the first article deals with the question Does Capital Punishment Prevent Convictions? In answering this question in the affirmative, I presented ample evidence to prove conclusively that the menace of the death penalty tends more to protect the accused prisoner through intimidation of the jury than to protect society through its supposed deterrent effect upon would-be assassins. Subsequent research and observation have more than confirmed my views of 1909.

San Francisco, January 16

MAYNARD SHIPLEY

Ruff Enough

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a dirt farmer, in the wheat belt; find time to read a weekly during two of the winter months. In the issue of December 23 *The Nation* has two editorials and one article on taxation. When taxes are mentioned a farmer is all attention; he has a naked nerve that has been touched by a scalpel. In your federal-tax editorial the farmer is mentioned several times—something rare even in high-brow journalism. So, should an archaeologist two thousand years hence delve diligently among the remains, he probably would discover that in our time there was not altogether missing such a class as farmers.

The editorial entitled *The Menace of Education* discusses higher education, which of course is maintained by State taxes. Mr. Hind is right. We are merely running hobo factories with our present methods of higher education; the output is either hobos or 100 per centers.

Why should a farmer, whose sense of independence, indi-

viduality, self-reliance, and self-respect has long ago been destroyed by the war to make the world safe for democracy, by the war to end war, be compelled to work sixteen hours a day, sixteen hours of unremunerative and strength-exhausting hard labor, in order to gain a bare, precarious, and barbarous existence for the primary purpose of keeping hobo factories running? Oh, I enjoyed the keen and cutting satire in all three articles; in fact, I rolled to the floor of my cabin convulsed by laughter. But—

My State and county taxes are something like \$1,100 per year. By far the largest item is education. I am, like other farmers, unable to pay such a senseless tax. Often our entire gross farm receipts do not amount to the sum of these taxes. Now, where is a dirt farmer ever appointed to any board of regents, or any other managerial or administrative office? Why is this? Why should he slave for what are to him parasitical institutions? Perhaps our law-and-order apostles have him hogtied. Talk about bolshevism in Russia—its confiscation of property—is nauseous. It is the camouflage of our smirky and cowardly Republican and Democratic party politicians while they are confiscating our property with vengeance, confiscation of homes via taxation. It is this higher education that doesn't educate, our economic blockade otherwise known as the Fordney tariff schedules, and the embargo on immigration that have paralyzed the farmer.

When the farmer's sons reach puberty they are off to the cities where larger wages are paid, not for sixteen hours' work but eight hours'. They need not be like their father, hopelessly in debt; they can lay by considerable sums and have time for reading or other recreation. This reduces the help on the farm to the old men and their wives and small children and culls not wanted in the cities to carry on the despairing struggle to retain their homes.

Ruff, Washington, December 26

FRANK HINKHOUSE

War Atrocities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has any historian attempted a full collection of the atrocity stories sent out by the propaganda bureaus during the late war? It seems to me that a judicious selection of these horrific yarns' would have permanent value.

My attention has been directed to this question by reading of the effects of one such story upon members of the Cabinet in the critical days just before the United States entered the war. It appears in the letters of Franklin K. Lane (page 239) in a letter to his brother on February 25, 1917:

Washington, February 25, 1917

My dear George: On Friday we had one of the most animated sessions of the Cabinet that I suppose has ever been held under this or any other President. It all arose out of a very innocent question of mine as to whether it was true that the wives of American consuls on leaving Germany had been stripped naked, given an acid bath to detect writing on their flesh, and subjected to other indignities. Lansing answered that it was true. Then I asked Houston about the bread riots in New York, as to whether there was shortage of food because of car shortage due to vessels not going out with exports. This led to a discussion of the great problem which we all had been afraid to raise. Why shouldn't we send our ships out with guns or convoys? Daniels said we must not convoy—that would be dangerous. (Think of a Secretary of the Navy talking of danger!) The President said that the country was not willing that we should take any risks of war. I said that I got no such sentiment out of the country, but if the country knew that our consuls' wives had been treated so outrageously that there would be no question as to the sentiment. This, the President took as a suggestion that we should work up a propaganda of hatred against Germany. Of course, I said I had no such idea, but that I felt that in a democracy the people were entitled to know the

facts. McAdoo, Houston, and Redfield joined me. The President turned on them bitterly, especially on McAdoo, and reproached all of us with appealing to the spirit of the Code Duello. We couldn't get the idea out of his head that we were bent on pushing the country into war. Houston talked of resigning after the meeting. McAdoo will—within a year, I believe. I tried to smooth them down by recalling our past experiences with the President. We have had to push, and push, and push, to get him to take any forward step—the Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission. He comes out right but he is slower than a glacier—and things are mighty disagreeable whenever anything has to be done.

The above letter is interesting for several reasons. It appears to negative the opinion, popular in some circles, that Mr. Wilson had desired war long before the opportunity came to make his feelings public. The story also gives a new view as to what our Cabinet really went to war about! If the acid-bath story was as baseless as one is inclined to suppose in the light of our present knowledge of war propaganda, it ought to make a valuable footnote in the story of the war propaganda and of the incredible naivete of our own public officials.

Cleveland, November 23

M. C. HARRISON

"The Only Pure Race"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter in *The Nation* of January 20 Mr. Godkin makes the claim that the Jews are "the only pure race." This is an error. In his book, "The Races of Europe," Professor Ripley has shown that in the ninth century Jewish traders converted whole Slavic tribes in southern Russia to their faith. The great numbers of Jews in Russia and Poland are due to these conversions. If there are any pure Jews they live in Algeria and Tripoli. With their regular features, their oval faces, olive complexion, black hair, and black eyes they recall the ancient Jews. In Europe there are no pure races, not even in Scandinavia, where the "Nordics" are said to have come from.

That there is an anti-Jewish spirit in America cannot be denied. Whenever a racial group in any country refuses to mix with the whole mass of people it acts as a foreign body in the social organisms and causes irritation. The Jews may consider it wrong freely to intermarry with other creeds, but as long as they do so they will arouse enmity. In the light of modern thought and ideals this is wrong, but it is a reality.

Washington, January 20

A. A.

Important if True

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

All hail, great Champion! Every righteous Cause
has found you eager to accept the gage
flung by the Joustors of a cynic Age,
and ever alert to pierce their armor's flaws!

You have upheld the Tournament's just Laws,
have dared the adversaries' insulting rage.
O incorruptible, calm, shrewd, and sage:
for you now rings the World's deep-voiced applause!

All hail, staunch Champion of the Truth, the Right!
Defender of Liberty and Justice, hail!
Keep on unwearied in the gallant fight!

Let not your courage or your vigilance fail!
In spite of vicious blows your shield is bright—
bright as the dazzling symbol of the Grail!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, January 7

International Relations Section

Intrigue in the Middle East

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

PARADOXICALLY, the very "ideal" which caused Syria to revolt, the force that raised the standard of Abd-el-Krim across North Africa, that almost brought the British to grief in Egypt (and may yet do so), that aided Kemal to rally his disorganized Turks when all seemed lost, and that spattered village streets in India with blood not long ago, namely, Woodrow Wilson's enunciation of the urge for self-determination and equality, has temporarily thwarted the nationalistic aspirations of various Moslem peoples. Had the uprisings been localized or had they occurred at different times in the different European zones of influence, the diplomatic forces of the exploiting Powers might not have been united. The almost simultaneous disturbances—from the Riff to Mesopotamia—confronted Europe with a smoldering Islam which recalled the Crusades. France, England, Italy—never sympathetic to one another's imperial aspirations—realized that loss of prestige to any one of them meant a gain in morale to the enemy of all three. A Turkish victory in Mosul would have brought joy to malcontents in India; gains by the Egyptian Zaghlulists heartened the hard-pressed Riffians and the battered Syrians, while Ibn Sa'ud's triumphs in Mecca, Medina, and Jeddah reechoed in prayers from mosques and minarets all over the East. Ordinarily as disunited as the countries of Europe in pre-war days, the tribes of the desert and dwellers in the Jebel also are beginning to realize that in union there is strength and that their common exploiter is the European. European chancelleries know the same thing—and that is why the odds against Syria are overwhelming and the Arabs—for the moment—simply have to lose.

Briefly recapitulated, the history of Syria shows French influence began about 1860, when as a result of the massacre of some 6,000 Christians the French occupied Damascus and assumed the responsibility of "protector of the Church." A year later Lebanon was placed under the control of six European Powers with a Christian governor. From that time until the Great War priority of French interests was generally recognized.

In 1915, anxious to use the tribesmen against the Turks, the Allies nurtured Arab nationalism and made agreements with Sherif Hussein of Mecca and a commission representing the Arabs of Damascus, Aleppo, and Mosul. Invaluable service was rendered to the Allied cause and Turkey's defeat was due largely to the campaigning of the Hejaz tribesmen. And, ironically, as a result the almost primitive community of Hejaz secured its independence, while the far more advanced and civilized Arabs of Syria, Palestine, and Lebanon have had their nationalistic aspirations bloodily suppressed. In fact, Syria today enjoys a smaller measure of self-government than it did under Turkish sovereignty.

In 1918 Britain and France jointly made a declaration assuring the Arabs that they had no intention of subjugating them, but rather would liberate them from the Turkish yoke and "help them establish national administrations which shall derive their authority from the invitation and free will of the people themselves." Then, in order to reconcile their recognition of Arab self-determination with opportunist and imperialistic policies, "all the diplomatic ingenuity of foreign offices was brought into play," in secret

treaties between the British and French, and subsequently in the difficult drafting of "A" Mandates. Theoretically, the League became responsible for the supervising of the execution of these mandatory trusts. Actually, the territories were placed under British and French tutelage for an unspecified time and subject to powers as ample as if the zones in question were literally colonies or protectorates.

Stamping out the Druse rebellion in Syria was not a difficult thing, once the French had determined upon a line of action and overcome internal differences. The bombardment of Damascus marked the turn against the rebels. But stifling the nationalistic aspirations of the Arabs is another thing. To assure permanent penetration, economically and otherwise, the malcontents either had to be brought into line or eliminated. To the Powers in Syria this task was intrusted; to spokesmen at Geneva fell the task of squaring policies with the League and ex-Allied Powers.

At the December session of the League Council—and the meeting of the Permanent Mandate Commission just preceding it—several interesting things occurred, of no obvious significance to casual observers, but important to those who can lift the veil and look behind the scenes.

Britain and Turkey were facing conclusions over Mosul. France was on the grill of public opinion because of alleged irregularities in Syria. Italy, whose troops had just wiped out a native village in Somaliland in retaliation for the death of two soldiers, was determined in the words of Benito Mussolini to "widen its penetration and extend its power . . . by virile conduct, combative if need be," and stood on the fence ready for any deals.

For more than a year Turkey, presumably single handed, had refused Britain's demands for additional potential oil territory in Mosul. Back of her had stood France, using, in accordance with Franklin-Boullion's agreement with Angora, all the diplomatic pressure at her disposal to defeat England's claims. With a deadlock in the Council's sub-committee and France's friendly support, Turkey's chances of success were good. But down in the Jebel Druse country things were happening. The anti-French revolt had assumed serious proportions. Tribes throughout the Lebanon were rebelling. French losses had exceeded 7,000 dead and missing. Damascus fell, was bombarded, and recaptured. An official envoy of the Syrians appeared in Angora. He sought arms and unofficial aid. Every minister except Mustapha Kemal was approached, and from all he received information of the Franco-Turk pledge: For aid in Mosul Turkey had promised neutrality as to Syria. Turkey, aping the diplomats of Europe, was trying to play both ends against the middle, little realizing, however, that color, geography, and religion made her role impossible.

So the Syrian repaired to Geneva, where for France things had taken on an alarming aspect. From various sources came protests and charges regarding the French administration of the mandate. Neutral members of the League looked askance; Arab organizations in Egypt, Transjordan, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, as well as the Syrians themselves, demanded an impartial investigation. Even Paris, tacitly admitting that all was not well, sacrificed General Sarraill on the pyres of her own public opinion.

Henry de Jouvenel, exponent of the Mandate System, and in good standing in League Circles, was designated as new high commissioner. Theoretically he was given carte blanche to undo Sarraill's alleged errors and to seek temporarily at least to placate the rebellious tribesmen. M. Paul-

Boncour came to Geneva. M. de Jouvenel went to London.

To cope successfully with the situation it was necessary to reach an understanding with the British. The rebel territory reached to the Palestine boundary. Cairo, a hotbed of intrigue, was but twelve hours away. So in London de Jouvenel did the unheard-of thing—he outlined France's policy toward Syria. "The time has come," he said, "when countries having contiguous interests in the Middle East can no longer act without informing one another of their policies."

A fortnight later—at Geneva—Mosul was awarded to Britain. Bewildered, the Turkish Foreign Minister, Tewfik Rushdy Bey, made two separate trips to Paris within three days. Strangely enough, he failed to see M. Briand. But he saw M. Chicherin—and took back to Angora instead of the Mosul the double-edged alliance with Turkey's age-old enemy, Russia.

Britain got Mosul! What did France get . . . and Italy?

During the fortnight the Council was in session Ihsan el Djabri Bey, spokesman of the Syrians, hammered at the portals of the League. Armed with damning documents he sought to present them to the Council; to demand an immediate investigation into affairs in the mandated zone. Citing atrocity after atrocity—by Senegalese, Circassian, and Algerian troops—and backing his charges with figures, names, dates, and places, he gained the ear of M. Scialoja, Italian, president of the Council.

"Wait and see!" was Scialoja's only comment to the appeal for action. M. Ishii, taciturn delegate of Japan, listened politely. What he said to Ihsan el Djabri remains confidential. Japan is not interested in the Middle East—but the Orient. Sir Eric Drummond volunteered that there was a recognized method of procedure, through the Permanent Mandates Commission. Marquis Theodoli, president of the Mandates Commission, was in Geneva. But his suggestion was come to Rome—in February. Until then France had a free hand in Syria, with instructions to maintain order. Balked at every turn, the Syrian appealed in vain. The door of the League, "protector of mandates," was closed.

Under the instructions of the League, France's duties as a mandatory Power are, as stated above, to "maintain order." She also is instructed to frame an "organic law" for Syria before September 29, 1926. When the commission met in October to hear her report—after three years—Paris was not ready. Emir Chekibe Arslan, envoy of the Syrians and Palestine, then demanded an investigation. The commission decided to postpone hearing France's case until February, in Rome.

The Emir protested, first against the delay and second against a meeting in Rome. The fight against postponement received no consideration. The opposition to a hearing in Rome did. According to the minutes, just made available, Sir Francis Lugard, Briton, insisted that "doubts had been expressed as to the advisability of discussing Syrian affairs in the center of the Catholic world." M. Rappard, Swiss, urged that the commission, "like Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion." The chairman, a Roman, and the rest of the commission overruled them. The Council, then in session in Paris on the Greek-Bulgar affair, upheld the decision.

That the atmosphere of Rome in any way affect the results of the Syrian hearing is doubtful. The wheels of diplomacy run just as smoothly in all continental quarters. But, nevertheless, it is significant that two members of the commission, one a British delegate, should have voiced

disapproval. Furthermore, Italy has interests in North Africa. Her dream of empire might be said to include at least a corridor from Algiers to Somaliland. Even Smyrna is mentioned as a desideratum. Besides, the Moslems of Ras Hafoun must not be allowed to lose respect for European prestige.

Events move slowly in the Middle East. Might still makes right—consequently order will be restored in Syria. The League's Mandate Commission will hear in February that the dove of peace is flying over Damascus and out in the deserts and in the Jebel ranges bands of guerrillas will keep the embers of nationalism burning.

NOTE.—In Arabia, after the war, Britain placed Hussein on the throne. His sons, Abdullah and Feisal, were respectively made rulers over Transjordan and Mesopotamia. Simultaneously, the Colonial Office and the Foreign Office were supporting both Hussein and Ibn Sa'ud, chief of the Wahabis. Hussein has fallen, Ibn Sa'ud is in control of Arabia. The *Morning Post*, December 1, 1925, reported that Sir Gilbert Clayton has concluded a treaty with Ibn Sa'ud whereby Britain is to recognize him and contribute \$1,000,000 a year to support his army. Hussein and his son Ali, who succeeded him, pass into discard.

Contributors to This Issue

CEDRIC LONG is executive secretary of the Cooperative League of America.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and "Tolerance."

ALBIN E. JOHNSON is a journalist living in Geneva.

BABETTE DEUTSCH has published two volumes of poetry: "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock."

EDWIN MUIR wrote the article Women—Free for What? in *The Nation's* series, New Morals for Old.

FLOYD DELL was one of the editors of the *Masses* and the *Liberator*. Among his novels are "Moon-Calf" and "Runaway."

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD is on the faculty of the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD has been professor of history at the universities of Illinois and Minnesota.

HENRY W. NEVINSON's latest book is "More Changes, More Chances."

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON is the director of Science Service.

CARL BECKER is professor of history at Cornell University.

THOMAS MUNRO is on the staff of the Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pennsylvania.

ALLEN TATE was editor of the *Fugitive*, a magazine of verse published at Nashville, Tennessee.

HENRIETTA STRAUS has recently returned from Sweden with the manuscript of a new book.

NOTE: *The Nation* was mistaken in referring to Miss Dorothy Thompson as head of the European service of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. She is the *Ledger* correspondent for Berlin and Central Europe.

The Nation

Vol. CXXII, No. 3162

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1926

MARY GLENN

by SARAH G. MILLIN

Author of

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN



"THE most vivid picture of South African life which she has yet given. It is further a significant and provocative stimulus to the question of current standards. The distance Mrs. Millin has covered between her first novel, 'THE DARK RIVER,' and 'MARY GLENN' is alone indicative of a noble and responsible talent. She has attained to compassion without softening to sentiment; she has acquired assurance of judgment without becoming clever, she is simple without resorting to formula. She is one of the notable writers of this generation." *N. Y. Times.* Second Edition. \$2.00

THE TRAVELS OF

MARCO POLO [The Venetian]

Edited with an introduction by MANUEL KOMROFF



THE first complete, readable, low priced edition of the greatest of all travel books. The classic Marsden text is used, annotated in the light of recent researches. This edition is uniform with the reprint of TRISTAM SHANDY, now in its third edition. Oct. \$3.50.



THE ENEMY'S GATES

by Richmond Barrett
Author of RAPTURE.

RAPTURE, which won nationwide admiration, went into three editions and announced a writer of real promise. The promise is fulfilled in this new novel, which may be compared only with the works on similar subjects by George Eliot, and the brilliant English contemporary novelist, G. B. Stern. \$2.00.

THE GREAT GOD BROWN THE FOUNTAIN

THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES
And Six Other Plays of the Sea
by Eugene O'Neill

THE first two plays are new, the six plays of The Sea are the splendid one act plays which The Provincetown Players made such a stirring success of, last season, in S. S. Glencairn. Uniform with the collected edition of O'Neill's Plays. Octavo, \$2.00.

The DYBBUK

by S. Ansky
Translated by Henry Alsberg

The classic of Jewish folk life, played in nearly every theatre of the world and now stirring such enthusiasm at The Neighborhood Playhouse. \$2.00

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

by Anita Loos

Illustrated by
Ralph Barton

Authentic humor. Sweeping the country as "Dere Mable" did. 7th large edition. \$1.75

COMING NEW BOOKS

Ben Hecht

His new novel is **COUNT BRUGA**. In it Ben Hecht's brilliant irony matures into robust, mellow and unfailing humor. \$2.00

Rose Macaulay
A volume of Essays which, with characteristic aptness, she calls "**A CASUAL COMMENTARY**." They keep equal distance from solemnity and frivolity. \$2.00

Bertrand Russell
A long pondered, carefully prepared book on education whose inspiration was the problems faced in the upbringing of his own children — **EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE**. Large 12 mo. \$2.50

Sherwood
Anderson

From his notebooks, Anderson has drawn the material of books written and unwritten, together with a few new stories.

**SHERWOOD
ANDERSON'S
NOTEBOOK.**
\$2.50

Waldo Frank

A masterly and beautifully organized synthesis of scene, history and races of Spain.

VIRGIN SPAIN
Octavo, \$3.00

Stendhal

The second issue, in the first complete edition of Stendhal in English. **THE ABBESS OF CASTRO and Other Stories.** Translated by G. K. Scott-Moncrieff. \$2.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT

Publishers

New York

Honor Roll

In nearly all of the lists of most interesting books published in 1925, chosen by The Nation Editors —

AN AMERICAN

TRAGEDY

by Theodore Dreiser

UNQUESTIONABLY the most important literary event in many years. The response of Press and Public is significant of the secure position this great novelist has won in American literature. The book is sweeping the country. Now in its second huge edition 2 vols. boxed, \$5.00.

DARK LAUGHTER

by Sherwood Anderson

BY universal judgment his finest novel. 7th large edition. \$2.50.

MAY DAYS

An Anthology of

MASSES-LIBERATOR VERSE

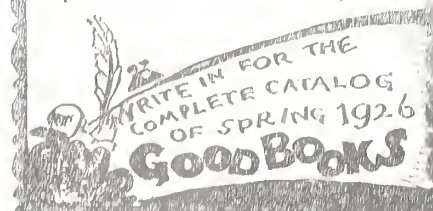
Chosen and Edited by

Genevieve Taggard

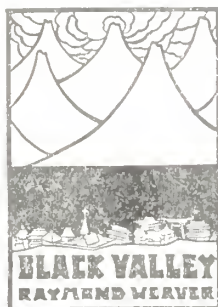
With Wood Cuts by

J. J. Laukes

CULLED from the most interesting magazines published in America. \$3.00



Selected books from the Spring list of The Viking Press and B. W. Huebsch



"It will stand out as one of the best books of the year."—The Herald Tribune.

BLACK VALLEY

RAYMOND WEAVER

"A beautiful and inimitable work."—Edwin Muir

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH in *The Nation* says of this powerful novel of Americans in Japan: "Mr. Weaver's novel will be read chiefly for the swift interest of its narrative and the piquancies of its account of the ironies involved in the contacts between the East and the highly specialized portion of the West which is represented by the mission-

aries; but below this outward investiture lies a psychological study. . . . His book will serve as an admirable document and as the record of an acute observer, but because it is so much more than merely local and informative it stands out as a novel of insight and power and as one with solid foundations in universal human character." \$2.00

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

A COMPLETE TECHNIQUE OF
IMPERIALISM

by SCOTT NEARING
and JOSEPH FREEMAN

The truth about Mexico—and about potential Mexicos throughout the world—is candidly told in this impressive volume. The role played by American interests in Cuba, Latin America, the Philippines, China, the Near East, Europe, and even Canada, makes up a graphic record, significant of a new American destiny. \$2.50

MARK AND CARL VAN DOREN

recommend as two of
the best books of last
year:

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS

and

TWO LIVES

by

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

A NEW LIBRARY OF IMPORTANT
CONTINENTAL REPRINTS EDITED
WITH PREFACES BY ERNEST BOYD:

SANINE

by MICHAEL ARTZBASHEV

FIVE ORIENTAL TALES

by COMTE DE GOBINEAU

THE CONFESSION OF A FOOL

by AUGUST STRINDBERG

In Preparation

THE FOOL IN CHRIST

by GERHART HAUPTMANN

(\$2.50 per volume)

The French Academy Prize Novel for 1924

ARICIE BRUN

by EMILE HENRIOT

This story of a Bordeaux family beginning with the fall of Napoleon moving through five generations up to the present decade forms a French miniature Forsyte Saga. Written with beauty of style, brilliance of portraiture and fine psychological insight it received the highest literary honor in France: the French Academy award. *Translated by Henry Longan Stuart.* \$2.00



THE VIKING PRESS
30 IRVING PLACE



B. W. HUEBSCH
NEW YORK CITY

Midwinter Book Section

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1926

Thoughts at the Year's End

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Draw a clean breath of crisp and moonless air;
Fix eyes upon the dark;
set ears to catch
the knocking of the wind along the ground,
whereto no grass replies, being numb as wire.
The traveling clock you carry everywhere
about with you, the jewel of your bones,
ticks with too little sound,
keeping the time no other soul may share,
making you know
here's night, here's winter, here's year's end
to bear
once more,
and without a god's help, now,
without a devil, and without desire.

O happy Egypt! O most eloquent stones,
heaped like a hill of thunder, frescoed in gold
and black and rusted vermillion,
to comfort a god, the son of the Sun, with riches.
O wise embalmers'
bandages tightly wound, to keep the dignity of the Pharaoh's
bones
unbitten by any tooth, save, it may be,
the envy of a slave.
O black marble nostrils, spread like wings,
squat dark doorways
open to eternal life.
We come upon you, fifty centuries having passed,
we, the sorrowful heirs and assigns
of your grave-treasure, your bread, your heart, your rings,
buried with you—
we remember, O son of the Sun,
that even the first Father, shining
on the Moskva as on the Rhein, the Seine as on the Thames,
the Hudson
as on old Nile—
even the Sun is doomed,
and dooms us in a little while.

In His eyes
two thousand years are as a moment.
Now at the winter solstice, when the light is squeezed
like a drop of watery chrome on the faded earth,
to be lapped up by a brumous blotter of darkness,
does He remember
the long December night through which the chosen
virgin labored to bring
peace to the people?
(Sing:
holy, holy, holy,
Lord God almighty!)
He endured much—

the kiss of betrayal,
the heavy way up the hard hill,
the ropes, the nails, the spear,
the death agony, the slow, long rending, most the mockery
He cast upon Himself when He cried out,
"Elohai, Elohai, lama sabachthani?"
That moment is over.
And we, who have seen His peace
shredded by Huns and Romans, priests and kings, rich men
and rabble,
we whom He could not save
(Himself He could not save)
now watch the wintry dark as a sick seaman watches
his coldly tossing grave.

But who are we
that we should envy the Pharaoh,
the Keeper of the House, who built his house forever,
or that we
should rate the God of the Hebrews, One and Eternal,
because He turned into a Trinity, and, soon thereafter,
ceased?

We are so small
the fleas that crawled over behemoth bulked
larger to that huge pasture than we to the stars,
and to the night the blinking stars are less
than fireflies to the whole wilderness.
O vanity
of man! that would spin Cosmos out of a small gray clot
locked in a fragile shell.
Say: God is not.
Say: man dies,
every man, alone
(bite on this iron at midnight, when you lie
sleepless, in bed, with half a life gone by, eaten away—
the day
will be undone,
love and ambition be ashy on your tongue,
and oblivion
will roll its weight over upon you, ton and giant ton).
Say: God is not, death's instant, history's
a fever the moon died of—
what way now?
There's no help in the hills, for they will crumble,
nor in the skies, for earth is a dropped stitch
in their pattern
(but even to fumble, there must be Fingers,
and for a pattern—Mind) . . .

Reach out, reach out, you will touch nothing,
you will find
nothing,
but yet reach,

with the balked pressure of the blind on emptiness,
reach, grope, seize, shape.
Or, let the ice-blue winding-sheet
that waits for earth
swaddle your infant wisdom at the birth.

or, from the cracked bones of despair
suck marrow,
and bend Now
backward and forward in your spirit's heat.
And bear . . . and bear . . .

From more than three thousand poems submitted in The Nation's annual poetry contest the editors have chosen "Thoughts at the Year's End," by Babette Deutsch, to receive the first prize of \$100. But they were so much pleased by Leonora Speyer's "Ballad of Old Doc Higgins," which follows next week, that they have decided to award it a second prize of \$50. They wish also to give honorable mention to John Gould Fletcher, Genevieve Taggard, and Laurence Jordan.

Aldous Huxley*

By EDWIN MUIR

IT is about five years since Mr. Huxley first became known to the public. A small volume of verse, "The Defeat of Youth," had appeared before that, but it did not arouse much attention. "Limbo" did; and since its appearance Mr. Huxley has written eight books, comprising novels, short stories, a poem, and two volumes of essays. Productiveness such as this is unusual, but as remarkable as Mr. Huxley's industry has been his popularity. Most of his books have run into a third impression; even his essays and his poems have been read. No other writer of our time has built up a serious reputation so rapidly and so surely; compared with his rise to acceptance that of Mr. Lawrence or Mr. Eliot has been gradual, almost painful. Mr. Huxley's public capitulated almost at the first stroke of his pen, and they have been docile ever since. They have found in his work less a point of view than an affinity; they are as delighted with what he says as if a part of themselves, a part of themselves weary of humbug and the burdens it imposes, were saying it. To all those in difficulties, to everybody, in short, a profound sense of relief is given if they are told at the right moment that what they take to be their soul is in reality their liver. The relief is great because the problem is at once simplified and its dimensions sensibly reduced. Mr. Huxley has been telling us in a variety of ways that it is our liver. It is a hit-or-miss diagnosis, as true, perhaps, as M. Coué's, but as one-sided, and essentially of the same order. It is also a peculiarly English kind of truth, for nowhere are prejudices and crotchets more really respected than in England.

But of the many writers who are saying that it is our liver no one says it so gracefully, so passionately, almost so entrancingly, as Mr. Huxley. Other writers of his generation, indeed most of them, have been disposed to reduce emotions, ideals, sentimentalities to their elements, but no one else has done it so effectively and so amusingly. Mr. Huxley is so effective partly because he has the power of disengaging his mind as if it were an impersonal instrument and letting it operate a little diabolically for its own purposes; but partly because that mind is never too complex for the immediate task, the pricking of an illusion. It does what it sets out to do; it desires to do no more; it is extraordinarily effective and completely without nuance. The style which is its instrument is agreeable, lively, continuously graceful, but it seldom attempts anything that would be likely to strain its powers. Effectiveness, then,

Mr. Huxley has in a striking degree. He has a complete grasp of ways and means; he is seldom in difficulties; he excels with ease in every form he sets his hand to. But all this, one feels, is achieved at the expense of something complex, immediate, and essential, for which he does not seem to have striven. His style is supple, natural, felicitous, but he has never expressed in it a profound truth, nor described with it a living character. And if it be asked why he should have done so, the reply is that he has written novels, and in them has been perpetually obsessed by certain types and by the philosophical problems their lives present. He has called forth these types and these problems; he has written a great deal about them; but he has never really dealt with them.

He has not done so because beneath all his freedom, his engaging licentiousness, of intellect, there persists a certain conventionality, a certain banality. In "Those Barren Leaves" he presents the figure of a meretricious, unhappy, middle-aged woman who thinks she is in love with a young poet. For the imagination a figure such as this held endless possibilities, and Mr. Huxley had the opportunity of exploiting them and of revealing Mrs. Aldwinkle's soul. This, however, he never attempted. He portrays Mrs. Aldwinkle simply as a nuisance; the reaction of his imagination to her, in short, is the same as the reaction of one of her own set might be. And as he deals with Mrs. Aldwinkle he deals with almost all his characters. His art is not one of comprehension; it is one of exposure. He is content—and it is a sign of a certain naivete of mind—if he succeeds in stripping the make-believe from people. In "Antic Hay" Gumbriel, Lypiatt, Mercaptan, the egregious Rosie are all stripped of their hypocrisies; but we are given no inkling of the sources from which these hypocrisies spring. Mr. Huxley dislikes them with a fury which might be that of a moralist, but is not; but the obvious truth is that he has not tried to understand them. For him they might be completely arbitrary, and spring from no cause more particular than the general turpitude of the human race. Because people are one thing and appear another, as they have always done and for their self-preservation must always do, he is enraged. But the objects of his indignation are nothing less than the laws of adaptation, the conditions of civilized existence, the attributes of human nature. All this makes Mr. Huxley as a novelist, as a portrayer of actual men and women, extraordinarily limited; but it makes him as a satirist sometimes very penetrating. Not seeing complexities he cannot be deceived by them; and he maintains therefore through thick and thin, through

* This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with those younger authors of today who are in the process of becoming established. Essays have appeared on D. H. Lawrence, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and Stephen Hudson.

everything perhaps but romantic love, his hold upon the ineradicable hypocrisy of the human race.

Yet often one is puzzled to tell why he does so. It is not because he is openly on the side of virtue, nor is it because he is fascinated, as Baudelaire was, by evil. He has the moral rage, without the morality, of a satirist; and although the effect is unintentional, sometimes he gives the impression of sitting on the fence, of a little irresolutely trying to make the worst of both worlds. We see him pursuing the perfectly worthless but also perfectly inoffensive Rosie through "Antic Hay" with an inexplicable hostility in which there is a complete lack of moral purpose. Why should he do so? Obviously it is because his satire is not a criticism of hypocrisy but a reaction to it. He does not set out to show hypocrisy in its essence and to trace its results, as he would be bound to do if he saw it objectively; he simply sets it down as an object of his dislike. He reacts to it in his characters; he reacts to it, also, in himself. This is a kind of honesty which is rare; but it is one which at the same time is in tune with this age and representative of it. It is not essentially discerning; it is content to convict us of the venial sins and to take a certain pleasure in thus humiliating us. It is an honesty to certain immediate reactions each of which is apprehended in a desert of banality, in the perfect waste left by the disappearance of conceptions, ideals, orders, which were accepted by other ages. It is so faithful to the immediate reactions that it does not permit one to seek for their causes. And so, if there is no philosophy, no attempt to account for the world in general, in Mr. Huxley's books, neither is there any psychology. And, curiously enough, it is this that makes him such a perfect representative of one current of feeling of the age. For the crash of an order which was preparing before the war, and which the war precipitated, does seem to have left a generation who in their universal uncertainty doubt even such terms as the world and the mind, are skeptical of any conclusions which may be drawn from the existence of these things, and are prepared to accept only the sensations they feel and the deceptions practiced by everybody to conceal them. No contemporary writer has portrayed these sensations and seen through these deceptions more clearly than Mr. Huxley. He fills the scene completely, and what is as essential, he does no more than fill it. There could not be, in short, a more perfect example of the writer of transition.

To be so completely of the period, to say unerringly what nine out of ten literate people wish to be said, finally to say it gracefully and wittily—this is in a sense its own reward, this is at the same time to be of service to one's generation if not to posterity. The writer who can do it must have talents of a high order; but he must also have definite limitations, must share as much in the blindness as in the knowledge of his time. He must see just what his contemporaries see—see it with no less knowledge, but also with no more profundity. He must never lift a veil; from appearance he must rather present everything in such a way that it has merely to be recognized. He must share without afterthought the taste of the age; he must be as transitory, as one-sided, as limited, as blind as it. He must be all this, for this is the penalty exacted in exchange for the glance of immediate recognition, of instinctive sympathy, which his work provokes. And if we take almost any scene from Mr. Huxley's novels we can see how exactly these requirements are fulfilled, how completely these limitations are observed. His presentation of the histrionic Lypiatt,

the unsuccessful artist who has to talk loud to deceive himself, is a fair example of Mr. Huxley's methods, and how telling it is, but how perfectly on the surface, how crude even! The essential point in the passage is that Lypiatt is not for a moment understood; if he were, another kind of satire would be necessary to do justice to him. He is not a human being with innumerable interests, with many masks, and with a past to explain them. He is rather one set of interests only, one mask only, which has no existence before and after his appearance in the book. His life begins at forty and continues for a few weeks; apart from these he is a perfect blank, an inexplicable void. We are given in Mr. Huxley's stories a succession of impressions of people we have never met before, with whom we never become intimate, and who are never explained. Their author tears their masks from them, but there is nothing beneath. The prolonged scrutiny which would discern complexity in these figures and would thus humanize them—Mr. Huxley never casts it in their direction. He is completely in the present, and he finds it exciting, exasperating, amusing. The humors, the lusts, the hypocrisies, the snobberies—he discovers them all there, and he portrays them. But they remain disembodied. They are not qualities belonging to specific characters and colored by that fact; they are general attributes of human nature.

All this makes Mr. Huxley as a novelist a very unsatisfying, almost an incongruous figure. We feel there is no necessity why he should have chosen the novel rather than another form for what he has to say. It provides him with a loose frame for his intellectual fantasies; in that frame his ideas are more piquant, perhaps, than they would be without it. But it is an improvisation, not a form; it has a utilitarian but not an aesthetic reason for existing. And in choosing it Mr. Huxley has certainly lost more than he has gained. For the fantastic little essays and dialogues—"the delicious little middles"—for which his stories are chiefly read lose a great deal by being put in the mouths of people whom we find shoddy, ill-made, second-rate, and in any case much less interesting than their author himself, who is in reality speaking. Mr. Huxley's work consists essentially in a running argument, sometimes ingenuous, sometimes ironical, with himself. But he interposes between us and this interesting dispute his Gumbriels, Lypiatts, Mercaptans, and worse; and they are tiresome; they stand between us and the theme, they make the author's utterance one degree more false. Unfortunately there is no getting over the bad effects of an error of this kind. Mistakes in the choice of form are fatal; they spring either from a lack of artistic conscience or from a debility of imagination; and in either case the writer, unable to see how things will work out, is inevitably driven to mere improvisation. Mr. Huxley has intelligence, fancy, and wit, but little imagination; and he has chosen the prose form in which imagination is most indispensable. When he resigns it for the purely fantastic, the purely intellectual, as in the short story of the dwarf in "Chrome Yellow," we feel immediately that his talents are heightened and that his work becomes original and serious. For in that story his intellectual fancy is not a delightful irrelevance, as it is in his novels; it is an animating principle. There he found a form which suited his gifts. He has found it once; he may yet achieve something large in it. As it is, it outweighs everything else he has written, and is the best criticism that exists of the remainder of his work.

They Wanted to Tell*

By FLOYD DELL

A FEATURE of American life which has impressed me more, I think, than any other, and which has certainly had something to do with my career as a writer, is one of which American fiction scarcely gives any indication. Novels sometimes deal with the lives of those sensitive young people who ultimately either succeed or fail in expressing themselves in an art; and such novels almost invariably represent these young lives as being spent in endless and exasperating conflict with the huge alien forces of industrialism or conventionality; these young artists are always shown as terribly lonely, and utterly unguided or misguided—and the stultification, partial or complete, which usually overtakes them is blamed, perhaps rightly enough, on that environment. This I have noted as characteristic not only of such fiction but of a good deal of contemporary criticism. I have wondered about it. This unhappy state of affairs may, as a matter of fact, be generally true; I can only testify that I have not found it so.

Taking myself as one of those sensitive young people who were destined ultimately to succeed or fail in an art, I seem to have always been recognized as such a person. No ruthless endeavors were made to fit me as a square peg into a round hole; and my youthful efforts, on the score of making a living, to fit my angularity into various round holes, while arousing some incidental astonishment and impatience by their ineptitude, met also with far more tolerance than anyone would ever guess from reading the novels and criticisms of which I have spoken. It seems to me, though I confess I did not think so at the time, that my various employers displayed upon the whole a Christlike patience toward my youthful clumsiness, absent-mindedness, and general incompetence. Eventually they fired me, to be sure; but I can hardly regret that I was not afforded more encouragement to become a harness-maker, a candy-maker, or an elevator-boy, to name only a few of the heights to which I might have climbed if my employers' patience had held out long enough.

In a sense it was made inevitable that I should become a writer by my gradual expulsion at an early age from most of the other available ways of making a living. I do not credit my employers with firing me out of sheer disinterested and far-seeing benevolence (though some of them, it is true, told me in puzzled tones that I was a bright lad, in my way, and would doubtless get along all right at something else!)—but at all events there was no brutal endeavor to turn me into a captain of industry. To be sure, I had the incomparable advantage of being the son of a poor family; my father could mildly suggest to me that I ought to go to a business college, but I could cheerfully disregard his suggestion, with no hard feelings on either side. Perhaps the social tyranny of which so much is heard today really refers to worried middle-class parental efforts on behalf of young people who, on the other hand, are anxious to be out of the nest—an economic aspect of the well-known father-complex! Be that as it may, I did not suffer from the respectable commercial compulsions which

are supposed to be inflicted upon all American youth. No one so much as lifted a finger to prevent my becoming an artist.

On the other hand, well-meaning efforts were sometimes made to assist me in my career. I remember how, my ambitions being discovered by some of the good people of the town where I lived, there was a plan afoot to take me from my factory job and give me an education; and I was invited to dinner to meet a man whose philanthropies took the form of sending deserving lads through college. The conversation after dinner turned upon college; and I, unwitting of the plan, spoiled it—as I afterward learned—by scornfully denouncing college as a waste of time for one who, like me, was able to think for himself; such a one, I declared, could get a better education at the public library and the Socialist local than at any college in America! Which I was thereupon permitted to prove.

But these are not the recognitions and encouragements of which I wish to speak. It is another sort that moves my devout gratitude. Being taken from the first as the sort of person I was, I found a succession of older people who gave me the only help which I can conceive as being really worth having. In the first place they accepted me, a raw boy, as a fellow-enthusiast in all sorts of intellectual and idealistic concerns; they ignored the gulf of age and experience between us and treated me as an equal, a citizen with them in these realms of thought. And in this supposedly busy and efficient world, heedful only of money-making, I never failed to find such people. Sometimes they were my school-teachers; the public library enshrined the most gracious of them all; but they were also to be found in offices, where they never seemed to be too busy to stop and talk with me for an hour about the utterly impractical enthusiasms we had in common. I found them at Socialist meetings and in churches, in newspaper offices and on farms. We were friends by virtue of a community of enthusiasm. And it has never occurred to me to envy on behalf of my youth those more urbane old-world societies of another era where a young man of talent could have, on terms gratifying to his hungry young egotism, the companionship and conversation of beautiful and witty women, of sage and kindly men; for I had it. I must perforce believe when I am told by critics of American life that such men and women are all too few; but I found those few. They enriched my youth with their beauty and wisdom until it glows golden in my memory.

But this sharing of impersonal enthusiasms was not all these friendships afforded. That was all I knew enough to demand; but I received something else, of even greater significance. It is rather hard to describe, for it was merely candid talk, about the world, about life and love, and about themselves. Yet it was not a small thing. These people, having lived in the world, having suffered and loved and thought, had something stored away in their hearts needing to be told but not to be told idly. And they told me. It was as if they had said: "You are the sort of person who ought to know what I have to tell; perhaps you won't understand it—but neither do I. And it isn't a thing that concerns only myself; it seems to belong to you, too."

I don't know if I have made clear the nature of this talk. I resent instructive discourse, and am restless under propaganda. There was no argumentative purpose in the talk of my friends. They might have a certain view of the world, and it might be apparent enough in what they said; but it was not an effort to convert me to any-

* This is the eighth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their general experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Other articles will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Sinclair Lewis have hitherto contributed.

thing, or to persuade me of anything. What I might do with it was a matter of indifference; but it was felt to be somehow rightfully a part of my education. I must know truth—not a grand abstraction but particular and intimate truth—about life and love, and about themselves as persons who had lived and loved. There was a candor about these revelations to which fiction with its orderly rearrangements of the chaos of human experience can only feebly aspire; it was something one can scarcely get from books, but only from the talk of friendship—the raw, sweet, harsh, terrible, beautiful stuff of life itself.

I have been told that there is in America a social conspiracy to conceal from the young the nature of life, to oblige them to accept pretty and absurd conventions about it the falsity of which they must painfully discover—and waste years in discovering—for themselves. So it may be; but what I am better acquainted with is this generous and disinterested effort of those who had lived to impart to one just beginning life their hard-won sense of its cruelty and beauty. They wanted to tell.

This seems to me a thrilling and a lucky experience for any young artist; one of the happiest possible circumstances of his youth, outweighing all the hurts to which he is exposed by virtue of being of that sensitive tribe out of which artists are made; and full of obscure but profound encouragement to artistic achievement—if only by way of justifying in his art these tokens of confidence from those who so early knew him for what he was. And I should hate to believe—I do not believe—that this experience is unique in American life.

The Political Theory of Harold J. Laski

By WALTER JAMES SHEPARD

THE present is one of those transitional epochs in the development of political ideas which are the product of changed and changing conditions in the objective field of institutions. The industrial revolution with all its consequences of an elaborate and complex economic and social institutionalism compels a reappraisal of the eighteenth-century ideology which has lingered on in the minds of men. Out of this shaking up of the dry bones of outworn theory there may eventually emerge a body of generalizations more realistic and more truly explanatory of the actual facts with which we are confronted.

Among those who challenge the orthodox interpretation of the nature of the state, Harold J. Laski takes a preeminent place. He is the foremost exponent of the view which has come to be described as "political pluralism." His first important work, "The Problem of Sovereignty," appeared in 1917. His other significant volumes include "Authority in the Modern State," 1919; "Political Thought from Locke to Bentham," 1920; "The Foundations of Sovereignty," 1921; and finally "A Grammar of Politics," very recently off the press.¹ In addition to this substantial product of less than a decade's labor there are a considerable number of important articles in legal and political journals to be placed to Mr. Laski's credit. In general his earlier works may be said to constitute a devastating attack upon the orthodox theory of state sovereignty. In his latest

and most ambitious undertaking he attempts a constructive proposal for a reformed political and economic order.

The demolition of the doctrine of state sovereignty was an indispensable preliminary to the elaboration of constructive proposals. This ancient dogma has indeed been subjected to raking fire in recent years from a number of quarters. It stands so directly athwart the development of any effective system of international control, and is so manifestly inconsistent with the already attained actuality of international law and international organization, that a general consensus is rapidly being reached among international lawyers definitely casting it into the discard. United States Senators may still oppose our entrance into the League of Nations on the ground that this would violate the sacred principle of our national sovereignty, but to more serious students of international affairs such arguments appear highly doctrinaire. The notion of state sovereignty has suffered such a serious breach externally that it no longer offers effective resistance to the impact of internationalism. It is on its internal side that the idea still holds the field, albeit somewhat shaken. And it is against this intrenched position that Mr. Laski has directed his most formidable attacks.

The doctrine of the sovereignty of the state, like all important political doctrines, was the direct product of historical events. During the Middle Ages there was no recognized supreme power. Pope and emperor, baron and free city contested with the king for the position of highest authority. But eventually the national state emerged from the medieval chaos and its king made good his claim to unlimited legal power. The doctrine of sovereignty was first clearly formulated in connection with his contest for supremacy. It was for him a useful weapon, and moreover served a useful social purpose. The times demanded a strong, centralized national state. But the theory was never a completely valid explanation of the facts. Even at the height of monarchical absolutism the church continued to enjoy rights which the state could not question, and simple folk continued to buy and sell, to marry and bequeath their property according to laws of immemorial usage—laws which the king, embodiment though he was of the state's sovereign authority, could not successfully modify.

With the appearance of constitutional government the idea of monarchical sovereignty gave way to that of parliamentary sovereignty, and that in turn to the notion of popular sovereignty. Difficulties appeared in connection with federal states, and curious paradoxical conceptions of divided sovereignty emerged. In England, according to the leading writer on constitutional law, there is both a legal sovereign, parliament, and a political sovereign, the people, though we are left in doubt as to whether by "people" is meant the electorate or the more inclusive but quite amorphous mass of the population from which the intangible but increasingly potent force of public opinion emanates. To locate the elusive sovereign has sufficiently taxed the ingenuity of such able protagonists of the orthodox doctrine as Professor W. W. Willoughby, who finds it ultimately, in the United States, in a process—the amending process. Surely it is a far cry from the Grande Monarque of seventeenth-century France, whose vaunt "L'état c'est moi" could scarcely be challenged, to the procedure by which the Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments were enacted, requiring as they did the concurrent action of seventy-four separate deliberative assemblies.

¹ "A Grammar of Politics." By Harold J. Laski. Yale University Press. \$6.

One might suppose that these embarrassments would have long since raised serious doubts concerning the realistic value of the doctrine of sovereignty. But strange to say, it weathered these storms well-nigh unscathed. It was left to Mr. Laski to direct an attack from a different quarter. Building on the previous work of Professor F. W. Maitland ("Political Theories of the Middle Age") and Professor J. Neville Figgis ("Churches in the Modern State"), he investigated the nature of corporate bodies—all the multifarious economic, ecclesiastical, and social groups which give color and character to our modern civilization. And his conclusions were two: First, these corporations or group-units are real and not fictitious entities. The state's act of incorporation does not create, but merely recognizes a preexisting juristic personality which possesses an independent will of its own and is an independent subject and object of rights. It is significant that in recognizing the suability of unincorporated trade unions the highest court in England in the *Taff-Vale* case and the Supreme Court of the United States in the *Coronado* case have gone a long distance toward accepting this view. Second, the state is discovered to be merely a particular kind of corporation, one species of the general genus "corporation." The implications of this new concept of corporations were drawn, so far as the church was concerned, by Professor Figgis; primarily pleading for a "free church in a free state," he definitely attacked the doctrine of state sovereignty. Like the family, the church is not the creature of the state but finds its origin in the social life of man, its justification in the satisfaction of social needs. It is obvious that the same conclusions can be drawn with regard to such economic group-units as trade unions, and it is here that Mr. Laski has perhaps made his most significant contribution. It is insisted that they are corporate personalities with wills of their own, and with rights of their own which the state must not invade.

Though emphasizing the reality and significance of groups as independent centers of rights, Mr. Laski—in this differing from some other pluralists—finds the ultimate criterion of value in the individual. The enlightened will of the individual is for him the final basis of authority. Indeed, the individual is possessed of certain fundamental, inherent rights. This sounds like a revamping of the thoroughly discredited eighteenth-century theory of natural rights, but it is not. For Mr. Laski, individual rights are not God-given or Nature-given, but constitute that minimum of liberty which human experience has demonstrated is essential to the maintenance of the "good life." "Rights, in fact, are those conditions of social life without which no man can seek, in general, to be himself at his best," and "in any state the demands of each citizen for the fulfillment of his best self must be taken as of equal worth." "The theory of rights is the avenue to a creative view of politics." Rights are not emanations of the state's will; they exist independently of it; to secure them the state, like other associations, exists and finds its *raison d'être*. Such rights, grounded upon historical experience, at least include liberty of thought and word and of assembly, a minimum of education, and an opportunity to work, to receive a wage that will secure such a standard of living, and to enjoy so much leisure as is necessary to realize the possibilities of the good life. Mr. Laski does not believe that historical experience warrants the inclusion of the "right to property." It is not essential to the good life.

In the second part of the "Grammar" Mr. Laski at-

tempts the framing of a system of political and economic institutions through which these rights may be practically secured. The formulation of a concrete program of reform is always a dangerous experiment. Nevertheless there is a real value in such undertakings. They may in some respects shoot wide of the mark. They are certain to be characterized as visionary and utopian. But if there is ever to be a real science of politics, such efforts at constructive statesmanship must be made. They are not visionary if they are grounded on a thorough analysis of the facts of life; they are not utopian if they embody the sound principles and ideals which such an analysis discovers.

On the political side there appears no very radical departure from accepted ideas. The organization of government follows in general plan that of the parliamentary or cabinet type on the English model, and is operated through a biparty system. The most important changes are a written constitution amendable only by an unusual and difficult procedure; the principle of judicial review; a unicameral legislature; a system of legislative committees paralleling and in close organic relation with the departments of the administration; a quasi-judicial system of committee hearings in connection with legislation, affording opportunity for the utilization of the technical information and advice of officials in the permanent civil service; an elaborate system of advisory committees through which the public is brought into organic relation with the administration; and a high degree of geographical decentralization of the administration and local self-government. There is certainly nothing in any of these proposals of a particularly startling or revolutionary character.

It is when Mr. Laski undertakes a description of the economic organization for a reformed commonwealth that his pluralistic philosophy bears radical fruit in an elaborate scheme of industrial democracy. Industries are of three types, each of which must be organized on a different principle. First are those which are urgently affected with a public character and by nature are monopolistic. Nationalization is for these the solution; the element of private profit must here be entirely eliminated. The second class include those industries which produce urgent or at least socially desirable commodities, but which are not monopolistic in nature. Agriculture is a typical example. Here there is a large place for the individual producer, but the interest of the community is paramount. Considerable variety of organization is possible. In the case of the more urgent commodities, such as milk and bread, the less opportunity afforded for private profit the better. Since they primarily affect the householder, they constitute the natural province of consumers' cooperatives. Those industries which produce less urgent but still socially desirable commodities might be organized privately in the form of joint-stock companies or as producers' guilds, for which Mr. Laski foresees a considerable future. They would in either case be subjected to a high degree of governmental regulation. The third class of industries are those whose product is not vested with any public character. Cosmetics is an example. These might be organized in any fashion, and would be subjected to governmental regulation only so far as it was necessary to secure adequate standards of wages, hours of labor, working conditions, and the like, and a real share for the workers in determining these.

On the basis of this analysis there is projected a most ingenious and complex system of economic institutions. At the apex is a Ministry of Production charged with the

function of supervising and coordinating the various agencies in the entire mechanism of industry. For each nationalized industry there is a subordinate Minister of Production. The actual control of each of these industries, however, is vested in a Governing Board and District Boards, composed of three elements: management, including technical experts; the various vocations, manual and clerical; and the public. The District Boards appoint the managers of the individual factories and mines through a system of open competition. In each industrial unit there is a Works Council which, in constant touch with the manager, confers on the day-to-day grievances which arise in the administration. The fundamental questions of wages and hours are national in scope and their determination should be uniform throughout the industry. This is accomplished through agreements between the Governing Board or District Boards and representatives of the national vocational associations or trade unions.

Intriguing as are Mr. Laski's proposals they can scarcely be expected immediately to attract a very great host of adherents. But if it is true, as can hardly be denied, that our highly technicalized and complex twentieth-century industrial system is subjected to an utterly inadequate and obsolete scheme of social control, dating for the most part from the eighteenth century or earlier, a somewhat daring inventiveness in suggesting reforms is to be cordially welcomed. Certainly in approaching the consideration of the practical desirability of such changes as Mr. Laski proposes we ought not to permit outworn shibboleths from the distant past, like that of state sovereignty, to drown the voice that may be prophetic for our own time.

Books

First Glance

THE key to "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years," by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace: 2 vols. \$10), is a sentence in the preface. "The folk-lore Lincoln," says Mr. Sandburg, "the maker of stories, the stalking and elusive Lincoln is a challenge for any artist." Or, if it is not that sentence, it is another one quoted later on from Carlyle, who, writing to Emerson concerning the invasion of the West by Yankees "with most occult unsubduable fire in their belly," broke out: "Oh, if we were not a set of Cant-ridden blockheads, there is no myth of Athene of Herakles equal to this fact;—which I suppose will find its real 'Poets' some day or other; when once the Greek, Semitic, and multifarious other cobwebs are swept away a little!" It is Sandburg the artist, the epic poet, who has attacked this largest and most complicated of all American subjects—the subject being, of course, not merely Lincoln himself, though Lincoln was complicated enough, but in addition the whirlpool of cultures out of which he was flung into fame. Nor does Mr. Sandburg seem to believe that he has finished the job. As Standish O'Grady's "History of Ireland" spaded up legends for Yeats and Synge to cultivate, so this epic in the rough will turn the pens of coming poets, it is implied, in fruitful directions. "Perhaps poetry, art, human behavior in this country, which has need to build on its own traditions, would be served by a life of Lincoln stressing the fifty-two years previous to his Presidency."

I should hasten to say that although I find Mr. Sandburg's book amply and profoundly beautiful I find it so in spite of some rather obvious "poetry" stuck in here and there. "Beyond Indiana was something else," we are told—something much more vague, I suspect, than anything in Lincoln's mind ever was. It is annoying to hear from page to page in the first volume of some tender transcendental want that "still lived in him, lived far under in him, in the deeper blue pools of him." There is no harm in a paragraph like that which ends the thirty-sixth chapter:

If a blizzard stopped blowing and the wind went down, with the white curve of a snow floor over Salem Hill looking up to a far blue scoop of winter stars blinking white and gold, with loneliness whispering to loneliness, a man might look on it and feel organization and testimony in the movement of the immense, relentless hubs and sprockets on the sky.

But, in view of Mr. Sandburg's general purpose, there is no particular good in it either.

For the poetry Mr. Sandburg was after, I take it, was the poetry immanent in the facts. And on facts—thousands of them—he ultimately rests his excellent case. He seems to have done an immense amount of what for him was the right kind of research. He walked and talked through the many towns of Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois where people had known Lincoln. He explored, I am sure, all of the Lincoln literature which had something personal to tell. He read bundles of letters and ran his hands over shelves containing mementos. He pushed his mind to the outermost limits of the world which was to influence Lincoln and which he was to influence—the world of European and American politics, industry, travel, science, letters, religion, and art. He familiarized himself with distant contemporaries—Audubon, Melville, Emerson, P. T. Barnum, Walt Whitman. Then he drew his imagination back to make itself at home in the civilization which actually shaped Lincoln, or helped to shape him. Here is God's plenty indeed. Here is the lining of the old Mid-Western mind. Here are the songs all people sang, the poems they recited, the proverbs they spoke, the superstitions they could not discard, the machines they used, the clothes they wore, the facts they learned in the newspapers, the gods they swore by, the dishes they ate, the jests they laughed at. As Mr. Sandburg goes on he becomes drunk with data, and in true Homeric fashion compiles long lists of things. "Orchards were being planted with new kinds of apple trees, Winter Sweets, Red Streaks, Red Russets, Yellow Hearts, Rainbows." "And there were horses, and men riding and driving who loved horses . . . roans, grays, whites, black horses with white stockings, sorrels with a sorrel forelock down a white face, bays with a white star in the forehead. . . . They spoke of one-horse towns, one-horse lawyers, and one-horse doctors—even of one-horse horse doctors."

Of Mr. Sandburg's picture of Lincoln himself—Lincoln inside and out—it is more difficult to speak. I prefer to leave it quite unspoiled. Few men and women are truly mysterious. Lincoln was, and in my opinion Mr. Sandburg has presented the elements of that mystery more subtly and more completely than I have ever seen them presented before. Jasper Conant recorded that as he began to paint the candidate for President in 1860 "there came over his face the most marvelously complex expression I have ever seen." Mr. Sandburg comes as near as any man could come to telling why.

MARK VAN DOREN

'The Fanatic of Liberty'

Jefferson and Hamilton: The Struggle for Democracy in America. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson [1812-1826]. Selected with Comment by Paul Wiltach. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

Jefferson et les Idéologues d'après sa Correspondance Inédite avec Destutt de Tracy, Cabanis, J.-B. Say, et Auguste Comte. Par Gilbert Chinard. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.

HAS the predominance of reactionaries in American politics revived the memory of Jefferson, "the fanatic of liberty" as he called himself? Mr. Bowers disclaims any purpose in writing his volume that lies outside the circle of historic truth; yet so saturated has the emotional life of Americans become with democratic idealism, in spite of their practice, that he is assured that an honest exposition of Hamiltonian doctrines will result in the condemnation of these doctrines in the popular court. The vividness of his slashing style makes the verdict inevitable. With the other two volumes the evidence of purposive labor is not so obvious. Possibly Mr. Wiltach visualized the educational value for Klansmen and fundamentalists of a correspondence about politics, philosophy, and religion between two spirits whom old age and retirement from public life had set free. In the writer of the third book we have a student who is exploiting in a succession of volumes a rich mine long neglected by American students. The answer to my question is not so obvious, as might be expected; still my inclination is to discover in the growing interest in the apostle of democracy an unconscious rebound from the forces of capitalism entrenched in the seat of government. Mr. Bowers closes his volume with the statement: "The spirits of Jefferson and Hamilton still stalk the ways of men—still fighting." Today no doubt the spirit of Hamilton is chortling. The campaign of 1800 has been avenged.

To make known the traditions of a people is the one function of the historian which can be justified, for the past has created the social psychic environment in which the present generation grew to manhood. Now no man, whether he be Washington or Lincoln, has done so much to create the mental stereotypes dominating our political emotions as did Thomas Jefferson, the chopper of psychic kindling wood for American political fires. Unfortunately, political stereotypes become, like religious dogmas, inelastic, aberrant, and inhibitive. Possibly they may be cured by a bath in the fountain whence they issued. Certainly no evil will result from a clearer knowledge of Jefferson and his ideals.

Mr. Bowers has the ability to write a most interesting story of what he calls "the Plutarchian struggle"—meaning, doubtless, Homeric—of Jefferson and Hamilton. His career as newspaper editor has fitted him for the task. Experience has taught him an understanding of men and politics; and with understanding there has come to him a broad toleration of all species of belief and disbelief, of faith and skepticism. His chief interest, as a historian, is the evolution of men's divergent opinions and their consequent antagonism. In the fight of the protagonists of democracy and oligarchy in the opening years of our national life he has a great subject, to the dramatic character of which he does full justice. Possibly the reader will not think that this work reveals as much originality as the author's "Party Battles of the Jackson Period." One reason is obvious. The period has been studied more carefully and more frequently than the one in which the "General" figured; and Mr. Bowers, in spite of his boast that he has dispersed many myths, has little that is new to tell the student who is familiar with the monographic literature. But Mr. Bowers is writing primarily for the general reader. So he has prepared himself well by the study of contemporary newspapers and pamphlets, the writings of public men, and the interpretations of his

forerunners. The result is a most readable book. We, therefore, can forgive him his occasional misuse of words, some ill-constructed sentences, and a few errors such as the reversal of the roles of Otis and Adams in the court where was argued the Writs of Assistance; for his drama, although crowded with figures, never lags, never wearies the reader, never loses the theme. Even the minor characters, and they are numerous, enter upon their parts with flesh, blood, and passions, as they appeared to their contemporaries.

Mr. Wiltach in his selection of the Adams-Jefferson correspondence quotes a commentary of Mr. Adams upon this Homeric political struggle which Mr. Bowers has so seriously portrayed:

The real terrors of both parties have always been, and now are, the fear that they shall lose the election, and, consequently, the loaves and fishes; and that their antagonists will obtain them. Both parties have excited artificial terrors, and if I were summoned as a witness to say, upon oath, which party had excited, Machiavellially, the most terror, and which had really felt the most, I could not give a more sincere answer than in the vulgar style, put them in a bag and shake them and then see which comes out first.

Jefferson was probably not so convinced as Adams was that his fight against Hamilton was of a fictitious character. In his correspondence with his former opponent Adams and with the French philosophers he remained faithful to his democratic creed. His French friends agreed with him; in fact, as reaction closed down upon them, they turned their eyes with longing to America, where the great experiment they had hoped to try was working itself out. To them Jefferson's administration had raised the experiment to the realm of reality. Democracy had been tried and had succeeded. The sage of Monticello was the savior of the liberty of the world, and to him all opponents of monarchy bent their knees. From 1800 till his death Jefferson occupied a unique position, the counselor of American Presidents and the hero of European liberals.

Opponents have so frequently called Jefferson a theorist that popular opinion is inclined to place him among the impractical dreamers and to contrast him with Hamilton, who is supposed to have followed a Realpolitik. The opposite is nearer the truth. Hamilton, maladroit in act and obstinate in thought, ran counter—as Mr. Bowers makes plain—to the reality in which he lived. Jefferson was a man of action, a crafty politician, understanding the social forces of his time and knowing how to utilize and guide them. In his correspondence he reveals himself as a man turning from theories to seek the solid facts of life. In one of his letters he sets forth his creed:

These dreams of the day, like those of the night, vanish in vapor, leaving not a wreck behind. The business of life is with matter. That gives us tangible results. Handling that, we arrive at the knolege (*sic*) of the axe, the plough, the steamboat, and everything useful in life; but from metaphysical speculations I have never seen one useful result.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

A Peculiar Wanderer

Seventy Summers. By Poultney Bigelow. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. \$10.

I HAVE no doubt I should like Mr. Bigelow, though I should differ from him violently upon every matter of opinion. There is something racy and courageous about him. In a wandering life he has acquired a great amount of information, derived from life itself and not from other people's books. He has visited many lands between China and Panama, and he has kept his eyes well open. He has met and sometimes known many famous and significant people in the four main

continents, and what he has to say about them is often shrewd and occasionally kindly. As a journalist he has shown a fine independence, and has taken the good and evil fortunes of our hazardous profession with equal thanks, though the fortunes seem to have been chiefly evil. In the end he has retired into what stands for "nature" on the reaches of the Hudson, and indeed there is a touch of the wild about him throughout—a refreshing touch. He writes a clear and vigorous language, though he splits his infinitives so violently as to give me a slight shock, from time to time, as though my car had run over a dog. But one gets accustomed to those little accidents.

I suppose I must count it to his credit also that he admires my country and our people more than any other. At least I think he does, for he often holds our policy and government and manners up to admiration in comparison with those of less happy lands, and he is not given to admiration—far from it. He admires England so much that, though from boyhood he had been acquainted with the ex-Kaiser, he broke off that acquaintanceship after the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger congratulating him on the defeat of the Jameson raid. And he admires English people so much that he writes in praise even of Mr. Gladstone, after a long and interesting conversation with him, though he must have disagreed savagely with every principle of Gladstone's life. If Mr. Bigelow had been born an Englishman, I think he would have grown into a cranky old Die-Hard, resolutely opposing all extensions of democracy and all advances of "progress." I can well imagine him as a crusted English squire, healthy, fond of sport, kindly to his tenants so long as they obeyed his caprices and voted Tory, enjoying his port wine, his solid food, and the company of pretty women, loving his horses and dogs, tolerating the parson as useful for keeping the poor in order, enthusiastic for war, and devoted to his country, which he daily said was going to the dogs, though he loved dogs, as before mentioned.

I suppose such a character to be rather rare in the United States, and perhaps that is why Mr. Bigelow so seldom speaks well of his own countrymen. He seems to hate nearly all of your best-known men, regarding each with indifferent contempt. Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Ford, Booker Washington, Harold Frederic, Joaquin Miller, the Astors and the Vanderbilts—I really could not decide about which of them he says the most unpleasant things. He often reminds me of the young man who came to John Morley asking for journalistic work on the ground that he was specially good at vituperation. He admires Henry George for his "Progress and Poverty," and he admires Mary Anderson for her beauty, he being as susceptible to beauty as the rest of us. But there is something almost superb in his outspoken abuse of most other celebrated names; and if they are American names, so much the worse for them. Writing of the "Rough Riders" in your Spanish War, he begins a long denunciation of Roosevelt thus:

Roosevelt is otherwise notable. He is the first American President who has from the beginning to the end of his career commercialized himself, and held out for the highest bidder.

From the numerous attacks upon the memory of President Wilson I take the first that comes:

Mr. Wilson was acclaimed by France and England as a savior, whilst in fact he was merely a political impostor. . . . He went [to Paris] in order to please a wife who insisted on royal honors without having the faintest preliminary experience of that quality which royalty practices in the name of *noblesse oblige*. . . . He consulted no one in Paris but journalists who flattered him, and politicians of his own pacifistic and socialistic twist of mind.

So Mr. Bigelow goes on throughout the two volumes, and though we all enjoy seeing the weaknesses of the great exposed, such continuous abuse becomes a little monotonous. Yet one cannot help liking the man for his courage and freedom from

BRENT

Spring, 1926

AND'S

These books have been very carefully chosen for the readers of THE NATION

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism

By G. Bernard Shaw

Mr. Shaw has at last discovered his true vocation. Providence really intended him to teach the elements of Political Economy to the wives, sisters and daughters of this country. Certainly no one has stated as simply and clearly the principles of both Socialism and Capitalism. Place your orders now for this March publication. [\$3.50]

A Book Without a Name

Being the eighteenth century journal of an unmarried English lady to her natural son.

The writer of this diary has the intellectual passion for freedom of Shelley, the spiritual affiliation with nature of Hudson, and the command of a poetic prose that might well have been their joint gift to this kindred soul. March publication. [\$2.50]

Cynthia Codentry

By Ernest Pascal

Author of "The Virgin Flame," etc.

The author must have looked deep into the hearts of many women to have written such an uncompromising and intimate study of the modern American girl. [\$2.00]

The Kasidah

By Sir Richard Burton

This beautiful narrative poem reminds one in its philosophy and its wealth of Eastern imagery of the now famous "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." [\$2.50]

The Poms of Satan

By Edgar Saltus

Satan's poms are varied. The author exposes his whims, his ideas, images the past, forecasts the future, and deplores the present. [\$2.00]

Thirty
Other Titles



AT ALL
BOOKSTORES

Write for Our New Spring Catalogue

Publishers **BRENTANO'S** New York

pretense or snobbery. Neither rank nor riches can win his admiration, and in passing I might just warn him that he is utterly mistaken when he writes of the "much-coveted order of the British Empire." Under Mr. Lloyd George that order was sentered so profusely that the only distinction connected with it is not to possess it. If I ever had the honor of meeting Mr. Bigelow in his woodland home I know we should fight on everything, and yet I should enjoy being with him, just as I have enjoyed reading his book, though I detest almost every opinion in it. One word more: the author is not prudish. I hardly know how he can go on in so modest a State as New York, or what he would do on Coney Island under the notice: "Do not disrobe here, or you will be arrested." Mr. Bigelow disrobes anywhere.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Crime and Punishment

An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright. \$5.

MR. DREISER'S new novel is the crowning achievement of the work which he began a quarter of a century ago. To him it seemed then that novelists had lost themselves in their own refinement, that, enamored of moral delicacy and psychological subtleties, they had forgotten the simple motives by which the vast majority of mankind are moved; so with a single shrug he sloughed off once and for all the implications of the theory that man is primarily a moral animal and he did this much as the behaviorists in psychology sloughed off the soul. Let us, he said in effect, take life as I have observed it and let us see if it may not be explained upon the basis of what was afterwards called, in a brilliant analysis of his world, "a theory of animal conduct." Thus he began and thus, with a dogged insistence almost unmatched in literature, he has continued, unshaken by vituperation or neglect and unchanged by a growing fame; content to interpret an ugly world in terms of an ugly theory.

It is not, be it understood, that he denies the existence of delicate feelings or of moral restraints. The present book begins with a scene in which the family of Clyde, the hero, send up from a street corner the plaintive wail of a hymn which beats against the wall of a skyscraper and loses itself in the passing throng. Clyde himself is not unaware of the moral precepts which his parents have inculcated, nor is he unmoved by the thought of another's pain. But these things are pale shadows in comparison with needs and lusts which are nourished not by ideas and habits but by blood. They may go forth to battle but they never win; they may haunt the mind like overtones or like ghosts but they never direct a crucial action. Given a man strong enough, the lust for flesh and for power will lead him, if chance happens to favor, through the career of "The Financier"; given a man weak as the hero of "An American Tragedy" and, fortune against him, he will end with murder and the electric chair. One may revolt and rage if one likes; one may deny to Dreiser any universality for his philosophy; but one may not deny him his novels. He himself may choose what stories he wishes to tell, and no one can question either the ring of truth in the incidents or the adequacy of the motive assigned. Thus and for these reasons murders are done.

Dostoevski told once and for all the story of a meta-physical murder, he showed how an idea born of logic and carried through to a logical conclusion might lead a man by a series of reasonable steps to take a life. But murderers are not ordinarily moral philosophers, and Dreiser has told with almost equal fidelity the story of one of those more typical murders which merely happen. He has shown a young man, neither better nor worse than thousands, led step by step into a situation from which it seems that murder alone can furnish an escape. He has shown him caught in a web of pleasant little sins committed at the behest of the common desires in-

dulged by half mankind, and he has shown him so little plotting with deliberate malice that at the instant of the crime itself he had not yet made up his mind whether he would commit it or not. Then, relying still upon the simplest of motives, he has shown how a district attorney with his eye upon a coming election brought Clyde to trial before a jury anxious to wreak its vengeance upon a representative of the privileged class and how thus a fate-driven criminal is brought unjustly to justice. At no point in all the vast and closely woven story does any motive based upon moral, social, or religious abstractions count. Clyde may be explained without them and so, with equal completeness, may those who happened to be in the position to enforce the law against him.

Had Mr. Dreiser substituted for the indefinite "An" of his title the definite "The" he would not have been wholly unjustified, for his story implies, with all the force of a concrete example, the tragic failure of this, the most pretentiously moralistic nation of the world, to live in the main by any law but the law of the jungle. Clyde, born into a family which preached tenets of a fanatical religion and a puritanical morality, observed as no intelligent person can help observing the hopeless inapplicability of that religion and that morality to the world as he found it. He cast them off to live by the commandments which his desires dictated because they alone had, in his experience, any real authenticity; and though a little knowledge or experience of the world as it is might have saved him, no amount of conventional moral instruction or religious training could have done so. Born an animal into an animal world he went clumsily to work to win for himself the satisfactions which all about him were winning, and for his clumsiness he was punished; but the civilization in which he found himself was one which had offered him no choice save that between a feebly sentimental religion and a disastrous experiment in anarchy. He had, in a word, the misfortune to be born in a country which offers in a hundred thousand churches to teach how to renounce life but which considers it highly immoral to teach how to live.

Unfortunately there is no space in a review so brief as this must be to describe the excellences which make this novel a complete justification not only of Mr. Dreiser's theories in so far as they apply to the milieu which he has chosen but of his art as well; it must suffice to say that the story, continuously interesting and continuously terrible, marches forward with a resistless energy. Incident is piled upon incident and fact upon fact, but never—and this distinguishes the present from all the other long novels of the author—does the structure grow unwieldy or the interest falter. Nor, it must be added, do the much-advertised faults of Mr. Dreiser's style come between the reader and the events which he is following; for so absorbing are the things communicated that one forgets completely the manner in which they are communicated—a fact which must mean, I take it, that Mr. Dreiser's style is, for his own purpose, perfect. "An American Tragedy" is, in fine, the greatest of its author's works, and that can hardly mean less than that it is the greatest American novel of our generation.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Admonitions from the Motherland

The Raven on the Skyscraper. By Veronica and Paul King. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10/.

THIS pained and indignant volume is far more significant as a symbol than as a document. What it reveals is simply the view that prevails in England, *in petto* but in earnest, of this great Christian Republic. That view seldom gets itself stated in any forthright and hearty manner. The English labor under an unhappy dread of us, and so they try to be very polite to us. There ensue such affecting phenomena as the maudlin hulls of the Sulgrave Foundation, the boozy welcome

to the American Bar Association, and the series of flattering addresses by successive British ambassadors. But all that is on the surface. Deep down the English regard us with powerful aversion, and now and then, say when a George Harvey becomes especially offensive, the fact busts out. At longer intervals some English patriot throws over politeness altogether, and rehearses the whole damning bill of complaint. This is what Mr. and Mrs. King have done in the present book. They loathe the United States and they are eager to make the fact known. They see it as a dangerous menace to the security and happiness of England, and hence, by a familiar step, to civilization itself. The Yankee is a mucker and a scoundrel. He has low tastes; he is a hog for money; he aspires absurdly to run the world. Let the guardians of the true morality be up and at him!

Unluckily, the authors wobble a bit when they come down to specifications. How long they sojourned among us I don't know, but their time was chiefly spent, very obviously, in highly dubious society and in the study of somewhat questionable documents. Their principal printed authority, in fact, is Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, which is almost as if an American in England should put his trust in Lord Riddell's *News of the World*. They derive from it the theory that the United States is now run by the Jews, and that the Jews have the sinister aim of debauching American morals, reducing Christianity to a hissing and a mocking, and unhorsing the Anglo-Saxon. And what they do not get from the *Dearborn Independent* they get from the Babylonish excesses of Hollywood. Here they observe a lamentable *Totentanz*, with even the clergy flinging legs. It is such a tale as wandering friars from Britain brought home from the Byzantium of John Palaeologus. It is thrilling, but I fear that it is somewhat romantic.

"The Raven on the Skyscraper" thus falls considerably below "Americanization: A World Menace," by W. T. Colyer, of the British Labor Party. Colyer's philippic was acute and devastating: he got down to the fundamental weaknesses of the American scheme of things, and set them forth with great shrewdness and no little eloquence. Mr. and Mrs. King seem to be no more than transient and trivial journalists, gaping at the show and accepting the rhetoric of the barkers as gospel truth. But though their book thus fails as document, it remains of interest as symbol. Dislike radiates from it like heat from a stove or idealism from a Rotarian. It is incredibly tart and ill-humored. Only occasionally, and then by a sort of grudging afterthought, does anything American get any praise. Even the late Walter Hines Page is denounced—a fact hard for mortal mind to grasp, but still a fact. He was, it appears, not sufficiently anglomaniacal! As for General Pershing, he is guilty of a sort of misprision of treason: he has permitted the Motherland to be libeled among us without leaping up and yelling "Stop!"

Is there any considerable body of English opinion behind such grotesque arraignments? I believe that there is. I believe, indeed, that the vast majority of Englishmen, high and low, think the same way. The fact is commonly concealed by the discreet politeness of the English and by the extravagant Anglomania of a certain class of Americans, but it remains real none the less. England hates the United States for very sound reasons. We have gradually elbowed her out of first place at the trough. The average American of today is vastly richer than the average Englishman, and, what is more, he feels more secure in the world, and is thus happier. The happy nations are never liked; they are liked least by those peoples who have but lately parted from happiness. The great days of England are obviously done. Her old unchallenged power tends to become no more than a function of American power. She needs and gets our tolerance, but a certain unbearable patronage goes with it. Thus the old English scorn of the accursed Yankee turns into detestation. We are necessary, but we are abominable.

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL SANDBURG'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN *The Prairie Years*

Christopher Morley says—

"Sandburg has achieved the crowning success of having done the one book that he, of all men now living, was specially designated to do. As long as such books as this can be written, and can move us as deeply as they do, we have nobly saved, and not meanly lost, the wealth of that greatest American fairy tale."

John Farrar says—

"A masterpiece . . . a glowingly beautiful piece of prose. From this tremendous and vivid detail there emerges a new Lincoln, enriched and ennobled, firm and unconquerable."

Harry Hansen says—

"The most important book news of the day is the announcement of the publication of Carl Sandburg's new book." 2 Vols. \$10.00



The Theory of Poetry By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

This grew out of the author's significant "Essay Toward a Theory of Art" and consists of two distinct but closely related treatises.

\$2.75

Fundamental Thoughts in Economics

By GUSTAV CASSEL

Professor Cassel, of the University of Stockholm, the world's greatest economist, briefly expounds the philosophy underlying his theories.

\$1.50

Educational Psychology: Its Problems and Methods

By CHARLES FOX

The latest volume in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. The author is Lecturer on Education in the University of Cambridge.

\$3.75

Harcourt, Brace & Company
383 Madison Avenue, New York

Christian Science

The Faith, the Falsity, and the Failure of Christian Science. By Woodbridge Riley, Frederick W. Peabody, and Charles E. Humiston. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$3.50.

THE spectacle of a well-appearing congregation of intelligent citizens emerging on a Sunday morning from a classical temple in a residential section of a flourishing city is a familiar one in every section of this vast and enlightened continent. To shout from the housetops and in forcible language that this procession of devotees of a spiritual cause is a formidable menace to all that science and religion and even sanity cherish may seem an ungracious act, may even suggest a prejudiced animosity. But such is the mission which this book undertakes and assumes as a moral and scientific obligation—the astounding charges it makes being abundantly justified by convincing evidence. We have here a righteous exposé of one of the most amazing movements in the history of American thought. To the lay observer who knows little of the origin of the cult and has a complacent smile for its vagaries, who knows nothing of its methods past and present, and who has no occasion to meet with the tragedies that follow in the wake of its strange denials, the reading of this account will prove a painful revelation; as also, if it could penetrate widely into the camp of the believers (not a likely consummation), it would prove a bomb-shell. To the man of average intelligence and ordinary humanity it will remain incredible that this all too amply documented story can really be true—incredible that the members of this cult whom he knows and with whom he does business should countenance such gross violations of reason, morality, and many another of the established values of civilization. As he closes the book, or as next he passes the church that shelters these doctrines, he cannot dismiss the hope that it is all a nightmare which will dissolve with the next awakening to the sober realities of the world which he shares with his Christian Science friends.

It is Mr. Riley's part to trace the sources of the doctrines which Mrs. Eddy made current. They are so directly taken from the manuscripts of "Dr." P. P. Quimby, to whom in 1862 she applied for treatment, that no word other than plagiarism can express the relation—an indebtedness acknowledged in her earlier days, but violently repudiated when the originality of Christian Science became a fixed tenet of Mother Eddy's belief. Mrs. Eddy had the use of a copy of the Quimby manuscripts in 1862; they were not printed until 1921 (by Mr. H. W. Dresser). In addition, there are such general sources as a vague mysticism articulate in the philosophy of Bronson Alcott, which Mrs. Eddy "paraphrased"; a folk-lore absorption of demonology; an antagonistic (somewhat Freudian) reaction to animal magnetism (hypnotism); and the personal traits and experiences of Mrs. Eddy, including her three marriages, her accusations and litigations, her delusions of persecution and of grandeur, her cupidity, her ailments and in general her limitations.

Compositely, Mrs. Eddy's actions—of which a course in "metaphysical obstetrics," or a paranoiac dread of "malicious animal magnetism," is as characteristic as the writing of "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures"—are intelligible only in the light of her psychopathic personality. Her mental and educational limitations were such that she is presumably responsible only for the cruder, more imitative, jargon-like, and in later editions so carefully reedited and pruned portions of the famous and profitable textbook, and then only as to phrasing, not as to ideas. In the movement she was constantly leaning on others, and with this once launched she was swept on by the current of supporters who in later stages trafficked upon the market-value of her egocentric idiosyncrasies. This is a harsh verdict—though approved by many another student besides Mr. Riley—yet it forms an indispensable part of the diagnosis. That Mr. Riley's contribution to the

BAUDELAIRE'S

LES FLEURS DU MAL

Translated by LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS

The most fascinating of recent French poets is now for the first time offered to the American reader, in a verse translation comprising not merely the hundred poems of the first French edition, but all the hundred and sixty poems of the *Edition Critique*. \$3.00

WEIGAND'S

THE MODERN IBSEN: *A Reconsideration*

Twelve brilliantly analytical essays on Ibsen's social dramas, *The Masterbuilder*, *Hedda Gabler*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, *Little Eyolf*—now on Broadway—will be enjoyed the more discerningly after a reading of this illuminating volume. \$3.75

BUELL'S

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

By all odds the best work on international relations on the market. Analyzes the different factors and policies which control international life—from Nationalism to the League of Nations. \$5.00

MACADAM'S

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE SOCIAL WORKER

Miss Elizabeth Macadam describes the development of social study in preparing men and women for the coming profession of social administration in all its forms, and indicates its future line of progress. \$2.50

DEVOL'S

FORTY YEARS A GAMBLER ON THE MISSISSIPPI

The unvarnished and unabashed autobiography of a professional gambler on river boats. The tales provide an indigenous background for the full length portrait of a gentleman who neither worked nor apologized for not working. \$2.00

SINGER'S

FOOL'S ADVICE

A philosopher's informal excursions into academic bypaths. Most essays are written in a quasi-humorous, sometimes even droll style, and their substance is clothed in whimsies. \$1.75

MORGAN'S

EMERGENT EVOLUTION *and* LIFE, MIND, AND SPIRIT

Professor Morgan undertakes to demonstrate how one may accept the most thorough-going naturalism and at the same time retain a belief in God. These two volumes contain his mature philosophy based on long scientific research. Each, \$3.75

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
One Park Avenue New York



Where-to-buy-books



BOOKS OLD, RARE, and NEW

In all departments of Art, Science and Literature, Out-of-Print books supplied. Catalogues issued. Libraries purchased. Open evenings.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc., 64-66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Phone Chelsea 5670

Among Recent BOOKS from Germany

EBERHARD—Die Frauen Emanzipation und ihre erotischen Grundlagen \$5.00
GIESE—"Girl Kultur" (America's cultural crisis) \$3.50

Our 1926 catalog of German books upon request.

W. BEYER, Inc., 259 Fifth Avenue, New York



A BOOKSHOP BROUGHT TO YOU

Wherever you are, we offer intelligent, individualized service. Standing orders a specialty. Books sent anywhere post free. Write for particulars.

THE POST-BOX BOOK SERVICE

25 West 42nd Street, New York

BOOKS OF JEWISH INTEREST

(General Judaica and Hebraica)

Send for catalogue.
Established 1854

Bloch Publishing Company, Inc.

"The Jewish Book Concern"

26 East 22nd Street

New York

BOOKS ON LABOR PROBLEMS

ECONOMICS—SOCIOLOGY—PHILOSOPHY—HISTORY
PSYCHOLOGY—DRAMA—JUVENILE AND
UP-TO-DATE MODERN FICTION

RAND BOOK STORE

7 EAST 15th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

SEIFFERS, National Booksellers

Offer thousands of NEW UNUSUAL BOOK BARGAINS. All cloth bound, regular editions of leading publishers. (Catalogues free.) Our guarantee:

Any book purchased from us may be returned if unsatisfactory, and your money refunded without question.

Send all orders to:

SEIFFERS, 832 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C.

Visit our downtown shop, if more convenient.

HERMES LIBRARY SERVICE, 81 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

The Hermes Library rents any book. Delivered to your home or office.

	Our Price
We Moderns—Edwin Muir (\$2.00)	\$.75
The Young Nietzsche—Frau Forster Nietzsche (4.00)	1.88
Pierre Loti—Notes on my youth (2.00)	.75
Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer—2 vols. (5.50)	1.98
Correspondence on Church and Religion—Gladstone—2 vols. (5.00)	1.50
Historia Calamitatum—Peter Abelard (10.00)	1.95
Immanuel Kant—H. S. Chamberlain—2 vols. (10.00)	4.95
A study of comparison with Goethe, Da Vinci, Bruno, Plato, and Descartes.	
Politics and Progress—Ramsay Muir (2.50)	.75
Lamps of Western Mysticism—Arthur E. Waite (6.00)	2.50
The Machine Wreckers—Ernest Toller (2.00)	.75
A brilliant play of unusual dramatic power. Produced by Reinhardt.	
A Pushcart at the Curb—Poems. John Dos Passos (1.50)	.75
Unusual bargains in Fiction—60c. each. Original editions.	
Blackguard, Maxwell Bodenheim; Streets of Night, John Dos Passos; Gates of Life, Edwin Bjorkman; Don Juan, Ludwig Lewisohn; A Poet's Youth, Margaret Woods; Lord of the Sea, M. P. Shiel; Rubé, G. A. Borgese (European Library); Dreams of Chang, Ivan Bunin.	
(Add 10c. per volume for postage.)	

WORKING CLASS BOOKS

on

ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio St., Chicago

Recommended for Nation Readers:

POEMS

by IRWIN EDMAN

Author of "The Civilization of Richard Kane" and "Human Traits"

"THE finest things in this volume are the 'Portraits,' skilfully etched studies in character which do not forego loveliness of line for brilliance of effect. His 'Portrait of a Man of Affairs' is a masterpiece in its way."

"The sonnets are the work of a philosopher who loves beauty. Mr. Edman, because of the course of his career, seems to be following in the footsteps of George Santayana, and in those paths he is at home. . . . In these poems he seems to exhibit a mark of real genius."

—The Bookman.

64 pages, bound in boards, de luxe limited edition of 1,000 numbered copies, type distributed; \$2.00 at all book stores or direct from the publishers.



SIMON AND SCHUSTER

37 West 57th Street
New York City

"Cambridge History of American Literature" was suppressed when it appeared some years ago is a familiar story; it is now available. Though inevitably making a case, the author has conceived his task as that of setting in clear relations the sources of an interesting American movement, and he has acquitted himself admirably in the scholarship of this undertaking.

Mr. Peabody is a lawyer who conducted some of the cases which Mrs. Eddy brought to trial. Instead of such chapter-headings as Mysticism, Demonology, Divine Science, Psychoanalysis, we have the plain-spoken titles Autocracy, Suppression, Swindling, Lies, Cash; and these are just as essential to an understanding of the technique by which this amazing movement has succeeded in covering the land with prosperous churches and adding a new denomination to the religious census. The evidence cannot be summarized; it is only by the cumulative enormity of the several financial enterprises and the manner of their prosecution that the reader as jurymen is eventually roused to a high pitch of indignation. However unsympathetic one may be with the movement, one cannot but regret that this sordid aspect of the actual proceedings in the case must be considered; Christian Science has been declared a business as well as a religion. The grasping despotism of the founder and her coadjutors makes a dismal story; that does not seem inherent in such a movement, which would have been equally instructive had the cult progressed as a fanatical but misguided enterprise. Mr. Peabody does not allow sufficiently for the psychopathic distortion of motives and their expression; what in a normal person would be nothing but greed, despotism, cruelty, and prevarication becomes in the psychopath a secondary outlet of delusional trends. Yet enough remains to justify the charges.

It is when we hear the third witness, the doctor, that the actual menace appears and indignation rises to the explosive point. People may be unreasonable in their beliefs, and contentious and grasping and dictatorial in their behavior, and still qualify for a fair measure of esteem, service, and happiness; but when their faith makes them inhumane and blinds them to the most serious realities of life, tolerance becomes a questionable virtue if not a culpable vice. When Dr. Humiston gives the experiences of just one surgeon—and scores are ready to add to his testimony—and tells with gruesome detail of one case after another of death through neglect of medical care and through dependence upon mental demonstrations; when mothers sacrifice their children to "science" and over their open graves cling to the faith that slew them; when every community in the land is exposed to dire contagion by the wilful neglect of the most elementary precautions in response to a belief that disease is a delusion of mortal mind—then the climax of the tale is reached and the role of charity difficult to maintain. The philosophic psychologist discloses the errors of mind and the vanity of delusion; the lawyer sets forth the infringement of the moral code and the attempts to avoid the penalties of criminal infraction; the doctor opens the door upon the spectacle of tortured and sacrificed humanity. It seems strange that there have not been more cases of unstable minds, crazed by a sense of loss, taking the law into their own hands and precipitating a tragedy.

And the paradox remains between this delusive philosophy, this autocratic cupidity, this inhumane disregard, and this procession of poised, kindly faces emerging from classical temples into the sunlight of a scientifically organized, humanized modern world. Fortunately man is not a consistent logical animal; people are better than their professions; and the real social forces that determine their behavior may be counted upon to offset their benighting limitations. We shall all continue to maintain our amicable or neutral relations with our Christian Science neighbors; yet some of us cannot, in the interests of all that we hold valuable, seal our lips or blind our eyes to the lurking menace of this singular American phenomenon.

JOSEPH JASTROW

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

A New Volume in The Musicians Library

MODERN SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

Edited by REINALD WERRENATH

Issued in two editions

For High Voice

For Low Voice

Volume I. Fifty Songs (Alfven to Kjerulf)

Price, in heavy paper, cloth back, \$2.50 net
In full cloth, gilt, 3.50 net

"This addition to the *Musicians Library* will call the attention of singers to the filling of a want which had existed whether they were aware of the fact or not.

"Such a collection was badly needed, for many of the composers contained in this volume have been mere names, if that, to singers and teachers, and the songs thus introduced are well worthy of popular favor."

S. M. K. GANDELL, Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago.

Send for booklet showing tables of contents of all the volumes. It is free.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,
178-179 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Chas. H. Ditson & Co., 8-10-12 East 34th St.
New York, N. Y.

Order of your local dealer.

PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION

A quarterly review of the newer tendencies in education, for the lay reader and for the professional educator.

JANUARY ISSUE

THE NEW CHILD STUDY

A résumé of recent developments in psychology, mental hygiene, nutrition, growth and related fields of child research.

Contributors: R. S. Woodworth, Frankwood E. Williams, Eugene R. Smith, Isador H. Coriat, Howard W. Nudd, Esther L. Richards, Lois H. Meek, Lucia Burton Morse; book reviews by such writers as W. H. Burnham, Ira S. Wile, J. Carson Ryan, Joseph Jastrow and Eleanor Verdery.

Books Reviewed: The Growth of the Mind, Behaviorism, Safeguarding Children's Nerves, The Normal Mind, Social Problems in Education, Youth in Conflict, The Challenge of Childhood, Fitting the School to the Child, Psychology of the Unadjusted Child, Training the Toddler, A Practical Psychology of Babyhood, etc.

Educational notes and comments of significance.

APRIL ISSUE

CREATIVE EXPRESSION THROUGH ART

A record of free creative work of children, with colored illustrations of work done in schools, art classes and by individuals.

Subscription for the year, \$2. Single issues, 50 cents.

The following reprints, 25 cents each:
Individual Instruction The Project International Education
Pre-School Education

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

10 Jackson Place

Washington, D. C.

Relativity and Reality

The A B C of Relativity. By Bertrand Russell. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Ether and Reality. A Series of Discourses on the Many Functions of the Ether of Space. By Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

The Tyranny of Time. By Charles Nordmann. Translated from the French by E. E. Fournier D'Albe. The International Publishers. \$3.25.

IF the general reader finds it hard to catch up with the new notions of the universe following the advent of Einstein it is not for lack of volunteer expositors. Bertrand Russell, who achieved a brilliant success in explaining the theories of Bohr and Planck in his "A B C of the Atom," attempts in these papers, some of which appeared originally in *The Nation*, to perform the same service for Einstein—or rather for the public. For he sees, what many of his fellow-mathematicians do not, that the public is much concerned in this revolution in fundamental conceptions of science, and that when these become common property they are likely not only to upset conventional ideas of morals and politics but to "alter profoundly the whole texture of human life, since our present absorption in machinery and industrialism is the reflection in the practical world of the theorist's interest in physical laws." The sun is no longer monarch of the solar system, and it exercises no force on the planets. On the contrary, the planets plow through the obstructions in space-time raised by the sun in their center and take the longest and laziest route in getting around it.

To find out how far the Einstein revolution will affect popular thought and action we shall have to wait awhile, several centuries probably, but it is certainly very upsetting to our traditional and customary views. Little is left of the two fundamental laws, the conservation of mass and of energy, which nineteenth-century science regarded as absolute. Time and space no longer form a fixed and eternal framework, but vary with the observer. Whether one event happened before or after another cannot in many cases be determined; there may be a doubtful period, a band of indeterminable simultaneity, varying from seconds or minutes to millions of years. Gravitation is no longer considered to be propagated instantaneously throughout the universe; it may travel with the speed of light. The universe is not infinite but finite and, indeed, measurable. Many of the stars we see in the sky may be mere ghosts of their dead selves, revisiting every thousand million years the scenes of their past life and repeating there their previous performances. And, what is most disconcerting to the historians of science, the old Galileo case is reopened for new evidence.

"Ether and Reality" is a tautological title, for to Sir Oliver Lodge the ether is the real reality. While the younger set of scientists, influenced by Einstein, are disposed to discard ether, like the "force of gravitation," as an unnecessary fiction, the veteran physicist champions its claims with youthful vigor and strives to bring the old conceptions of his science into accord with the ideas of the modernists. To Sir Oliver ether is the most solid and substantial thing in the universe. "It is the densest thing known; there can be nothing more massive than ether: for, being a continuum, it is incompressible." He figures out that ether is 1,000,000,000,000 times as dense as water and is under a pressure represented by 1 followed by thirty-three zeros. Matter is nowadays conceived to be composed of two kinds of electrical corpuscles, negative electrons and positive protons, the former exceedingly light and the latter exceedingly heavy. Lodge finds in the ether a solution to this problem, for he suggests that the electron is a hole in the ether and that its complement, the proton, is crammed with the matter that was taken out of the electron hole.

The ether is the general handy man of the physicists. Whenever they find a phenomenon for which none of the known agencies is adequate, they say "Let ether do it." When the

JEFFERSON & HAMILTON

The Struggle for Democracy in America
by CLAUDE G. BOWERS

William E. Dodd:

"The most interesting book that has ever been written about the two greatest antagonists this country has ever produced, and the truest study of Jefferson and Hamilton, besides, that we have ever had. . . . His book is a marvel of interest, a portrait gallery unsurpassed."

Hon. John W. Davis:

"No lover of America and no student of American politics can afford to overlook it."

Senator Borah:

"More fascinating than fiction and more instructive than the most profound treatise on government."

Former Senator Beveridge:

"The best story of the origin of Jeffersonian democracy that has been published. Mr. Bowers's narrative is like that of an absorbing novel. . . . Here is a book that combines the art of Stevenson, the touch of Strachey, the learning of Channing."

FIFTH LARGE PRINTING

Illustrated, \$5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

DORAN BOOKS

UNCHANGING QUEST

by Philip Gibbs

Q In this brilliant picture of world unrest Philip Gibbs has "achieved his most stirring novel" (*Public Ledger*) and done "by far the best of all" his work (*Evening World*).

It is the tale of a group of English people whose lives and loves are caught up in the turmoil of Europe. Their story, "a simple and powerful human action" (*Sun*), makes "a great book" (*Transcript*) and one which "ought not to be missed" (*Evening Post*).

\$2.00 from your bookseller or from

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers
244 Madison Avenue New York

DORAN BOOKS

wave theory of light was introduced nothing could be found to do the waving, so this task was imposed upon the ether. When radio waves were discovered the ether was set to carrying them. So now Sir Oliver, believing he has evidence of telepathy and the survival of mind after death, makes the ether the medium of such psychic phenomena. And the ether never rebels, no matter what burdens are placed upon it. Having no manifest properties of its own, it may be endowed with whatever qualities and functions the scientists may desire, however contradictory these may be. Yet the ether seems to have no reason for existence except the need of the human mind, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon mind, for a mechanical analogy.

Charles Nordmann is the most popular of the French advocates of the theory of relativity. The latter part of his new book is taken up with a defense of Einstein against Bergson, who finds the new conceptions of time incompatible with his well-known ideas of time and duration. Nordmann admits that the French critics of relativity have scored a point in pointing out a fallacy in Einstein's illustration of the railroad train in his popular book on "Relativity." But Nordmann holds that it is unfair to condemn Einstein's unimpeachable mathematical theory because he chose a vulnerable analogy in the attempt to make his meaning plain to unmathematical readers. The greater part of the volume has no connection with Einstein polemics; it might have been written years ago, and probably was. In this the author deals with "those meteorological aphorisms which make up nine-tenths of human conversation." He explains how the calendar was formed and how it may be reformed. This historical sketch of clocks, climates, and calendars is written in the familiar and flowery style that made the author's earlier book, "Einstein and the Universe," a favorite with unscientific readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Until Utopia

Tolerance. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THOSE who have read Mr. Van Loon's recent books (and there must be a great many such) will have already a pretty good idea of what this one is like. It isn't illustrated, which is a pity, since Mr. Van Loon's illustrations are often more effective than the text; but probably the subject doesn't lend itself to illustration. Otherwise the book has the Van Loon qualities. That is to say, it is discursive in the extreme, intimate, personal, highly subjective, genuinely humane in its sympathy even to the verge of sentimentalism, with quick shifts to the verge of cynicism as if to remind the reader, confidentially, that although kind hearts are indeed more than coronets no one need suppose that the sophisticated author can be easily duped.

Apart from such and other personal eccentricities and quaint conceits, which please some and repel others but which are neither here nor there, Mr. Van Loon's writings have three qualities which are worth attending to. The writing itself is generally good—unconventional, concise, simple, vivid, plastic, fitting easily the exact form of the thought. The thought at its best, which is not always, shows real imaginative understanding of people past and present and of the motives all compact of wisdom and folly which inspire them to mean or great action. The purpose of the thought and writing, or at least the purpose that most concerns the public, is to enable ordinary folk to learn something from history by showing them that people do now, under various disguises, very much what they did formerly under other disguises; so that, to take the present book, it is a cardinal mistake to suppose that we are no longer intolerant because we no longer burn people for religious heresy. Painfully elbowing my way out of a theater once, after witnessing Shaw's "Saint Joan," I heard a top-

THE POETRY SENSATION OF THE YEAR



R O A N
STALLION
T A M A R
And Other Poems
by Robinson Jeffers



"THIS reviewer, reading Jeffers, felt somewhat as Keats professed to feel on looking into Chapman's Homer."

—Babette Deutsch, *The New Republic*.

"Few recent volumes of any sort have struck me with such force as this one has; few are as rich with the beauty and strength which belong to genius alone."

—Mark Van Doran, *The Nation*.

"Nothing as good of its kind has been written in America; America has a new poet of genius."

—James Rorty,
The N. Y. Herald Tribune.

2nd Edition. Price \$3.00

CONRAD AIKEN'S

Best Book of Verse



P R I A P U S
AND THE POOL

AND
OTHER
POEMS

"HE is the natural musician playing with new rhythms, haunting cadences. Beneath the flow of his lines, there is an extraordinary summoning of the immensities that loom behind the casual moments of every day."

—Louis Untermeyer.

"This volume is one of myriad beauty and sweetness."

—John Waldhorn Gassner, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

"That this is poetry nobody will deny; nor will any one who reads the entire poem grudge an extension of the praise. Mr. Aiken has done his task well."

—Percy A. Hutchison, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Price \$2.00

TEN YEARS AFTER IN SPOON RIVER



THE NEW
SPOON
RIVER

by Edgar Lee Masters

"HE can impress on them a better-knit work, a series of epitaphs that delve deeper into the emotions and catch more surely the delicate nuances of spiritual vibrations."

—Herbert S. Gorman in the *New York Evening Post*.

"Mr. Masters has returned to Spoon River, and the readers will be glad. The vigor of his stroke seems absolutely unabated."

—O. W. Firkins in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

"Now he has two claims to immortality."

—*Illinois State Register*.

3rd Edition. Price \$2.50

E. E. CUMMINGS * ALFRED KREYMBORG
THEODORE DREISER * EZRA POUND

COMING this Spring—a new book of poems by E. E. Cummings, winner of the Dial award for 1925; SCARLET AND MELLOW, a new volume of poems by Alfred Kreymborg; the first collection of poems by Theodore Dreiser; and PERSONAE, the Collected Poems of Ezra Pound.

Write for complete catalog of Spring 1926 books

Boni & Liveright



61 W. 48th St., N.Y.

hatted gentleman say: "Well, it is good to think that nothing like that can happen now." This was, I suppose, to miss the whole point of the play. The gentleman was a shining example of Shaw's own dictum that the only thing we learn from history is that we don't learn anything. Mr. Van Loon, I think, really wishes to show people that the same things (as, for example, intolerance) persist from age to age under different forms.

But if Mr. Van Loon is not too complacent about our achievements up to date, he appears to take the view, or at least to entertain the hope, that poor Humanity is moving, however stumblingly, onward and upward. One gathers that there has been for two thousand years a "struggle for tolerance" going on, and that sometime in the future the happy day will dawn when, fear having been cast out, tolerance and humane feeling will reign triumphant. Well, it may be so, who knows? Best, at all events, to assume as much; for old Humanity will doubtless be more disposed to do well if we trust it a little, if we have faith to gamble on its hidden virtues and capacities. I am willing to do that. But I often wonder what will happen when Utopia is established. What, for example, will be the use and merit of tolerance when all are tolerant? Will people then soon forget the high value of tolerance and lapse into persecution from sheer boredom? Perhaps a history of tolerances would be nearer the objective facts than a history of tolerance. But still I commend Mr. Van Loon's book. I think it may be safely read, and with profit to readers by and large. Utopia is not so near that we need as yet take cruel and unusual precautions against the boredom of unrelieved virtue.

CARL BECKER

Two Artists and a Critic

Renoir: an Intimate Record. By Ambroise Vollard. Translated by Harold L. Van Doren and Randolph T. Weaver. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

The Last Years of Rodin. By Marcelle Tirel. Translated by R. Francis. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

Personalities in Art. By Royal Cortissoz. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

THE contempt of the artist for the critic is a recurrent note in the first two of these books, and the third, by America's most established art critic, unconsciously helps to explain and justify this proverbial antipathy. Each of the artists, when unrecognized and poor, endured from established critics the usual supercilious dismissal of his work as utterly unimportant, then the alarmed invectives of these defenders of national culture as his reputation grew nevertheless, and last of all the fawning compliments of the same and similar personages, eager to jump on the band-wagon, reminding the "Maitre" of their lifelong friendship, and begging for some signed product of his genius. Mr. Cortissoz is the perfect example of the Salon or academic type of critic, a generation too late with his courageous praise of Renoir and Monet, and still condemning with stale and empty phrases about "unloveliness" and "lack of quality" the man whom Renoir and Monet delighted to honor—Cézanne. A still more recent innovator, whom Mr. Cortissoz ridicules, Renoir in his old age was young enough to appreciate. "Wasn't it you, Vollard, who told me that Matisse had been refused at the Autumn Salon? It's curious how people are positively repelled by real painter qualities in a picture." "Personalities in Art" abounds in garrulous anecdotes which are urbane and mildly entertaining for a time, but become more and more tiresome as they flutter aimlessly about, far from any real contact with either aesthetic values or significant personalities in art.

Vollard's reminiscences, on the contrary, teem with anecdotes that amuse and at the same time reveal a great and amiable personality. They are packed, besides, with good

The Hidden Years

By JOHN OXENHAM

"Only a poet could have written a book like this, and Mr. Oxenham has done it in a way that any reader will remember happily."—*Boston Herald.* \$1.75

Seventy Summers

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

"Poultney Bigelow, a cynical sage of seventy, reveling in prejudices, a mettlesome gamecock, tough as a butternut, amusing as a chipmunk, . . . he has been the playboy of august kings, has been amid shipwrecks and wars in all lands, has had bonnes fortunes. . . . It is a rare opportunity for circumscribed Americans to learn what life in the real world is like . . . he has written a story which will amuse thousands."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Two volumes. \$10.00

The Ascent of Man by Means of Natural Selection

By ALFRED MACHIN

The author has sought to interpret the ascent of man by means of Darwin's theory of Natural Selection. Progress—the development of civilization from savagery, and the development of civilization itself—it is submitted, is due to a conquest of nature.

\$2.75

Superstition or Rationality in the Action for Peace? A Criticism of Jurisprudence

By A. V. LUNSTEDT

"Dr. Lunstedt here throws a rather heavy monkey-wrench into the machinery of legal conceptions in the interest of what he regards as a more rational and effective way of working for world peace than that hitherto followed."—*Boston Transcript.*

\$4.50

Coleridge at Highgate

By LUCY E. WATSON (nee GILLMAN)

"A document superbly commensurate with the best of our scientific age, offers to the imaginative reader a great sweep of wonder and grief and ecstasy, the highest mission of a book."—*Laurence Stallings in N. Y. World.*

\$3.75

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., Publishers

55 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Anatole France at Home

By Marcel le Goff

An intimate account of Anatole France's life at home, written by a close literary and personal friend; a true Boswellian record.

Illustrated. \$2.50

Hellas: Travels in Greece

By Georg Brandes

The old and the new Greece described and contrasted. This is the latest volume from Brandes' pen, and is a significant contribution to the literature of description and travel.

\$2.50

A Virgin Heart

By Remy de Gourmont

Translated by Aldous Huxley

Remy de Gourmont's masterful novel in a brilliant translation by Aldous Huxley.

\$2.50

ADELPHI COMPANY

Publishers

211 Fourth Avenue

New York

Singleton," all popular in their time, were not moved, in their essays into pure letters, toward an extraneous satisfaction—one may say, toward a repudiation of spiritual autonomy for the public advantage of familiar properties.

Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Dos Passos are writers of unusual integrity in this respect, though what they share is not a quality of style or method but simply a seriousness, a care for good prose in itself, that would exclude them from the inquiry of Mr. Stuart Sherman who discovers "significant novelists." Mr. Dos Passos may be said nevertheless to have partly measured the current taste, or to be caught in some of its deeper extensions, in so far as he has written a book the design of which is loosely episodic and has little organic relation to the implicit tendency of his subject matter—unlike the design, which is form and is identical with vision, in Henry James and Proust.

For in "Manhattan Transfer" design and style evince a noteworthy disparity. As to style, Mr. Dos Passos, here no less than in "Three Soldiers," is usually swift, vigorous, dynamic. That the person who achieved this precise notation of sound and motion can write there can be no doubt: "The minute rusty bird flew ahead, perched on a telegraph wire and sang, and flew ahead to the rim of an abandoned boiler and sang, and flew ahead and sang." But he has attempted to envisage such inchoate materials that the incumbrance wearies his capacity for fresh observation. The vigorous perception of one scene becomes the creaking device of the next. Houses begin regularly to smell of toothpaste, cabbage, soiled clothes; streets, of wet brick, garbage, immigrants. The verb "jiggle" occurs every three pages in a novel of about two hundred thousand words.

Yet Mr. Dos Passos has contributed a new point of reference to the American consciousness; henceforth our milieu is altered. "Manhattan Transfer" is a tableau of New York life from the first years of this century through the war; it brings an astonishing variety of characters, from every level of society, through the spiritual crisis of this period. He has approached the material as an artist. But he has not focused it. The novel lacks all unity of projection. It is controlled simply by the mechanism of time; it could have begun anywhere, and as arbitrarily ended. The treatment is entirely from without; Mr. Dos Passos, at crises, does not distinguish the significant action, inherent in character, from the massed succession of events. He does not provide, does not create the succeeding episode—the episode is contrived. The novel is a breathless movie scenario (it actually employs movie gags) of New York's Bohemia; it contains a great deal of excellent prose; it should have a considerable popularity. But since Mr. Dos Passos has limited his sensibility to the diligent registration of appearance and has not proposed an aesthetic problem, you will find that none is solved.

Ernest Hemingway has developed his chief distinction in prose through a careful rejection of "ideas"; he does not conceive his subject matter; he presents it. You will not be able to separate, in his facile accumulation of *petites sensations*, the observer from the observation, the reporter from the item reported; he never comments in excess of the immediate value of the object as a thing seen, of the event as a focus of observed motions. If he lacks the concept of character, he has an infallible deftness at projecting personality by isolating into typical significance some trivial accident of conduct. He lacks the ostentation of a writer inadequately equipped yet ambitious with a "theory of reality." Most typical of Mr. Hemingway's precise economical method is the story Big Two-Hearted River, where the time is one evening to the next afternoon and the single character a trout fisherman who makes his camp-fire, sleeps all night, gets up and catches a few trout, then starts home; that is all. But the passionate accuracy of particular observation, the intense monosyllabic diction, the fidelity to the internal demands of the subject—these qualities fuse in the



NEW OXFORD BOOKS



THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE

Edited by Arthur Quiller-Couch

Cloth \$3.75

India paper edition \$4.25

The Oxford Book of English Prose presents the best from English Prose writers from the 14th century to the present day, and is bound uniform with the Oxford Books of Verse. It is a book of first importance. This new anthology is published on the 25th anniversary of the famous Oxford Book of English Verse, long recognized as the outstanding anthology of English Verse.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SCANDINAVIAN VERSE

Seventeenth to Twentieth Century

Chosen by Sir Edmund Gosse and W. A. Craigie \$3.75

On India paper \$4.25

"The aim of this selection is to prepare, for an English reader, a rapid outline of the progress of modern poetry in the Scandinavian countries."

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE

A Study of Keats' Poetic Life from 1816 to 1820

By J. Middleton Murry

\$4.75

Mr. Murry has given, not a biography, not a criticism, but a study of the essential poetic nature at work. He has tried to show through the living reality of Keats what a pure poet is and what he does. One of the most important books on Keats as a poet that has appeared for a very long time.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS *American Branch*
35 West 32nd Street New York City

*The Authorized Life Story
of Italy's Man of the Hour*

THE LIFE OF BENITO MUSSOLINI

By MARGHERITA G. SARFATTI

Introduction by Signor Mussolini

An intimate account of the life of the great Italian dictator, written by his closest woman friend, a gifted editor and leader of the Fascist propaganda. The book sets forth, persuasively, the background and the diverse national elements which combined to bring this brilliant son of Italy to his present astounding eminence, where he possesses power which many a Roman emperor would have envied.

With 11 illustrations.

\$5.00

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

443 4th Avenue

New York

most completely realized naturalistic fiction of the age. This sentence has much of the method of Mr. Hemingway's prose: "When we saw the creature killed, I had a great mind to have the skin of her, and made signs to the prince that he should send some of his men to take the skin off"—and it would convey more of its quality had it not been written in 1720 by Daniel Defoe.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

A Lifetime with Mark Twain. The Memories of Katy Leary, for thirty years his faithful and devoted servant. Written by Mary Lawton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

Intimate sketches of Mark Twain in his house, from the Hartford period on. It is difficult to determine just how much is Miss Leary and how much is Miss Lawton; but there can be no question of the value of the record here set down.

The True Stevenson. A Study in Clarification. By George S. Hellman. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

The "true" Stevenson will never be found, unless, indeed, one is willing to accept as "true" the man who was in reality one kind of creature, yet consented to be made out another kind for public edification. Mr. Hellman adds to our knowledge of the reality in a book which admirably supplements the recent biography by Mr. Steuart. The chapters on Henley and on the novel which Mrs. Stevenson caused to be destroyed are the most interesting.

A Paladin of Philanthropy and Other Papers. By Austin Dobson. Oxford University Press. (The World's Classics.) 80 cents.

Another most agreeable volume in what will be the best as well as the cheapest edition of this high priest of thumb-nail criticism.

Elizabethan Lyrics from the Original Texts. Edited by Norman Ault. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

Six hundred and forty lyrics from Wyatt to Wither. The richest collection of its kind to date, and one of the most conscientiously edited.

The Book of the Popes. By Dr. F. J. Bayer. Translated from the German by E. M. Lamond. With 686 illustrations. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

An invaluable reference book for curious laymen. The pictures of the popes, their residences, and their tombs would in themselves make the volume worth while; but the printed information, while slight, is also highly useful.

The Best Poems of 1925. Edited by L. A. G. Strong. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

Mr. Strong once more drags his generous net through the British and American magazines. The result, if not exactly clarifying, is not without its riches.

Southern Pioneers in Social Interpretation. Edited by Howard W. Odum. North Carolina Press. \$2.

After an intelligent if self-conscious preface by Mr. Odum, in which is pointed out the need of the South for a better understanding of its spiritual leaders in the past, come nine essays on Woodrow Wilson, Walter Hines Page, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Joel Chandler Harris, Booker T. Washington, and others.

Murder, Piracy, and Treason. A Selection of Notable English Trials. By Raymond Postgate. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

An unusually readable account of sixteen representative criminal cases from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century.

Tragic Beaches. By Charles Norman. Samuel A. Jacobs. Resonant, well-tempered narrative poems of the sea.



"The Finest Novel of the Year"

—THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

NO MORE PARADES

By Ford Madox Ford

Unanimous verdict of 19 papers and magazines, including:

New York Times: "Easily the most distinguished novel of the period."

Louis Bromfield: "As great as anything produced in English during the past twenty-five years."

Boston Transcript: "Could be compassed only by the pen of a genius."

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "One of the greatest pieces of fiction of its time."

3rd Big Printing

At all bookstores, \$2.50

Albert & Charles BONI - 66 Fifth Avenue N Y

EXCEPTIONAL POETRY

DAWN BOY

by EDA LOU WALTON

A sympathetic and sincere rendering into free verse from Blackfoot and Navajo songs. \$2.50

MANITO MASKS

by HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Dramatizations of American Indian spirit legends. \$3.50

POEMS FOR YOUTH:

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by William Rose Benét with biographical and critical introductions of unusual value. \$3.00

POETS OF AMERICA

by CLEMENT WOOD

A critical survey of the whole field of American poetry from a modernist point of view. \$3.00

AMERICAN SILHOUETTES

by ARTHUR CREW INMAN

Contain irony and cynicism, but, above all, knowledge. \$2.00

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

by A. A. MILNE

Charming, whimsical verses which delight the hearts of all ages. Regular Ed., \$2.00; Gift Ed., \$3.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., New York

Shaw. By J. S. Collis. Alfred A. Knopf.

A gallant defense of Mr. Shaw against the charge that he is becoming respectable in his old age. "His beard was once red-hot with anger; it is now white-hot with rage." The mystic of "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah" is here for the first time given his due, and in general the best in Mr. Shaw is excellently comprehended.

My Past and Thoughts. The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen.

The Authorized Translation. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. In five volumes. Alfred A. Knopf. The first four volumes. \$2 each.

In 1923 *The Nation* reviewed at length another translation of the first two parts of Herzen's great work. The present brilliant version allows the reader to continue with the story of Herzen's marriage; of his last years in Russia; of his father's death; and of his subsequent adventures as propagandist, journalist, and human being in Germany, France, Italy, and England. The book as now seen is not only crammed with incidental wisdom and shrewd observation; it is distinguished as well by its narrative, which in such episodes as the drowning of Herzen's mother and the execution of Emanuel Barthélemy reaches a height of excellence reached elsewhere only by Tolstoi and Aksakov in their autobiographical writings.

Early Poems and Stories. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The fifth volume in the collected edition of Yeats now soon to be completed. The poems are reprinted with some interesting changes from "The Wanderings of Oisín" (here spelled Usheen) and "The Rose," and the stories from "The Celtic Twilight" and "The Secret Rose." Yeats's passion for revision expresses itself in this volume as in those which have gone before it. When the six are done we shall be in possession of all the verse and prose by which he wishes to stand, and it will be in the form of his preference.

I present the most distinguished as well as the longest list of POETRY I have published in any one season. On it are represented American poets with established reputations, as well as new signers who loom large on our literary horizon.

Alfred A. Knopf

THE WEARY BLUES

by Langston Hughes

With an introduction by
CARL VAN VECHTEN

Contains the essence of the Negro race, its joyful songs, as well as its blues and spirituals in a minor key.

CARAVAN \$2.00

by Witter Bynner

A collection of Mr. Bynner's best work done in the last five years. \$1.50.

Also a revised edition of *Grenstone Poems* by Witter Bynner, with an introduction by Robert Frost, to be published soon. \$2.50.

FIDDLER'S FAREWELL

by Leonora Speyer

The bright promise of Mrs. Speyer's earlier work is here magnificently fulfilled. There is both spiritual growth and technical development.

To be published February 19. \$2.00.

Alfred A. Knopf NEW YORK 730 Fifth Avenue

THE DUKE OF BERWICK AND OTHER RHYMES

by Lord Alfred Douglas

The finest book of nonsense rhymes written by a contemporary. Spiced with a touch of satire. \$2.00.

WORDS FOR THE CHISEL

by Genevieve Taggard

Poppy Juice, the longest poem in this volume, is a weird, original narrative in an individual verse form. The others are sharply etched in phrase and thought.

To be published March 12. \$2.00.

ENGLISH POEMS

by Edmund Blunden

Author of "The Shepherd"

The best poetry Mr. Blunden has written since 1921, expressing a sustained emotion and a high musical quality. \$2.50.

THE NEW SCHOOL for Social Research

Spring Term—March 1st to May 21st

Harry A. Overstreet: The Changing of Behavior Through Philosophy.

Tuesdays, 8:20 P. M.

Horace M. Kallen: Religion and Its Philosophies.

Tuesdays, 5:30 P. M.

Beauty and Use.

Mondays, 8:20 P. M.

Dominant Ideals of Western Civilization.

Tuesdays, 8:20 P. M.

Morris R. Cohen: The Philosophy of Law.

Seminar. Mondays, 8:20 P. M.

Everett Dean Martin: Psychological Problems of Social Reconstruction.

Mondays, 8:20 P. M.

John B. Watson: Contemporary Viewpoints in Psychology.

Fridays, 8:20 P. M.

Ira S. Wile: Conduct Disorders of Childhood and Adolescence.

Mondays, 5:20 P. M.

Frankwood E. Williams: Problems in Psychopathology.

Mondays, 8:20 P. M.

George A. Dorsey: A Biological Interpretation of Civilization.

Thursdays, 8:20 P. M.

Nels Anderson: Sociology of the City.

Thursdays, 8:20 P. M.

Peter Odegaard: Contemporary Political Theory and Practise.

Wednesdays, 8:20 P. M.

E. C. Lindeman: Technique of Worker's Education.

Tuesdays, 8:20 P. M.

Joseph K. Hart: The Community's Share in American Education.

Tuesdays, 8:20 P. M.

Leo Wolman: The Labor Movement in the National Life.

Mondays, 8:20 P. M.

Frederick R. Macaulay: History and Causes of Variations in the Interest Rate in the United States since 1858.

Thursdays, 8:20 P. M.

Stark Young: The Theatrical Season—1926.

Tuesdays, 5:20 P. M.

Francis Hackett: Varieties of Literary Experience.

Wednesdays and Fridays, 8:20 P. M.

Registration begins February 22nd. Write for Catalog.

465-469 West 23rd Street

New York City

Music

Puppet and Conductor

I HAVE been haunted by a puppet—a tall, gaunt, straggly haired puppet, clad in a suit of mail. In his hand he bears a sword, drawn ready for use; in his countenance is a lean and hungry look enhanced by a full and exceedingly melancholy eye. Every gesture that he makes springs from an impulse of knightly chivalry, and every gesture, as he makes it, becomes comic. He is, indeed, no other than that immortal champion of knight-errantry, Don Quixote, summoned into being by Remo Bufano for the League of Composers' presentation of "El Retablo de Maese Pedro" ("Master Peter's Puppet Show"). This new opera by the Spanish composer De Falla is based on the inn scene from Cervantes's imperishable satire wherein the inn-keeper's boy, Master Peter, presents for Don Quixote a tale of knight-errantry through the medium of marionettes. As De Falla has conceived his work we see a puppet show within a puppet show—the characters of the first depicted by dolls of the regulation inches, the living characters of the second by dolls of life size. And as the spare figure of the puppet knight moves through his part of spectator, meeting the exigencies of his author's extravagance with undeviating gravity of mien while a singing artist behind the scenes voices his sentiments without disturbing the illusion, I wonder that puppets are not used more as a medium of operatic expression.

Only a few weeks ago I had seen on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House another great comic character, Sir John Falstaff. The actor was Antonio Scotti—one of the few remaining singing actors who can be called great. He looked the part, he acted the part, he sang the part; and yet there was always some intrusion of voice or personality to remind us that Shakespeare's fat knight was Scotti. Mr. Bufano's lean knight never for one moment swerved from himself. Neither the visible working of his strings by Mr. Bufano, nor the presence of Mr. Mengelberg and Mme Landowska with a small orchestra, nor the singing of the Metropolitan artists could affect him. His sole concern was the tale that was being unfolded before him. Yet even as he shook his head in pity, or brandished his weapon in noble indignation, one laughed. It is, certainly, the very essence of the comic spirit that Mr. Bufano has caught and transfixed in his doll. The immortal Falstaff at the Metropolitan seemed very mortal indeed in the company of his neighbors, whose familiar faces and characteristics no amount of paint, whiskers, or costume could disguise. Watching the puppet Don at the Town Hall, tragic in his absurdity, absurd in his tragedy as he moved in conflict with other pieces of dangling mechanism, one caught that quality of eternity which has kept Cervantes's written masterpiece alive—a quality, too, which no living actor can give. With Mr. Scotti and his colleagues I took refuge in the music. With the marionettes I forgot all about it. And if I thought about it at any time it was to wish that the league had spent less money on the orchestra and more for expert puppeteers to work these masterly portrait dolls.

It was Leopold Stokowski, I believe, who in speaking some years ago of conductors in general and of Toscanini in particular said: "We are all schoolboys next to him." Since then, of course, Mr. Stokowski, as well as a few of his colleagues, has grown far beyond that callow age. Nevertheless, without any desire to underestimate either his or their abilities, one may be pardoned, perhaps, for still proclaiming Toscanini as the master. Other conductors come and go, leaving a trail of "interpretations" in their wake to be used afterward as a basis of comparison. With Toscanini there is no basis of comparison. One may listen to a Bodanzky floundering about in Bach, and wonder why he should be called a "Friend of Music"; or to a Goossens struggling with the "Rites of Spring" against an

unyielding orchestra, and recall a happier occasion when this same conductor led another orchestra through this same work and the "Rites" themselves seemed more like the primal frenzy of creation, as conceived by Stravinsky, and less like the birth of a turnip, as conceived by the New York Symphony; or, again, one may listen to even a Stokowski riding his cheval de bataille, "Scheherazade," and yet let one's thoughts as well as one's eyes dwell on the changing blocks of color thrown on a screen by the clavilux, speculating, even as these blocks interpret the music, on the possibilities of such a fluidity of light, design, and motive as a background for ballet or pantomime. But when Toscanini conducts, one's thoughts do not go venturing. One does not care whether Abert's arrangement of Bach is good or bad, because one is hearing Bach himself in the fulness of his glory; or whether Toscanini brings out of the "Pines of Rome" more than Respighi has put in, because what Toscanini brings out is supremely beautiful. Even the tradition-ridden "Fifth" of Beethoven and the threadbare show-piece of a Scherzo from Mendelssohn's setting to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" take on the freshness of new birth in the clarifying fire of Toscanini's genius. As for the Philharmonic Orchestra, never has it displayed such a golden quality of tone, such unity of attack and purpose, such complete and exquisite responsiveness to the will of one man. And if it took a Toscanini to draw out these perfections in the Philharmonic, it also took the Philharmonic, it seems, to reveal all the perfections in Toscanini's conducting.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

The Tragedy of Masks

REDUCED to its simplest terms the theme of Eugene O'Neill's latest play is familiar enough. "The Great God Brown" (Greenwich Village Theater) is the story of an artist turned wastrel and cynic in an effort to hide the pain of his frustration, and the story of his relations with a boyhood friend who chose the path which promised to lead to safety and success. Yet it differs from the usual treatments of similar themes not only because it is cast in a highly fantastic form but also by virtue of the fact that it is no complacent satire on philistinism but a passionate attempt to expound the mystery of the artist's maladjustment and of that perpetual tendency of his to slide into the mud while aspiring toward the stars. Its hero, one who had "got paint on his paws in an endeavor to see God," blunders through life, torturing and tortured; he wears a mask because those who see his face are afraid and he turns cynic because "When Pan was forbidden the light and warmth of the sun he grew sensitive and self-conscious and proud and revengeful—and became Prince of Darkness." Yet even he cannot call his life good unless, in the Nietzschean phrase, life is good *because* it is painful. "I've loved, lusted, won and lost, sang and wept!"—so much he can claim. But his designs are blasphemies and his heart a maelstrom. Unhappy himself, he has been the cause of unhappiness in others, and when he dies he knows no more than that he has lived. He can taunt others with their impotence and he can flaunt his passion in their startled faces, but he cannot explain what his potency has availed him. He has not seen the face of either God or Devil clearly enough to know which was which, and it is with curses that he has uttered the sincerest of his prayers.

At no time during the course of his career has Mr. O'Neill given us a play more powerful or more confused than this. Never before has he dealt with a passion so nakedly personal, and never before has he allowed the chaos within to shatter so completely the form of the drama. To his characters he gives masks which from time to time they put on when self-revelation is too painful to themselves or others, but to himself he allows none; and the thirteen scenes of his play are thirteen dancing

stars still molten and fluid like the chaos from which they sprung. They are moments in the life of a man described in a brilliantly poetic sentence as one who "had looked into his own dark and was afraid"; and they are thus, it is difficult not to believe, fragmentary confessions from that dramatist who has peered more intently than any of his countrymen at the fantastic shadows cast by reality upon the walls of the dark cavern which is the self. Essentially it is a tragedy of masks, the story of a group of people who even in their most intimate moments cannot bear to gaze for more than a few seconds at the naked faces of their companions; but for Mr. O'Neill it is an unmasking and an unmasking become tragic for the reason that the play itself makes clear. Bare himself as he will, we cannot see all that he would have us see; strip off one mask and there remains, or seems to remain, only another beneath it. We look at one another but we do not see; we talk but we do not communicate. And in the end we do what the wife does at the end of the play. She having lived all her life with a mask, takes it when her husband is dead and, all unaware that it is not he at all, promises with devastating irony that it shall live forever in her heart.

Whatever of confusion remains in the play must be inherent in the work itself, for the present production, directed by Robert Edmond Jones, is admirably acted and conceived with a remarkably complete grasp of the possibilities which the script affords. Not only the handling of masks but all the technical difficulties which production raised have been solved with great skill, and the play is, I believe, bodied forth upon the stage in as complete and satisfactory a manner as is humanly possible. If the effect remains more powerful than clear, more intense than illuminating, that is the result of the immediacy of the material with which the author is dealing. He is himself too close to the passions with which he is dealing to objectify them completely, and they master him quite as often as he is able to master them. Here, in a word, are passions as authentic and as burning as any that ever went into literature, but no one could say that they had been "recollected in tranquillity." In these parts are summed up the beauties and the defects of the play.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Charles Hopkins's Theater) is a play, more ingenious than profound, by Karel Capek. It deals in an entertaining manner with a woman who possessed the secret of eternal life and it points, after the manner of the author, the moral of the fable. A group of men, having possessed themselves of the magic formula, conclude (as it may be remembered Leopardi concluded before them) that the secret of longevity is of little value in the absence of the secret of happiness, and they accordingly burn the parchment upon which the formula is written. The piece is well acted by Heler Menken and Ullrich Haupt.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER



Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S
THE DYBBUK

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

☞ The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.

☞ The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

LECTURES

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. and 2nd Ave.

Dr. A. ASGIS: *The New Dentistry*—5 Tues., 8:30 P. M., Feb. 16-Mar. 16; admission free.
Dr. A. STONE: *Problems in Modern Biology*—5 Thurs., 8:30 P. M., Feb. 18-Mar. 18; \$1.50. 50c. single admission.
SPENCER MILLER: *International Relations*—5 Fri., 8:30 P. M., Feb. 19-Mar. 19; \$1.50. 50c. single admission.
MARK VAN DOREN: *Contemporary Literature*—6 Sun., 5 P. M., Feb. 14-Mar. 21; 25c. single admission.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICIES A COURSE OF FIVE LECTURES

by EDWARD MEAD EARLE, Ph. D.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.

On Monday evenings, Feb. 15, 22, March 1, 8, 15 at 8:15 P. M.

Course tickets, \$3.00, can be secured in advance at the Office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission, 75 cents.

SCOTT NEARING *What I Think of Soviet Russia*

Cooper Union, February 13, 2:30 P. M.

Admission, 75 cents now, \$1.00 at the door

EDUCATION IN THE SOVIET REPUBLIC

COMMUNITY CHURCH, February 23, 8:15 P. M.

Admission, \$1.00 and 75 cents now; \$1.25, \$1.00 at the door

Tickets on sale, NEW MASSES, 39 West 8th Street, or JIMMY HIGGINS' BOOK STORE, 127 University Place

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL ANNUAL DINNER and SYMPOSIUM

ALDINE CLUB, 200 Fifth Ave., at 23rd St.

Friday, February 12, 1926, at 7 p. m.

Subject: "The FUTURE OF AMERICA"

SPEAKERS

John Haynes Holmes
Hendrik Willem Van Loon
Dudley Field Malone
Harry Dana

Rabbi Nathan Krass
John Macy
Edmund B. Chaffee
Will Durant

Tickets, at \$2.50, may be obtained at 244 East 14th Street

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia
on

"INCENTIVES AND THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER"

Tuesday evening, February 9, 8 P. M.

PEOPLES HOUSE AUDITORIUM, 7 East 15th Street, New York City

Leader of Discussion: HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH

Chairman: PAUL H. BRISENDEN

Tickets at 75 cents from

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
or at door of auditorium night of meeting.

RAND SCHOOL

Joseph M. Osman

"Psychology of Personality"

Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Alexander A. Goldenweiser

"Science, Morality, and Progress"

Thursday, 8:30 p. m.

Leo E. Saidla

"Main Tendencies in Modern Literature"

Friday, 8:30 p. m.

7 East 15th St.

BOOKSELLERS

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS

15th to 20th century

Interesting catalogue mailed free

HOWES, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 vols., second hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books, and sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests. Commissions executed at sales.

FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road LONDON, ENGLAND

EDUCATIONAL

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program February 12-18

AT COOPER UNION

(8th St. and Astor Place)

At 8 o'clock

ADMISSION FREE

Friday, Feb. 12....Everett Dean Martin
"The Meaning of a Liberal Education"Sunday, Feb. 14.Prof. William P. Montague
"The Theistic Hypothesis"Tuesday, Feb. 16.Dr. Charles R. Stockard
"What we have learned of the Heredity and Development of the Organism"

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL

(Lexington Ave. and 22nd St. at 8 o'clock)

Single Admission, 25 Cents

Reduction for Course Tickets

Saturday, Feb. 13....Houston Peterson
"The Dramas of Ibsen"Monday, Feb. 15.....Scott Buchanan
"Varieties of Scientific Experiments"Wednesday, Feb. 17.Dr. Horace M. Kallen
"Why Religion?"Thursday, Feb. 18...Dr. E. G. Spaulding
"The Evolution Theory"

SPEAKERS: WE ASSIST IN PREPARING special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service.

AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

MISCELLANEOUS

THERE NEVER WAS

a more concise and comprehensive book on the PREVENTION OF DISEASE by natural methods than "BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR."

It is a guide that will forever keep you well, a book that you will never part with.

Price postpaid \$1.00.

Write to WILLIAM UTRECHT, Zephyr Hills, Florida

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION

among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

"THE MARXIST"

Second Issue—"The Scopes Case"; "Introduction to Universal History"; "An Aid to the Study of Capital"; "In Memoriam."

Third Issue out soon. Price 50 cents.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE

P. O. Box-24, Station E. Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLS: HOW TO MAKE AND BREAK THEM

By MILTON IVES LIVY \$1.00 prepaid

Complete legal forms of wills with a complete compilation of the laws on wills and testaments of 48 States and territories of United States.

MILTON IVES LIVY, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A Cable and Telegraphic News Service From Every Part of the World Where Jews Reside.

Printed in the English Language
Concise—Authoritative—Impartial
No Editorials—No Philosophical Dissertations
No Personal or Society News contained in the
JEWISH DAILY BULLETIN
621 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.
\$1.00 Per Month, \$10.00 Per Year.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy. One System. Universal Service

The Russian Inn, 33 W. 37th Street
New YorkLuncheon - Tea - Dinner and
After the Theatre DancingPhone FITZ ROY 6567 Open daily and Sundays
Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30 to 1 P. M.

WANTED—Young business woman to share three-room apartment. Located at 103rd St. station of West Side Subway. Rate \$35.00 a month. Apply at Flying Fame Cafeteria, N.E. corner 104th Street and Broadway. Tel. Acad. 6576.

WANTED—A GOOD NEIGHBOR: Liberal, Cultured, Kindly. New apt. Six rooms, steam, electric, breakfast room; tile bath, kitchen (Jackson Heights). Rent \$75 per month. Phone Sedgewick 9217 mornings for particulars. Lily Winner.

YOUNG Austrian writer, university graduate, gentleman, perfect English, desires part-time position as reader, tutor, secretary, etc., to distinguished individual or institution. Box 422.

WRITER concerned with the civilization of the coming social order is seeking research secretary for collaborator. Applicant must be widely read, including sociology and psychology, be liberal or radical minded, possess some literary experience and proficiency in typewriting. Work may involve trip abroad. Box 423.

Last Nation Dinner

March 18

SINCLAIR LEWIS, STUART P. SHERMAN,
HARRISON SMITH with MARK VAN
DOREN as Chairman will discuss

Is Literary Criticism Important?

Fifth Ave. Restaurant; 200 Fifth Ave.;
7 P. M.; \$2.50 per cover for Nation
subscribers and their guests.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA, ITS PARKS and PLAYGROUNDS

Edited by J. F. KANE

"A handsome, informing, interesting, useful book."—New York Times.

At leading booksellers. Price \$15.00

Published by Resorts and Playgrounds of America

51 East 42nd Street

New York

Special Offer—To one person in every community—an interesting and profitable offer open for assisting in making better known and appreciated the scenic marvels of America.

Live Dangerously—But Know How

The tragedy of the human race is not over-eating so much as wrong combinations. A good meal can be spoiled by a glass of milk, and not only is your money wasted but you suffer indigestion. Read the HEALTH MESSENGER, the rebel of the healing world, \$1.00 a year.

WHY DON'T MEN SUFFER WITH GOITRE AS OFTEN AS WOMEN?

If goitre is due to lack of Iodine then men should suffer the same as women, because they drink the same water and eat the same food. READ GOITRE—BEWARE OF THE KNIFE, by Dr. J. D. Levine, and learn the causes and cure of goitre. Price 50 cents.

STOP DIGGING YOUR GRAVE WITH YOUR TEETH

Learn the chemistry of food in a popular manner. Learn why bread is an acid producer, and baked potatoes are alkaline. Read HEALTH—NATURE'S PRECIOUS GIFT—the most remarkable book written on the philosophy of food. Price 50 cents.

DO YOU KNOW THAT BRAN IS A DANGEROUS FOOD?

If you do not then read BOMBHELLS—the most stimulating booklet ever written. It is loaded with intellectual dynamite. Full of snappy articles on Life and Health. Price 50 cents.

THE HEALTH MESSENGER

Dept. G. 162 North State Street CHICAGO, ILL.
SPECIAL OFFER—Health Messenger for 1 year and 3 booklets for \$2.

HOME BUILDERS—NOT SPECULATORS

While land at Mt. Airy (Croton-on-Hudson) is selling for considerably less than unimproved lots in the surrounding districts, and while the Mt. Airy property is steadily increasing in value, we want only HOME BUILDERS, not speculators, in this community of artists, writers and thinking people.

We frequently deny applications for land in justice to those already home owners at Mt. Airy.

Beautifully wooded ¼, ½ acre and larger plots available.
60 minutes from city; 100 trains daily; schools and stores nearby.

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Chelsea 0432.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers
Suit Lengths Cut to Order. Price \$2.00 per Yard. Postage Paid
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desiredaccept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1926

No. 3163

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	167
EDITORIALS:	
Raiding Water-Power	170
Mussolini Menaces Europe.....	171
Monuments and Monuments.....	171
Jazzing the Scriptures.....	172
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	173
TAMPA—FLORIDA'S BIG CITY. By Chester C. Platt.....	174
ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN. By Mary Heaton Vorse.....	175
LETTERS FROM TOLSTOI. By Herman George Scheffauer.....	177
BALLAD OF OLD DOC HIGGINS. By Leonora Speyer.....	179
THE KING OF THE WALTZ. By Howard E. Greene.....	180
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	181
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:	
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	183
From John Brown to George Babbitt. By Karl F. Geiser.....	183
Paul Morand. By Alice Beal Parsons.....	184
The Wood and the Trees. By E. C. MacDowell.....	184
The World Court. By James N. Rosenberg.....	185
Mr. Morley's Fancy. By Helen Hersh.....	185
Books in Brief.....	185
Art: Louis Lozowick. By Robert Wolf.....	186
Drama: Another Modern. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	187
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Facts About Locarno. By Oscar T. Crosby.....	188

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

ADVOCATES OF PROHIBITION have been thrown into a flutter by the announcement that the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church is in favor of a modification of the Volstead act. The declaration has probably been taken rather too seriously. Its import, or even its authenticity, is decidedly open to question until we know the size and character of the organization, how the referendum was taken, and the figures in the vote. Of twenty-three bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church who responded to an inquiry by the *New York Times* only five indorsed the stand of the Church Temperance Society. Nevertheless, it is not without interest that a church society, the active head of which was formerly superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York State, should be lined up in opposition to the present prohibition movement. There is weight, too, in the argument put forward by the society that educational work in behalf of temperance was practically dropped with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and all reliance has since been placed in the strong arm of the law, a means which has so far proved incapable of meeting the situation.

OF MORE SIGNIFICANCE to the future of liquor control than the declaration of the Church Temperance Society were remarks made recently before a gathering of ministers by Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of enforcing prohibition, and by Emory R. Buckner, United States Attorney in charge of

federal prosecutions in New York City. Both men took the stand that the United States Government had not been and would not be able to enforce prohibition; it did not and could not provide enough enforcement officers or courts for the work; the various States would have to pass laws and set up machinery to carry out the Eighteenth Amendment. Now this statement, if true, is immensely more important than Messrs. Andrews and Buckner and the ministers who listened to them seemed to realize. For it would mean the abandonment of national prohibition in favor of local option. If the federal government cannot carry out its own law in regions where it is unpopular, it is certain that no individual State can or will try to. If prohibition is left to the States, it will be treated as local sentiment dictates; as a national measure it will cease to exist.

AMONG THE MANY BY-PRODUCTS of America's benevolent imperialism in the Philippine Islands is one of which we seldom boast—a small matter of 2,500 casual offspring of the unions of American soldiers and Filipino girls. We do not boast about them, but neither can we any longer ignore them, for, according to an appeal recently issued by Governor General Leonard Wood, these children "have been either abandoned or . . . are growing up in pernicious surroundings." General Wood wants to raise \$15,000 a year by popular subscription to support and educate the children so that they may "be converted into citizens who will be a credit to their fathers' race." That may seem, in the face of the facts, a rather ironical hope, but we have no reason to doubt the serious condition of these unwanted and untended children. Certainly they should be educated and given a chance to develop into normal human beings. And, quite as certainly, the responsibility for this task should fall primarily on the army. If good roads and sanitation are products of American occupation of the islands, no less are these hordes of children. They are the children of America's policy in the Philippines, the children of the army. A public campaign for funds, however successful it may be, will not lift responsibility from the Government of the United States. A sum of money should be taken from the appropriations for national defense for the care of these children of America's soldiers. It should be an annual charge upon the military.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES sets out to spread the blessings of a stable government of law in the Caribbean it inculcates the idea first by violating whatever native law it finds irksome and then by overriding such law as it imposes when that legislation proves to be inconvenient. In our issue of December 16 we noted that soon after American troops invaded the republic of Haiti and gradually took over the government, a new constitution was forced upon the country, which presumably was to our liking since it was written by Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. This provided for the election of a legislature every other year and for the election of a President by the legislature every fourth year. A legislature to choose a successor to the American-made President, Louis Borno, should have been elected on January 10 last. The

election did not take place. The American Occupation resorted to the simple but effective expedient of prohibiting it. More than that, when Windsor Bellegarde, one of the candidates, showed himself in public on the afternoon of January 10 and was called upon for a speech, he was forcibly pulled off the rostrum by Lieutenant Beal of our Marine Corps, while others in the crowd were beaten, one so severely that he had to be sent to a hospital for medical attention.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE the United States enters the World Court. The reservations render it most unlikely that we shall make any effective use of our privileges of membership, but they do not accomplish what *The Nation* most insistently demanded—the elimination of war in the enforcement of the Court's decisions. In the midst of the final struggle Senator Moses made a valiant effort to push this consideration to the front by offering a reservation:

That the adherence of the United States to the statute of the World Court is conditioned upon the understanding and agreement that the judgments, decrees, and (or) advisory opinions of the Court shall not be enforced by war under any name or in any form whatever.

In the debate the advocates of the Court showed themselves sorry friends of peace. They opposed the Moses reservation on dubious grounds: that the League could not repudiate force—force being the basis of its authority; that such a reservation would merely have the effect of keeping the United States out of the Court. If the friends of the Court are right, our worst fears about that body are amply justified. We cannot share in the decisions of the Court without assuming active responsibility for the system of sanctions that underlies them.

WE STILL BELIEVE, however, that the friends of the Court are wrong in the position they take; their cause need not be as vicious as they would make it appear. We believe with Senator Borah that the nations adhering to the World Court could agree among themselves that the judgments of the Court shall not be executed by means of force. If such an agreement should require an amendment to the Covenant of the League it would be the greatest improvement the League could institute. The friends of the Court had enough votes so that they could afford to be incautious in their arguments. They cheerfully gave their case away by first asserting that public opinion would sustain the decisions of the Court and then admitting that the use of force might be "the only way" to enforce a judgment against a recalcitrant nation. They gave their case away—but they won it none the less. We are grateful at least to Senator Moses and Senator Borah, who so ably supported the only reservation that could possibly turn the World Court into an instrument of peace.

ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, Mr. Coolidge denounced Congress for its increasing attacks upon him, characterizing them as "seasonal, or actuated by political motives." He asserted that the Government was proceeding in an orderly fashion to investigate all cases of law infringement and declared that our entrance into the World Court did not foreshadow entrance into the League of Nations—which latter statement makes us expect that he will urge our entrance into the League within the next

twelve months. One good thing followed. Senators Wheeler and Harrison tore aside the mask the President tries to hide behind at his semi-weekly conference with the newspaper men and replied directly and openly to the President's attack. Presto, change! Three days later the President sang a different tune. At his second weekly interview with the newspaper men he was deeply "appreciative of the legislative record of Congress in dealing with America's adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice and the revision of taxes." The correspondents explained that the President was not entirely a critic and that he was anxious to give praise where he thought it was deserving. How it must hurt him to utter a word in criticism and how eager he is to have the public understand that he chastises Congress, as any fond father does his offspring, merely for Congress's own good! Curiously enough, however, the barrage upon the President has not decreased but rather increased. Hence, no doubt, the Department of Justice's quick move against the food trusts which contrasts so remarkably with its months and months of delay in moving against Mr. Mellon's aluminum company.

THE OLDEST and most important question in the world is, When do we eat? Our captains of industry have been somewhat remiss heretofore in giving due weight to this fundamental situation. There are signs, however, that they propose to do better. On the heels of Mr. Ward's two-billion-dollar bread combine and in spite of the suit that has been begun against it by the federal government, comes an announcement from Wall Street that it is about to give its blessing to the National Food Products Corporation, "the first great holding company empowered to invest in food concerns." Already the new corporation has acquired interests in 2,000 chain stores in twenty States, as well as in ice-cream and dairy companies. That it is a 1926 model is attested by the fact that it is issuing 1,000,000 shares of Class A common stock and 1,000,000 shares of Class B common stock—both without par value. With the appearance of the alphabet, it is always a safe bet that the investing public is going to pay the cost of the physical properties acquired and have no tangible control—often not even a legal vote—in their future management, while the insiders who promote the combine pay nothing, are awarded a few shares of Class C stock, and run the works in perpetuity. And what could be a happier choice to run in perpetuity than a nation's food?

ANOTHER KLANNISH ORGANIZATION has been born in Georgia. It arrived on a quiet Sunday in Atlanta, January 17, and was named the Supreme Kingdom. Its friends say that the Supreme Kingdom will devote itself to the modest program of a world-wide campaign against evolution. It plans organizations all over the United States and bureaus in Great Britain, Canada, and Australia, but the headquarters will remain in Atlanta. Within four days of the official birth of the Supreme Kingdom \$100,000 was subscribed to the fund for the proposed Bryan Memorial University at Dayton, Tennessee, and it was said that a subscription of \$50,000,000 would be sought. What justifies us chiefly in describing this new organization as Klannish is the fact that Edward Young Clark of Atlanta, former Klan leader, was appointed as its head and Roscoe Carpenter of Indianapolis was made

"organizer extraordinary." The Ku Klux Klan itself is about done; its novelty and nightgowns are worn out. But the soil in which it thrived remains. There may be as much money and publicity for the organizers of a campaign against evolution as in baiting Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. There are always new worlds of ignorance and superstition to conquer.

A NOTABLE EXPERIMENT in cooperation between organized labor and college students is going on at the University of Denver. Student window cleaners, employed by the Student Window Cleaner Company owned by Rose Brothers, had been working in Denver as non-union men. While the wages for skilled students equaled the union scale, the pay for apprentices was slightly lower. The window-cleaners' union protested that students were undermining their wages and throwing them out of work, and the local federation of labor carried the protest to the chancellor of Denver University. The chancellor, who has been known as a friend of organized labor, called upon the parties to discuss their differences. Through the mediation of a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a professor, and a labor editor the students, employers, and union leaders worked out an agreement. All the student window cleaners joined the union. Skilled students will receive at least as much as the union scale, which is almost seventy cents an hour. The union will not object to student apprentices provided the scale paid to them is set by arbitration and provided an arbitration committee also determines when the employers shall bring in new men instead of employing veteran window cleaners in Denver who are unemployed. Thus there is promise that the two great barriers between student participation in organized labor movements, the apprenticeship rules and employment preference, will disappear.

SEVENTEEN TO SEVEN. Nothing that may be imagined concerning those figures in juxtaposition could seem quite so grotesque as the fact that they stand for the vote of the Liberals in Parliament for and against Lloyd George as leader of their poor little remnant in the House. In a recent interview Lloyd George said that the reason why reaction was enthroned in present-day governments was that since the war the progressive parties and leaders had been fighting among themselves. Think of it! In November, 1918, Lloyd George was altogether certain of gaining such a majority at the polls as would have given him a government powerful enough to secure the kind of settlement demanded by all the decent elements in Britain and America. He preferred to make his appeal to the mob, drunk with victory, and to drive from Parliament those Liberals and Labor men who had striven to check his own madness and to make possible a peace of healing and reason. Inevitably, therefore, in the hour of his fall in 1922 he had no party to lead, and today, four years after the Tories threw him over, the net result of his efforts to recover a position of leadership is a bitter conflict among the distracted Liberals and a parliamentary vote of 17 to 7.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, the wrangle over Lloyd George is the most humiliating affair that has occurred in British party politics for at least half a century. Mr. George has accumulated a campaign fund

of at least \$5,000,000. It is wholly under his own control. Its origin has never been explained, and its possessor lives in fear of a call in Parliament or the press for a public investigation. The Liberal campaign chest is empty, and Lloyd George says to the directors of the party machine: Put your organization behind my new land scheme, which we all know you doubt or detest, and the fund is at your disposal. To which the Asquith Liberals reply, with a simplicity that to the American politician may seem a good deal less than credible: We want your money, but we don't want you.

A CHINESE STUDENT learns his school lessons at the top of his lungs, surrounded by others shouting equally loudly; a coolie accomplishes some work in a mob of fellow-coolies all crying out to do different things at different times; and a Chinese hotel is a never-ceasing babel of altercation, ribald song, and uproarious conversation. Yet somehow China produces great scholars, performs amazing feats of mass labor without the aid of horse or motor, and presumably Chinese travelers manage to get some sleep. And in the midst of civil war the Chinese post office continues to grow and to spread its branches into the remotest corners of the territories of all the dozens of tuchuns and supertuchuns who seem to divide the republic into a score of warring parts. The figures for 1924, recently compiled, show that the total pieces of mail carried in that year of civil wars was 522,352,095—a gain of 50,000,000 pieces over the 1923 figure. One interesting commentary upon the processes at work in China behind the much-advertised civil wars is that 97,000,000 newspapers and magazines were carried in 1924, as compared with 81,000,000 in 1923 and hardly 1,000,000 ten years ago. China is learning to read! Another interesting reflection for those who think the Chinese an incapable race is the fact that the Chinese postal staff, with all its foreign business, includes 35,590 Chinese and only 121 foreigners.

BEN FOSTER is dead. For years he lived and painted among the Litchfield hills and seemed as exempt from time's decay as the rubble of boulders deposited by the glacial drift. He was not a visionary, for men are not visionaries who grow old among the hills where the earth is stubborn to the plow and life is hard. But Ben Foster in his pictures took little account of the human midges that labor upon the rocky soil; he contemplated the forested hills as one whose mind harked far back into geologic time. He was as familiar as the spirit of earth with the forces that had molded the valleys and driven the foundations of the mountains. And there was given to him the power to translate through plastic means the terrific substance of things—his trees have roots that search deep; their trunks are ponderable almost beyond the reach of ordinary tricks of light and shade. He was interested in a tree for the way it felt under the palms of his hands. And how he loved rocks and their lichen surfaces! He must have sensed the immense patience of a rock enduring the erosion of the ages. Into his landscapes he has infused no fiery moods and few lyrical ones. He was impelled to render natural objects as he honestly saw them under conditions which made them seem beautiful to man; but this pageant of beauty is not created for man. Nature is a lonely god playing idly with the sunlight and moonlight, unconscious of man and man's destiny.

Raiding Water-Power

SIDE by side on the international bridge crossing the Niagara River stand two electric lamps. To the one on the north, current is supplied by the government-owned power system of the province of Ontario. It costs \$8 a year. To the one on the south, current is supplied by a private American power company. It costs \$43 a year. A storekeeper in Galt, Ontario, pays \$7.82 for 412 kilowatts—a month's supply of current. In San Jose, California, 412 kilowatts for a storekeeper cost \$25.44; in Washington, D. C., \$27.33; in New York City, \$20.60. In 1912 the people of London, Ontario, were paying a private company 9 cents a kilowatt. In 1921 they were paying the government 1.9 cents a kilowatt. The cost of lighting the Labor Temple in Galt, Ontario, for five months in 1911 was \$467.91; for the same five months in 1922, \$179.94. Meanwhile the average domestic rate in the United States is about 10 cents a kilowatt. The State of New York, with its boundaries on Niagara, as are those of Ontario, pays at least twice the Ontario rate.

The United States Geological Survey has, in Professional Paper 125, mapped out a superpower system for the region between Boston and Washington, including of course New York State. The plan contemplates a main transmission line running between the two cities, into which will feed all isolated power units, now run independently and wastefully. The plan could be installed in ten years' time (Ontario took about as long) and would save:

For electric utilities	19 million tons of coal a year
For railroads	10 million tons of coal a year
For manufacturers	21 million tons of coal a year
A total of	50 million tons of coal a year

Charles P. Steinmetz, perhaps the greatest electrical engineer America has produced, analyzed the New York power situation shortly before he died. He found 50,000 industrial plants using 5,000,000 horse-power, of which only 1,300,000 came from water-power—the balance coming from coal and requiring the shipment into New York of 25,000,000 tons a year. Meanwhile coal fired locomotives consume 12,000,000 tons more. He found that the State has readily available 4,200,000 horse-power of energy to be derived from falling water in addition to the 1,300,000 already developed; and another 4,000,000 could be made available by storage. One horse power of energy is the equivalent of ten tons of coal a year. Thus the 4,200,000 horse-power readily available could save 42,000,000 tons of coal a year and more than supply all present industrial and railroad needs (37,000,000 tons). Such a project would save, further, 500 locomotives (electric locomotives are more efficient than steam) and 15,000 coal cars; it would increase the capacity of the railroads by relieving congestions; lower the cost of energy; save the State \$140,000,000 a year; and give us smoke-free cities.

E. F. Slosson has estimated that there are 5,000,000 horse-power now running to waste in the Niagara region—the equivalent of 350,000 loaves of bread or 600,000 fresh eggs per hour. Messrs. Gilbert and Pogue, late of the Geological Survey, have worked out a chart showing the gigantic potentiality of savings in energy and in natural resources which an articulation of water-power, coal, oil, and natural

gas, on a nation-wide scale, could bring about for the United States.

So when Governor Smith stands up in Albany and questions the moral right of a Republican commission to give away 2,000,000 of the State's horse-power for a term of fifty years we will do well to bear the above facts in mind. This amount of water-power will go to private companies and comprises potential energy on the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers, energy now owned by the people of New York State. And, as Governor Smith has pointed out, it is the last of the State's possessions in natural resources. Everything but water-power has gone into private hands. The claimants for this last citadel of empire are, among others, the Northeastern Power Corporation, a giant holding company, and the St. Lawrence Valley Power Company, controlled by the aluminum trust. Is either of these two private organizations interested in cheapening power to the people of New York; will they be content to light lamps on the international bridge for \$8 a year; or coordinate—which means subordinate—their properties with any regional or nation-wide giant-power projects; or care about the elimination of waste except in so far as it affects their own balance sheets?

Not unless this holding company and this aluminum trust are different from any other private corporation ever heard of. They will play the normal, modern business game; they have, indeed, no other choice. They will issue securities—probably a whole alphabetical series of these up-to-the-minute non-voting common stocks; they will include in their valuations an enormous account for "organization expenses," and they will, like the New York Telephone Company, employ every means in their power—including the employment of swarms of engineers, appraisers, certified public accountants, and real-estate experts—to fix the valuations of their physical assets at an amount which will give them a maximum return under whatever State regulation of rates may be imposed. They will be forever in the courts, while batteries of the nation's most astute legal talent will be carrying one appeal after another up to the supreme bench. They will fight both directly through their unparalleled avenues of publicity, and indirectly through their friendly acquaintance in the legislature, every attempt the State may make to stiffen or improve its regulation, and nine times out of ten they will defeat such improvement. They will gradually create a margin between their ostensible and their real earnings, which in due course will take on all the sanctity of a vested interest, and this—when the fifty-year leasehold is up—the State will pay for through the nose before the private companies can be induced to withdraw. They will, if the history of private public utilities in these States be any guide at all, keep costs at the maximum which can be wrung from the public or a pliant legislature, emerge through the means of subsidiary companies every nickel saved by technical improvement, and block, except at a huge tribute, every project for giant power which has as its aim the welfare of the whole community.

Every citizen who cares one iota for New York State and its future development is behind Governor Smith in his fight.

Mussolini Menaces Europe

A MENACE to Europe—that is what Mussolini has become. We cannot recall in recent years, perhaps not since the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, any utterance by a supposedly responsible European statesman which for downright mischief-making can compare with the attack upon Germany made by Mussolini in the Chamber of Deputies in Rome on February 6. Denouncing the German campaign on behalf of the submerged Tyrol as "nefarious, ridiculous, and lying," the Prime Minister went on to say:

We will be sufficiently explicit—and I believe that plain-speaking will serve truth, civilization, and even peace—to alter slightly the old formula and declare that sometimes it is necessary to pay with two eyes for the loss of one and with a whole set of teeth for the loss of one tooth. . . . I hope my speech will be understood by those who should understand it, so that the Italian Government need not pass a concrete answer as it would if tomorrow the German Government assumed direct responsibility for what is happening and what may happen in Germany.

Referring then to the Locarno spirit of which Europe has been so proud, he ridiculed it as being something "soft, evanescent, insupportable, and even hypocritical like habitual things."

Throughout Italy the fascist press and the chief political leaders have accepted this as practically a declaration of war against Germany—against an unarmed and defenseless Germany. That means, furthermore, a threat against the League of Nations itself, precisely as he defied it when he went to the Island of Corfu and killed defenseless children by his unprovoked and indefensible bombardment of that island.

What, we ask, would have been the reaction of Europe had the Kaiser made an utterance like this? Here we have the threat to conquer additional territory because Mussolini does not like the campaign that is being waged openly and fairly to undo one of the most terrible mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles—the cession of the Tyrol to Italy. As a matter of fact the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger was of little significance compared to this, for the agitation for the freedom of the Tyrol is bound to go on. If Mussolini cows Germany and Austria by his threats of war, then the agitation will go on in Switzerland, in England, in France, in the United States, wherever there are men and women who believe in justice and humanity and fair dealing, and are opposed to the abominable outraging of innocent people at the hands of foreign despots.

Americans do not realize, in the first place, that the guilt is largely upon our own heads, for it was Woodrow Wilson at Paris who, betraying every American principle for which he stood and particularly that of the right of this racial group to self-determination, turned over the Tyrol to Italy. In the next place Americans do not realize that all Europe is in fear of the aggression of Mussolini. Fascist leaders, drunk with unrestrained power, talk of war with France and vow they can whip her; Switzerland trembles for fear that the widespread fascist propaganda to wrest from her her Italian cantons will turn into action; in Albania, in Yugoslavia, in Greece they fear the dictator of Rome. It is Mussolini who has become the mad dog of Europe, and those Americans like our bankers who think that we must approve this sort of government of Italy, who pat the dictator on the back and say that it is the duty of

liberalism to let Italy have the kind of government it wants, must realize that if this sort of thing goes on the peace of Europe will be in jeopardy as it never was jeopardized by the stupid fumbler of Potsdam.

What would we have America do in the premises? We would have her do nothing more and nothing less than she has always done, let the world know where her sympathy lies, that it is with the oppressed of the Tyrol precisely as it was with the Boers in their war with England, precisely as it went out to the Irish and the Greeks in their fight for freedom, precisely as it was on the side of Garibaldi and Mazzini and Cavour in their battle to free Italy from Austrian tyranny. This, of course, does not mean a threat of war, but it does mean that we shall make felt the weight of our moral indignation against not only what is happening in the Tyrol, but against the Mussolini menace to all Europe.

In the New York *Evening Post* Dorothy Thompson, one of the best of our American correspondents abroad, has been setting forth what has been happening in the Tyrol. It is a record of deliberate and systematic tyranny. Mussolini may deny as he pleases the charges made in the German press; they have been made in the English press and in the American press, wherever the press is free. He cannot deny that he has destroyed all the village councils; that he has violated the sacred pledges made by the King of Italy himself that the German schools would not be interfered with; that every Germanic newspaper has been suppressed. Nothing in our judgment could have been much worse than the methods the Italians have adopted to compel every German to become an Italian. It has been an outrage which has cried to high heaven.

Monuments and Monuments

NOW it is a great memorial for William Jennings Bryan which is being planned for Washington. It is to be a common or park by which his admirers desire to commemorate the Commoner and the defender of that faith which denies alike reason and science. As yet the money is not raised, nor has the plan been worked out in detail; but in general it is to be a public meeting and recreation place surrounded by impressive edifices—belonging, perhaps, if the Bible stories see their way clear, to universities which are to be dedicated to stopping the hands of time and the wheel of progress. The Common is to cost \$1,000,000 and there will be a "central chimes tower."

This ambitious undertaking may or may not come to pass. But the mere prospect of it is sufficient to bring up the question of the attitude of Congress toward such commemorative projects. We have already referred to the Roosevelt memorial, to the extraordinary beauty of the design, and what seems to us its extraordinary adaptation to the site the projectors have selected for it. But its very beauty brings up the question as to whether Congress should give to the donors the desired site and whether it should or should not pass upon the memorial itself. Ought Congress to consider the question of the public services of Mr. Roosevelt before granting permission for a work which in some respects will dwarf the Lincoln Memorial and make the Washington Monument seem utterly inadequate for the Father of His Country; or should it jump to receive a gift so valuable and so artistic? Undoubtedly the proposal will fit in well with the Burnham plan for the development of Washington to which the Bryan common would also have to

conform. But if the proposed Roosevelt site is preempted there will be no further opportunity to place a great memorial in that section of Washington. Even the most ardent admirer of Colonel Roosevelt will, we think, hardly contend that his services to the country equal those of Lincoln and Washington. Indeed, his achievements in the field of legislation are being wiped out almost at the rate of one a month by Mr. Coolidge's devitalizing appointments. Few will concede that Mr. Bryan's services warrant the distinction of a great public square. But will Congress refuse the offer?

The problem is not merely a theoretical one, for the Woodrow Wilson memorial will be along soon—it is only by the uncommon kindness of Providence that the \$800,000 tomb of Warren G. Harding is to be hidden in Marion, Ohio—and doubtless Wall Street will some day desire, as it should, to erect the tallest memorial edifice in the world to Calvin Coolidge. What complicates the question is not merely the artistic or utilitarian character of each memorial contemplated; it is the issue as to the value of the public man in question. Can Congress pass upon such an issue? If not, should it appoint a committee of standards? And if the latter, how shall it be constituted? By assigning to it ardent admirers of Roosevelt, or Wilson, or Bryan, or Harding? Should there be critics of these and other statesmen on it? Shall conservatives and liberals and radicals all be represented on such a body? In other words, can any group be found to pass the judgment of history upon conspicuous political figures?

For ourselves, we find most of these questions unanswerable. But we have one concrete suggestion to make: let Congress pass a law forbidding any great memorial to a man dead less than fifty years. The capital waited longer than that for the Lincoln Memorial. The Washington Monument was begun in 1848 but not finished until 1884. To rush to commemorate statesmen in bronze and stone and marble immediately after their death is characteristic of our nervous age. In the case of Mr. Harding the haste was necessary; the \$800,000 could not have been raised today, we believe, in the light of facts as to the crooked and disgraceful character of his administration which have come out. A sentimental Congress might in 1922 have permitted a monument to Mr. Harding it would now regret.

Let anyone go to Washington and see for himself how the city is cluttered with equestrian statues (on the most amazing equines conceived in the mind of man) and civilian statues of unknown worthies carved apparently by the hands of gravestone "artists." It is enough to make one wish that an earthquake could obliterate all but a few. Now, however, in our richer age we do not think a statue, afoot or on horseback, adequate for a modern Daniel Webster or Lewis Cass. We want a \$3,000,000 water-side structure, or an \$800,000 mausoleum, or a \$2,000,000 park. Our tributes in bronze and stone grow in size in proportion to our national wealth and grandeur—only critical faculty is lacking. So at least let us ask Congress for a law which will save Washington from memorials for fifty years. By that time a public man will be evaluated not by passionate friends and ardent admirers but in the light of a succeeding generation which will be sufficiently detached to see whether a man's contemporary greatness has lasted; whether his achievements have or have not been wiped out by his successors or have contributed something worth while to our nation's progress; whether his visions of a new and better world have stood the test of time.

Jazzing the Scriptures

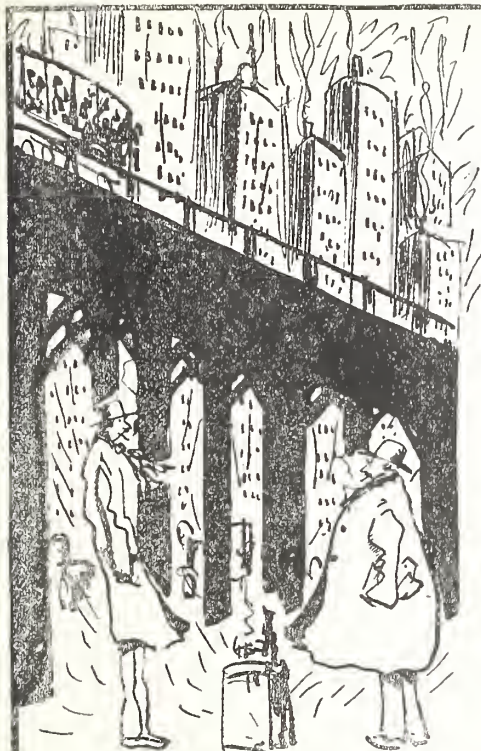
TO the mind which is ignorant of advertising and its wonders nothing could seem more dead from a commercial standpoint than the Apocryphal Scriptures. Who, one might ask, could be persuaded to read "The Visions of the Shepherd Hermas," which lost its popularity a great many centuries ago, and who among the movie-going public would care to buy the so-called "Letters of Pontius Pilate," which purport to give an account of the Resurrection? And yet a publisher of the sign-this-coupon, sent-on-approval variety has undertaken to sell just these things; and it is not at all unlikely that he will succeed, for though no one is interested in the Apocryphal Scriptures there are doubtless a good many credulous souls who are panting for them if they are called "The Lost Books of the Bible" and are anxious to see Pilate "The Arch-Coward of History Revealed in His Own Words."

For the small sum of \$2.95 (plus a few cents postage) one can receive C. O. D. not only the works described but in addition other books which contain "detailed accounts of some of the most interesting events of the Bible that are hardly mentioned at all in the New Testament." There are "The Gospel of Mary," which "gives a fuller account than we have in any other place of the girlhood of Mary"; "The Gospel of the Protoevangelion," which "gives a wonderfully detailed account of the birth of Jesus"; and "The Gospel of the Infancy," which has "twenty-two remarkable chapters telling of the boyhood and school days of Jesus."

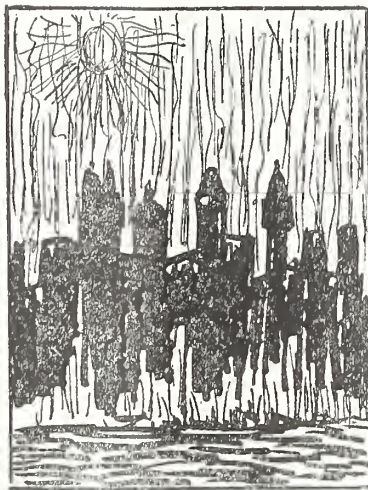
If this book should happen to receive any considerable circulation we predict some unhappy hours for a good many pastors scattered over these United States. The authority of the Bible has long depended to a very considerable extent upon its fixed form. To the vast majority of Christians it is a unified whole of which it may be said that whatever is there is true and whatever is not there is not true. Questions of canonicity, of the formation of the book, and of the reasons for the inclusion of this or the exclusion of that are outside the ken of most believers, whose attitude is largely that of the revivalist who is said to have declared that the King James Bible was good enough for the Apostles and therefore good enough for him. Either the village atheist or the too-ready believer who happened to be armed with these "Lost Books" could ask questions to which the best-informed theologian could not give wholly satisfactory answers. For even though every word of the Bible be literally true there remains the question, What is the Bible?

At the Dayton trial one of the parties most interested in the prosecution expressed privately his surprise at hearing it stated that there was more than one Bible. He had "never heard tell" of any besides the one with which he was familiar, and he sensed dimly the problem which was involved. The court in its wisdom decided that no information upon this or any other subject was permissible in spite of the fact that it was, historically, the very subject which did most to undermine a belief in the literal trustworthiness of the Scriptures. Now, jazz has a way of penetrating a good deal further than scholarship, and it may very well happen that the advertiser to whom this editorial is dedicated will, all unknowingly, do more for the cause of liberalism in theology than all the experts who offered their services at Dayton.

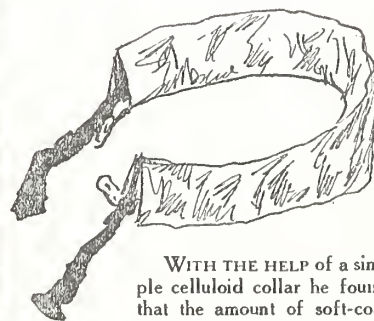
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



OUR DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY the *Forum* has established the amount of noise per nerve which must be endured by the average New Yorker.



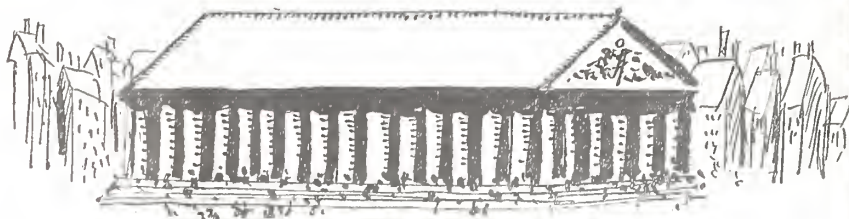
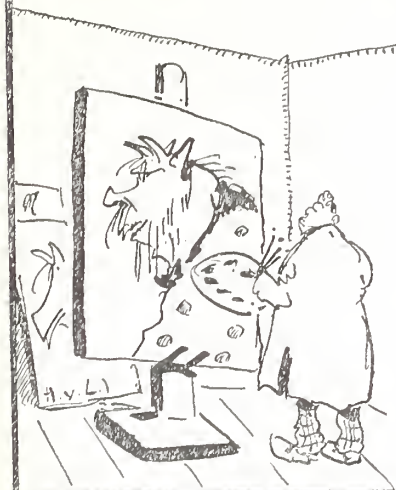
The Nation, ALWAYS IN THE VANGUARD of local and national patriotism, decided to do something about the dirt of the metropolis. Your favorite weekly, therefore, at enormous expense sent for Professor Dr. Schmutzmesser, the well known specialist of the University of Pittsburgh.



WITH THE HELP of a simple celluloid collar he found that the amount of soft-coal dust per square inch of lung in Greater New York surpasses by 600 per cent the record established in 1867 by the London underground.



THE STORY OF THE ROOSEVELT and her crew and her captain and their quiet heroism somehow or other made us feel that the rest of the newspaper could not be quite true.



FURTHERMORE WE WERE MADE HAPPY by the news that Art Young is working on a new type of devil and that the Paris Stock Exchange intends to erect a memorial to France's Unknown Creditor.

Tampa—Florida's Big City

By CHESTER C. PLATT

TAMPA—Florida's big city; big ships in the harbor; big cigar factories; big skyscrapers; big municipal hotel; big phosphate mines, and big orange groves surrounding the city; big man-made sand islands in the bay (homes for its millionaires); big subdivisions all around; big bridge, six miles long, connecting the city with St. Petersburg; big growth of 90 per cent in population in five years (Jacksonville, 95,000; Tampa, 94,000; Miami, 71,000); big automobile traffic jams; big newspapers with ninety or 100 pages Sunday and forty or fifty pages on week days; big ditches to drain the surrounding swamps; big tourist camps in suburbs; big cranes and sand-sucking machines; big millionaires; big cock fights sponsored by the millionaires; and also one big bull fight, but the exhibition was indorsed by the head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Tampa—Florida's dirtiest city; debris from torn-down buildings everywhere, old brick, plaster, and lath; new building material of all kinds piled high in the streets and on vacant lots. The old county courthouse is a veritable monument to filth. Nobody can visit it without contempt of court. There is much rubbish in the courthouse park, the tourists' principal loafing-place and sun-bath resort. A rusty wire entanglement fastened to old gas-pipe posts surrounds it. An ineffectual appreciation of the sorry look of things is shown by several signs, which say: "All well-bred people will throw their orange peel, waste paper, and peanut shells in the trash can."

Yet, only three or four blocks away is Tampa's municipally owned resort, the Tampa Bay Hotel, a veritable Moorish palace, with spacious verandas, a stately façade showing arches and pinnacles like those of Seville, surrounded by a park (named after Henry B. Plant) fragrant with tropical flowers and vines, shaded with fronded palms and live-oaks, and bounded on one side by the placid Hillsboro River.

The story goes that when the hotel was opened Mr. Plant, Florida's great West Coast developer, sent a special invitation to Henry B. Flagler, Florida's great East Coast developer, to come to the celebration.

"Where is Tampa?" telegraphed Mr. Flagler. "Follow the crowd," answered Mr. Plant.

A polyglot city is Tampa. One suburb is known as Ybor City (pronounced E-bo). Here Spanish is spoken, and here more Havana cigars are made every year than are produced in Cuba. One firm makes the proud boast that by a "royal warrant signed by Alphonso" it makes cigars for the King of Spain. But they are non-union cigars, as the unsanitary and poverty-stricken appearance of Ybor City testifies. The more often one visits Ybor the more one feels like smoking other cigars.

It was at Ybor City that the bull fight was held by the Cuban Club. There was a drove of real bulls from Texas, and real matadors from Spain (Rafael Gomez called "El Gallo" and Francisco Perez Rivera) dressed in gold and silver-braided vests and knee-breeches. Across their shoulders jauntily hung the red "capa," to enrage the bulls.

There were real señoritas there, who draped hundreds of gay-colored mantillas around the railing of the bull ring and, as they did so, there were cheers upon cheers from 5,000 spectators.

Señorita Pilar Conde, noted Spanish actress, mounted on a white horse, started the show, with a ceremonious demand for the keys of the bull pen. The first bull led into the arena was not inclined to fight, but the second one looked at the flaunting red capas, snorted, lowered its head, threw dirt over the lower tiers of seats, and charged the matador. The bulls won as they never do in real fights, for the matadors were in retreat all the time until they touched the bull in a vital spot with their wooden swords, when the animal should have played dead, to have made the show a complete reproduction of the real thing.

A few blocks from Tampa's harbor is a restaurant, in front of which is a sign reading "Turkish, Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, German, and Egyptian spoken." One of the owners, H. B. Cohen, is the remarkable linguist. He was born in Smyrna and has lived in most of the countries mentioned on his sign. He says he came to Tampa in 1908 and took a position as dish-washer at the Tampa Bay Hotel at \$6 a week. Now he pays his dish-washers \$24 a week. He has entertained as guests of the restaurant persons from every one of the countries mentioned in his imposing list, and translates his bill of fare for them.

One of the attractions of Tampa is the ease with which you can get out of it. The most delightful escape is northward to Temple Terrace Estates, six miles away. This is a subdivision par excellence, on a high rolling plane, bounded by the Hillsboro River on one side and a beautiful orange grove of 4,500 acres on the other. It is all set out to one variety. The subdivision takes its name from the temple orange, which they call a "glorified tangerine," a variety with the characteristics of a small tangerine and some of a large orange.

Temple Terrace has all the standardized attractions of the best subdivision, clubhouse, casino, swimming pool, riding academy, golf course, apartment houses, and daily real-estate "lectures." A caravan of buses and automobiles from St. Petersburg, Orlando, Tampa, and other places brings scores of prospective lot buyers daily, and they are not only entertained with free rides, but with a luncheon, a band concert, and a lecture. If one prospect out of twenty signs on the dotted line and makes a first payment, business is considered good. When the prospects have been well fed, and a bit hypnotized by music and oratory, they are divided into blocks of five and sent out to see the lots in charge of expert salesmen. Prospects who play around the bait, but do not bite, are then invited into the sales office, where they meet extra "high-powered closing men," who manipulate effective landing nets, and the gamiest fish are often safely landed.

Another delightful escape from Tampa will be Davis Islands, when the sand-suckers have completed their work and the islands are properly protected by sea walls. They are only half a mile from the business center of Tampa and are connected with the city by a bridge and causeway.

Started only two years ago, the development here has gone forward with wonderful speed. Three million dollars' worth of sand-made lots are said to have been sold the first day the subdivision was opened, and \$12,000,000 worth have been sold since.

A customer who bought an \$8,000 lot sold it to a friend of mine at a profit. The latter recently visited the islands and called, somewhat impatiently, at the sales office, with the inquiry: "When can I see my lot?"

"We will get that lot pumped up within thirty days," was the encouraging reply.

But Davis Islands has already completed one of the largest casinos in the State and two large apartment houses. Two hundred Spanish residences have been built. A yacht clubhouse, a country clubhouse, and a magnificent \$2,000,000 hotel are being constructed. Lots sold on Davis Islands, originally, at from \$6,000 to \$10,000. The subdivision was all disposed of several months ago and now there are many resales at prices ranging from \$20,000 to \$60,000.

Tampa was recently threatened with a small-pox epidemic. The Kiwanis Club, Civic Club, and other commercial organizations, running true to form, called on the newspapers to suppress all mention of small-pox. But the newspapers refused to do so, the health officer advocated proper publicity to promote general vaccination, and in spite of threats that were made to have him removed he won and the threatened epidemic was averted.

Business in Tampa, as well as in many other Southern cities, has been greatly damaged by the freight and express embargo, caused primarily by the strike of the telegraph operators, tower men, and some of the station agents of the Atlantic Coast Line. It is charged that the strike-breakers who took the places of the union workers are incompetent, and there have been many serious accidents on the road. In one case of a head-on collision two engineers and two firemen were killed and twenty-six persons injured.

The strike which tied up the Atlantic Coast Line sent a tremendous lot of freight to the other railroads, which nearly swamped them, and an embargo was necessary to enable the roads to clear their freight houses and yards. They have not cleared them yet, although the express embargo has been lifted. The strike was caused by a disagreement over the matter of seven cents an hour in wages. The railroad has virtually acknowledged the justice of the request of the telegraphers for more pay, for it is paying the strike-breakers as much or more than was asked by their old, experienced and well-trained employees. The public has learned how irregularly trains are running, how they are all greatly behind time, and many who were coming to Florida this winter have gone elsewhere or are staying at home.

While more people came to Florida before the holidays this year than came last year, since the holidays fewer tourists have come into the State than came a year ago. As a consequence, the real-estate men are doing less business than they did last year at this time, and rents for apartments are coming down.

The registration of tourists at the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce for the past thirty days has been about half what it was a year ago. The figures for Tampa I am not able to get.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

Lecturer.

National Committee American Civil Liberties Union.

National Committee Labor Defense Council.

Vice-Chairman League for Mutual Aid.

Secretary American Fund for Public Service since March, 1925.

Born August 7, 1890, Concord, N. H. Father a civil engineer.

High school—New York.

1906-16, Organizer, lecturer for I. W. W.

1918-24, Organizer Workers' Defense Union.

Arrested in New York, 1906, free-speech case, dismissed; active in Spokane, Washington, free-speech fight, 1909; arrested, Missoula, Montana, 1909, in free-speech fight of I. W. W.; Spokane, Washington, free-speech fight of I. W. W., hundreds arrested; in Philadelphia arrested three times, 1911, at strike meetings of Baldwin Locomotive Works; active in Lawrence textile strike, 1912; hotel-workers strike 1912, New York; Paterson textile strike, 1913; defense work for Ettor-Giovannitti case, 1912; Mesaba Range strike, Minnesota, 1916; Everett I. W. W. case, Spokane, Washington, 1916; Joe Hill defense, 1914. Arrested Duluth, Minnesota, 1917, charged with vagrancy under law passed to stop I. W. W. and pacifist speakers; case dismissed. Indicted in Chicago I. W. W. case, 1917. Arrested in Philadelphia, 1920, at Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, no police permit. Active in Sacco-Vanzetti defense, 1921-24.

Author: "Sabotage," suppressed during war.

—From "The American Labor Who's Who."

SHE began this amazing record by getting arrested on a street corner when she was fifteen. Her father was arrested with her. He never has been arrested since. It was only the beginning for her.

The judge inquired, "Do you expect to convert people to socialism by talking on Broadway?"

She looked up at him and replied gravely, "Indeed I do."

The judge sighed deeply in pity. "Dismissed," he said.

Joe O'Brien gives me a picture of her at that time. He was sent to cover the case of these people who had been arrested for talking socialism on Broadway. He expected to find a strong-minded harpy. Instead he found a beautiful child of fifteen, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. A young Joan of Arc is what she looked like to him with her dark hair hanging down her back and her blue Irish eyes ringed with black lashes. That was how she entered the Labor movement. Since then she has never stopped.

Presently she joined the I. W. W., which was then in its golden age. Full of idealism, it swept the Northwest. They had free-speech fights everywhere. The authorities arrested them and more came. They crammed the jails to bursting.

"In one town," said Elizabeth, "there were so many in jail that they let them out during the day. We outside had to feed them. Every night they went back to jail. At last

the wobblies decided that when the jail opened they would not come out. People came from far and near to see the wobblies who wouldn't leave jail."

This part of her life, organizing and fighting the fights of the migratory workers of the West, is the part of her life that she likes most. There is no period in all the labor history of America that is more picturesque, that has in it more gaiety and heroism than the early days of the singing wobblies. The very heart of this was "Gurley," not yet twenty, fearless, and beautiful. Her marriage did not affect her activities. The arrival of her son did. His birth closed this chapter of her life.

My first sight of her was in Lawrence in the big strike of 1912. I arrived just after the chief of police had refused to allow the strikers to send their children to the workers' homes in other towns. There had been a riot at the railway station. Children had been jostled and trampled. Women fainted. The town was under martial law. Ettor and Giovannitti were in jail for murder as accessory before the fact.

I walked with Bill Haywood into a quick-lunch restaurant. "There's Gurley," he said. She was sitting at a lunch counter on a mushroom stool, and it was as if she were the spirit of this strike that had so much hope and so much beauty. She was only about twenty-one, but she had gravity and maturity. She asked me to come and see her at her house. She had gone on strike, bringing with her her mother and her baby.

There was ceaseless work for her that winter. Speaking, sitting with the strike committee, going to visit the prisoners in jail, and endlessly raising money. Speaking, speaking, speaking, taking trains only to run back to the town that was ramparted by prison-like mills before which soldiers with fixed bayonets paced all day long. Almost every night when we didn't dine in the Syrian restaurant we dined in some striker's home, very largely among the Italians. It seemed to me I had never met so many fine people before. I did not know people could act the way those strikers could in Lawrence. Every strike meeting was memorable—the morning meetings in a building quite a way from the center of things, owned by someone sympathetic to the strikers, the only place they were permitted to assemble. The soup kitchen was out here and here groceries were also distributed and the striking women came from far and near. They would wait around for a word with Gurley or with Big Bill. In the midst of this excitement Elizabeth moved calm and tranquil. For off the platform she is a very quiet person. It was as though she reserved her tremendous energy for speaking.

The Paterson textile strike followed Lawrence. In Lawrence there was martial law and militia. It was stern, cruel, and rigorous. The Paterson authorities were all of that and besides they were petty, niggling, and hectoring. Arrests were many. Jail sentences were stiff and given for small cause. Elizabeth was also arrested, but set free again. The Paterson strike of all the strikes stands out in her memory. She got to know the people, and their courage and spirit were things that none of us who were there could ever forget.

In the summer of 1916 I went up to the Mesaba Range to report the strike of the iron miners. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn met me at the station, and when I commented on how tired she looked she explained: "You see, none of the hotels will take me in. So I've been living around at the miners, sometimes sleeping with two or three kids and sometimes

on broken-down couches." I got a double room in a hotel and she came to stay with me.

I went with her up and down the range through one iron town after another. It seemed to me that she never stopped. Sometimes she spoke in one day at several meetings separated by many miles. She was at strike headquarters the rest of the time, organizing relief, meeting with the strike committee. The committee was hampered by lack of funds, by the terrorizing tactics of the gunmen, by the imprisonment of ten chief organizers. Presently she was sent to Michigan to get strike funds from the miners on the Michigan iron range. Other wobblies who had attempted this had been beaten up, arrested, and taken in cars and dumped over the State border. So it seemed safer for a woman to go.

As we waited for our train in the station at Duluth it was evident that we were being watched. We were being followed. We boarded a different train leaving for a town sixty miles from our destination. We piled out at a desolate little country station at half past three in the morning. A single hotel was open and a boy was asleep there. After about an hour he managed to get us a rickety Ford which belonged to a silent Finn. Sitting behind this mountainous and uncommunicative man we drove cross country to Iron Mountain. As we came into town we had the satisfaction of seeing our shadows standing looking vacantly around the railway station.

We were quartered with some Italian miners. There had been talk that the meeting was to be stopped. Several Italian boys constituted themselves our bodyguard. These young men were not only ready to die for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; they were quite ready to kill for her. They told her darkly let any of the police so much as peep, much less lay hands on her—well, that would be the end of him. The meeting went off without police interference. But now the bodyguard, augmented by more men, crowded the house. They stalked around gloomily hoping for trouble.

"If the police speak to you, Gurley, we'll look after you."

"Wherever you go there some of us are."

The air was electric. Trouble was coming. Nothing short of a conflict with the police was going to satisfy them.

"There's going to be trouble," Elizabeth said, "if we don't get out of here." We decided to cut our visit short and catch the next train. With more care than we had taken to lose the trail of the police we eluded our saviors and quietly slipped into a car which was standing on a siding. There were plenty of people in jail already.

The strike on the Mesaba Range was the end of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's activities as organizer in the I. W. W. Just after the Espionage Act had been passed it happened that we went to the theater together. "If I were in the I. W. W. now," she said, "whether I opened my mouth or didn't I would surely be arrested. It's rather nice to draw a long breath." Next day she was arrested just the same. She was one of the 166 people associated with the I. W. W. indicted for conspiracy.

Defense work was no new thing to her, and from 1918 until recently her major activities have been getting political prisoners out of jail. And since 1921 she has concentrated on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. There has been constant work, there have been arrests, there has been her preoccupation with comrades in jail for their opinions. She comes out of her first twenty years in the labor movement undimmed and undiscouraged.

Letters from Tolstoi

Translated by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

Copyright by the Translator

[This is the second instalment of a series of hitherto unpublished letters from Leo Tolstoi to Eugen Heinrich Schmitt, a Hungarian philosopher, writer, and anarchist leader. The letters, received between the years 1894 and 1910, were written in German, except for a brief passage in Russian occurring in number X this week. The first eight letters, published in the last week's issue, contained comments and friendly criticisms from Tolstoi regarding the work carried on by Schmitt through his organization, the League of Gnostics, and his publications. Further letters will appear in subsequent issues of The Nation.]

IX

Moscow, March —

YOUR letter, dear friend, gave me great joy. It was so long since I had any news of you that I was very much concerned about you of late. Happily no evil has befallen you apart from that which must befall all of us and which we must all expect in one form or another. I see you are carrying on your war with the same energy and the same skill as before. I shall be frank if you will permit me to be so and I shall tell you what I feared and still fear for you: it is that you lay too much weight upon extraneous events and thereby forget the inward principles of your activity. I mean—could you avow to yourself that your actions would have been the same even though you knew that no man would know anything of them and you yourself would be unaware of their success? I believe that your character disposes you to let yourself be carried away more by external success than the satisfaction of an inner need.

It is only because I love you and treasure your work so highly that I permit myself to make this criticism. I hope that you will not take it ill. I know that "chaque vertue a les défauts de ses qualités" and that you occupy a distinct place in the Christian evolution which is now proceeding everywhere, a place for which you are particularly suited. But I was anxious to call your attention to your heel of Achilles because I am your true friend.

What is there new that I could write you about conditions in Austria and in Hungary apart from the fact that one is pained beyond measure to see how wretchedly stupid human beings may become and how horribly cruel this stupidity makes them? The people do not care about what they wish to communicate to one another but only in what language they may speak. To a Christian the world and all its doings is not only evil and sinful but also wonderful through its sheer folly and simplicity. Human beings are just like little children but without the innocence of children.

It is only yesterday that I gave your address to one of our friends—Arthur St. John, *ci-devant* English officer. I hope that you will get to know him and have pleasure in his company. Do you know the colony that has been founded in Georgia in the United States and the magazine it publishes, the *Social Gospels*? They are brothers in the faith. Their address is: Commonwealth, Georgia; Kalpp Albertson.

Your friend for love's sake,

LEO TOLSTOI

X

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received the draft of the manifesto as well as your letter of September 10. The idea of the manifesto is good, but I was not so well pleased with the form of it. It should be simpler and easier to understand for people who are not literary. Nor do I think your intention of collecting signatures for the manifesto very expedient. Our single but mightiest weapon is the power of convincing by means of the word, that is, by means of the truth clearly and powerfully expressed. But the mere signatures of persons whose opinions and sentiments we do not know have no value. Go write your manifestos in as strong and convincing a manner as possible—that is the only thing and the best thing you can do.

That other manifest or appeal was written by friends of mine, but it must appear as the foreword to an article or perhaps even a book dealing with the persecution of Christians. I shall send you the book or the article as soon as it is written. I have just received another paper concerning the latest persecutions of the Dukhobors in the Caucasus—it is written by a friend of mine who went there on purpose to find out everything in detail—and I am writing a foreword for this which I shall also send you. The article I should like to have published in the German newspapers of greatest circulation. How shall I proceed with this? As for your periodical I think it would be well if you were to have my preface to a book which has appeared in Russian in Berlin (under the title "Life and Death" by E.) translated and printed. You could secure this book in Berlin or obtain it through a friend of Shkarvan's—Dr. Duschon Makovizky.

I greatly regret that I must write you in German. Unconsciously my letters are thereby given a childish character, as I cannot fluently express my thoughts, so I shall now write you in Russian and hope that you will have no great difficulty in securing a translator.¹

Your suggestion of an appeal to humanity in connection with the prosecutions which are taking place because of the refusal to obey the demands of the state is excellent. You will see that I have done something similar in the preface I wrote for Droszhshin's book—about which I have already written you. I have done this for Droszhshin, you will do it for Shkarvan.² The greater the number of upright and warmhearted men that raise their voices in defense of truth, the better. I listen gladly to your own voice and I believe that it cannot fail to make an impression on men. But forgive me if I give you a little advice: pray, polish your work a little more. Imagine your reader to be a good-natured, intelligent, but uncultured workman and strive to express your thoughts as clearly and simply as possible. I would not advise you to do this did I not know that you are capable of it.

I have known Messrs. Egidy³ and Gutzeit for a long time, and I expect nothing more from them than I expect

¹ From this point on to the close the original letter is written in Russian.

² Shkarvan, a Hungarian, and Droszhshin, a popular Russian poet of the people, had refused to do military service and were being persecuted for this.

³ Egidy played a considerable role during the nineties as the founder of a new ethical-religious movement.

from all people who consciously accept not the whole truth but only a part of it—namely only an obfuscation of the truth and other things that would prove disadvantageous to the divine work. I am therefore quite in sympathy with your intention of pointing out their errors and thus preventing their being held mistakenly by others to belong to us. Fare you well!

In all fraternity and love,

LEO TOLSTOI

XI

March 4, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received your letter and the last number of the *Religion of the Spirit*. The contents of the whole number please me very much, especially your article Without a State. The article will be translated into Russian.

I am sorry to hear that you have so few followers among the Nazarenes. These people are spiritually strong and carry their faith into their lives. And such a man is worth more for the realm of God than a hundred or a thousand who only talk and do not act. These Nazarenes must follow practices similar to those of the Cholokanists, Stundista, and Dukhobors in our country. The oldest among them are always conservative and remain standing upon the level to which they or their predecessors had climbed with such great efforts and they wish to keep the younger men back upon the same level. But the young men must go onward because it is only such progress that constitutes real life, and it is precisely these young people whom one must help and with whom one must enter into communication.

We must write for these people and help them as much as possible. The future of Christianity as well as truth in life abides with these people, with the simple souls, with the workmen, not with the parasites. That letter to Spielhagen was sent to me. You answered him very well.

If I had more time and strength I would have answered Spielhagen alone over the heads of all the Socialist leaders and I would have said what I have longed to say for some time, namely, that the socialistic and liberal attitude is not only vain and can lead to no results but that it is highly pernicious because it attracts the best capacities to it, and instead of accustoming young people to assert and preserve their human dignity it imposes compromises upon them so that many of them go over to the camp of the enemy without noticing it—while they still believe that they are fighting for truth and freedom.

I am delighted to hear that you have got in touch with our English friends.

I am very sorry that I write German so badly, but I hope that you will understand what I wish to say.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XII

April 2, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I had great joy in your last letter and in what you wrote me in relation to the court action you are expecting because of your excellent article Without a State. From what you write me I see that you possess that real freedom which comes to every disciple of Christ as soon as he trans-

fers his ego from the animal to the spiritual. May God aid you to remain always true to this inner conviction.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XIII

September 25, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received both your letters. Pray excuse me for not having answered you sooner. I am delighted to hear that you have got clear of that entanglement with the government. It was inevitable, even though in a practical sense it may have been very hard on you. May God maintain and keep you in the spirit in which you write and labor.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XIV

[No date]

DEAR FRIEND:

You write that human beings cannot understand how participation in the service of the state is incompatible with Christianity. For ages human beings were also unable to understand that indulgences, inquisitions, slavery, and torture were incompatible with Christianity. But the time came when this was finally understood, and the time will also come when, first, the irreconcilable nature of military service with Christianity will be understood, and then, later, with all service to the state in general.

It is now fifty years since Thoreau, a little-known but most remarkable and exceptional American writer whose magnificent essay which has just appeared (in the *Revue Blanche* of November 1, under the title *Désobéir aux lois*) not only clearly pointed out the duty of man not to obey the government, but actually himself furnished an example of this non-obedience. He refused to pay the taxes demanded of him, because he did not wish as a participant to give aid to a government which gave legal protection to slavery. He was sentenced to prison for this, and it was in prison that he wrote this essay.

Thoreau refused to pay the tribute of taxes to the state. It is self-evident by the same token that a man cannot serve the state—as you have so beautifully expressed it in your letter to the Minister of State, you consider it incompatible with honor and morality to perform services for an institution which is the representative of the legally consecrated murder of human beings and of legally sanctified exploitation.

Thoreau, it seems to me, was the first who dared to speak this truth—fifty years ago. At that time no one paid any attention to his refusal and to his essay, so strange did both appear. It was regarded as mere eccentricity. But now, fifty years later, your own refusal already occasions talk, as is ever the case when new truths are brought forth. It occasions talk and twofold astonishment—on the one hand that anyone could venture to express such peculiar opinions, and then on the other hand that one did not one's self long since hit upon the truths uttered by this man, truths which now appear so obvious and beyond dispute.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

P. S. In order that you may improve the translation in parts in which it is faulty I am sending you the Russian original.

Ballad of Old Doc Higgins

By LEONORA SPEYER

[Awarded second prize in *The Nation's* Poetry Contest for 1926]

Old Doc Higgins shot a mermaid:
Vowed he'd ketch her, fish or woman, fiend or human;
Carryin' on along the river, caterwaulin' up the river,
Scarin' fish where they lay hid!
Swore he'd hev her, lights an' liver; (and what Doc Higgins
swore, he did).

Old Doc Higgins cleaned his gun:
The proper fishin'-hook, he'd swan, fer mermaids' gills;
The slickest tackle! (Leaning on the pasture-wall, old Doc
Higgins gave a cackle),
Watch him git her, pesky critter,
Tail an' all.

No one knew but old Doc Higgins:
No, an' none wuz goin' to know, 'twarn't no need fer folks to
know.
He saw sister Mame's boy go swimmin' to her, natteral fool!
All uncovered wuz her breast, hair all streamin', shiny'z gold,
An' the rest—a fish's tail gormin' up his troutin' pool!

Higgins saw and never told:
Hev the hull town call *him* crazy? Sister Mame's boy, loony,
lazy, heard him shoutin';
Turned an' laffed ez they went under, started kissin'—let 'em
wonder,
Knowin' how the boy cud swim—
They'd make no laffin-stock uv him!

But here's the thing that riled him so:
Jest ez he wuz settlin' down to a peaceful mornin's fishin',
(How his baited line would hum up the stream to some swift
eddy),
Settin' there enjoyin' things while the fish got good an'
ready—he cud feel their noses pushin'—
Jest ez they wuz bitin' some—up she'd come!

Naked to the waist; an' sassy! Wavin' to him, swimmin' by,
shameless hussy;
Or jest singin' ez she floated, kind uv high,
No toon at all . . . (And he noted how her tail would flash
and swish—
Gorry, how she scared the fish!) Old Doc Higgins on the shore
Yelled and swore.

And he'd watch her at the turning of the river, see her sink
Where the willow near the brink dipped to touch the mer-
maid's locks;
"Shucks," said old Doc Higgins, "Shucks!"
His ears did n't need no wax (thinking of the deafened crew,
And Odysseus, fettered fast), Oh he knoo a thing or two,
All the Higginses hed learnin'; need n't tie *him* to no mast!

Smilin' at him ez she passed—any lunk-head cud see through
her—
Like to take a cow-hide to her!

Poor old Mame; her only son . . . (yes, but listen as you
hasten,
Listen to the lonely singing, old man with a gun!)

*Ah who will seek Muirish,
The lost one, the sea-swan?
Ah ripples, ah road
Where the foolish, the frolicsome
Strayed to her sorrow!
Muireis is gone
From the waters of Kerry,
Ah tarry not, sisters,
But speedily come!*

*Beneath a strange willow
She grieves with her sorrow,
And all the bright sea-shells
Are fall'n from her hair;
Ah sisters, my friends,
Where the ancient tide ends
Will you fare,
Will you follow
The track of the tears?
To Muirish the lost one,
The sea-swan of Kerry,
Ah tarry not, sisters,
My loves and my dears!*

Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .

Heathen singin', fit fer Satan! Creeping close as she rose
From beneath her willow-bough, old Doc Higgins held his
breath . . .

Now!
And a singing turns to sighing, and a sighing pales to dying,
And a dying lifts to death.

Ripples reddening as they float, rippling from a tender
throat,
Reddening from a cry of pain . . .
Old Doc Higgins stood there blinking, and his thoughts were
not all pretty
As he watched a whiteness sinking; wished he'd hed a good
look at her,
Never'd git that chance again.

Gosh, it wuz a fust-rate shot!—Kissin' Mame's boy ez she
drowned him,
Lips all pursed up when they found him,
Died uv kissin' like ez not—
Wal, there warn't no use in wishin';
An' tomorrer he'd go fishin'.

Mist can do strange things to rivers, make a ghost of any
river:
Such a day is good for fishing; old Doc Higgins vowed he'd
never

Seen the like, it did beat all, the way the pike
An' pickerel came a-crowdin' round; cat-fish too; and Lord,
the trout
Jumpin' out!

Peter wuz a fisherman; guessed he'd hev to let *him* pass—
There wuz bass over there lyin' low—Higgins thot he'd
like to go,

His time come to meet his God, with fishin-rod an' basket
spillin';

He'd be willin'! . . . *Say you so?*
Old Doc Higgins, say you so?

Mist that reaches thick and sallow up the ledges of the
land:

Up to where a tired old man sits a while beneath a willow,
(Willow-tree, you remember! But does he?)

And his pipe slips from his hand. . . . What's that creep-
ing through the sedges?

Have a care, old Doc Higgins, sleeping there!

Mist that swirls . . . mist . . . mist . . .

Something holds him by the wrist: white and wet and cool
and strong—

Fish or woman, fiend or human!

Oh, the shoal of leaping girls all about him, all about him,
Beautiful and baleful throng. . . .

Muirish! Muirish! White Sea-swan!

Sister slain, sister slain! . . . And an answering crimson
stain

Rises rippling where she sank.

Oh, the whimpering little man, fighting, frightened on
the bank

As he wakes:

Sees a face—pale—pale—

Sees a tail—

Snatches at a bough that breaks!

(Vengeful little willow-tree),

"God-a-mighty! Leave me be! Leave me be!"

Thus they drowned him, old Doc Higgins, with their arms
like wreaths around him,

Heavy silver wreaths around him,

Struggling, strangling, tightly pressed to a soft ironic breast.
Thus he lies. . . .

In a grave of running water—who had slain a deep-sea
daughter.

Old Doc Higgins, old Doc Higgins, wishing so to die—
a-fishing—

Thus he lies, till all things rise; if there still be aught to rise.

The King of the Waltz

By HOWARD E. GREENE

HAD Johann Strauss been born this year, instead of
one hundred years ago, we wonder if he would have
carved out so great a place for himself by composing
dance music. Our musical mechanics can jazz his "Blue
Danube"; but it is hard to imagine him composing its
dreamy measures while his thoughts pictured the fan-
tastic figures of the dances we indulge in. Yet, with his
genius, he might have adapted jazz—instead of permitting
it to adapt him—and made of it a medium of genuine
classic expression.

There comes a time in the course of every line of
human endeavor when the one person capable of carry-
ing that line to its highest state of development makes his
appearance. Strauss was born at just the right time and
in exactly the right environment to take up waltz music
and advance it as far as it is likely to go.

Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," whose centenary is
being celebrated throughout Europe, was the son of
Johann Strauss, waltz king that was. Herr Kapellmeister
Strauss had no intention of permitting his son to usurp
his crown, appearing to suspect the youth of revolution-
ary tendencies even in his cradle. His suspicions were
not altogether based on intuitions. At the age of six,
before he knew one note from another, the precocious
infant composed his first waltz, his mother jotting down
the notes for him. This waltz, "The First Thought," was
first formally played on his fifteenth birthday and was
declared excellent. The Kapellmeister allowed Johann
and his brothers to take piano lessons, but he opposed
their larger ambitions; yet all three turned out to be
musicians. Johann studied the violin and organ in secret,

as well as advanced musical theory, and gave piano les-
sons to a couple of other children to pay for his own.

The revolt came in 1844, when Johann was 19. Frau
Strauss left her husband and Johann went with her and
established his own orchestra. His first concert occurred
at Dommayer's Casino in Heitzing on October 15. The
Vienna *Zeitung*, which carried his advertising, also carried
on the same page the announcement of a Grande Soirée
inserted by his father. The boy's concert caused mixed
feelings in local musical circles. His waltz, "Die Gunst-
werber," was an immediate success. The enthusiasm
increased with the selections until he was compelled to
play his "Sinngedichte" eighteen times. His success over-
whelmed his critics and eventually drove his father out of
the country on a tour to win foreign laurels. Outdis-
tanced by the son whom he had tried to suppress, the
Kapellmeister returned embittered to die in 1849. Then
the son took over his father's musicians and advanced to
greater achievements, appearing from time to time in most
of the capitals of Europe and finally coming to the United
States in 1872, when he led 1,000 musicians at Boston in
playing the "Blue Danube" as a feature of the World's
Peace Jubilee.

The waltz king was small in size, given to gesticula-
tion, a good dresser, habitually wearing his hat at an
angle. He had a merry, childlike disposition and a great
love for practical jokes. His letters were full of humor
and he carried at the top of his letterheads the initial "J"
and the note, E flat, called "S" in German, as a sort of
standing jest. He was typically Viennese and his hand-
some appearance no doubt had something to do with mak-

ing him the most photographed and painted public man of his city. A word-picture of Strauss in action occurs in Mme de Hegermann-Lindencrone's "In the Courts of Memory." Describing a ball given by the Metternichs for the Emperor and Empress in Paris on May 28, 1867, she said:

At the same moment that their Majesties entered this wonderful ballroom, the famous Johann Strauss, brought from Vienna especially for the occasion, stood waiting with uplifted baton and struck up Blue Danube. . . . No one thought of dancing; everyone wanted to listen to the waltz. And how Strauss played it! . . . With that fire and *entrain!* We had thought Waldeufel perfect; but, when you heard Strauss, you said to yourself that you had never heard a waltz before. The musicians were partly hidden by gigantic palmettos, plants and pots of flowers, arranged in the most attractive way. But, he! Johann Strauss stood well in front, looking very handsome, very Austrian, and very much pleased with himself.

Naturally such a man could not escape romances. Once, in Russia, a father tried to force him to marry a piano pupil who had fallen deeply in love with him. The Austrian Embassy summoned him almost from the steps of the altar, placed him under arrest, and kept him locked up for weeks until he could be secretly passed over the border. At various concerts in Petrograd he had received flowers from a woman who had called herself "The Unknown." When Strauss finally met her, he fell in love with her; but her parents, who belonged to the nobility, betrothed her to a man of their own choosing and the composer threw himself at the feet of Henrietta Treffz, a singer with an unsavory past, and married her over the protests of his mother. He had cause to regret this rashness. That was in 1862. The same year, in a fit of fear lest his musical inspiration should run out, he studied painting for six months.

The next year he became director of the court balls and in the following seven years composed more than four hundred waltzes. The "Blue Danube" he composed one night when no paper was at hand; so he used his cuffs, which were of the detachable kind. The next morning he threw them in the wash, but Frau Strauss rescued them. He never could understand why this waltz was so popular. It brought him little more than his other waltzes, but it made his publisher rich. About the same time he composed "Künstlerleben," "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald," "Wein, Weib und Gesang" (Wine, Woman and Song), "Wiener Blut," and "Bei uns z'Haus." Early in the seventies he began composing his operettas, the best known of which are "Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron."

In the Driftway

IT has come to the ears of the Drifter that the necessity of restoring the Last Judgment is being made the occasion for quietly disrobing Michelangelo's tumult of heroic figures on the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The fluttering wisps of draperies that are now being removed were imposed 385 years ago by order of Pope Paul IV, in deference to the outraged modesty of the Italian Purity League of the day. The Drifter passes on the word. It will cause elation in the liberal breasts of artists who cherish their integrity and in the hopeful breasts of editors,

like the Drifter's colleagues, who believe that rational views can in the course of time and much linotyping be imposed upon humanity. It will cause no great concern to graduates of courses in the history of art who have learned to walk unblushing through the Metropolitan and the Louvre.

* * * * *

OTHER times, other customs. The Drifter is in the mood to acknowledge it. He recently paid one of his rare calls. It was at the home of old family friends. Now, the Drifter knows for certain that the wife and mother of that estimable fireside was once in her 'teens firmly led home by the hand when, at a party she was attending, "Skip to my Lou" showed tendencies of degenerating into actual dancing. Yet at the moment of the Drifter's call she was sending her daughter off to a ball with no fears whatever for the fearful tortures she should have expected for that daughter's ultimate future. Moreover, she was playing "Rummy" with her husband and sons and would not have swept the cards under the table if it had been the preacher instead of the Drifter who had called. So far down the insidious path staked out by "Authors" and "Old Maid" stroll the mothers of today!

* * * * *

AT any rate, the Drifter is no more excited over the undressing of Michelangelo's splendid nudes than was the great Italian himself at the clothing of them. He said never a word. When Biagio waxed indignant over the painting, which he told Pope Paul III was "only fit to decorate a bathroom or a tavern," the master calmly gave his Minos in Hell the unmistakable features of the complainant. Paul III offered the irate man no help. "It's too bad," the Pope said. "If only Michelangelo had placed you in Purgatory, I might have been able to do something for you; but in Hell, there is no redemption." It was only when Paul IV came along that Biagio, who was the Judge Ford of his day, won revenge and his point. Now, 385 years after, he loses it again. But the Drifter does not rejoice. He knows that if the painting only lasts long enough, before another 385 years are past another Daniel Ricciarelli will be called to do the job over again and become the second seamstress for an again misunderstood artist.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Militarism in Education

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three hundred and eighty-two universities, colleges, and secondary schools are listed by the War Department as maintaining some form of military training. In 197 schools attendance at drill is to some extent compulsory. Some require it for the first two years, some for the last two years, some for four years.

The actual value of this training for purposes of national defense is very low. It is even lower as a means of promoting physical health and ideals of right citizenship. But as a means of keeping alive the military view of life, its value is high. The military view of life is opposed to freedom of speech and conscience and to faith in reason and good-will as the foundations of security.

Many of our finest young students who come closest in contact with military training see this clearly. The Evanston Interdenominational Student Conference in resolutions, widely printed, declared for abolition of military training in high schools, in church and denominational schools, and in all col-

leges, including the compulsory features in land-grant institutions. Recently student referendums in such places as the College of the City of New York and Ohio State University have shown majorities against compulsory training.

The National Study Conference of the Churches held in Washington with representatives from twenty-eight communions declared: "We emphatically disapprove of compulsory military training. We urge careful review of the effect of military training in all its phases." The Ohio Pastors' Association during the week the student referendum was being taken at the Ohio State University, and when the whole State was talking about the action of the Cleveland school board in ousting all military training from Cleveland's schools, unanimously voted in favor of abolishing military training in all high schools and its compulsory element in colleges.

Do our churches mean business? Will they back up their own young people and their own representatives? One concrete opportunity to answer this question with an emphatic "Yes" is furnished by the existence of the Committee on Militarism in Education, which issued the widely circulated pamphlet by Winthrop D. Lane. Among its members are Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Arthur E. Morgan, Professor George A. Coe, Professor Manley O. Hudson, Professor Luther A. Weigle, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, the Reverend Walter Russell Bowie, the Reverend Ernest Tittle, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Sherwood Eddy, Alva M. Kerr, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas, and William Allen White.

The committee seeks help. This can be given by people in two ways: first, by sending name and address to Committee on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, so that the committee may know on whom to count; second, by sending a contribution, however small, to the emergency fund of \$5,000 which must be raised to carry on the fight against a process of militarization which unless stopped will destroy all hope of making America a leader in establishing world peace.

New York, January 28

SAMUEL M. CAVERT
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

One-Sided Public Hearings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter in *The Nation* of January 13 Secretary Jardine says that his decision about the narcissus "will rest on answers to three questions, and on nothing else." It seems that he does not yet fully appreciate the issue, or he would have counted in a fourth question not less obviously relevant, viz.: If bulbs from certain sources are cut off by this embargo and the nation derives its supply from other sources, are the latter sources equally infected? Specifically, if the supply from Holland is cut off and we are told to get them from the northern Pacific States, is it or is it not true, as has been publicly alleged, that the Pacific coast bulbs are worse infected than the Dutch bulbs?

Why, after holding a two days' public hearing, does the Secretary not yet know what the principal grounds of objection to the embargo are? Because the hearing, though conducted in the customary way, was not conducted in an even-handed way. The customary way is not even-handed. The opponents of the embargo spoke publicly, and, as I understand, the representatives of the Horticultural Board had the opportunity to question them if they wished. Whatever testimony the board gave to the Secretary was exempt from cross-examination; other persons might ask Mr. Marlatt questions in the public press, but he was not compelled either to answer or to refuse to answer; he could answer such parts as he chose to and overlook the rest as unessential. Yet treatises on the law of evidence say that one of the chief reasons against admitting hearsay evidence is that testimony not submitted to cross-examination is so much less reliable. If at the hearing

Mr. Marlatt had been put on the stand to answer the question why he laid the embargo against Holland and not against Oregon, and had been required either to give a reason for the difference or to say that he did not wish to answer, we should have an issue joined. As it is, respectable persons are charging that the northern Pacific States are grievously infected with the parasites in question and that the board is failing to announce any specific method by which it proposes to guard the rest of the country against their importation from Oregon, but nobody puts himself in the position of denying either of those propositions; consequently there is no dispute in which the evidences on the two sides can be compared.

The trouble is not this specific case but the general custom. When a protest against a governmental policy is recognized as important enough to call for a public hearing, it ought to be part of the routine that the official chiefly responsible should be put on the stand to answer, or refuse to answer, such questions as his critics want to ask. As long as we do not have this rule it will be clear that we do not really regard our officials as our servants but, more or less, as our masters.

In this respect, at least, the British way works better: they do ask an official to answer questions.

Ballard Vale, Mass., January 16 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Romain Rolland's Sixtieth Birthday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the 29th of January Romain Rolland celebrates his sixtieth birthday and many in all parts of the world are blessing him for his service and leadership. The struggles and accomplishments of these years are a long and intricate story with sequels still in the making—but in a paragraph perhaps one can best evaluate them by saying that with brilliant mind and honest heart he created Jean Christophe, and then when the crisis verified itself in history Romain Rolland with undimmed vision and unshaken moral courage stood fast by his standards and ideals.

He repeated in deed the word of his own Olivier: "I love my dear France; but I cannot slay my soul for her sake—nor betray my conscience. That would be the betrayal of my fatherland. How can I hate without hatred? Or without falsehood play a part in the Comedy of Hate? I will not hate. I will be just to my enemies. In the midst of all suffering I will keep a clear vision that I may have understanding and love for all."

Now a birthday is bringing him congratulatory messages from all over the world, from the great ones and from the unknown; from men of letters and young artists; from "Young India" and from Tagore; from a Japanese sculptor and from the "Rollandist" group in Japan; from an English author who hopes to celebrate the seventieth and eightieth anniversaries in like comradeship with the world grown more sympathetic to their teachings; from American youth who in their disillusionment in the trenches found salvation in the sanity of Jean Christophe; and from a chorus of many tongues thankful that Romain Rolland's life and work still give faith and hope.

Salutations to the world's Peace Laureate.

Geneva, Switzerland, January 16 RHO FISK ZUEBLIN

First Call for Breakfast

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My journalistic pet, the Drifter, has grieved me to the heart. Does he know what a wonderful dish on a cold morning is oatmeal porridge with real cream and brown sugar? I'd almost rather be a Scotchman than miss that gem of winter breakfasts.

San Francisco, January 7

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

Books, Art, Plays

First Glance

THAT the poetry of the American Indians was great poetry of some sort has been manifest ever since the Bureau of American Ethnology, the American Folk Lore Society, and other such institutions began to encourage its study and to print reliable texts along with reliable—though not always interesting—translations. This material, however, either has remained inaccessible to a public not inclined to get its poetry through research or has seemed somewhat formidable, once a layman found it, because of the armor of scholarship in which it was laced. For at best the poetry of the Indian is many removes from any poetry that we know, having to be approached, if it is to be reached at all, through a series of arduous disciplines and adjustments. Latterly there have been efforts by individuals to bring it more directly to its natural public. Natalie Curtis's "The Indians' Book" is still the most effective of these efforts, though the anthology of Indian poems which George W. Cronyn brought out seven years ago under the title "The Path on the Rainbow" achieved a genuine popularity. More recently Mrs. Mary Austin in "The American Rhythm" established the importance of Indian poetry as a sign showing the path which all American poetry in the future might have to take. And now in a new anthology, "American Indian Love Lyrics and Other Verse" (Macmillan: \$1.75), Miss Nellie Barnes returns to the argument.

Mrs. Austin contributes a foreword to Miss Barnes's book, while Miss Barnes in a concluding essay discusses the matter of Indian poetic form; and both are right in their insistence upon the difficulties besetting anyone who tries truly to master the secrets of this most intricate aboriginal art. Mrs. Austin once more invokes the "landscape line" and speaks of "environmental distinctions between Zuñi and Iroquois and Omaha"; while Miss Barnes analyzes at some length the varieties of "thought-movement" and "thought-rhythm" which one should educate oneself to feel before presuming to comprehend the full beauties contained in her book. Both are certainly right in their contempt for the quantities of pseudo-Indian verse with which we happen at present to be blessed. And yet I suspect that they are defeating their purpose when they offer the thorns rather than the flowers of Indian verse to the first eager grasp of those modern poets whom they evidently wish to instruct. I am convinced that every contemporary American poet who takes his profession seriously would do well to read Miss Barnes's collection—along with those mentioned above. But I am sorry that it comes with so much apparatus.

For many of the poems taken here from Natalie Curtis, Alice C. Fletcher, Alice Corbin, Mrs. Austin, and Washington Matthews are very beautiful. And I cannot doubt that a poet left to himself would discover the proper reasons for their beauty. If these were his own reasons rather than the ethnologist's, perhaps so much the better. At any rate he could not fail to observe the truth of Miss Barnes's all too few remarks upon the fact that "the rhythms of nature float through the rhythms of Indian verse." One susceptible to the American sky and the American terrain cannot but acknowledge the Indian as the poetic master of these elements which he was. Who can tell how much

American poetry may result from such an acknowledgment?

In Eda Lou Walton's "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs" (Dutton: \$2.50) we have an attempt, unfortunately not always successful, to make American poetry out of Indian poetry. Miss Walton in eschewing the repetitions so characteristic of her originals achieves at best an intelligent clarity and at worst a certain barrenness. The repetitions are frequently annoying, but always, it would seem, they are necessary.

MARK VAN DOREN

From John Brown to George Babbitt

Amerika und Sein Problem. Von M. J. Bonn. München: Meyer und Jessen.

ACCORDING to Professor Bonn the outstanding problem of America grows out of the fact that into this vast extent of territory with its diversity of soil, climate, and landscape there has streamed for more than a century a population which we have attempted to cast in the Puritan mold of New England. Will this aggregation of humanity, formed of many races, ever be amalgamated into a single type? Or, now that the turbulent stream of immigration has been shut off at its source, will there be an evolution in which the tone and colors of European civilization are reflected? This is the problem which Professor Bonn proceeds to analyze by sketching the landscape, the physical features, and those sections of the population that have common characteristics because of racial or historical origins.

This leads him to devote a chapter to the province of Quebec; and it is here that he makes his most original contribution. There is something unusually vivid in his account of "New France"; of how a section of the Old World was transplanted here on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, how a society grew up where the church was to rule the spiritual life, the king the political, and the feudal lord the social; and finally how it all failed in the defeat of Montcalm by Wolfe in 1759, followed by the peace of 1763, in which England gained the New World. This event partly freed America from Europe; the revolution completed the process. But the French in Canada will never be assimilated; they will always form an island in the great Anglo-American ocean.

New England and the West are subjected to a similar treatment, and having thus traced the lines of historical development Professor Bonn next considers the social problems that give rise to the political. He ruthlessly overturns the "melting-pot" and, on examining its contents, concludes that, in spite of the heat applied, it did not fuse. Neither has the process of Americanization, attended with all the patriotic fervor of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, secret societies, and expulsion of aliens, brought about a standard of the New England type. In fact, the Ark of the Covenant of American civilization seems to have been Ellis Island rather than Plymouth Rock. To the foreigner American civilization must have meant something external only, a fabric woven of material whose fibers were too weak to resist the force of new ideas. There was no inner unity, because the soul of the foreigner was not understood; and the fact that we tolerate the Ku Klux Klan and the exclusion acts is the most positive proof that the great majority of Americans have given up all hope of assimilation.

Nor has America become Europeanized. New York City with its foreign population is not America, neither is California with its political intolerance and its boastful exaggerations; the nearest approach to the present American type is still found in the Midwest, where soil, climate, landscape, and a spirit of detachment conspired to form a somewhat narrow but rugged and vigorous type characteristic of agrarian communities.

Through all the diversity of external forms a spirit of unity has forced itself and has attempted to impose upon all the acceptance of a common standard of mediocrity. But the spirit of our democracy itself has changed. To come from John Brown to George Babbitt is to come a long way; striking is the contrast between that democracy which welcomed Kossuth and that which for the same reasons now excludes the Karolyis. Whatever the underlying cause of the change that has come over the spirit of America since the Civil War, the doctrine of force applied to the newcomer and non-conformist has crushed the spirit of liberty and dulled the sense of moral values. It has resulted in the creation of a new American type which our industrial technique is attempting to standardize. Against this tendency the old spirit of freedom, subdued for an historical moment only, rebels, and a new multiform life begins. America's problem is to liberate the conflicting elements of our national life and so coordinate them that peaceful evolution may not be interrupted by a violent explosion such as recently blew the European system to atoms.

KARL F. GEISER

Paul Morand

Closed All Night. By Paul Morand. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

TO convey the flavor of Paul Morand one needs to be able to convey the flavor of jazz, and critics mostly flounder when they strive to communicate that roystering, sad, ecstatic expression of too civilized, too disillusioned man weeping and exulting over the rediscovery of his ancient and restoring lusts. The enormous sadness of jazz is greater than the sadness of Dante, and the ecstasies of jazz are more violent than the ecstasies of Goethe and of Anacreon France. Yeats once listed as the qualities of journalists "their absorption in the life of the moment, their delight in obvious originality and in obvious logic, and their shrinking from the ancient and the insoluble." Jazz at its best sweeps us off our feet because it unites an ecstatic absorption in the life of the moment with an insistence on the ancient and the insoluble.

But to convey bogglingly the flavor of Morand is to tell almost as little about him as the uninitiated get from a first reading of one of his books. His competence in the titillating craft is luscious and deadly. "The first violin advanced toward us, holding poised on his instrument a flexible waltz, which he suddenly pours into our fruit plates." There seems no disillusion, no disease of the flesh, to which Morand is a stranger. He has a keen ear for the crepitations of the soul. In all these so-called character sketches, which are likewise little epitomes of the jazz era in different localities, or, as William Drake lucidly explains the sulphurous compound, "a long sequence of brilliant clinical notes on post-war European society," there are passages of subtle observation that put a Strachey or a Bradford to the blush and almost land Morand in the company of Turgenev and Balzac.

And so the jazz, we see, is hybrid. For what business have these exquisite little cameos to be scattered about in the racket of saxophones? What business here has the pervading melancholy of the disillusioned post-warrior who thinks he sees civilization hastening to its ruin? Or why should the whole be enameled all over with the hard brilliancy of the precocious young aesthete who knows his way about, the precocious young cosmopolite who was born in Russia and polished in Oxford, who knows Rome and Madrid, New York and Bangkok, and sees through them all and exults savagely in them all, and ties them all?

But to call the jazz hybrid is only to say that Morand has made it over in his own image. And that image is too startlingly new to classify as yet. Like Villon he pours with unexampled zest the newest water of experience. Like Petronius he writes the thing he loves. Only time will show whether the wine of his emotion can grow rich and old.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Wood and the Trees

Prometheus, or Biology and the Advancement of Man. By H. S. Jennings. The Today and Tomorrow Series. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.

Evolution and Genetics. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Princeton University Press. \$2.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

AN anthology of interesting facts is no more science than a list of pigments is art. Yet most popularizers paste together strings of facts that may amuse, interest, or astonish, and sell the result as science. It takes an outstanding scientist to popularize science, a man great enough to see beyond the mountains of fact the significant developments in the search for truth and at the same time broad enough in his sympathies to present these clearly in relation to common knowledge. Mr. Jennings is such a man. He is profoundly intimate with the field of experimental breeding, yet he is able to give the most recent findings on the relative roles of environment and heredity in a pocket booklet.

In contrast to the hard and fast Mendelism found in textbooks, Mr. Jennings points out that there are no such things as characters in the adult that depend upon single units of heredity; in fact, every character depends upon many if not all of the units carried by the germ cells. Every stage in development from the egg to death is the reaction of the constitution of the cells and their surroundings—heredity and environment. There is no structure due alone to heredity; there is no response to a changed environment that is not limited by the hereditary materials from which the person started.

Prometheus brought fire; man devised clothes and civilization and vaccines. The weak and non-resistant are more and more permitted to breed their kind. The better the conditions, the weaker becomes the stock. Thus the eugenists. But there is nothing to prove that the softening is more potent than the beneficial effects of the improved conditions. Negative eugenic measures in cutting down the number of extreme degenerates may accomplish something toward the advancement of man, but the really important measure is to remove the futility, incompetence, and unreason responsible for social disasters. This the eugenists would do by selecting the superior. But nature has set up a system to prevent uniformity in man; great men never reproduce themselves. "Capitalists will contrive to produce artists, poets, socialists, and laborers; laboring men will give birth to capitalists, to philosophers, to men of science; fools will produce wise men and wise men will produce fools."

With this general view Mr. Morgan, the acknowledged leader of modern geneticists, fully agrees. "Evolution and Genetics" is a revision of "A Critique of the Theory of Evolution," with a new chapter on the Non-Inheritance of Acquired Characters and one criticizing the evidence of human inheritance. While admitting the validity of conclusions that certain structural peculiarities are inherited according to known laws, Mr. Morgan considers the evidence for psychological traits—even insanity and feeble-mindedness—to be obscure. For "normal" mental differences the case is still more dubious. In consequence of this he is "inclined to think that the student of human heredity will do well to recommend more enlightenment on the social causes of deficiencies rather than more elimination in the present deplorable state of our ignorance as to the causes of mental deficiencies." He advises a little good-will on the part of the race propagandists in the face of the extraordinary difficulty of discovering the genetic basis of behavior.

The one connection between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Dorsey is that the latter, too, objects to race propaganda. Unfortunately he is laughing so much of the time, and he objects to so many people, that none of his attacks will be taken seriously.

Under cover of popularization, and with the need of drawing a crowd, he becomes sarcastic, flippant, loud-mouthed, unbuttoned; and the crowd gathers. He sets out to tell "why we behave like human beings," but he does not get beyond telling how the human body works—in the first half largely its internal workings, in the second mainly its behavior according to J. B. Watson. Like the typical popularizer he gives mazes of facts, but with this difference: they are forced down your throat by a staccato, tom-tom style. Inebriation from driest subjects. Abandon. Dazzling fire-works. Epigrammatic; a-grammatical. Illustrative; alliterative. Elliptical; complete. You read till you are pummeled senseless. This Coney Island, electric-sign, jazz method does not sell science; it sells Dorsey.

E. C. MACDOWELL

The World Court

The World Court. By Antonio S. de Bustamante. Translated by Elizabeth F. Read. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE fact that Judge de Bustamante is one of the judges of the World Court entitles his book to a special measure of respect. But the reviewer, like the law, is no respecter of persons, and he must judge the book solely on its merits. The judgment, which may be briefly rendered, is wholly favorable.

The book is admirable. The author traces rapidly the historical antecedents, outlines the various projects as to an international court during the past several centuries, describes the Hague Conference and the Central American Court of Justice, gives an excellent picture of the steps that finally led to the creation of the present World Court, summarizes that Court's procedure and jurisdiction, and serviceably tells what the Court has done up to the present time. The chapter on Sanctions does not deserve quite as much praise as do the other portions of the book. This business of sanctions—a polite word for the exercise of compulsion and force—is a delicate, or perhaps more accurately, an indelicate one. While the author indicates that the highest sanction a world court can have is public opinion, he points out none the less that "the benefits of Article 13 of the Covenant have already been made applicable to the Court's decisions."

In temper the book is all that it should be. Judge de Bustamante avoids the rhetoric and pomp which seem so often to flow from the pen of international authors. It is refreshing to find here no claim of infallibility. For example, in connection with the moot question of advisory opinions, the author remarks that "it is dangerous to make prophecies beside the cradle. If they come true it is almost always by chance." Such an attitude affords a welcome contrast to the cocksureness of Professor Hudson of Harvard. Miss Read's translation is excellent.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

Mr. Morley's Fancy

Thunder on the Left. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

THIS story has left the general reading public in doubt as to what it is all about, and the reason lies somewhere between the mental laziness of the average reader and a technical fault in the story itself. The book is a fantasy, one of these unreal constructions which should be approached in a dream-mood capable of easy and immediate acceptance of certain inaccuracies and improbabilities. It seems hardly necessary to add that if one is to get the most out of a dream there must be a deliberate working out of its symbolism after it is all over. To be secure in its final effect such a book as Mr. Morley's should either have some new, inspired solution ready to wake the reader up or be carried to such a clearly pointed explanation of its mechanism that there is little difficulty in

quickly gathering up the loose ends of allegory. A falling short in this latter respect is the fault I find with "Thunder on the Left."

Certainly the book has nothing new to say. The plea for a return to the simplicity of childhood in our relations with the world is a very old one. A poet's longing for the simple beauty shared by nature and the gods—a sentimental regression to a childhood untarnished by custom and superficiality—is hardly a practical answer to the question what is wrong with adult life. But aside from this flabbiness in fundamentals there is good trickery in the book, like that of the stage magician who produces a great variety of things from what looks like an old hat. There is fine tracery of psychological detail, and of mood and emotion. The characters are sketched with rare freshness and alertness. And I do not mean to say that there are not times when Mr. Morley strikes deep notes with his left-handed thunder—when, for instance, he shows a child suffering from the start because of the self-centered blindness of his elders or when he suggests that the child personality in all of us may occasionally be the only guide out of some labyrinth of mind or conduct. Most pleasing is the classical arrangement of the plot time—a week-end only, and embroidered on it, backward and forward, lives and years, the pathetic little love story of Martin and Joyce, broken before it is begun. And the week-end itself is only the vision of another hour. More than this I must not let myself be tempted to discuss. One doesn't break an iridescent bubble just blown; one doesn't recapitulate the details of a fantasy.

HELEN HERSH

Books in Brief

Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. Revised and Illustrated Edition. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

Selected Poems. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Lindsay, who has written a small amount of excellent poetry, loses by collection all that Mr. Masters, who has written a large amount of excellent poetry, gains by selection. Mr. Masters, who has been too voluminous, will even further consolidate his position with this meaty volume. Mr. Lindsay, growing ever more voluminous, will soon be lost from sight.

A Wild-Animal Round-up. By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

A rather chaotic account, by one, however, who knows his job, of adventures undergone in the killing or capturing of wild animals and the exhibiting of them in a metropolitan zoo.

Edgar Saltus the Man. By Marie Saltus. Chicago: Pascal Covici. \$3.

An intimate account of Saltus from the best and not least critical source.

The Song of the Indian Wars. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

Mr. Neihardt's third volume in a projected epic cycle of the heroic West. As always his documentation is interesting and his narrative good; but as always his verse is heavy.

Valentine's Manual of old New York: 1926. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. Valentine's Manual, Inc.

This new volume in an invaluable antiquarian series celebrates the New York of 1875-1885.

The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach. By Esther Meynell. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

Purporting to come from Bach's widow, this story of a life which lends itself especially well to sympathetic narrative

furnishes an admirably informal introduction to Bach the person.

The Adelphi Edition of the Works of Jane Austen. London: Martin Secker. Seven volumes.

Lady Susan. By Jane Austen. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

The most complete edition to date of Jane Austen's writings, containing, as it does, not only the six finished novels but the fragmentary "Lady Susan" and "The Watsons." Unfortunately "Sanditon," "Love and Friendship," and the incomparable letters are still lacking. Several subsequent volumes comprising these would make this edition all that could be desired. It is less elegant than the fine Oxford edition of 1923, but easier to handle; the typography and binding are attractive; the sensible introduction by Frank Swinnerton appreciates Jane Austen without descending to sentimentality and gives her credit for both malice and gaiety—that is, considers her as something less than a saint. There are, happily, no notes; this is an edition for readers and rereaders, not for students. "Lady Susan" now appears in an edition uniform with the recent "Sanditon," with all the author's misspellings intact. A true copy of the original manuscript, it is as such valuable both as displaying Miss Austen's vagaries in the matter of punctuation and her weakness for "beleive" and "veiw."

Impressment of American Seamen. By James Fulton Zimmerman. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

An exhaustive study of a controversy which, although at no time of first-rate importance in Anglo-American diplomacy, played a leading part in inflaming American opinion against Great Britain and bringing on the War of 1812. Dr. Zimmerman points out that the legal complications which resulted from the conflict between the British theory of indefensible allegiance and the American doctrine and practice of naturalization were not, in fact, the most important aspect of the quarrel and that the lack of a proper system of enlisting seamen for the British navy did a good deal to keep British practice in countenance. As a matter of fact the American doctrine of expatriation, "in the fulness of its expression," was "never stated by the American government until 1848, after the impressment controversy had ended," the main objection to British procedure being based on the attempt to give to a municipal prescription the character of international law, thereby perverting a legitimate right of search into a means of enforcing British allegiance on neutral vessels found on the high seas. It is interesting to note that although the controversy ceased to cumber American diplomacy after the Ashburton treaty of 1842, and expatriation was legalized by Parliament in 1870, the right of impressment was never formally renounced.

Art

Louis Lozowick

THE hierarchy of the arts, so far as experimental development is concerned, for at least the last twenty-five years has been something like this: painting, poetry, the novel, the drama. I am not sure just where music would come in, but formal innovation began with painting, trickled through the free verse movement, went by way of Stein and Richardson into the novel, and is only now entering the theater. The present is a period of synthesis, and as usual painting leads the way. Comprehensibility, lucidity, and content are assuming new values, but this does not mean a return to the gentle romantic standards of 1895.

At the New Art Circle have been on exhibition the works of a young American of thirty five who has already attracted

a great deal of attention in France and Germany. The cityscapes of Louis Lozowick are almost as far removed from the pure painting of Cézanne's followers as they are from the pre-Raphaelite maidens of Burne-Jones. In one sense they are almost literature—Seattle in these pictures is definitely Seattle, New York is definitely New York; the titles add to their value, and no one having seen them can disassociate them from what they portray. And although Lozowick has had a long and exacting training in cubism, his pictures are perfectly comprehensible—put them in any shop-window and every street urchin will know what they are about. Lozowick has used the language of modern painting to express something both magnificent and convincing.

Ten paintings and ten black-and-whites formed the exhibition. The black-and-whites were done wholly with ruler and compass—the paintings considerably so. No paintings I have ever seen succeeded so well in conveying the hardness of modern life. The paintings (with a couple of exceptions) were abstract landscapes—huge mental panoramas of the essential qualities of as many selected American cities. In this they bore some relation to the works of Joseph Stella, but where Stella sees the chaotic confusion of the machine age Lozowick sees its essential orderliness, its integration. The plastic qualities, with the single exception of the color, were admirable—though each painting had a definite representational value, each formed a balanced and almost geometrical design with subtle and harmonious overtones and variations affording extraordinary interest and depth.

In many curious ways these paintings run parallel to the ancient Chinese landscapes. The Chinese painted the country, Lozowick paints the city; like theirs, however, his paintings represent no definite scene anywhere actually existing, but a synthesis of the essential qualities of scenes created in the painter's mind. Like theirs, his have some story value; like theirs, his are essentially contemplative rather than sensuous. Like the Chinese again, and unlike almost every other modern artist, Lozowick paints vast panoramas—and these not as mere retreating sequences from some smaller interest closer at hand; the panorama is the subject, and the only subject, of most of his pictures. And finally, like the Chinese, Lozowick has never learned the modern use of color. His paintings are in reality tinted drawings, in which respect he has the defect of Blake, who, unexcelled in line, never learned, in the modern phrase, to model with color. Light-and-shade values are excellent, and the paintings themselves reproduce much better than do the lithographs which Lozowick has made after some of the same subjects, but there seems no compelling necessity for the color treatments actually used, and the fact that some of the canvases have been restudied in various colors would tend to show that the artist himself is aware of this limitation. In two cases, the Butte and the Minneapolis, both of which are in different tones of the same color, the uncertainty conspicuously does not exist, and the example of the Chinese again, who also use one or two colors, would indicate that this is the best method for an artist who has a less fundamental feeling for color than he has for line.

The black-and-whites, less ambitious than the canvases, were wholly successful. They are intended as units for continuous decorative designs, such as those in wall-paper, for instance. Modern decorative design is in every instance the geometric simplification of elements taken originally from the world around us—flowers, trees, human figures, and so forth. Lozowick believes that the inorganic world surrounding modern man is as fertile in subjects for decorative use as the organic world of our ancestors; and the girders, the automobile tires, the cams and cogwheels that he has organized into designs of almost painful beauty are enough, I think, to convince any skeptic that he is right. No one who has looked at this exhibition can thereafter fail to see a new meaning in the gorgeous and intricate delicacy of machines or in the smooth majesty of skyscrapers.

ROBERT WOLF

Drama

Another Modern

FRANZ WERFEL, the most admired of contemporary German writers for the stage, could hardly receive a more advantageous introduction to the American public than that which is afforded by the current production of "The Goat Song" (Guild Theater). The Guild has given the piece a gorgeously beautiful series of settings designed by Lee Simonson and has intrusted the leading parts to a group of unusually capable actors. The result will be not only the thrilling of many spines but the wagging of many heads as well; for though the interest and the excitement of the piece are unescapable, Werfel is one of those writers who insist upon suggesting that more is meant than meets the eye. His story of a misbegotten monster who finally escaped from the prison in which its terror-stricken parents had hidden it to spread the spirit of revolt and destruction over the countryside is told in the most straightforward of manners, and it is vivid enough to constitute its own excuse for being, even though it possessed no more than that ambiguous air of relevance which clings about every thrilling legend and which gives to the story of Hamlet or Don Juan as many meanings as there are imaginations to interpret it. But Werfel, unfortunately perhaps, is a conscious metaphysician as well as a poet; he insists that we understand him as he wants to be understood, and in the preface to his version of "The Trojan Women" he sets forth a theory of tragedy which is supposed to explain not only the play which his remarks preface but, I presume, "The Goat Song" as well.

The world into which man is born (I paraphrase the German edition) is essentially meaningless. Impulse and Accident rule all things, while Reason, the fearful distinction of man alone, stands terrified before the brutal drama of the elements. Yet from this disjunction between Man and Nature springs tragedy, a spark which leaps from the pole Reason or Sensibility to the pole called Life or Accident. It is the accusation which humanity brings against fate; it is the result of the fact that there exists in all nature an original sin for which man alone is compelled to atone; and yet it is only the tragic sentiment of life (*pace* Unamuno) which can transform the chaos of Nature into a Cosmos. And thus if "The Goat Song" must be diagrammed the diagram is, I take it, as follows: The monster, so unwillingly born and so carefully guarded, is the original sin of Nature. When released from its bonds through the carelessness of a rationalistic doctor with a leaning toward an eighteenth-century faith in the beneficence of Nature it spreads destruction; and because Earth-guilt is eternal the monster is no sooner thought dead than the heroine discovers the first signs of life in the son which she is, by and by, to bear it.

Now, this is first-rate metaphysics. It is old-fashioned German idealism which has given up the struggle to prove that all is really for the best and which, turned pessimist, has confessed that there must exist an eternally unreconcilable conflict between Phenomenon and Idea, to each of which is granted an ultimate reality. But metaphysicians do not usually write good drama, and "The Goat Song" is good less because Werfel has formulated a systematic metaphysics than because he happens also to possess the imagination of a poet—as the result of which his symbols take on a concreteness which makes it not only possible to forget that they represent abstractions but, indeed, rather difficult to remember that they do. To the making of his temperament has gone a good deal more than the influence of a peculiarly German philosophical tradition. He has the exacerbated nerves of the typical modern, and that weariness of life which leads men to seek the thrill of the horrible for its own sake plays a larger part in his artistic processes than he would care to admit. His plays succeed because, though they are put forth as the expression of a

philosophy, they are in actuality expressions of that much more complex thing called temperament and are thus more rich and varied than even his own interpretations of them can be. The story of "The Goat Song" was suggested, it is said, by an actual event, but he has made of it a legend with all the concreteness of outline and all the intriguing ambiguity of significance which constitute the legend's poetic fascination. Alfred Lunt, Blanche Yurka, Lynn Fontaine, and Dwight Fry contribute admirably rich characterizations to the present performance.

At Maxine Elliott's Theater Bertha Kalich is giving a vigorous and effective if not particularly subtle performance in Sudermann's "Magda," a play which somehow remains eminently actable and genuinely interesting in spite of the sledgehammer blows with which it drives home its now fairly obvious thesis. "A Weak Woman" (Ritz Theater) is a French farce based upon the eternal polygon in which A and B love C while D loves A and E loves B. It is, however, amusing, naughty, and adroit, and it retains a good deal more of Gallic salt than is usual in our versions of such pieces—a fact which is doubtless due to what appears to be an excellent adaptation by Ernest Boyd. "Embers" (Henry Miller Theater) belongs to the equally well-established French tradition of solemn domestic drama. It is as orderly and as lifeless as a syllogism.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ DINNERS □

IS LITERARY CRITICISM IMPORTANT?

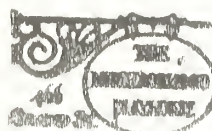
Author, Critic, and Publisher will consider this subject at the last Nation dinner

MARCH 18

Fifth Avenue Restaurant; 200 Fifth Avenue; 7 P. M.; \$2.50 for Nation subscribers and their guests.

Chairman: MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor, *The Nation*.

□ THEATER □



Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30.

ANSKY'S
THE
DYBBUK

Tel. Dry Dock 7616

English Version by Henry G. Alberg

☞ The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.

☞ The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

GOAT SONG

By FRANZ WERFEL

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way

EVGS. 8:30. MATS. THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, 2:30
HOLIDAY MATINEES LINCOLN'S AND WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAYS

□ LECTURE □

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICIES A COURSE OF FIVE LECTURES

by EDWARD MEAD EARLE, Ph. D.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.

On Monday evenings, Feb. 15, 22, March 1, 8, 15 at 8:15 P. M.

Course tickets, \$3.00, can be secured in advance at the Office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission, 75 cents.

The Facts About Locarno

By OSCAR T. CROSBY

MR. GEORGE GLASGOW writes in the *Contemporary Review*, December, 1925, as follows: "It was the psychology of Locarno that mattered. The interesting thing was that few people took any interest in the actual texts."

The Locarno spirit was doubtless one of real desire to seek peace. The Locarno institutions envisage war. True, the Locarno agreements contain clauses which seem to substitute peaceful settlement of disputes for any resort to war. But what are the facts?

1. The substitution is found to be subject to such exceptions that, in effect, the arbitration agreements will probably not be applicable to any realities whatever.

2. The renunciation of war in the Security Pact is found to be not more complete than is now the general case under the League Covenant and the Court Protocol.

3. On the other hand, with respect to certain particular cases, the signatories enjoy a wider right of making independent war than is given them by the Covenant. The hopeful reader of the agreements is lured by a succession of mirages over a desert of sterile words.

4. The League is treated as an incompetent. It cannot now, according to the Locarno gospel, give "sufficient protection" to its members, and in the new agreements the five signatories presume to prescribe to the Council procedures not found in the Covenant.

Article 6 of the Security Pact reads as follows:

The provisions of the present treaty do not affect the rights and obligations of the High Contracting Parties under the Treaty of Versailles or under arrangements supplementary thereto, including the agreements signed in London on August 30, 1924. (The Dawes Plan.)

Practically all possible mutual relationships between the signatories of the present treaty are twisted up in some way with their "rights and obligations" under the Treaty of Versailles or the Dawes Plan. To these engagements almost any dispute arising between the Locarno parties could be referred even fifty years hence. In such case the present treaty would not apply.

It must be borne in mind also that the Treaty of Versailles includes the Covenant of the League of Nations. Hence all the "rights or obligations" of disputants under the Covenant remain untouched by the Locarno treaty. Thus, under conditions described in the Versailles treaty, the French claim a right to enter German territory, as they did when they occupied the Ruhr. If similar circumstances arise again the French may again march into Germany claiming that their act is not a "resort to war." Nothing in the new treaties would bear on the dispute.

Another startling limitation upon the scope of the Locarno agreements is found in the arbitration treaties. It appears in Article 1, which reads as follows:

All disputes of every kind between A and B with regard to which the parties are in conflict as to their respective rights . . . shall be submitted for decision either to an arbitral tribunal or to the Permanent Court of International Justice, as laid down hereafter. . . . This provision does not apply to disputes arising out of events prior to the present treaty and belonging to the past.

Here, indeed, we have a "new era," a new phraseology. Here is an assumption that the near future will present questions wholly discontinuous with the past. If the Locarno engagement to arbitrate disputes about rights or obligations is to mean anything at all, we must suppose the emergence of questions divorced entirely from the Versailles treaty, from the Dawes Plan, and from the past.

All over the world it has been heralded that the Locarno signatories have agreed not to make war with one another. And, indeed, so it would seem if one reads Paragraph 1, Article 2, of the Security Pact. Here are brave words:

Germany and Belgium and also Germany and France mutually undertake that they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other.

Full stop—complete sentence—apparently nothing more to be said. A glance shows us that there are three exceptions. They are introduced by an entirely separate sentence referring to the one just above quoted, and the wording is as follows:

This stipulation shall not, however, apply in the case of (1) the exercise of the right of legitimate defense, that is to say, resistance to a flagrant breach of Article 42 or 43 of the said Treaty of Versailles, if such breach constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression and by reason of the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarized zone immediate action is necessary.

Here we are back to where all the League efforts have left us. We still have the right to strike back; we still have the right to determine what constitutes an "attack" or "invasion" or a "resort to war." History is full of instances showing the elasticity of the words "attack" and "resorting to war." "Invasion" is a little more definite. But mandated territory presents a problem as to whether or not the sovereign is invaded; and now airplane maneuvers will produce confusion even as to invasion of home territory.

We know that a *casus belli* may now be found either on the earth or in the waters under the earth or in the firmament above the earth. And we know that all these hidden sources of war are reserved to the signatories of the Locarno peace treaties.

But the peace-seeking signatories have not been satisfied with leaving their general war-making powers just where they were placed by the Covenant. They have added cases in which their own independent judgment as to certain "acts of hostility" will make for them a right and a duty to "resort to war." Specific provisions (Articles 42 and 43) of the Treaty of Versailles are invoked. They declare that Germany, within certain portions of her own territory, shall do nothing whatever that has an air of military preparation. This great nation in that respect is placed in a category lower than that assigned to Liberia or Haiti. And it is now solemnly provided that if Germany does anything in this demilitarized area which, in the judgment of her neighbors, calls for "immediate action," then the "resort to war," the "invasion," the "attack" of Germany by these neighbors is not the kind of invasion, attack, or resort to war which is renounced by the present treaty.

In this way even the weak bonds laid upon League members by the Covenant are rudely broken. For the Covenant itself supposes that League action will be taken in respect to a violation by Germany of the prescriptions of Articles 42 and 43.

If there were any doubt as to the inference just above made it disappears when we find in the present treaty that Great Britain and Italy declare their freedom to enter the lists of war if they deem that happenings in the Rhine district constitute a "flagrant breach" of the articles named and that the necessity for "immediate action" has once more arisen.

This is the great "guaranty of security," hailed everywhere as having marked a second birth of the Christmas spirit.

War may now break out over some hue and cry raised about doubtful happenings in the Rhine area; five nations may be aflame, and they can all point to the "present treaty" as a justification for their failure to make any appeal to the League of Nations before "resorting to war." This, indeed, is a "new era."

It is true that in this case the League Council "will be apprised of the question." And the signatories "undertake to act in accordance with the recommendations of the Council provided that they are concurred in by all the members other than the representatives of the parties which have engaged in hostilities." Meantime, while they are apprising the Council, and the Council, with its reduced numbers of voting members, is inquiring into the situation, the parties signatory to this peace agreement of Locarno are, according to their own private undertakings, "to be engaged in hostilities."

The appeal made under such circumstances to a small number of badly frightened Powers sitting in the din of war would probably dissolve the League of Nations.

Surely it is dangerous to introduce in a treaty the phrase "any question with regard to respective rights," placing it in apposition to the phrase "all other questions." Yet this is done in the Security Pact, and these two presumably separate classes of cases are sent to different kinds of tribunals. Nay, more, an important distinction in the effect of decision in the two cases is established. An engagement is made to comply with the decision in respect to questions of "right." In the matter of "all other questions," no such engagement is made.

A new council, called the Conciliation Commission, is created to consider "all other questions." But its decisions are not binding. If it produces no settlement, the case is supposed to go to the League Council. There, as we all know, it may, likewise, fail to be settled. The parties may be reverted to their full and free war-making power as that existed before the League of Nations came into being. No substantial change in this condition has been made by the Security Pact.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that the Locarno jurists have revived the attempt to make vital distinctions in action between what once were called (in a now neglected jargon) "judiciable," "justiciable," or "judicial" or "legal" cases, and "all other" cases of dispute between nations. They have dug a pit for the feet of the signatories.

Let us pass to the treaties between France on the one hand and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia on the other. In these we find, as in the Security Pact, an assertion of right on the part of one signatory to make war on an enemy of the others, without waiting for League action. Two nations are made into one so far as they may choose to fight under certain circumstances. One of them may, indeed, have engaged in a true war of defense—more or less recognized by the Covenant. The other frees itself from the League obligations by undertaking to act upon its own hasty and

The Amalgamated Bank of New York

Member Federal Reserve System

Has in less than three years increased its resources from \$500,000 to \$6,700,000.

Its depositors have grown from 2,000 to nearly 13,000, each day recording an increase.

Its Dollar Remittance service to foreign countries has sent over 300,000 individual remittances at a cost to the senders much less than that ruling when it entered the field and with the marvelous record of not a single failure in delivering promptly to the recipient the sum sent in American dollars.

Its Small Loan Service has enabled the workers to borrow at 6 per cent where in most cases they had been paying from 20 per cent upward.

Through a conservative financial policy it has insured absolute safety for the funds entrusted to it while at the same time giving service at a lower cost.

It has already paid to its stockholders four quarterly dividends at the rate of 8 per cent per annum in addition to adding to its surplus and reserves.

Its great growth forced its removal to new quarters at 15th Street and Union Square West, where its equipment provides for continued growth and increased efficiency of service. Its achievements are the best assurance of its future accomplishments. The real measure of YOUR interest in the development of Labor Banking is the using of the banking facilities, special services and security that it places at your disposal.

The Amalgamated Bank of New York

11-15 Union Square New York City

*The organization of a Travel Bureau
has just been accomplished.*

*This will place at the service of our friends
going abroad facilities which will add to the
enjoyment of travel.*

independent judgment—thus dissolving the League pro tanto. The key to these Declarations of Independence in war making is found in Article 8 of the Security Pact:

The present treaty shall be registered at the League of Nations in accordance with the Covenant of the League. It shall remain in force until the Council, acting on a request of one or other of the High Contracting Parties notified to the other signatory Powers three months in advance, and voting at least by a two-thirds majority, decides that the League of Nations insures sufficient protection to the High Contracting Parties; the treaty shall then cease to have effect on the expiration of a period of one year from such decision.

Now consider, five members of the League declare, by clear inference, that they have not "sufficient protection" through their membership in the League. (I count Germany a member, as all the Locarno treaties are predicated upon her entrance.)

Acting only on the motion of one of these parties, the Council may purge itself of the charge of impotence. There is lip-service to the League in several provisions, but here is the touchstone of faith. In substance, France objects to dependence upon a League guaranty (particularly with Germany as a member) and secures for herself and her supposed friends a right to make war against Germany in the free fashion of pre-League days.

A certain condescension toward the League is shown in several cases in which new procedures are imposed upon the Council by the confident confederates at Locarno. The part dictates to the whole—the Covenant, as applied to the Locarno signatories, is effectively amended without waiting for the slow processes called for by Article 26 of the Covenant.

The League has never been strong, it has a weak constitution, and now it has been bled by the Locarno doctors.

Contributors to This Issue

- HENDRIK VAN LOON's latest book is "Tolerance."
- CHESTER C. PLATT, a Wisconsin journalist, wrote "What La Follette's State Is Doing."
- MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Men and Steel."
- HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER is an American journalist living in Berlin.
- LEONORA SPEYER is about to publish a second volume of verse, "Fiddler's Farewell."
- HOWARD E. GREENE is a newspaper man formerly with the New York *Tribune* and now secretary of the American Leipzig Fair Association.
- KARL F. GEISLER is professor of political science at Oberlin College.
- ALICE BEAL PARSONS contributes reviews and stories to current periodicals.
- E. C. MACDOWELL is director of the biological laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor.
- JAMES N. ROSENBERG wrote three articles on the World Court published in *The Nation* in December and now reprinted in pamphlet form.
- HELEN HERSH has contributed to the Baltimore *Sun* and other papers.
- ROBERT WOLF wrote the scenario "Loony," in *The Nation* for September 9, 1925, which Louis Lozowick illustrated.
- OSCAR T. CROSBY was director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in 1915 and later president of the Inter-Ally Council of War Purchases and Finance.

THE LAZY COLON

LARGE INTESTINE

Newer methods and latest advances of science in the relief of Constipation and Allied Disorders. Derived from investigations and discoveries of 350 Physicians and Scientists of International Reputation, since the X-Rays were first used in exploring the 28 feet of human intestine in 1907. This tract, says Forges, of Vienna, is the most prolific source of dangerous diseases, including particularly heart disease and cancer; also kidney, liver and stomach disorders. New, authoritative, interesting, detailed. Enlarged edition, \$2.50; by mail, \$2.64. By Charles M. Campbell and A. K. Detwiler, M.D.

Partial List of 37 Chapter Titles

Surprising Theories of Water Drinking; Mysteries of the Intestine Revealed by X-Rays; Some Curious Causes of Constipation; Startling Theories of Self-Poisoning; Story the Urine Tells; Hardening of the Arteries and Blood Pressure; Purgatives—Their Proper and Improper Use; Mineral Oil as a Laxative; Bran or Agar, Which? Vitamin Facts; Greatest Menace of All; Intelligent Use of the Enema; the Conted Tongue—Its Cause and Meaning; Is Sugar of Milk the Long Sought Remedy? Prominent Authorities on Good Complexions.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium: "The authors are to be congratulated on this excellent work."

Judge E. H. Gary, head of U. S. Steel: "It is a fine piece of work and I congratulate you."

EDUCATIONAL PRESS

36 West 9th Street

Dept. 22

NEW YORK

FRESH AIR and VENTILATION

By C.-E. A. WINSLOW

*Professor of Public Health, Yale School of Medicine
Chairman, N. Y. State Commission on Ventilation*

A volume designed to give in broad outline a clear statement of the modern conception of good ventilation in public buildings, schools, private houses, etc. It presents a new knowledge of ventilation to the physician, engineer, architect or builder, and to all who value, in home or office, comfort, efficiency and health.

\$2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, New York

The Life of ALBERT R. PARSONS

Published by his widow, LUCY E. PARSONS,
3130 N. Troy Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Beautifully bound and Illustrated. Price \$3.00. Postage 15c.

Are you American people ready to learn the truth about the Haymarket Riot, and the judicial murder of the five Labor martyrs, the Chicago Anarchists? Then read "The Life of Albert R. Parsons."

Some of the press comments and reviews of that time: "This is one of the most remarkable books ever printed in America; it is a labor of love and memoir, published by the devoted widow of a martyr."—*Woman's Journal*, Boston.

"Mrs. Parsons's work has been mainly that of a compiler; but she has performed her task carefully and intelligently."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Talk about your Robert Emmet, the heroes of the French Revolution, the great martyrs of past ages . . . but gaze at the awfully sublime heroism of this man, who, with an instinct born only of true manhood, comes of his own free will to the bar of (in)justice and, to satisfy the hungry yells of an infuriated aristocracy, gives himself up to be tried . . . he listens to the perjured testimony of the paid assassins, stands up and is condemned to death—for what? For holding opinions regarding a system of society that he believed to be an improvement over the systems that now tyrannize the people of the earth."—Non-Conformist.

"Mrs. Parsons has done her work well, the motive that has prompted her to attempt the task appeals to every wife-heart."—Mt. Vernon (Ill.) *Progressive Farmer*.

"Of New England lineage, Albert R. Parsons was a puritan in zeal, courage and enthusiasm, spirituality, and tenacity of principle and purpose. Neither the gloom of the cell nor the shadow of the scaffold could bend or break him. . . . His life was offered him for the asking, but he said he could not ask for that which he had not forfeited. From that resolution friends could not move him. There was a spirituality in his look that revealed a temperament of poetry and dream. The story of Parsons' life magnetizes like the tale of 'The Ancient Mariner.'"—General M. M. Trumbull.

"FAMOUS SPEECHES" of the five Anarchist Martyrs, delivered in court, when sentenced to death, with fine pictures of them and other illustrations. Price \$1.00

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1926

No. 3164

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	191
EDITORIALS:	
The Cathcart Case.....	193
Bigger and Better Mergers.....	194
Even Wall Street Is Sometimes Right.....	195
Senator Smoot Weeps.....	195
The King's English.....	196
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	197
COMMERCIAL AVIATION IN EUROPE. By Earl W. Elhart.....	198
LETTERS FROM TOLSTOI. Translated by Herman George Scheffauer.....	200
THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE'S LOST VIRTUE. By W. G. Clugston.....	203
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	205
CORRESPONDENCE	205
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
The Foreigner. By Witter Bynner.....	207
First Glimpse. By Mark Van Doren.....	207
A French View of England. By J. A. Hobson.....	207
A Sentimental Journey. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	208
George Washington Himself. By Worthington C. Ford.....	209
What Price Laissez-Faire? By Stuart Chase.....	209
A Cocksure Criminologist. By Winthrop D. Lane.....	210
Hit-or-Miss Biography. By R. F. Dibble.....	210
Books in Brief.....	211
Drama: Long Island Sentiment. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	211
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Shall Austria's Culture Survive? By Richard Wettstein.....	213
Famine in Lower Silesia.....	214

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

A TRUCE has been called in the Thirty Years' War between anthracite operators and miners. The truce brings to an end the longest battle to date, allowing the exhausted belligerents to retire to their tents, but the war goes relentlessly on. A compromise has been reached whereby work will be resumed at the old wages. A new scale may be proposed by either side after January 1, next, and if no agreement can be reached by negotiation the question shall be referred to a board of two men, one representing the miners and the other the mine owners. If these two men cannot agree, they *may* call in a third person as arbitrator, and the decision shall be binding on both parties. The word "may" is interpreted as meaning also "may not," and as it is assumed that neither side will consent to arbitrate a change in wages, these will remain as they are for the period of the contract unless altered by mutual agreement. Provision has been made also for a system of "cooperation and efficiency" through which the miners think they may, by increasing production, gain their demand for the check-off method of collecting union dues, but this part of the arrangement is far from clear. Whatever credit is in order for bringing the truce to pass is somewhat difficult to assess. Some point to the Administration, through the person of Mr. Davis, some to Richard F. Grant of Cleveland, some to Governor Pinchot, while miners and operators say that the settlement was in fact achieved "within the industry."

SO PASSES an intolerable situation and with it an unparalleled opportunity to bring lasting order into the anthracite industry. The crazy patchwork of this new agreement may give us more coal and less smoke for what is left of the winter and lift the gaunt hand of starvation from miners' wives and children. For this surcease we can only breathe a sigh of relief. But one fears the greatest sigh of relief in the country will be the one that rattles the windows of the White House. The strong, silent man who did not break the Boston police strike has been saved by his star again, and can continue to do nothing now happily uninterrupted by outside pressure. Had he chosen to follow the clear path outlined by the Coal Commission of 1922, he would have had not only a grateful country to support him but certainly the enthusiastic indorsement of the miners as well, while many of the operators would undoubtedly have been glad to fall in line. He could have written the peace terms which would have ended, once and for all, the Thirty Years' War. Instead we have a patched-up truce, containing no single constructive element, which will stagger along until the next pitched battle breaks. Will Congress do now what the President has not dared to attempt?

WHENEVER MEXICO does anything which displeases our oil men, or whenever it seems about to do something that will displease them, news spouts from Mexico like an oil gusher. Where all has been serene and peaceful for months, presto, change! Trains are held up, revolutionists plot, bandits become active, property is confiscated, religion is menaced. So naturally we find on the first page of the New York Times of February 12 a hair-raising story declaring that "Mexico will seize church property," that a "nationalization order is issued," that "priests are arrested." The story then pictures sudden and wanton expulsion of priests though "clad in their robes of office and performing religious rites before their congregations . . . without warning, and time was not even allowed them to get their . . . personal effects." This yarn is wholly misleading both in its facts and its implications. There has been no church property in Mexico for over half a century—since the reform laws of Juarez separating church and state. Occasionally church property is found to be illegally and clandestinely held and under these circumstances reverts to the nation. The Constitution of 1917 forbade the ministry of foreign-born clergymen, but the Mexican hierarchy has never seen fit to comply. This law is now being enforced. As to the circumstances surrounding its enforcement a subsequent Times dispatch on February 14 refutes the previous account by revealing that a ten-days' notice had been given to foreign clergymen to cease their professional activities or leave the country.

IT LOOKS as if we should see a remarkable example of a popular referendum on a huge scale. The German Communists and Socialists have united for the first time, in a common demand, that the question whether any moneys shall be paid to the Hohenzollerns by the German republic shall be laid before the voters. In accordance with the Constitu-

tion, lists to determine the wishes of the public will be laid before the voters from March 4 to March 17. Should 10 per cent of the number of voters in the last presidential election, approximately 4,000,000, signify their desire to vote on a settlement with the royal princes, then the government would be compelled to submit the issue to a final referendum at which 50 per cent of the voters must vote if it is to be effective. The Socialists and Communists are sure that the 4,000,000 can be obtained. Whether the necessary 20,000,000 will go to the polls in the final test is doubtful. The belief is that if they do the Kaiser and the royal princes will get no compensation whatever. All the imperialists and nationalists and the followers of the Kaiser will probably abstain from going to the polls. In any event, if the Reichstag does not get ahead of the referendum by settling the question itself, we are likely to see an extraordinarily interesting experiment in taking the opinion of the individuals of a great nation.

FRANCE, which in 1914 probably permitted greater freedom in the expression of personal opinion than any other country in the world, gives evidence once every so often that it is still under the cloud of prejudice and bigotry begotten by the war. Thus General Percin, one of the nation's most distinguished soldiers, holder of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, has been visited with disgrace because of articles advocating regional home rule for Alsace which he contributed to the press, especially the *Zukunft*, a separatist newspaper of Strasbourg. General Percin maintains that his scheme is in accordance with the French constitution, but any move toward political liberalism for Alsace is like a red rag to the chauvinist elements of France. Twelve Senators from the reconquered provinces, supported by the reactionary *Echo de Paris*, accused General Percin of "anti-patriotism" and demanded his punishment by the Legion of Honor. Three penalties for dishonorable conduct are provided by the legion—censure, dismissal, or erasure of the offender's name. General Percin was found to merit the last or extreme penalty by his judges, but owing to his past record and what was offensively characterized as his present senility they recommended some less severe punishment.

FEAR WILL OUT, even though it is the mighty Mussolini in whose breast it lurks. The press carried accounts, detailed to many columns, of his wild speech to Germany, but it gave less than two inches to another story which read as follows:

ROME, Feb. 8 (A. P.)—King Carnival is threatened with death in Rome with the Prefect of Police as his executioner. An edict has been issued forbidding the wearing of masks in streets and public places. Even at private masquerade dances police have the right to demand that wearers of masks identify themselves.

Mussolini blares his defiance to the world in the hall of the Deputies, but he advertises his fear in less noisy but no less certain fashion through his Prefect of Police. For Mussolini is familiar with masquerades, through long experience, and to him every carnival is a potential carnival of death; every mask hides the face of a possible assassin.

THE WIPING OUT of the last war-fraud indictments, coupled with the statement by the Associated Press that all the cases "resulted in favor of the persons accused,"

has led Mark Sullivan and others to assume that there were practically no war frauds and nothing wrong in connection with the conduct of the war except inevitable waste and minor lapses due to so gigantic an operation. The truth, we believe, lies a long distance from that. We are still of the opinion that gigantic frauds were committed during the war in the aircraft field, in the construction and the conduct of the shipping fleet, in the building of cantonments, in a number of other directions. If the statement of the Associated Press is true—we had thought that a few minor rascals had been caught in the meshes of the law—why then it only signifies the total failure of the prosecuting machinery. For this politics is in considerable part responsible, and so is the Harding administration, which came in with the spirit among many of its members or hangers-on of seeking not to punish anybody but to get Republican feet into the trough immediately. The pages of *The Nation* bear witness to many of the scandalous facts that are beyond question. No, it falsifies history for anyone to give the war management a clean bill of health. The sad fact is that great malefactors worked their will upon us under the smoke screen of patriotism and of beating the Germans, and have gotten off scot free because of the indifference or inefficiency or deliberate wish of those who should have brought the guilty to book.

NOT ONLY MACHINE-GUNS but tear gas were called in to reinforce justice in Delaware at the trial of a Negro accused of assaulting a 12-year-old white girl. Reports of the size of the crowd about the jail while the trial was in progress are not entirely convincing; but whether one or two or ten thousand persons were there, gas bombs were hurled at them to keep them off, barbed-wire entanglements were thrown around the courthouse, machine-guns were leveled at their heads, and three companies of the National Guardsmen placed themselves between the howling mob and the prisoner. All this is spectacular and overdramatic; but, at least, there was no lynching in Georgetown. The trial, of course, was speedily over; the accused, who was said to have confessed, although he pleaded not guilty, was convicted after a few minutes' deliberation by the jury; and the judge, doing his duty with no less alacrity, sentenced the unfortunate man to hang on February 26, less than five weeks after the crime was committed.

THE PRESIDENTS of Harvard and Johns Hopkins universities within the past year have issued statements concerning the higher learning in America which not only are in agreement but are conspicuously true and timely. We commented not long ago upon the proposal of the president of Johns Hopkins to do away with the first two years of undergraduate work in view of the obvious fact that this could just as well be done in junior colleges comfortably removed from the more serious academic scene. Now the trustees at Baltimore have accepted the proposal; and simultaneously with their resolution comes a declaration by President Lowell of Harvard that freshmen and sophomores are indeed a problem:

Anyone who has taught freshmen is aware that they cannot read books. They can read passages and understand the meaning of particular things when pointed out to them; but they have not the habit of sustained mental self-direction that will enable them to follow the thread of an author's thought for a considerable time.

President Lowell merely laments the necessity, in view of this situation, of high-school methods in college classrooms, and urges that such methods be abandoned as early as possible in the four-year course. He does not go so far as the heads of Johns Hopkins have gone and recommend the abolition of freshmen and sophomores. But Harvard and the other larger universities may come yet to the point where they feel forced, in the interests of dignity and scholarship, to rid themselves of the machinery which does indeed properly belong to the junior college. An extension of the tutorial system and a general examination scheme—measures which President Lowell now strongly urges—are, of course, excellent in themselves, but they can be applied only to mature and independent students, of whom, fortunately, there continue to be a good many in American universities, despite a certain amount of popular tradition to the contrary.

TWO PAMPHLETS have recently come across our desk which for their brevity, clarity, and intelligence place them in a class by themselves. The first has to do with "Our Economic System," the second with "Public Ownership"; both have been prepared by the New York Federation of Progressive Women, 25 West Forty-third Street. There is no denying the fact that they are propaganda in the sense that their authors desire a change in the going structure of industry, but the case is stated with a broadness of vision, a tolerance, a fairness to the arguments of the conservative, and a patness of factual interpolation, which is unique in pamphleteering. If you are a liberal in economic thought who has spent some years in acquiring from scattered and ramifying sources the case for that liberalism, and find that despite much fasting and prayer your conception tends to get fuzzy at the edges, you will welcome the news that these two little documents act like powerful lenses in bringing the case into proportion and focus. Meanwhile, if placed within reach of inquiring youngsters, nothing could conceivably be more destructive to the development of future Coolidges.

THE DEATH OF HENRY HOLT removes one of the most interesting figures in American publishing, and the oldest. Mr. Holt, who was in his eighty-seventh year when he died, had maintained his affection for the world of books until very near the end, though he had not for ten years been actively connected with the firm of Henry Holt and Company. Beginning in his youth with a desire to write, he gradually found his way into the circle of those who publish, and although he is known as the author of a number of volumes, chief among these being the reminiscences which he called "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," he is still better known through the distinguished house which bears his name. It was characteristic of him in his latter days that he should found at seventy-four and conduct for six years a journal devoted to highly controversial subjects. The *Unpopular Review*, later the *Unpartisan Review*, was valuable for the opportunities which it offered for the expression of specialized minority opinion; the only reason for its eventual failure was perhaps the fact that it did not represent a single consistent minority, did not become the organ of one intellectual party. In next week's issue *The Nation* will speak at greater length of the services which Mr. Holt performed as author, editor, and publisher. Meanwhile, it regrets deeply the passing of a genial and broadly experienced man.

The Cathcart Case

IN the case of the Countess of Cathcart the United States has touched bottom in its Pecksniffian policy of supervising the morals of private individuals, particularly those of visitors to this country. Talk about the government having no place in business! It has no place whatever in the field of private morals any more than it has any right to exclude foreigners like the Countess Karolyi for their allegedly "dangerous" opinions. There is no other country in the world that is either so childish or so puritanical, so hopelessly bigoted, so silly as to believe that it must protect the morals of its people by excluding those who have transgressed conventionality or hold to unpopular theories of government.

Let us say at once that we are not interested particularly in the exclusion of the Earl of Craven, with whom the Countess Cathcart once lived for a year, and that we are firmly of the opinion that the Commissioner of Immigration in New York, Mr. Curran, has not only proved himself a donkey in his actions but has clearly perverted the law. Section 19 of the immigration act of February, 1917, says that "any alien . . . who has admitted the commission prior to entry of a crime involving moral turpitude may be excluded after admittance within five years." Neither the Countess nor the Earl of Craven has been guilty of a crime; Congress never contemplated the exclusion of a divorced man or woman in enacting this law. It had in mind criminals as to whose moral delinquency there could be no question. Mr. Curran said he could not help himself because the Countess told the truth in all honesty when she might easily have lied. That is no excuse, for the law plainly does not cover her case. Indeed a federal court has held that "Various lapses from virtue not amounting to prostitution are not such misdemeanors involving moral turpitude as will exclude an alien woman in the absence of proof that any law was violated by her in the commission of such an act."

Innumerable divorced men and women come in and out, and others like Sarah Bernhardt who have openly lived their own lives in defiance of convention are welcome to our shores. When Gaby Deslys came over she was not only not excluded but was especially heralded by the newspapers as the friend of a king. The confessed murderer of Rasputin, who was certainly guilty of a crime involving moral turpitude, was admitted and no one raised the question; we could fill a page of *The Nation* with similar cases. To put the deciding of intimate moral questions into the hands of political appointees like Mr. Curran, to say whether or not a George Eliot or a peasant Sarah Smith is guilty of moral turpitude under certain circumstances is absurd.

There are plenty of American women whose records are the same as Lady Cathcart's who come and go freely; that is the disgusting part of it. If England and France should take similar action what a mess we should be in! With a country full of divorces for cause, with thousands upon thousands experimenting in the domain of sex, we set ourselves up as holier-than-thou and calmly pass on the private life of temporary visitors. How the Prince of Wales escaped being asked by Mr. Curran if he had always been chaste we cannot understand.

In this case the country's morals are neither safeguarded nor advanced. On the contrary, we bring not only America but all moral standards into contempt.

Bigger and Better Mergers

BIGNESS does not necessarily mean badness. But the experience of the public at large with big business to date has not been a particularly happy one or conducive to many loud huzzas for bigness as such. In fact, the experience has led to the creation of a new demonology with "Wall Street" as the supreme dragon. That demonologies generally do violence to the facts does not obscure the very real causes which brought some millions of people to a point where their indignation forced them to create a demonology.

The past few months have witnessed a widespread and dramatic activity in corporation mergers. Super-trusts have broken out like a rash. The Department of Justice has started suit under the Sherman law against William B. Ward's bread combine and the National Food Products Corporation. The aluminum trust threatens to engulf Niagara Falls; Professor Ripley of Harvard declares that the latest labor-saving devices in high finance have saved the stockholder the labor of voting or of exercising any control whatsoever; while the New York Stock Exchange promises to investigate alphabetical series of non-voting stock. Meanwhile, a bond has been invented and actually issued the principal and interest of which shift with the index number of wholesale prices—thus keeping the holder always on a par with the cost of living. In brief, the financial pot is boiling with unprecedented vigor and business is brisk among the stock and bond houses.

Free competition has seen its day, and over great and growing sections of our industrial life is dying, where it is not completely dead. The logic of business enterprise guided by the goal of maximum profit could not tolerate the duplication, proliferation, excess capacity, and operating waste of unrestricted competition. Soon after the Civil War that logic began to make itself felt in tangible action, and has been accelerating ever since. Against its remorseless demands the Government, actuated by popular outcries, set up the barriers of the Sherman and the Clayton anti-trust acts. Modern industrialism went through these acts like so many sheets of paper, pausing only—by advice of counsel—to change, and quite probably to strengthen, the legal form of its corporate units. Perhaps the net effect of the Sherman law has been to goad lawyers into inventing bomb-proof super-trusts. In brief, legislative fiat has had no effect on the behavior flowing from the logic of consolidation—save, possibly, to quicken it. Even the Federal Trade Commission, while it has stopped many minor abuses and made public many interesting and significant facts from time to time, has never permanently restored competitive conditions in any area where the trend was otherwise. We repeat, free competition, so-called, has had its day, and no power probably exists or in an age of growing mechanization ever will exist to call it back from the tomb.

Which leaves us with combinations on our hands whether we like them or not. Big combinations, and getting bigger. And not only horizontal combinations but vertical ones—controlling a commodity from natural resource to finished product. Furthermore, these combinations tend to fall increasingly under the control of bankers and financiers, leaving the old-line captain of industry—

who grew up in the industry—about as moribund as free competition. And, as Professor Ripley has pointed out, the latest model in stock flotation is to let the investing public pay the entire cost of the physical properties acquired, receiving no-par, non-voting stock therefor, while the insiders control and skim the cream without contributing a nickel of investment. Or, as a variation, through wide diffusion of stock ownership, insiders control the company while they hold—in a solid block—say only 20 per cent of the outstanding issue.

But there is nothing particularly heinous in either combinations or control by insiders, *per se*. In fact, combination, through lower operating costs per unit of output, always carries the possibility of an elimination of waste and lower prices for the consumer. In many branches of industry, modern technical engineering knowledge cannot really get to work without combination—in the sense of large-scale operation. Even centralized control is more efficient, technically speaking, than a swarm of sketchily informed stockholders. Then why all the fuss? Because:

(1) Combinations have not the slightest notion of ever letting a penny of the savings which they make through lower unit costs get into the hands of the ultimate consumer. And, what is worse, if their control is sufficiently dominant, they may be able actually to *increase* prices.

(2) They may pass in mere size the limit of low-cost operation. The Federal Trade Commission charged the beef trust with being too big and too unwieldy to be efficient.

(3) They tend to destroy initiative in the ranks of the great majority of their employees. They flatten life out for uncountried human beings.

(4) They are bitterly opposed to labor organizations, and are usually in a position to make that opposition effective. The recent coal strike was quite possibly caused and prolonged by the desire of the anthracite trust to smash the union, once and for all.

(5) They are forever meddling in politics, running up legislative back alleys. There is no corner of the public domain which they are not bold enough to ask for—and often they are strong enough to get it. They will probably yet get Tea Pot Dome. Nor can any public interest—giant power, a low tariff, a housing program, a park, sanitary shop conditions—clash with *their* interests and have much hope of surviving. This is their country, and they sit at the head of the table. In all fairness it should be said, however, that if there is anything left over, they raise no objection to our eating it.

And there we are. We can't get back to free competition—especially in this day when high protective tariffs are a national policy; and we can't get much advantage from the obvious economies of industrial combinations because of the swinish, domineering, and intolerable behavior exhibited by the management of combinations as organized to date.

The facts and tendencies are stated, we hope, fairly. We have no prophecy to make at this time. But if we were Mussolini, we would fix prices of trust products, based on a fair margin above certified operating costs. And if a given trust got too obstreperous, we would take it over at cost less depreciation, and run it ourself.

Even Wall Street Is Sometimes Right

ALMOST any time now we may expect to hear from Washington that the new French Ambassador has begun negotiations for the settlement of his Government's debt to the United States. This time the negotiations will be successful, although they will be concluded on a basis no more favorable to us, or less so, than the terms which we refused last autumn. Since the Caillaux commission came over the House has approved a much less favorable settlement with Mussolini's government, and although there will be opposition in the Senate the arrangement is not likely to be defeated. We will not dare to refuse to republican France what we grant to fascist Italy.

The Nation is not opposing such a settlement. As our readers are aware, we were among the first to come out decidedly in favor of renouncing most of our European war debts as a matter of justice, necessity, and business. Putting it on the lowest grounds, we realized that the major part of this debt neither could nor would ever be paid, and at a moment when America was still regarded as a big brother to the world in general we argued for cancellation in return for various concessions that might have then been obtained in the interest of European stabilization and peace. That opportunity has passed, never to return. In the last few years the friendliness with which America was viewed just after the war has changed into a mountain of hate which will hardly disappear in our generation. All we can do now is to write off our losses. But *The Nation* proposes to go on telling its readers that our settlements are losses and to refute to the best of its ability the pretense of the Republican Party that promises of payments sixty years, or even ten years hence (entered into virtually under duress), are anything but stage money.

Although the Republican Party is now directly chargeable with the sin of trying to make these debt settlements appear better than they are, almost all of our politicians and most of our newspapers have been singularly lacking in knowledge or vision in their attitude. For instance, we find the *New York Times* saying of the European war debts on January 29 last:

They might have been made a means of securing goodwill. Instead, they have brought us dislike. They might have been made an aid in inducing European governments to assent to disarmament, to facilitate international trade, to promote everywhere good understandings which would have led to good business. But our Government and people have taken the narrower view. They have gone after the cash and let the credit go. Yet time is pretty sure to demonstrate that this country would have been wiser if it had put a little more shrewd world-politics into its attempts to collect its war debts.

Fine words. But the *Times* was not speaking out that way five years ago—when *The Nation* was. In fact only our leading financiers—our much-distrusted men of Wall Street—have been generally right in this matter from the outset. Probably there has been less of justice and mercy in their attitude than of a realization of the hard facts and a desire to turn them to business interest, but the truth remains that they are the only class in the community whose record has been even tolerably intelligent.

Now that France is the only nation of consequence with

which we have not made a debt agreement—and since her case is in many ways the most important of all—it is not amiss to remind our readers that the French Government is engaged in a most difficult and desperate attempt to balance its budget. The maneuvers in Parliament are full of cheap politics and personal chicanery—just as are the actions of our Administration and Congress on all questions great or small. But perhaps for the first time since the war the French people seem to be roused to the necessity of heroic and immediate measures if they are to save their financial fabric from utter ruin. We are of the opinion that they need every sou they can raise for use at home and should not attempt to pay any of their debt to us at this time. At any rate we should grant most lenient terms.

There is an important aspect of this question, too, which is not in the least understood in the United States. If any party or administration in this country should propose to redeem our Liberty bonds at twenty cents on the dollar, while paying some foreign creditor in full, there would be a tempest which would blow the scheme into immediate oblivion. Yet that is precisely what most Americans are asking of the present French Government. The French franc, formerly worth almost twenty cents, now brings in the markets of the world less than four. It will never go back to par. The only possible way in which France can pay her internal debts and balance her budget is with a franc that is worth as little or less than the present one. In other words she must permanently and irrevocably repudiate at least 80 per cent of her home debt (including internal bonds held by Americans and other foreigners). If Frenchmen themselves are obliged to accept 20 per cent in settlement of their claims against their government, is there any reason why the United States should expect more?

Senator Smoot Weeps

“MR. PRESIDENT, the pending revenue bill represents quite a remarkable record of achievement.” With this sententious remark Senator Smoot introduced to the Senate his prodigy of financial legislation. His speech is so useful a record of the way the conventional senatorial mind works in matters financial that we wish it might have a very careful reading in the widest circles. At the outset he put his best foot to the fore and declared that 2,350,100 persons would be relieved by his bill of the direct burden of income taxes. Without troubling about such a minor detail as producing evidence that these figures were correct, the Senator next dropped a Walrus-tear over this very emancipation of which he was so proud. Said he: “In one respect this is unfortunate. Anyone who is a taxpayer is bound to have a closer feeling of interest in his government, its policies and activities, than under the situation where the burden of expense is borne by others.” Indeed, as he pondered on the plight into which he was just engineering his beloved republic he waxed indignant: “I am opposed to calling this a ‘government of the people, by the people, and for the people,’ and then denying to all the people the privilege of contributing toward the maintenance of their government. A reduction in the tax burden is quite a different matter from the entire denial of the privilege of contribution.” Then, like Lewis Carroll's Walrus, he held a handkerchief before his streaming eyes and resolutely denied to the alleged 2,350,100 of his fellow-citizens their birthright. What a patriot; what a martyr to duty!

Now, as everyone knows, Senator Smoot dislikes a fuss; but if there is to be one he is always careful to have it known that the Republican Party is never to blame. Hence his useful handkerchief appeared once more: "There will be much said during the debates on this bill about taking the tax off the rich, about special interests and other topics common of easy and popular discussion. So far as criticism is in vogue, it will be directed necessarily against both of the great political parties, which in this bill meet in their views of sound economics." The Democrats in the nearly empty Senate chamber squirmed, and one made as if to rise and speak. The tearful Mr. Smoot courteously stopped. The Democrat faded away. What could he say?

Then Senator Smoot rose to great economic heights:

The reduction of the higher surtaxes is based on a ground of sound economics that looks further than to the interest of any individual or group. The latter is a minor and unimportant consideration as compared with the real reason that is at the basis of this policy, upon which both of the great political parties find themselves in accord. The 5,000 individuals who enjoy the incomes in excess of \$100,000 can neither eat food nor wear clothes to any greater degree beyond the wants of all other human beings. They may secure greater security, but their capacity for expenditure is limited.

Then the Senator added still another reason for letting off the high tax-payer—it is "utterly impossible to compel a man to pay more of a tax than he feels that he in good conscience should pay."

How sad it is for Senator Smoot, that having laid down the exact economic laws and the only correct financial policy, his fellow-Senators should decide to have more of such a good thing and calmly cut off another \$230,000,000 of our taxes. No wonder his handkerchief came to light again—only this time the tears were real.

The King's English

IT is evident to every student of language that a revolt against the grammarians is under way. It was not until the nineteenth century that their right to control the language was generally accepted, and now, after enjoying a century-long dictatorship, they are being gradually compelled to give up their usurped authority and to recognize the fact that usage makes rules, not rules usage. A generation ago the American philologist, Richard Grant White, chortled over the long list of "blunders" in the use of "shall" and "will" which he had discovered in the works of such writers as Cowley, Steele, Addison, Swift, Burke, Landor, and Sydney Smith; today, on the other hand, a considerable number of persons recognize that the joke was on him and not upon his authors; for if such writers habitually violate the rules, then obviously the rules, and not the writers, are wrong.

Just as only theologians knew enough about the text of the Bible to demonstrate the absurdity of giving absolute authority to a literal interpretation of it, so only grammarians know enough about grammar to show how unfounded is its pretended authority; but, fortunately, the grammarians are joining the liberal cause just as the theologians did, a fact illustrated anew by an admirable article called *The Periphrastic Future with Shall and Will*, by Charles C. Fries, in the December number of the *Publications* of the Modern Language Association. Mr. Fries, struck by the voluminous confusion of the rules upon the

subject under discussion, undertook an elaborate investigation which involved the study of all the available English grammars (forty-six in number) published before the nineteenth century, as well as a still more laborious investigation of actual usage as revealed in the dialogue of the English drama. His results are startling to those who have wasted time over such elaborate discussions of the correct usage of these two words as is found in supposedly authoritative modern works like Fowler and Fowler's "The King's English."

Mr. Fries proves (1) that until 1632 there is no evidence that grammarians recognized any distinction between the two words, a fact which, by the way, indicates that Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible got along without it; (2) that the distinction first appears in an English grammar written by a Frenchman in French for the purpose of teaching his countrymen the language; (3) that it was not a common feature of English and American grammars until after the first quarter of the nineteenth century; (4) that at no time up to and including the present has usage justified the formal rules.

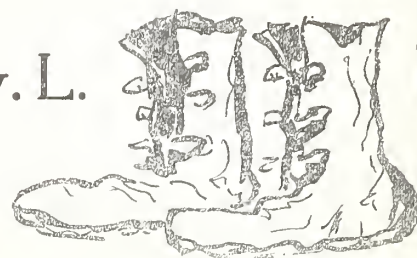
As everybody knows, English grammar was first formulated by men who had been trained in Latin and who wished to give to the vulgar tongue the dignity supposed to be inherent in a codified system. After the common habit of specialists, they delighted in complexities and they acknowledgedly based their rules not upon the language as it was spoken or written but upon their conception of how, in the interest of logic, consistency, or "right reason" it ought to be spoken or written. Now as the scientific gradually replaced the logical study of language it came to be recognized that usage alone determined correctness, but the new grammarians took over the rules of the older ones without sufficiently examining their origin and so it happens that today men who theoretically accept usage as the final arbiter of correctness nevertheless accept rules which did not have and did not claim for themselves this authority of usage.

It is a pity perhaps that the pedantry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cannot be overturned except at the cost of labor as arid in itself as is that of such men as Mr. Fries, but the fact remains that the average man has an exaggerated respect for the formal externals of education, that he tends to measure his own and others' education by ability to spell conventionally and speak by the rule, and that he will never be comfortable in following usage in such matters as the employment of "shall" and "will" until the grammarians tell him that he ought to do so.

Thus grammarians must undo the evil which grammarians have done. They invented their complexities partly in order to have something to teach, but children today have too much to learn to waste time upon subjects which have no real existence outside of textbooks. A certain minimum of grammatical knowledge is necessary on the part of the users of any language if it is to be kept exact, comely, and universally comprehensible, but the textbooks of the schools contain more than this necessary minimum. Correct usage is learned by imitation, not by rules, and to teach elaborate formal rules is to rob the child (and the man) of the opportunity to learn things which would be really fruitful materially or spiritually. For three centuries grammarians have been engaged upon what is called "constructive" work; today their duty is, like that of workers in various other fields of knowledge, chiefly to destroy what their fore-runners have built and built so badly.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

SUMER IS ICUMEN IN. . .



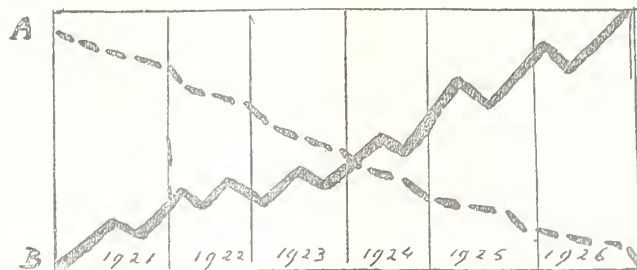
FOR SALE, CHEAP, one pair of galoshes, size 14. Apply editors of *The Nation*.



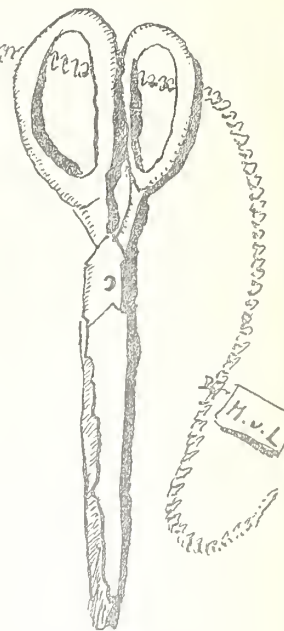
AT THE NEWS of a possible settlement of the coal strike and the prohibition tangle 378,976 coal dealers and 1,468,924 bootleggers are hastening to Washington to protest against this interference with their rights.



—the Prize for Intellectual Astuteness (a white carnation and a plush copy of Bruce Barton's inspirational masterpieces) goes to the House of Representatives of the sovereign State of Mississippi and will be presented by Iguanodon D. Mississipiensis;



—one dime (or 10 cents) in cash is offered to the learned citizen who can explain why with a constant decrease in the cost of production (A) the price to the consumer (B) is steadily going up;



—the nickel scissors are bestowed on Brother Brubaker, who is back at the old job in the *New Yorker*.

OUR PRIZE AWARDS: This month's goose-quill goes to Al Frueh for his despondent cow in *Life*;

Commercial Aviation in Europe

By EARL W. ELHART

COMMERCIAL aviation in Europe today is an industry that violates all accepted principles of profit and loss and yet curiously continues to expand. A growing network of air lines now covers the north of Europe, carrying thousands of passengers and tons of freight. All this is being done in spite of the fact that commercial aviation has never been profitable in the past, is now operating at a loss, and holds no prospect for improvement in the immediate future.

Commercial aviation in Europe is a state ward, rationed in part from the public treasury through subsidies. Regardless of profit and loss, aviation is recognized as a new means of transportation which has practically reduced Europe to one-third of its former size; the airplane carries mail and passengers at almost triple the speed of the best express train.

In 1920 Europe was faced with the alternative of supporting commercial aviation by government aid or abandoning the industry to almost certain bankruptcy. Without exception, the governments recognized that a thriving aircraft industry, in addition to being highly valuable commercially, would provide an essential factor in the national-defense system. Every important state came to the rescue with substantial subsidies and in this way made possible the growing commercial aviation industry. In all of Europe there are no unsubsidized lines in operation. The British subsidy law provides for the payment of £1,000,000 over a period of ten years, the Dutch K. L. M. line receives a lump sum of 300,000 guilders each year, and French civil aviation last year received 77,000,000 francs from the government treasury. No accurate figures are available for the German subsidy, as government mileage subsidies are augmented by state and municipal payments. Even the Dutch K. L. M. lines, considered to be among the most efficiently managed in Europe, earn scarcely more than 50 per cent of expenses. Statistics regarding operating costs and income are in all countries jealously guarded. Even the official figures cannot be taken at their face value. In 1924 it was estimated that 90,000 passengers were carried by air in all Europe, with nearly double that number in 1925. These figures include, however, a large number of officials as well as other non-paying passengers carried for advertising purposes and often to meet subsidy requirements. Passengers traveling from one country to another are often counted at both terminals. Figures obtained from different sources show wide discrepancies on the volume of traffic handled.

The real accomplishment of Europe cannot be gauged alone by statistics. The present and potential value of the lines is much beyond the number of passengers and tons of mail and freight carried. Today regular services are in operation throughout Europe, flying and ground personnel are being trained and facilities developed, the "air traveling habit" is being cultivated; in brief, a solid foundation for a working system of air transportation is being built up.

Old-fashioned Europe can give the United States lessons in speed. At 9:30 every morning a plane leaves Tempelhof Field in Berlin for Amsterdam, arriving at 2:30. Through passengers leave an hour later, arriving in Lon-

don that evening at 6:30 or in Paris at 7 o'clock. The elapsed time between Berlin and London is nine hours; between Berlin and Paris, nine and one-half. Fastest railroad time from Berlin to London is twenty-two hours; from Berlin to Paris twenty hours. You leave Moscow at 7 in the morning, arrive at Königsberg at 6 that evening in time to take the night train which arrives in Berlin the next morning. This brings the Soviet capital within thirty-six hours of London or Paris as compared with three days by rail. Paris today is but a daylight trip to Vienna by plane; Belgrade is eight hours further by air, and Constantinople an additional eight hours. In the absence of night flying, Constantinople is three days from Paris as compared to five days by rail. Night flying, however, will soon reduce this to thirty-six hours or less. Helsingfors, Copenhagen, Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Constantinople are all directly connected by air with Berlin, Paris, and London. Indeed, after April 1 next Moscow and London will be only 24 hours apart according to a Berlin dispatch of January 13.

What have been the accomplishments of France in the last five years? She has now nine lines in operation, of which two in Africa have been established within the last half year. The busiest of all the French commercial airways is the Paris-London line, which is much used by American tourists. During the three busiest summer months as many as fifty passengers a day are often carried. The Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam line is also popular. The fare to Brussels has been made very low, being equivalent to a first-class railroad fare. The Paris-London ticket costs \$30, a \$10 advance over last year.

The most important of the other French lines are to the East and South. Regular services operate between Paris, Zürich, Prague, and Warsaw with the trunk line running east to Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, Constantinople, and even Angora. The Bucharest-Constantinople division, however, is not regularly operated. In general France maintains business-like air services with the whole of Eastern Europe. In the south, she has developed regular lines to her African possessions. One of the oldest and best-established services runs from Toulouse along the coast of Spain to Casablanca in Africa. The extension of this line to Dakar is for the present a weekly service. A branch operates from Alicante in Spain across the Mediterranean Sea to Algiers. Another line operates three times a week from Antibes to Tunis. The traffic on the African lines consists normally of mail and colonial officials, but during the past year the service has been much used by army officials traveling to and from the Moroccan front. At the present time there is no air connection between Paris and Toulouse, the French terminal of the African lines. The night express from Paris, however, reaches Toulouse in time to take the plane at 5:30 in the morning.

The principal French airdrome, located at Le Bourget, nine miles outside of Paris, is one of the best in all Europe. The spacious hangars and the auxiliary buildings are of fireproof construction, the field has concrete runways for

the planes and an excellent meteorological station as well as facilities for restaurants, passengers, post and customs officers. France has the most complete weather-forecasting service in Europe and planes in flight receive regular reports from an airport on fog and storm conditions ahead. On the flight from Le Bourget to London, for instance, a pilot will brave heavy fogs over the Channel, knowing that clear weather exists beyond the highlands of the coast. The French commercial air fleet of 135 planes is second only to that of Germany. The traffic today demands large, reliable, multi-motored machines, which are replacing the small, single-motored planes.

Germany not only leads Europe in commercial aviation but is the only country outside of Russia that operates intra-state lines. With the exception of these two countries, European air services run only between capitals. Treaty difficulties have prevented Germany from developing air connections with the Allied Powers, practically forcing her to concentrate on internal lines and airways to the north and east. Berlin is today the hub of a system of airlines radiating to every large city in Germany and the Baltic and Scandinavian countries. Six and twelve passenger planes leave daily for Königsberg, connecting with the Russian line to Moscow, the trunk service continuing north to the Baltic cities of Riga, Reval, and Helsingfors. Lines run southeast to Dresden and will continue to Prague and the Balkans as soon as arrangements can be made with Czecho-Slovakia. Another daily line runs to Leipzig, Stuttgart, and on to Switzerland. Western lines cover the Ruhr district and connect with Berlin, Hamburg, and Bremen and extend on to Amsterdam, where connections are made with London and Paris. In the south of Germany lines connect Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, and the other large cities both with Berlin and with Hamburg and Bremen, as well as with Vienna and Budapest. Services also run to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Amsterdam. Germany also has the distinction of having the only night-mail line running in Europe today. The plane leaves Berlin at 10 o'clock in the evening and arrives in Malmö, Sweden, at dawn in time to catch the express which arrives in Stockholm at 7 in the morning. This development has taken place in spite of the fact that the Council of Ambassadors has restricted the German companies both in the size of the planes built and the horse-power of the motors.

Within Germany an excellent system of airdromes and landing fields has been developed. The Tempeldorf Field on the outskirts of Berlin compares well with any of the other great airdromes of Europe. The city owns 55 per cent of the field, the remainder being owned jointly by the recently amalgamated Junkers and Aero Lloyd companies. The meteorological station at the field prepares complete charts for the whole of Europe on storm centers and weather conditions. A big radio station at this field is in touch with all of the big cities of the Continent and England. For the night-flying route to Copenhagen lighted landing fields are located every twenty-five kilometers.

Austrian air lines are largely part of the French system in Eastern Europe, although there is one German line. Vienna is connected by the French lines with Zürich, Paris, and London on the west, with the Balkans and Constantinople to the southeast, with another branch running to Warsaw. The line of communication to the Baltic is carried through from Warsaw by a Polish line to Danzig, where connections are made with the German trunk line.

A German line connects Vienna with Munich and makes possible speedy service with other German cities, Holland, and Scandinavia. In all there were seven local lines, operating thirteen planes, in operation in Austria during 1925.

Russia is the only country outside of Germany which has developed intra-state commercial aviation extensively. The disorganized condition of the railroads and the tremendous distances make Russia an ideal land for the development of commercial aviation. It is some two thousand miles from Archangel on the White Sea to Baku on the Caspian and six thousand miles from Moscow to Vladivostok. Air lines here would cut down train time to one-fifth or one-sixth. Russia is not lagging behind other countries. The Moscow-Königsberg line has been in operation since 1922. The red-painted planes leave Moscow every day for Königsberg, where connections are made with the German lines. In August of last year the completion of the first million kilometers of flight on this complete Berlin-to-Moscow line was celebrated in both capitals. From Moscow two lines run south to Rostov, Tiflis, and Baku. In 1922 a weekly post service by air was established connecting Moscow and Leningrad and in 1924 this was made a daily line. One local line is also in operation east of the Urals and another in Siberia. Proposed lines, totaling 12,000 kilometers, have been laid out by the government, to be opened as rapidly as possible, connecting important cities in Siberia as well as in European Russia.

The commercial air lines of Holland must always be international in scope, since the country is itself so small. Up to the present regular air lines have been extended to Brussels, Paris, London, Copenhagen, and Hamburg. Holland has but one important air-transportation company, the K. L. M. lines. This company is now operating two regular daily lines, one running from Amsterdam to Rotterdam and Paris and the other from Amsterdam to Rotterdam and London. With the cooperation of the Danish company, the D. S. L., service is maintained with Bremen, Hamburg, and Copenhagen. Amsterdam has become one of the busiest airports of the Continent, being the terminus and transfer-point for French, English, German, Swiss, and Danish lines. Today Amsterdam is to commercial aviation what Rotterdam was to the shipping industry in former times. It serves as a distribution center for passengers and mail for such distant points as Helsingfors, Moscow, Warsaw, and Constantinople. The K. L. M. fleet in 1925 consisted of eighteen Fokker planes, mostly carrying twelve passengers.

The British air problem is distinctly different from that of continental countries, as there is little competition in time between the slow-moving water traffic in and out of England as compared with the direct and rapid air service. Traveling time from London to Paris by express train and boat is seven hours, by air two and three-quarters hours. On the other hand, short distances and fast-train service within England have made competition by air impracticable and there are no intra-state lines operating today. The three international lines in operation today connect London with Amsterdam, Paris, and Zürich. These are only the first links, however, in the proposed English international air service. It is planned that English lines shall eventually run to her possessions in the Near East and the Orient. The British lines are operated by a single company, the Imperial Airways, formed in the spring of 1924 with government aid to take over the three competing and insolvent lines then in operation. Since the consolida-

tion traffic has greatly increased, but with little progress in operation. English airmen complain that commercial aviation is in the hands of bankers who are primarily interested in profits. The subsidy law requires that 1,000,000 miles be flown annually, but as planes operate at a loss company directors refuse to exceed this minimum because further operations would decrease earnings. This explains why little increase in facilities or equipment has followed the gain in traffic. Up to 1925 all planes in operation were four or more years old, and last year but three modern machines were added, mainly because of the competition of the Dutch and French lines.

The smaller countries of Europe are either operating or planning lines. Poland has one service running from Warsaw to Danzig. Finland and Sweden operate a joint line from Helsingfors to Stockholm. Esthonia plans a line

from Reval to Leningrad. Switzerland has one line operating from Zürich to Geneva with irregular service to Lyon, France. Belgium has one line running from Brussels to Bâle, Switzerland. Italy has had lines planned since 1920, but they still remain paper projects.

Two salient facts stand out in European commercial aviation. First, commercial air lines are in actual operation, the volume of traffic is steadily increasing, and everywhere additional services are being planned or put into operation. Second, commercial lines cannot be operated without state aid, barring some revolutionary invention or discovery. It remains to be seen whether commercial aviation will be further developed and supported by a continuation of the subsidy system or whether European governments will, as has been the case with the railways, take over and operate the air lines.

Letters from Tolstoi

Translated by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

Copyright by the Translator

[This is the third and final instalment of Tolstoi's letters to the Hungarian writer, Eugen Heinrich Schmitt. These letters, hitherto unpublished, were written in German; they were received between the years 1894 and 1910. The first two instalments appeared in our issues of February 10 and 17.]

XV

Moscow, November 5, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I presume that you have received my letter by this time. Your latest with No. 4 of *Ohne Staat* I received yesterday. Your essay, *The Practicability of Anarchy*, is very fine, especially the comparison with the robbers. Nothing can be said against that. But the article does not correspond to the title: the practicability of the idea is not proved, although it *may* be proved. That is a task which I should like to undertake. That you and your publication are persecuted is not at all surprising, it would be surprising were this not so, were the government *not* to take every possible means to hinder your activities. But persecution cannot prevail against the truth. Even though your periodical were forced to suspend publication, the idea would persist and find ways of dissemination which would be safer and deeper.

At all events I am convinced that you will not lose courage. Such truths as you promulgate, truths such as that no Christian can be a soldier—that is to say no murderer and no servant of an institution which is based upon force and murder—are indisputable, so simple, and so incontrovertible that no discussion, no furnishing of proofs, no specious eloquence are necessary. In order that mankind may make these truths their own it is only necessary to repeat them without cessation, so that the majority may hear and understand them.

Truths such as that which declares that no Christian can participate in murder, that he cannot serve the state or accept pay which has been extorted from the poor by force through the leaders of organized murder, are, as I have said, elemental and incontestable, and all who hear them must agree with them. In cases in which one who has perceived these truths still persists in acting contrary to

them, he does so only because he is accustomed to act contrary to them, because he finds it difficult to master himself, and because the majority acts as he acts, for which reason disobedience to this great law does not entail the loss of respect of those whom he himself respects.

The same thing happens in the case of vegetarianism. "Man is able to live and remain healthy without killing animals for his sustenance. Consequently in eating meat he aids in the slaughter of animals and serves only the pleasure of his palate. To act thus is to act immorally." This, too, is a plain and self-evident truth; who would be so bold as to deny it? But as most men are still addicted to eating meat, they reply laughingly, after having heard such arguments and understood them too, that after all a juicy beefsteak is an excellent thing and that they would be glad to devour one for dinner.

The same attitude is now adopted by officers and officials in the face of the arguments advanced to prove that military and state services are incompatible not only with Christianity but with the very idea of humanity. "Of course you are quite right in your attitude," says the state official, "nevertheless it is very agreeable to wear a uniform and epaulettes, for these give us the entree everywhere and create respect for us. And it is still more agreeable to be independent of all eventualities and to draw one's salary promptly on the first of every month. Yes, your ideas are no doubt quite correct. Nevertheless I shall endeavor to get my supplementary pay and then my pension."

"Yes, your ideas are no doubt quite proper!" cries the meat-eater, "but first of all, the ox need not be killed with our own hands, since that has already been attended to. Nor need one collect the taxes with one's own hands, since these have already been collected. And one can also do military service without killing human beings with one's own hands. Moreover the majority of human beings have never heard of these disquisitions and have no idea that it is evil to do these things. And so one is able to exist without being forced to give up beefsteaks, and all the pleasant things which the wearing of a uniform implies, such as decorations and especially that safe and secure monthly salary. And as to what may yet come—well, we shall see what we shall see."

The whole thing depends upon the fact that men have never heard the truths which disclose to them the whole iniquity and injustice of their lives. "Carthago delenda est." And Carthage *will* fall—of that there is no doubt. I do not say that the state will vanish and its power be no more. These things will not vanish so quickly—there are still too many brutal elements in the masses which help to maintain these powers—but the Christian supports of the state are being destroyed, that is to say, the men in power will be forced to cease protecting their authority with the sanctified name of Christianity. Men of brute force will be called men of brute force and nothing else. And as soon as this consummation takes place it will become impossible for them to take shelter under the cloak of pseudo-Christianity, and this will gradually bring about the end of the entire reign of brute force. Let us strive to our utmost to bring about this end! "Carthago delenda est!" The state is violence, Christianity is long-suffering, non-resistance, love. It is for this reason that the state cannot be Christian, for this reason, too, a man who wishes to be a Christian cannot serve the state. There can be no Christian state. A Christian cannot serve the state. A Christian state is a contradiction in terms. "Carthago delenda est!"

LEO TOLSTOI

XVI

November 24, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I have just received a letter from Vandever. His address is as follows: J. R. Vandever, Middelbourg, Holland. He is now in prison in Middelbourg for his repudiation of military service. He is a man of powerful convictions and great talent as I am able to see from his letter and from the speech which he delivered to a socialist society this year. I am writing to him and would like to send him the article about the Dukhobors. Will you please do this, if it be possible? Your monthly would, I believe, be most welcome to him, though he professes agnosticism, which is, as in most cases, due to a misunderstanding.

I believe you must by this time have received my last letter. I am awaiting your answer.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XVII

March 2, 1897

DEAR FRIEND:

I am sending along a short article of mine to accompany the paper upon the Dukhobors. I can add only this—nothing more. The important thing is that one get a proper perspective of the matter abroad—especially in Germany. I have no belief whatever in subscriptions and financial help. A few days ago my friends Tchertskov and Biriukov who had both tried to intercede for the Dukhobors with the government at St. Petersburg were exiled, the one (Tchertskov) to foreign lands, the other to a small town in the Baltic provinces.

I have received your letters and No. 4 [*sic*] of *Ohne Staat* (Without a State)—it is possible that the others have also arrived but as I am not in Moscow but in the country I have not received them. I am delighted that you should be so energetically at work. Your articles are very powerful, but forgive me, dear friend, for saying that I should like to see a little less pride and more Christian modesty, more humility.

"Resurrection" is a novel which I had begun long ago

and almost completed last year, but I feel that the work is so feeble and bad and useless that I shall under no circumstances allow it to be published.

Ever your friend in brotherly affection,

LEO TOLSTOI

XVIII

June 11, 1897

DEAREST FRIEND:

It is a very great joy to me to receive and to read your letter and the newspaper in which your trial is described. I did not expect that you would be acquitted. It is, as you say, a sign that the time is ripe; but seen from another point of view it is wonderful and also sad to realize that in a country like Hungary where you have every opportunity to propagate your ideas the truth should find so few supporters. It is customary especially here in Russia to believe that only the government is to blame that the truth is not accepted by all men; but in your country in which speeches such as you made can be delivered in court, and to a still greater degree in France, America, and England, where still greater freedom prevails, it is easy to see that the greatest enemy of truth resides not in the government but in the worldly—anti-Christian—teachings of churchly pseudo-Christendom, and of the materialistic-atheistic-socialistic Weltanschauung which gives people whose manner of life is destroyed by the truth a shelter and a defense. It is against these two demons that we must wage war, and we must take great care not to enter upon compromises with either the one or the other. I see that you are carrying on the war with great courage and fervor and it gives me great joy to know this.

How are things with your monthly? Are you still publishing it?

If you have some extra copies of the German newspaper could you not send some of them to the following addresses:

Paul Biriukov, Bausk, Courland, Russia.

Ivan Tregubov, Goldingen, Courland, Russia.

Dimitry Chilkov, Weissenstein, Esthonia, Russia.

LEO TOLSTOI

XIX

April 19, 1898

DEAR FRIEND:

I have added certain words in red pencil and have also crossed out some passages, and some that did not seem to me to be well translated I have marked with a cross. I no longer have the Russian original at hand so that I am unable to restore point No. 1. If you are not able to replace the missing words from the Dutch version then please cross out this entire passage. The titles are very good and the whole translation most excellent, clear and fine.

I hope that you will be completely acquitted and that you will be so kind as to give me news about the entire trial.

I shall be very happy to receive your publication which I have not seen for a long time.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XX

June 1, 1898

DEAR FRIEND:

I received your letter and the six or seven copies of *Ohne Staat*. I am very happy to see that your activities are undiminished and that you are winning more and more

supporters, especially among the workmen and are drawing them away from the fraud of socialism. I am particularly pleased with your article *The Crisis of Anarchism*. Yes, the Christian *Weltanschauung* must be instilled into mankind in a clear and simple manner. That is the most important thing. It was not Proudhon but Christ who said: "Ye are Gods." But He did not only *say* this, for his whole teachings are nothing else than the recognition of human dignity, based on the truth that man is the son of God.

The Reactionaries at Work is also very good.

With hearty greetings,

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXI

October 2, 1898

DEAR FRIEND:

I am sending you certain pages of the translation which I have looked through so that there may be no delay. I also hope to have the others ready very soon and to send them on. The preface of the publisher is necessary in all circumstances. Shkarvan or Makovizky would be able to write it. The translation is very good. The changes which I have made you may or may not accept although in some cases they seem to me to be necessary. I hope to answer your questions later. I am too busy now.

With heartiest thanks for your translation and your letter,

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXII

March 26, 1901

DEAR FRIEND:

This letter will be brought to you by a very good acquaintance of mine. He is an excellent musician and very cultured and clever young man, Alexander Goldenweiser.¹ It will give him joy and profit to make your acquaintance.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXIII

June 2, 1901

DEAR FRIEND:

I received your book² and thank you heartily for it. I have looked through it only superficially so far, but it seems to me that it would be impossible to present my *Weltanschauung* in a better, more exact, and clearer form.

I would have read it through more carefully in order to give you my opinion upon it, but one of my friends has borrowed it and has not so far sent it back.

The review of your book which you sent me seems to me to be very good. I am most pleased to know that you are working on in the same old spirit and with the same courage. The older one grows the clearer and the more incontrovertible becomes one's conviction that the only meaning of life is the fulfilment of the will of God. This is something which is really full of joy, something that is sure of the greatest success.

Farewell, my dear friend and brother,

LEO TOLSTOI

XXIV

September 2, 1902

DEAR FRIEND:

I am extremely sorry that I can not fulfil the wish of Dr. Hugo Gaw. My bodily powers are still so feeble after my illness and it seems to me that I have still so much that I must finish before the end that I cannot permit myself to begin anything new. It would appear that your letter containing the article upon me did not reach me, or perhaps the letter came during the worst period of my illness and it was simply not given to me.

In any case I thank you for the letter and for the article, for I am convinced that everything that you write about me is right, as it needs must be since you have the same *Weltanschauung* as mine and are imbued with the same ideas as myself. The proof of this is your beautiful book which I have read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Your letters give me great joy. I hope that I shall be granted this happiness on many future occasions.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXV

October 7, 1902

I am overjoyed, my dear friend, that I am able to fulfil your wish. My friend Alexander Dunaev (Moscow, the Torgowoi Bank, is his address) is sending you 300 rubles with the next post. The money does not really belong to me. It is a part of the money which I have intended for the Dukhobors from the sales of "*Resurrection*." The Dukhobors, who are now in Siberia, can make good use of the money and that is why I am keeping it at the bank. In case you should not need the money any longer when February arrives will you please be so kind as to return it to Mr. Dunaev?

I hope with all my heart that you will be rid of your difficulties as soon as possible and that you will be able to work for the good cause in your usual quiet and efficient manner.

Your friend
LEO TOLSTOI

XXVI

Yasnaya Poljana, 5/7, 1907

DEAR FRIEND:

Your new book, like all your other books, gave me great pleasure. It was not only your presentation of the significance and meaning of life on pages 41 and 52 which afforded me such delight but also the last pages in which, in the very face of our self-conscious civilization, you write so adventurously regarding the possibility of the bulk of mankind returning to an agricultural form of life. It pleased me very much to learn how you were faring and to know that we still are very close to each other in our points of view and that you are engaged in furthering the same work that I am doing.

I remain your loving

LEO TOLSTOI

XXVII

Yasnaya Poljana, 26. August/8. September, 1909

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:

Please forgive me for keeping you waiting so long for an answer to your letter and for an acknowledgment of the receipt of your book. I have been afflicted of late with

¹ This refers to a cousin of the American anthropologist of the same name. He is now director of the Piano Section of the Moscow Conservatory of Music.

² "Leo Tolstoi and His Significance to Civilization." By Eugen Heinrich Schmitt. Published by Eugen Diederichs, Jena.

a most extraordinary weakness of the memory. This is the chief cause of my negligence.

As I had got in touch with you through Shkarvan I took up your book, "Religious Teachings for the Young," once more. I cut the leaves to the middle and read it again with the greatest attention. I will give you my honest opinion about it.

The first chapter Regarding the Truth of the Fables up to the beginning of the story of Christ did not especially please me, as I found nothing new in the first parts. But the following chapters I read with great joy and approval: The Sermon on the Mount

The Miraculous Feeding of the Multitude

Where Does God Throne? (very good)

Our Concern for Our Bodily and Spiritual Life (very good)

The Parable of the Sower (very good: also the story of the seed which chokes the weeds of hair-splitting pedantry is excellent and entirely new)

The Parable of the Talents (good, although the rendition of the contents is too daring)

The Unfaithful Husbandman of Jesus and the Woman Taken in Adultery (very good)

The Last Supper (somewhat artificial, better not meddle with it)

The Story of Christ's Sufferings (very good)

As a whole I believe this book and its circulation will be most useful quite apart from its intrinsic value.

Has the book met with success?

In all love and esteem,

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XXVIII

Yasnaya Poljana, September 11, 1909

DEAR FRIEND:

I am most thankful to you for your kind willingness. I hereby beg you to read in Berlin the report which I had prepared for the Peace Congress of Stockholm.

I did not write you about this in my former letter because I first wished to learn your answer to Shkarvan.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XXIX

Kocety, May 3/16, 1910

The interpretation of my views in your article pleases me very much even though it was incomplete. Not you are to blame for this, but I. It is particularly agreeable to me to find that the interpretation of my views in this article agreed completely with your own. I am very happy in this unity of our opinions upon all basic principles.

I thank you again for your friendly letter and await with great interest the appearance of the same pamphlet with your foreword.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

The Anti-Saloon League's Lost Virtue

By W. G. CLUGSTON

[The conditions described in the following article were made the basis of a resolution introduced in Congress on February 13 by Representative Fred A. Britten of Illinois, demanding a congressional investigation of the Anti-Saloon League. In addition to charges of corruption in Kansas, Mr. Britten asserts, according to press reports, that large sums of money have been used by the Anti-Saloon League to control elections and to pay professional organizers and lobbyists; that the league has openly violated the national campaign-contributions law and the corrupt-practices law; that it paid the campaign expenses of Andrew J. Volstead while he was chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary; that it has attempted to influence federal judicial appointments and the selection of federal enforcement agents, and has attempted to influence the President of the United States in his appointments of heads of departments.]

THE Anti-Saloon League has been put in the ditch with another blow-out. This time it is not in wet, wicked New York that the dry crusading organization has been brought to grief; but in Kansas—pure, prohibition Kansas.

Nor has the calamity been brought about by the enemies of aridity. Dr. John G. Schaibly, a Methodist minister who has been engaged in prohibition work for many years, is the man who exposed the rotten conditions in the Kansas branch of the national organization; and Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, coeditor of the *Christian Herald* and internationally known as an advocate of prohibition, was so appalled by the misuse of the organization as shown by Dr. Schaibly that he issued a public appeal to the churches of Kansas to close their doors to the Anti-Saloon League.

Fred L. Crabbe, who was superintendent of the Kansas Anti-Saloon League for more than five years and who has one brother working in a similar capacity in Maryland and another brother serving as the dry Attorney General of Ohio, has been ousted from his position as superintendent and is now facing disbarment charges which have been filed with the Kansas board of law examiners. Also, Attorney General C. B. Griffith and former Attorney General Richard J. Hopkins, who is now a justice of the Kansas Supreme Court, have been directly involved in the charges made by Dr. Schaibly. Messrs. Hopkins and Griffith have attained their Kansas political prominence largely through their prohibition-enforcement activities and Justice Richard J. Hopkins is a member of the executive committee of the national Anti-Saloon League and has been prominent in its councils for a number of years.

Misuse of thousands of dollars of league funds; juggling of funds contributed by church congregations and private citizens who sought to aid in law enforcement; collection of funds under false pretenses and false statements as to the purposes for which the money was to be used; payment of personal and political obligations out of the league treasury; and the payment of large sums to State officials who were using the league for personal and political purposes are some of the startling revelations that have been made by Dr. Schaibly.

Complaints about the management of the league under the superintendency of Crabbe became so numerous that the headquarters committee was finally forced to institute an investigation and dismiss Crabbe. Dr. Schaibly was chosen to succeed him, and immediately began to try to

clean up the mess left by the dismissed superintendent. However, so many obligations were brought to light that he was unable to meet them, and when he insisted upon a public accounting and a thorough straightening out of the irregularities the headquarters committee, under the spokesman-ship of Justice Richard J. Hopkins, informed him he either would have to keep quiet or give up his job. Dr. Schaibly chose to give up his job.

Before doing so, however, Dr. Schaibly had photographic copies made of canceled checks and check stubs showing that Attorney General Griffith had drawn approximately \$3,000 from the league treasury during the time he was drawing a regular salary from the State for law enforcement. The photographs of these records show that Griffith was paid a regular salary of \$100 a month by the league and that he also drew numerous checks for "expenses," for "law enforcement," and for "attorney fees." Similar photographs show that Supreme Court Justice Hopkins, during the same period, drew \$1,191.54 from the league treasury and that he was at the same time drawing a salary from the State. Records were produced to show that league funds were used to pay political campaign bills of both Griffith and Hopkins, and then photographic copies of State records were produced to show that while these two State officials were drawing large amounts from the Anti-Saloon League treasury Superintendent Crabbe was drawing money from the State treasury through the Attorney General's office.

Dr. Schaibly produced records to show that Anti-Saloon League funds were used to pay for campaign cards and campaign circulars for Justice Richard J. Hopkins and to pay for newspaper halftone cuts for Attorney General Griffith.

Dr. Schaibly produced letters, records, and newspaper clippings to show that, in addition to the regular collections made by the Anti-Saloon League through the churches and through pledge-letter campaigns, money was collected in more than thirty-five different communities in the State by Mr. Crabbe which was not handled through the league treasury in the regular way. In many instances this money was collected from persons who sought to finance clean-up campaigns which were never made, and when demands were made that the money be returned this was done through drawing checks on the league's bank account, despite the fact that the original amounts had never been turned over to the league.

As a result of Dr. Schaibly's exposé citizens in various parts of the State who had been "bilked" by the Crabbe-Griffith-Hopkins combination, which operated under the cloak of the law-enforcement organization, made known the details of their sorrowful efforts to succor the cause of law enforcement.

J. E. Brogan, a Coffeyville druggist, produced the most concrete case. Brogan told how Crabbe visited Coffeyville and represented himself as being an assistant attorney general under C. B. Griffith and stated that he would be glad to conduct a clean-up campaign, but that the State was short of funds and that it would take about \$600 to gather the required evidence. Brogan and three associates provided the \$600. Crabbe pocketed the money and left town. When Brogan complained to the Attorney General, according to his own written statement, the Attorney General denied that Crabbe held a commission as assistant attorney general, but he flatly refused to assist Brogan to

get his money back, and the money was never repaid.

In Jefferson County, according to statements by the county commissioners, a little different method was used to get money. Attorney General Griffith called up the Jefferson County officials and advised them that he was getting complaints about law violations and that a clean-up should be made. Then Mr. Crabbe appeared on the scene, and, posing as an assistant attorney general, got the county commissioners to appropriate \$600 for a clean-up campaign. A few arrests were made by Crabbe and his men, but the Jefferson County commissioners deny that six hundred dollars' worth of work was done.

These may seem to have been only the acts of individuals for which the Anti-Saloon League could not be held responsible. But in Kansas, as in New York, the Anti-Saloon League as an organization has sought to cover up rather than clean up illegal acts of its agents and has done everything in its power to keep the facts from the public.

After the serious charges were made by Dr. Schaibly, the Kansas headquarters committee refused to open the records to a public inspection, but promised repeatedly that at the annual meeting of the board of trustees the public would be invited to sit in and all facts would be made public.

The annual meeting of the board of trustees was held at Topeka on January 21, with Dr. F. Scott McBride, national superintendent, in attendance. But instead of the public being invited the meeting was made more secret than any that had ever been held. Even the speeches that were then made to the trustees by Attorney General Griffith and Justice Richard J. Hopkins were delivered behind locked doors. And at the close of the meeting, instead of making public all the facts regarding the irregularities charged, the board of trustees, with the approval of the national superintendent, issued a "whitewash" statement, saying:

In the matter of the alleged misuse of league funds we find on detailed examination the league has been charged with no excessive expense accounts in the instance cited nor has there been any expenditure of league funds for salaries in violation of any State statute or sound business practices.

On the day this "whitewash" report was issued Dr. Schaibly made public the fact that in his appearance before the State bar board he had, under oath, related facts, or alleged facts, told to him by Attorney General Griffith relative to the payment of \$500 to Griffith from the league treasury for services Griffith rendered in going to Wyoming to represent former Superintendent Crabbe in a case in which a Wyoming ranchman who had given Crabbe \$2,000 in payment for contraband liquor, which Crabbe had failed to deliver, was demanding the return of his money.

Under oath Dr. Schaibly told the State bar board that Attorney General Griffith told him this was the service rendered for which the Anti-Saloon League paid the \$500. If this is a fact it calls for the explanation of a situation involving the ethics of a State officer drawing a salary from his own State to enforce the law and being paid a fee by the Anti-Saloon League of his State to go to another State to handle the case of an Anti-Saloon League superintendent charged with trafficking in liquor illegally there. The complications are not lessened by the State records, which show that about the same time and while Mr. Griffith was drawing money from the Anti-Saloon League Mr. Crabbe

also was drawing money from the State through the Attorney General's department.

Efforts to learn the details of the troubles of Mr. Crabbe in Wyoming have proved futile except for the sworn statement made before the bar board by Dr. Schaibly. Attorney General Griffith has admitted that Mr. Crabbe got into trouble in Wyoming, where he was at the head of the Anti-Saloon League forces before coming to Kansas. Dr. F. Scott McBride, the national superintendent, also admits that Mr. Crabbe got into trouble in Wyoming before coming to Kansas, but the national superintendent has refused to make known the facts. While in Topeka for the "whitewash" investigation of the Kansas league affairs Doctor McBride was asked by the writer for the details of the Crabbe Wyoming troubles. His reply was:

"I do not care to discuss the Wyoming incidents. We have enough here in Kansas to discuss."

And so it would seem they have.

In the Driftway

"TEA tempers the spirits, harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude, and relieves fatigue; awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body, and clears the perceptive faculties." These words were written by a Chinese twelve hundred years ago, when tea drinking had already established itself as an ineradicable custom in China. The Drifter is inclined to think they are as true now as they were then; he is not one to champion tea at the expense of coffee, nor does he think it indispensable in all weathers and all climates; but he remembers certain occasions, certain gray, bleak days, certain tramps in the cold wind, at the end of which a number of cups of tea were eminently satisfying. There was one afternoon at Tintagel, for example, that terrifying, grand place on the Cornish coast where the cliffs spread out like the five fingers of a hand and the sea beats mercilessly in between, when he walked about over the slippery rocks for hours, stampeding a hundred thousand gulls that rose in black and white clouds before him, and sat shivering for other hours watching the feathery spray lifting against the red-brown rocks; after these pursuits had been defeated by the fall of night, he came indoors to a snug little sitting room, made himself comfortable before a coal fire, and drank tea until he was ashamed to ask for more hot water, although not until his thirst was completely assuaged.

* * * * *

THESE thoughts on tea are awakened by a booklet, "Tea, An Historical Sketch," written by a member of one of the most famous tea firms in London. It contains, besides conjectures on the origins of tea drinking, the interesting fact that one of the first tea merchants in England was a woman, Maria Tewk, who, in 1725, founded the firm which, under various names, has contained Tukes for seven generations, and who at first was so far from being welcomed into the association of English merchants that she was fined for operating her business without a license—a license denied her for being a woman. In those days the distribution of a commodity was not as simple a matter as it has since become; the tea was brought into the Port of London on valiant merchantmen and loaded on pack-horses to be carried to the northern counties of England. Tea drinking was indulged in only by the rich, and for a

hundred years it was frowned upon as the forerunner of prohibitionists, not suitable for anyone else. William Cobbett, in 1822, declared that "the troublesome and pernicious habit of drinking tea" had demoralized England; the agricultural laborer, instead of drinking beer, a nourishing, wholesome beverage, was wasting his energy, money, and time on tea, which had no qualities whatever to recommend it. Cobbett now would be more distressed than ever to learn that the per capita yearly consumption of tea in England is nearly nine pounds, or approximately 1,800 cups. This is almost as bad as Dr. Johnson, who called himself a "hardened and shameless tea drinker whose kettle had hardly time to cool."

* * * * *

THE Drifter himself has marveled at the evidence of the wholesale drinking of tea in London. There the movie palace pales into insignificance alongside the tea palace which rises in ever larger splendor on corner after corner and is filled until well after six o'clock every night by hordes who drink tea and eat cakes. This sort of tea drinking is not to the Drifter's taste at all. He likes his tea in solitude or with the most select of companions. He demands a certain amount of rain and cold weather to whet his appetite. He prefers buttered toast to any amount of tea cakes. And he never, on any occasion, would allow himself to champion that most degenerate aspect of tea drinking, the "afternoon tea," at which dozens of persons crowd into a small room, hang about the tea table, declare their preference for lemon or cream, nibble at macaroons, and profane the air with vapid sounds that are meant for conversation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Equality Among Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three thousand miles—is it?—is a little far to go for your "Wages for Wives" dinner, but I am interested, in a rather amazed way, in your clearing-of-the-ground articles, or rather in the partial clearing of Mr. Hays's clutter by Miss Stevens. She at least recognizes that a \$10,000 income and a retinue of servants is hardly a representative foundation to build an argument on.

And after all—aren't those two debating on the same side in a sense, and wouldn't it have been a little gayer to pit the two of them against an economist? Isn't Miss Stevens's average woman already getting more than her rights compared with the majority woman, and isn't it rather trivial and still more futile to worry about sex inequality when class inequality is the fundamental trouble even there?

I am entirely with Miss Stevens in her contention; of course she should have half, and probably does, as do most wives of just husbands. As a theory, it doesn't seem worth while for intellectuals to debate about it, but as a practice, with so many unjust husbands—and other people—in the world, I seem to see the Social Revolution overtaking such agreements, even as it did in Russia.

In Russia, you know, the economic freedom of the workers brought automatically the equality of women—domestic, economic, and civil. The Russian women never were advanced enough even to know they had any rights and wrongs. Even now, in their psychological inferiority, their rights have to be forced upon them. But it is a joy to see them, little by little—and after all, not so little—getting their heads up into the light and holding them high, and yet not fiercely. Instead of forcing their way into public life they are invited and coaxed

and urged, and they are making good most wonderfully. I've just been there watching them do it.

Miss Stevens suggests partnership of "money capital" and "labor capital" in the home, and a sharing of the surplus. Down with the Red! Where, the profiteering husband will ask, in this capitalist world does she find a precedent for such a demand? Justice again—Oh, undoubtedly. And that is just what the awakened working-class woman wants; but there aren't many of her—not only as much as her underpaid husband gets, and frequently doesn't get, but as much as the \$10,000 wife gets. And then, what about capital and labor in the \$10,000 kitchen? Shall we divide the surplus there?

And in the mill and the mine? Down with all these bolshevistic implications! But that's what lots of us are thinking—the husband of the deficit-sharing wife, and some quite comfortable people. And they'd like to have Doris Stevens come on in, for the water's fine and swimming against the current excellent exercise. If only the feminists would broaden their slogan to "Equality among women"—and men!

San José, California, January 28

ANNA PORTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why all this rubbish about Wages for Wives?

I am a wife, representative, I believe, of the average young American woman. My husband is a college graduate (a Yale man, but not a former football star), and he probably earns as much as the average educated male—\$3,000 a year. Our home consists of a four-room apartment in a good residential section of Philadelphia. We have been married fifteen months and have a baby boy three months of age. I am, therefore, so to speak, sweetheart, nurse, mistress of the household, seamstress, bookkeeper, shopper, char, and cook. And what is my wage?

Everything that I do for my child is paid in full by one touch of his tiny hands upon my face. Our apartment is such an attractive home that keeping it clean and orderly is a joy rather than a burden. And after spending a couple of hours preparing a meal, who wouldn't thrill to words of praise from a hungry husband?

But you say: "Aren't you a drudge?" No! Keeping busy is the best and cheapest way to happiness. And as I am busy all day, so is my husband busy in his laboratory. I work no harder than he does. We share the same home, same food, and same pleasures. Every two weeks he gives me \$50 for household expenses—food, laundry, etc. What I am able to save from this amount I may use as I wish. I do not call this a wage. I do not want to be paid for my services as a wife. I am getting more out of life since married than I ever did before. How many girls who are wage-earners make more than enough for their room and board and a few clothes? Why, then, should they expect so much more after marriage? Supposing my husband paid me \$35 a week for my services—the amount I earned as a secretary before I was married. But, also, supposing that I in turn had to pay him for my board and room and clothes. I wonder if I wouldn't be owing him something at the end of the month.

I'll wager that the propagandists in this matter are either old maids or wives who do not do enough work to earn a living wage.

Philadelphia, February 4

SALLY EDWARDS REINHOLD

Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mussolini

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, as a matter of record, make two points in reference to your editorial paragraph in *The Nation* of February 3 on the remarks of Mr. Thomas W. Lamont and Mr. Otto H. Kahn at the Foreign Policy Association luncheon on January 23, on the subject "Fascism: Its International Implications"?

First, you refer to Mr. Lamont's remarks as follows: "He

even stated that the people of Italy, terrorized and cowed and deprived of free speech as they are, with their necks under the heel of a dictatorship such as the world has hardly seen since the days of Bomba of Naples, are unanimously behind their government. 'As to the matter of liberalism' said Mr. Lamont, 'the question seems to me to be liberal enough to let Italy have the sort of government she seems to want.'"

A careless reader might get the impression that Mr. Lamont had admitted that the people of Italy are "terrorized and cowed," etc. As a matter of fact, he neither affirmed nor denied these charges. Moreover, your quotation from him is inaccurate. What he said was: "I venture to ask all of us who are manifestly liberal here as to whether we are liberal enough at any event to permit Italy to have the sort of government that she seems to want."

Second, many of your readers might not understand that the anti-Fascist, as well as the pro-Fascist, point of view was put strongly at the luncheon. Professor William Y. Elliott of Harvard, one of the two announced speakers (the other was Count Thaon di Revel, president of the Fascisti League of North America), vigorously attacked the Fascist regime as undemocratic, tyrannical, and unjust.

New York, January 30

JAMES G. McDONALD,

Chairman, Foreign Policy Association

[We relied upon the press reports of the luncheon and had, of course, no intention of attributing to Mr. Lamont our description of the Italians as "terrorized and cowed."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Jane Austen's Letters Are Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were once so good as to give the very valuable publicity of your columns to an appeal to collectors to send copies of autograph letters of Dr. Johnson for use in a new Oxford edition. May I beg you to do us the same favor with a view to an edition of Jane Austen?

Out of 149 known letters I have seen the originals or reliable copies of 104. Rather less than one-third of the total eludes me; but I am reluctant to proceed with my present resources, and that for two reasons. In the first place, although the errors and omissions of the existing texts are probably not serious, yet an edition cannot be definitive which does not make them good; and the complete or correct text is occasionally a real improvement. In the second place, there is every reason to suppose that the missing letters are not lost but are in the hands of private collectors in this country or (more probably) in America. If so, my experience of collectors assures me that they are only waiting to be asked.

R. W. CHAPMAN

Clarendon Press, Oxford, England, January 20

The Automobile Tyranny

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether Mr. Bertrand Shadwell hopes for or fears a French revolution here, caused by the speed-murderers, there will be none out this way for the reason that there are not enough persons who walk to make a good wink. The family of my colored washwoman has a car and so have the boy porters of my hotel. So have many of the non-coms and some of the privates at the Presidio. Many high-school boys have their underslung Fords.

This condition has its political bearing. In making arrangements with the local transit bus company for a charter any terms are accepted by the council because the fare-payers are so few and so insignificant economically and socially as virtually not to exist.

Pacific Grove, California, December 29

J. C. REEVE

Books and Plays

The Foreigner

By WITTER BYNNER

Chapala still remembers the foreigner
Who came with a pale red beard and pale blue eyes
And a pale white skin that covered a pale soul;
They remember the midnight when he saw a rough hand
Reach through a broken window and probe for a lock;
They remember a tree on the beach where he used to sit
And ask the burros questions about peace;
They remember him walking, walking away from something.

First Glance

“WHEN, not many days ago, I would refresh my mind after the meanderings of the dialecticians and seek the holy dwellings of the Muses, by chance I laid hand on the ‘Heroides’ of Ovid. Ye Gods, what manifold learning do they display, and how they twinkle with sprightly wit!” So wrote the Renaissance scholar Guido Morillonius in 1516; and it is the distinction of the latest book written in praise of Ovid that this quotation, coming therein toward the close of what has been throughout an enthusiastic discussion, seems no less accurate than ecstatic. The volume on “Ovid and His Influence” which Edward Kennard Rand has contributed to the series called *Our Debt to Greece and Rome* (Boston: Marshall Jones: \$1.50) does perfectly what it is supposed, I take it, to do. In the first place it tells most readably who Ovid was and what kind of poetry he wrote, and, in the second place, it traces the steps of his great influence through European literature down as far as today—ending with a statement of what he might mean to any contemporary so fortunate as to take him up.

Ovid himself is so voluminous, and the things that could be said of him are so numerous, that I marvel at Mr. Rand’s being able to say practically everything of importance in less than two hundred small pages. The reason seems to be that he has gone directly to the central quality of the man and the poet—wit—and never thereafter strayed from that. He had texts ready made for him, of course, in Quintilian’s “*Nimium amator ingenii sui*” and Ovid’s own “*Ingenio perii Naso poeta mei*”; but even then he might have wandered, as commentators so frequently do, into detached disquisitions upon the sources of Ovid’s learning, the sincerity of his religion, the causes of his banishment, and the corruptness of his morals. Mr. Rand does discuss all these matters and many more, but it is always in connection with what he compendiously defines as “the poet’s supporting virtue and his embarrassing vice.” That was wit—meaning, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, not only all that is usually meant by the term but more specifically grace and agility of mind, fertility of fancy, and nimbleness of illustration. So completely does Mr. Rand subdue himself to this theme that his synopses of Ovid’s stories tell quite as much about Ovid as they do about the stories, and, incidentally, achieve wit in their own right. So well does he understand his author that he requires but a sentence to resolve the apparent inconsistency between his cynicism and his gullibility: Ovid, he explains, “is at once properly skeptical of poets’ lies and confident of his

own power to turn the chaos of brute fact into the cosmos of poetic reality”—hence a work like the “*Metamorphoses*,” the yarns in which we simultaneously believe and disbelieve. And so intimately do we ourselves begin to know Ovid that the story of his reputation becomes an exciting thing. We smile with Mr. Rand over the hopeless attempt of the Middle Ages to prove that the real reason it liked Ovid was that he was a moralist, a theologian, a physician, a magician, or what not. And we kindle as the roll is called of those later writers who loved Ovid and were somewhat like him—Jean de Meun, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Prior, and Anatole France.

One who still needed to be convinced that Ovid is perhaps the most engaging of all ancient poets would do well to read F. A. Wright’s “*The Mirror of Venus*” (Dutton: \$3), a recent volume in *The Broadway Translations* containing English versions of passages from all of Ovid’s books except “*The Art of Love*”—which, as a good many readers already know to their joy, was done by Mr. Wright for a previous volume. This much of Ovid has never, so far as I know, been rendered more piquantly.

MARK VAN DOREN

A French View of England

Post-War Britain. By André Siegfried. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

THOUGH many books have been written by Englishmen dealing with our new situation, none of them contains within a moderate compass so clear and well-documented an account of the salient features of that situation, with so instructive a commentary, as is contained in this work of this distinguished Frenchman. “*Post-War Britain*” is an almost perfect example of the French ability to combine scientific method with literary expression. Two-thirds of the volume is occupied with the economic, one-third with the political situation. In each case the selection and orderly statement of the relevant facts are the first consideration. But so skilful is the selection, so vivid the presentation, so incisive and finely rendered the interpretation that the numerous statistics appended to the economic survey acquire almost a literary value from their skill of place and use.

In his presentation of Britain’s economic crisis M. Siegfried shows how our various problems of unemployment, finance, tariffs, wages and production, costs, population, all converge upon the supreme issue, the maintenance and expansion of an export trade large enough to enable us to buy abroad the foods and raw materials needed to support our lives and industries. M. Siegfried analyzes in some detail the constituent markets of our import and export trade, showing the exact percentages of our demands for overseas goods and measuring the reduced sizes of our post-war export trades. The problem, as he clearly indicates, is not produced but only aggravated by the laws. Our supremacy in the output of coal, iron, and steel, the foundations of manufacturing industry, had already been successfully challenged by the United States and Germany before the war, while many other nations formerly dependent for important manufactures upon British products were beginning to establish their economic independence. The poverty of Europe owing to war-ravages and losses, bad finance, tariffs, and political boycotts have kept down the total volume of the post-war foreign trade, and though Britain has held as large a proportion of this trade as before the amount is much diminished.

Free trade, protection, imperial self-sufficiency, emigration of surplus population, revival of British agriculture—all these methods of adjustment to the situation are carefully canvassed

by M. Siegfried. He separates the immediate troubles of the reconstruction and the monetary policies from the more permanent demands of our situation. Though neither pronouncing judgment nor indulging in prophecies, he is disposed to think that we cannot keep our growing popularity in a satisfactory way without some radical transformations of our economic policy and institutions. Whether England with her easy-going opportunism can make such profound changes is doubtful. Overpopulation is the economic factor of chief concern:

The great problem is to learn whether the future division of the world's industrial production will be such as to permit, by a paradoxical division of labor, the existence in the United Kingdom of both a colossal manufacturing industry and the world's greatest storehouse of merchandise. If in future years the industrial equipment of Britain, which was created for an unlimited production, can once more begin to export at a profit, then it will be proved that the country is not overpopulated and that the economic crisis is only temporary.

But upon the evidence Britain is dangerously dependent on overseas supplies, nor is it easy to reduce that danger by any policy of exclusive reliance upon imperial trade, for reasons into which the author enters fully.

M. Siegfried's account of the acrobatic performances of Mr. Lloyd George and of the quick changes in our forms of party government shows a remarkable grasp of the most delicate moves in our latest situations. He realizes clearly how ill-adapted our constitution is to a three-party or group system of government, and at the same time how difficult it is for us to incorporate into the old structure "the innovations that the times have rendered necessary." Examining the composition of our political parties he shows how our recent tortuous and inconsistent policies, domestic, financial, and foreign, are explained by the different strains and stresses within a government. His examination of the present condition of the Liberal and Labor parties is exceedingly skilful and objective, for though some features of internal cleavage in both cases are more clearly marked today than in the summer of 1924 (when M. Siegfried completed his study), the main lines of divergence remain as he described them. A final brief chapter, in which the British attitude toward France is submitted to a keen and on the whole a convincing psychological analysis, completes what is a very remarkable study for any foreigner to make of any other people:

The British are usually described as egotistical, but though this is perfectly true, they are honest and unashamed in their egotism. They simply are unable to look at a question from the point of view of anyone else and that is all there is to it. Remind them that you are there, and they will take account of you. Otherwise, you do not exist—for they are really very little concerned over what lies outside their own interests.

There is an unexpected naivete about this. Is it not just what England says of France, or any country of any other country?

J. A. HOBSON

A Sentimental Journey

The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion, in the Year 1764-65.

By Cleone Knox. Edited by her Kinsman Alexander Blacker Kerr. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

THE present volume purports to be the diary of a young Irish coquette whose father conducted her upon a grand tour in an effort to alienate her from the tall dark young man of her affections. It is so obviously a hoax that the publishers can hardly have intended it to be taken seriously, and they must have been considerably surprised to find its genuineness unquestioned in certain reviews published in solemn literary journals. But though as obviously modern as "Serena Blandish," it is a gay little pastiche composed by someone whose

flair for the piquancies of a vanished society is so acute as to constitute, in itself, sufficient proof that he was not himself a member of that society. Neither its wit nor its irony is as complicated or incisive as that exhibited in "Serena," but it has a certain bubbling gaiety of its own and it will serve admirably to pass an amusing hour.

Cleone had the good fortune—for one of her temperament—to be born in the golden age of gallantry. It was a time when Decorum, though much written about with capital letters, was even less practiced than it is today, and a time when young ladies, though often affected with Vapors and expected to believe that a marriage based upon Mutual Esteem was more likely to be happy than one inspired by Passion, were nevertheless strongly inclined to romance. Since statistically minded doctors had not thrown doubts upon the wild-oats theory, Beauty looked with tolerant sympathy upon the rake and every young lady of spirit was glad to have at least the opportunity of refusing entrance to a gallant who had climbed the ivy to her window. Nor was Cleone any exception to the general rule. A gentlewoman and a belle, her mind had little time to occupy itself with any affairs other than those coordinately important ones of the heart and the wardrobe; but she found these sufficient. She recorded with excitement those various occasions when she came near to staining her honor or her new brocade, and though, so the editor informs us, she finally had the good fortune to reach the safe harbor of marriage with her gallant there was one occasion when, pressed for a rendezvous, she had the candor to write: "My inclination is to go—my prudence bids me stay, but Lud! if one listen to prudence one might die a Spinster!" Cleone was, in short, a second Belinda, of whom, as of the first, one might truthfully say:

If to her share some female errors fall
Look at her face and you'll forget 'em all.

Her tour included not only England and France but Switzerland and Italy too, and her observations of men and manners were influenced by the provincial's preference for home ways as well as his readiness to marvel. Thus she found a certain insipidity in the English scene and she thought the inhabitants contributed to this effect; "for they have a clean busy air about them, as if they loved work and were anxious to do their duty." "Geneva," too, was only "a large, Melancholy town, full of Pastors and excessively cold"; but the warmth of the Latin temperament produced effects more to her liking in spite of the fact that she thought St. Mark's in Venice in no way comparable to Westminster Abbey chiefly because it was small and dark with "an exotic Papist air about it which does not please me." At Ferney her brother had the temerity to dispute with Voltaire upon "the Influence of Religion on the Female Mind." She, however, listened in silence "with that Respect which is due to Genius, however Wearisome it may be."

Though the political philosopher will not find much to interest him in most of Cleone's observations, the contrast which she notes between the social license of France, where political heresy is so quickly punished, and the moral austerity of free Switzerland does suggest a thought which may be recommended to the members of the Ku Klux and all those whose concern for purity is equaled only by their insistence upon the danger of false political doctrine. Liberty is generally granted to a people in one department and in one only. There are countries where you may behave as scandalously as you like, but must speak with respect of the king, and there are countries where it is nobody's business what your political opinions are, but everybody's business whether you keep a mistress or not. There have not, however, been many times or places where both privileges were either granted or denied; history has shown that Cleone's observation of a particular case has a general applicability. For reasons upon which the philosopher may be given opportunity to speculate, the censor of opinions generally loses interest in manners and vice versa.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

George Washington Himself

The Diaries of George Washington: 1748-1799. Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin Company. Four volumes. \$25.

George Washington in Love and Otherwise. By Eugene E. Prussing. Chicago: Pascal Covici. \$5.

FROM some points of view it would be difficult to place too high an estimate on these "Diaries." Not even the letters give so intimate approach to Washington in his daily occupations, and the letters require this supplementary record of his relations to others, his interests in his plantation, and his vision of what the future might bring to Virginia and the Western Country, then bounded by the Mississippi. The quality of the record is in no way distinguished. The entries, expressed in the baldest form, convey no impression of literary finish, of careful thought, of personality. By an unknown writer they would be almost negligible; known to be Washington's, and studied in the light of that knowledge, they become valuable not for the historical content but for their reflection of a mind at once commonplace and unerring in judgment. Few of his contemporaries could approach him in ability to grasp the essentials of a complicated problem, economic or political, or equal him in expressing tersely his conclusions, or match his poverty or simplicity of language.

Here are four stately volumes admirably compiled and edited by the person best equipped for the task. They contain diaries recording journeys to the Western region for public and private objects, years of occupation in the maintenance of a Virginia plantation with slave labor, years of war, of a return to Mount Vernon to face new and more difficult problems of land management, of the first Presidency of the new republic, and again of a changed Virginian home. Each day the weather was noted, and then followed a single line or two of colorless entry. The few occasions on which the writer does permit himself to go outside of fact are precious reflections of character from which a man great even in his littlenesses can be pictured. No quotations can begin to give a true idea of what these diaries will mean to the student of Washington. The notes of the editor are excellent, being drawn from many sources and furnishing necessary explanations of the text. The great difficulties of proper identification of names have been met judiciously, and the absence of assertion where doubt could exist gives confidence in the knowledge and discretion of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

It is as a planter that Washington becomes most interesting. He shows himself a careful manager, much interested in new methods and implements, and well in advance of his day in experimenting for himself or in obtaining suggestions from others. The days of plowing and planting, of the first appearance of crops above ground; the trials of new seeds, plants, and trees in different soils (that of Mount Vernon not being of the richest); the tests and records of his overseers and slaves—the account of all this makes a valuable contribution to the understanding of economic Virginia in the eighteenth century. Tobacco as the leading crop ceased to be profitable, and a rotation of crops—requiring years to be reduced to a system—promised better results from the land as well as a better condition for the greatly exhausted fields. Slave labor prevented the realization of these benefits. Washington measures the waste of that labor, he seeks to train it, and finally, with a sense of failure, he looks for tenants as a substitute. On the management of the plantation he gives enough detail to allow a careful study to be made of this period of transition, though his absences in the army and the Presidency break the continuity. Little wonder that he looked with longing eyes on the rich lands of the Ohio and felt their importance for the future of the country under free labor.

It would be easy to point out many subjects on which the diaries are regrettably meager—subjects like the land com-

panies, Potomac improvement, and ventures in locating soldiers' lands, the rights to which Washington bought largely. The loss or omission of records for the years of war and Presidency does not seem so vital, for Washington showed little wish or ability to treat of public affairs in this kind of document. The glimpses of family relations are welcome, but the social entries hardly rise above lists of guests, with hardly a hint to explain their object in coming or the impression produced. Yet Mount Vernon he described as a well-frequented tavern, open to the curious stranger and quite on the road of Southern travel. The skill to draw a character was not wanting—the searching notes on the generals of the revolution prove that; but the power is rarely exercised, unless Washington has been "done" in a land purchase or a contract for building. The explosive frankness of John Adams and the calmer, yet still vital, comments of his son in their diaries are far more illuminating than the complete absence of feeling shown by Washington. Yet any other kind of diary would not have been Washington. Its flatness is the highest proof of its being his, and the reader must be content with the few flashes of feeling, restrained as they are, when he views the Ohio or plans the Yorktown siege. As history these volumes will be source material; to the student of character they will be invaluable. The Lady Regents of Mount Vernon, for whom they were published, have performed a service as well as a duty and their manner of procedure calls for the highest praise.

Mr. Prussing's volume is of varying quality. He revamps the old story of Washington's love for Mrs. Fairfax, a story of little or no foundation; he sketches Washington as an engineer—a somewhat misleading title, for Washington hardly was more than a surveyor—and as a captain of industry, which no slaveholder could be. A real contribution lies in the history of the Bank of England stock which came to Mrs. Custis and through her in part to Washington. It was not confiscated because of Washington's leadership in the American "rebellion," and he enjoyed the full privileges accorded during that period to English stockholders.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

What Price Laissez-Faire?

The Case of Bituminous Coal. By Walton H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

What the Coal Commission Found. By Edward Eyre Hunt, F. G. Tryon, and Joseph H. Willits. Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins Company.

THESE are probably the two best books on coal ever written—with the possible exception of Jevons's classic document. Certainly they are the best dealing with the American scene. Messrs. Hunt, Tryon, and Willits have summarized and made intelligible and interesting the great mass of data collected by the federal Coal Commission of 1922—the most exhaustive investigation attempted to date, and covering both anthracite and bituminous. With rare judgment they have picked the essential from the ruck in costs, royalties, prices, profits, extent of monopoly, wholesaler's and retailer's margins, wages, hours, accidents, working conditions, union rules, living conditions of the miners, and the outstanding channels of waste. They have provided an invaluable handbook of the industry.

Mr. Hamilton and Miss Wright have gone a step farther. Basing their thesis in part upon the data of the Coal Commission and in part upon an analysis of the literature which the industry itself puts forth, they have brought all the loose threads together and told a story of a competitive industry which for realism, logic of development, and brilliance of style will not soon be surpassed in economic chronicles. With this volume the "new economics" comes into its own. The questioning, doubting, quantitative school—suspicious of immutable laws and determined to look facts in the face wherever they may lead—has produced an authentic masterpiece. A complex situation is not violated by simplification—it is met squarely,

every tangled corner of it. There is no attempt to prove anything; no nonsense about those pious hopes which are so wont to travel under the head of "constructive suggestions." The good Rotarian with his precious litany of free competition reduced to gibberish can take comfort in the equal destruction of all the plans of nationalization, industrial democracy, scientific management, cooperation, and what-not evolved by all the forward lookers to date. There isn't a ray of hope in all the 300 pages, and yet the book remains the most stimulating and the most hopeful thing ever written about coal—if not about the whole going structure of industry. It has junked all the dogmas, the preconceptions, the sentimentalities, the illusions, and the bright ideas which pass for thought—and shown us with the terrible starkness of a cold green dawn the coal industry for what it is—Exhibit A of the policy of muddling through.

And the three authors find not the slightest evidence to support any change of policy in the calculable future. They picture with admirable vividness and admirable documentation the "coal cycles" which are before us. Cycles which promise gluts, famines, price somersaults, unemployment, the shattering of labor standards and probably the organization of the United Mine Workers, bankruptcies, shut-downs, reorganizations, new technical methods capsize by trying to meet interest on investment. While such a prophecy may startle when it is loosed suddenly, no reader who has followed the analysis of the industry thus far, plus the brilliant account of the new technique of machine mining, can fail to see that the "cycle" fits the facts as a garter fits the leg. The operator sits at his desk, his head sunk in his hands. To modernize or not to modernize, that is the question. He will be damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't. And even more tragic is the future for the miner. But God, having destroyed carboniferous forests with unheard-of prodigality in these States, will probably keep the consumer supplied at a price and with a quality that is no more uncertain than it has been in the immediate past.

The book is too well knit, too relentless in its development to attempt a summary. Impressions are the most that the reviewer can give—a particularly poignant one coming from the extraordinary aptness of the quotations from Gilbert and Sullivan at the head of each chapter. Perhaps the outstanding impression is that nobody should be allowed to mention soft coal in public until he reads the book. Oh, yes. . . . The hopeful thing is that if much more of such destructive analysis of the going economic structure leaks out, men may come out of their cloudlands of laissez-faire and begin consciously to plan for their economic subsistence. But such a consummation, I am willing to admit, is only a pious hope.

STUART CHASE

A Cocksure Criminologist

Battling the Criminal. By Richard Washburn Child. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is a flashy and inaccurate book. Mr. Child began his nation-wide study of crime as an ex-United States ambassador to Italy, and he finished it in the state of mind of a chief of police. Not that there is not plenty of crime in the United States or that many criminals are not young. Mr. Child is quite right; both of these things are true. But Mr. Child is no nearer to being able to explain these facts than anybody else. He talks freely about an "era of unrestrained youth" and pushes out on to the sidewalk all scientists, psychologists, and criminologists, insisting that they do no good and seldom know what they are talking about. It has not occurred to Mr. Child, apparently, that the methods of dealing with criminals in this country have never for a single day been in the hands of psychologists and criminologists. When these gentlemen are given a chance to show what they can do it will

then be time for Mr. Child and those who believe in hamstringing as a moral influence to say what they think of them. The present crime situation in the United States follows directly upon decades, generations even, of repressive prison methods if our chosen way of treating the offender is so excellent, why has it not assisted in the reduction of crime?

Yet Mr. Child would go on, adding punishment to punishment. "Hard and long prison sentences having failed," he would say, "let us make them harder and longer." The trouble is that typical prison treatment in America, while it may satisfy the desire for vengeance of many of those who remain outside, does nothing to reform those on the inside. Mr. Child confuses the desire of the criminologist to learn why men commit crime with the intention of someone else to "coddle" criminals, and so of course he says ridiculous things. But there is no justification for such confusion.

Mr. Child makes some good points in regard to the extraordinary defects of our criminal law and our methods of trial. We are altogether too slow about putting cases through our courts, and we leave too many loopholes through which the guilty may evade conviction. But the spirit of the whole book is cocksure and misleading.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Hit-or-Miss Biography

Uncommon Americans. By Don C. Seitz. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

THE open season for game in biographical preserves still continues, and the publishers vie with one another in their eagerness to supply hunting licenses to prospective sharpshooters. Since the elephants and tigers have been pretty thoroughly wiped out, the marksmen are more and more compelled to level their muzzle-loaders, smooth-bores, or express rifles at the smaller fry. Once in a while, to be sure, they chance upon a mastodon that has merely been scratched or partially crippled by some preceding hunter, and—crack! Score another hit—or miss.

Mr. Seitz has manfully attempted to bring permanently to earth a veritable menagerie of uncouth specimens, yet most of them have managed to escape with only a scar or two. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Susan B. Anthony, Whistler, Mary Baker Eddy—these are the most familiar of his twenty-two victims; but one finishes his jaded journalese feeling that he has barely barked their shins. He writes better, perhaps, about lesser known yet not wholly uncharted ragamuffins such as Ethan Allen, Peter Cartwright, Tecumseh, Israel Putnam, and so on, and still one has the uncomfortable feeling that these are treated better only because they have been less mauled about by other writers, or because they are intrinsically more interesting.

It is a little hard to see why the biographer of Artemus Ward and Joseph Pulitzer—both of whom he handled at least adequately—should be satisfied with such sophomoric stuff as packs this book. Great writers, or even tolerably good writers, are not in the habit of emphasizing their ideas with a wilderness of exclamation points; nor do they allow themselves to clutter their manuscripts with awkwardly turned phrases and slipshod sentences. Again, Mr. Seitz rarely varies his method: he is usually content to tell a collection of good stories about each of his pets and let it go at that. Yet, despite these defects, it is a pleasure to record that he is always fair-minded and suave; he points few morals and seldom tries to edify his reader; he is equally sympathetic toward the poor wretches scalped in turn by Tecumseh and Mrs. Eddy. But he ought to turn to a book, published last year, that deserved immeasurably more attention and sales than it had—the "Imaginary Lives" of Marcel Schwob; for in it he might observe the distinction between superbly artistic, as opposed to journalistic, biography.

R. F. DIBBLE

Books in Brief

The Problem of Immortality. By R. A. Tsanoff. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

With incredible patience Dr. Tsanoff traces all the preconceptions of purgatory and heaven and all the schools of immortality and destiny which have harassed mankind. To the student of magic, myth, metaphysics, and theology in their long persecution of reason this book is an invaluable guide. But unfortunately the author's thesis does not follow from his research. His research shows that all these eschatological concepts have not grown even in mere sophistication from the earliest folk-lore to the current platitude that we are immortalized to the extent of the "service" we render, a platitude which only adds moral confusion to our spiritual politics; while his thesis is that the very immemorialness of this "hunger" for immortality, which throughout he defines allegorically, points to a hereafter, model 1924. It is the old Kantian apology: rationally it makes no sense, but it is safer to believe it! Kant wrote thus at the direct behest of the Prussian state; the neo-Kantian Dr. Tsanoff teaches philosophy in the State of Texas.

Fundamental Ends of Life. By Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

An inquiry into the history of philosophy to prove that "men want" mystical "life-values." In the chapter on The Idea of the Good in Plato Dr. Jones, with the cautious qualifications of sophisticated learning, attributes a spiritual inwardness to Platonic idealism which is peculiarly alien to the ineffable civism of the "Republic." The gospels he treats with the reverence which reduces exegesis to piety. He endows Kant's moral imperative with spiritual implications, to whose destruction Kant devoted half a century of explicit agnosticism. The British empiricists, the Continental rationalists, the temper of modern philosophy he ignores. In short, he reinterprets the most controversial metaphysical portions in the history of thought to prove that the "fundamental ends of life" are introversive. For such proofs the dogmatics of orthodoxy are more relevant premises.

The Quebec Act: A Study in Statesmanship. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

The scope of this book, the work of the Beit Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, is wider than the title indicates. Of the four chapters, only one relates directly to the Quebec Act, the first two chapters being devoted to a summary discussion of the history of Canada from 1763, when the region was acquired by Great Britain, and the administrative work of Murray and Carleton, while the last sketches the testing of the new policy in the outbreak of the American Revolution and the fatuous attempt of the Americans to conquer Canada. The work is a scholarly production, however, well documented and well written. Professor Coupland does merited justice to Carleton, whose ideas the Quebec Act embodied, and criticizes frankly, but without prejudice, the difficulties which arose, largely because of the British attitude toward the French, as the provisions of the act came to be applied. Appendices give the texts of the Quebec Capitulation of 1759, with the French requests and the British replies, and of the Quebec bill with the Commons' amendments.

Vie de Jaurès. By Paul Desanges et Luc Mériça. Paris: G. Crès.

The detailed and definitive Life of Jean Jaurès has yet to be written. The generous internationalist Romain Rolland composed an eloquent small volume of tribute to him, as he has since compiled a Life of that other dauntless pacifist, Mahatma Gandhi. Maurras misrepresented and abused him, Adolphe Brisson marveled at his gift of prophecy, Anatole France and

Trotsky extolled him, and his fellow-socialist Charles Rappoport wrote a well-documented volume which is thus far our most important single study of him. But Rappoport wrote in 1915, and we know a number of things about the European situation on the eve of the war which Rappoport did not know in 1915. Very little of what we have learned since reflects much credit on either nations or individuals, but much of it emphasizes the clairvoyance of this party leader who was at the same time a great thinker, a fruitful student of history, and, most remarkable of all perhaps for a party leader, a great lover of mankind. It is unfortunate that Desanges and Mériça have not caught the optimism of their great leader. The book is soberly done, with no anecdotal relief, and devotes more attention to doctrines than to the exterior circumstances of Jaurès's life. It has a masterly incidental survey of European affairs during the decade just before the war, and notably of the fortunes of socialism in France and Germany during that period, making it all in all a decidedly useful little volume.

The Cell in Development and Heredity. By E. B. Wilson. Third edition. The Macmillan Company. \$9.

In spite of its being called a third edition, this is really a new book and one of the most notable contributions to the biological literature of the times. The second edition appeared in 1900, the year Mendel's work was rediscovered, the beginning of the modern period of work in heredity. This book, by the dean of American zoologists, represents a life work; grown to monumental size, it is written throughout from the standpoint of the last twenty-four years—which have made the study of the cell, heredity, evolution, and development a single subject. Being a great teacher, the author writes with clearness; being a great scientist, he does not indulge in questionable human applications.

Drama

Long Island Sentiment

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD was born into the flapper age with exactly the qualities and the defects which would enable him to become its accredited historian. Though granted just enough detachment to make him undertake the task of describing, he is by temperament too much a part of the things described to view them with any very penetratingly critical eye and he sees flappers, male and female, much as they see themselves. Sharing to a very considerable extent in their psychological processes, he romanticizes their puerilities in much the same fashion as they do; and when he pictures the manners of the fraternity house or the Long Island villa he pictures them less as they are than as their practitioners like to imagine them. He makes cocktails and kisses seem thrillingly wicked; he flatters the younger generation with the solemn warning that it is leading the world straight to the devil; and as a result he writes *The Flapper's Own History of Flapperism*. Thus he becomes less the genuine historian of a phase of social development than one of the characteristic phenomena of that development itself, and his books are seen to be little more than documents for the study of the thing which they purport to treat.

His works, like the works of Michael Arlen, illustrate the Nemesis of sophistication, which in their case turns out to be an abysmal if disguised sentimentality. Cynicism and disillusion are qualities which require ripening to develop and fortitude to bear if they are to constitute more than a pose. The youth who leaps gaily after them cannot live comfortably in the harsh world which they create, so that sentimentality, disguised or perverted, almost inevitably reenters by way of offering a compensation. All the old falsities reappear and constitute the chief charm of the writer for that portion of his

audience which finds itself the victim of the same conflict between intellectual pose and emotional need which generates his work. Cynicism is modish, but sentimentality is comfortable.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador Theater) has been fashioned by Owen Davis from Mr. Fitzgerald's novel of the same name, and the play has the same elements of popularity as the book. Here is that ever-intriguing figure the romantic criminal brought absolutely up to date; here, that is to say, is Robin Hood reincarnated as a bootlegger, and here too is the sauce of contemporary smartness supplying in liberal measure an additional piquancy to the dish. Thanks to the talent which has for evoking the general atmosphere which is supposed to invest the smart set Mr. Fitzgerald can give to this naive and sentimental story an air of sophistication, and in that fact lies the secret of his popularity. In its essence "The Great Gatsby" is a preposterously maudlin tale of the efforts of a poor boy to become rich enough to "make himself worthy" of a girl with whom he had had a war-time flirtation; in its accidents it purports to be a sophisticated picture of flapper morality; and as a result of these two elements it presents an excellent opportunity for that large portion of the population—which loves sentimentality, but is ashamed to indulge its taste—to enjoy itself thoroughly.

In the beginning the play promises something a little better than it eventually gives. The smart dialogue is brightly written and the characters, excellently interpreted by a uniformly capable cast which includes Florence Eldridge and James Rennie, are at least clear cut and recognizable types. Even the conception of Gatsby himself includes its strokes of truth and of pathos, for there is material for a real study in the story of this man who aspires wistfully toward a world into which he has not been born. But as the piece develops it grows steadily more meretricious. It takes its colors less and less from reality and more and more from a sort of servant-girl's dream world until it ends in sheer and tawdry melodrama. "The Great Gatsby" has the humor which "The Green Hat" in its dramatic form so completely lacks, but it belongs to a related genre.

I hazard the guess that the New York theatergoer has never before had the opportunity granted him at the present moment of choosing between four Ibsen plays. In addition to "The Master Builder," which has been running for some time, "Hedda Gabler" (Comedy Theater), "John Gabriel Borkman" (Booth Theater), and "Little Eyolf" (Guild Theater) have just been produced, the two last for special matinees only. Of the three the first is both the finest play and the finest performance. In "Hedda" Ibsen made a searching analysis of a character who was less local and less peculiarly the product of a particular set of circumstances than either Borkman or the parents of Little Eyolf, and his play has lost little or nothing in either power or pertinence, whereas the other two, and particularly the last, are beginning to seem a little remote in spite of their dramatic power. Egdon Brecher, Eva Le Gallienne, and Marian Warring-Manly give excellent performances in "John Gabriel Borkman" and Emily Stevens makes an effective if somewhat vulgar Hedda; but the outstanding performance is the Tesman of Dudley Digges. He succeeds perfectly in realizing the absurdity of the character without making it wholly ridiculous, and his achievement is thrown into higher relief by the comparison afforded by the Alfred Allmers of Reginald Owen in "Little Eyolf." Mr. Owen makes Allmers seem only a pompous fool and that was not by any means, I think, Ibsen's intention.

At the Plymouth Theater is being revived that most excellent and thrilling of modern melodramas, "The Jest," with Basil Sydney and Violet Heming giving good performances and Alphonz Ethier overtopping everyone in the role which Lionel Barrymore made famous. "The Beaten Track" (Frolic Theater) is a serious play of Welsh life not without a certain sincerity, but spoiled by stilted over-literary dialogue and very leisurely action.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

ENTERTAINMENT



Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30

ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

☞ The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.

☞ The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

—THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION—

GOAT SONG

By FRANZ WERFEL

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., W. of B'way

EVGS. 8:30. MATS. THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, 2:30

HOLIDAY MATINEE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

A Bal Masqué

will be given by the

Alliance of Russian Dentists of New York

HOTEL DES ARTISTES, 1 West 67th Street, New York City

FRIDAY, 12th MARCH, 1926

Russian Atmosphere

M. C. DR. PETER MAYBARDUK

Full Dress or Costume obligatory. Two prizes will be given for the best costumes. Price of tickets, \$2.20. Tickets limited.

Subscription to be sent to DR. J. WEXLER, 223 Second Ave.; tel. Stuy. 3021. DR. EUGENIE KASHLANSKY, 101 W. 113th St.; tel. Mon. 1417.

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th St.

A. A. Goldenweiser

"Science, Morality and Progress"

Wednesdays, 8:30 P. M.

August Claessens

"Studies in Socialism"

Tuesdays, 7 P. M.

Joseph M. Osman

"Social Psychology"

Tuesdays, 8:30 P. M.



DINNERS



IS LITERARY CRITICISM IMPORTANT?

Author, Critic, and Publisher will consider this subject at the last Nation dinner

MARCH 18

Fifth Avenue Restaurant; 200 Fifth Avenue; 7 P. M.; \$2.50 for Nation subscribers and their guests.

Chairman: MARK VAN DOREN, Literary Editor, The Nation.

THIRD MENORAH JOURNAL DINNER

Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, at 23rd Street

Thursday, February 25th, 1926, at 7 P. M.

Topic: "Judaism and the Intellectuals"

Speakers

DR. HORACE M. KALLEN, Lecturer at the New School for Social Research. DR. MORRIS R. COHEN, Professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

DR. CECIL ROTH (Oxford D. Phil.), Visiting Lecturer in Jewish History at the Jewish Institute of Religion.

Reservations, at \$2.50, may be obtained at The Menorah Journal office, 167 West 13th Street, New York City.

"THE MENORAH JOURNAL is the best-printed, best-edited, and best-written periodical of the review sort issued in America."—Don C. Seitz in The Outlook.

Subscription \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years.

International Relations Section

Shall Austria's Culture Survive?

THE report printed below on the deplorable conditions in Austrian universities was written by Professor Richard Wettstein of Vienna, president of the *Notgemeinschaft Oesterreichischer Wissenschaft*.

Science and learning in Austria have suffered severely in consequence of the World War and the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The general knowledge of this deplorable fact has found its expression in the readiness to render assistance which has been manifested especially on the part of the United States and the northern states of Europe (above all, Sweden and Holland). The gratitude which this help deserves cannot be adequately expressed in words.

During the past few years the opinion has been gaining ground that a recovery has taken place. This opinion is based on the results attained by the League of Nations, which claimed the stabilization of the Austrian currency and the balancing of the Austrian budget as achievements of great value. Unfortunately the benefits accruing to cultural interests from this rehabilitation have not been very great. This is mainly due to the fact that the normal budget, as determined by the League of Nations, is undoubtedly too limited, and that the stabilization of the currency was effected at a time when the Austrian crown was at so low a rate of exchange that all existing capital and income, as measured in crowns, was completely depreciated. The normal budget is so limited that it is insufficient to satisfy the manifold needs of a recovering commonwealth. In consequence any expenditure deemed indispensable for general economic and political needs—with emphasis on the latter—will be incurred to the prejudice of other needs, and cultural interests are the first to suffer in this way. That the normal budget, as determined by the League of Nations, is too limited may be gathered with sufficient clearness from the one fact that, in consequence of the rising exchange of the English pound in 1925, the debt service of the loan authorized by the League alone necessitated an additional expenditure of several billions of Austrian crowns, which had to be found by curtailing other items of the budget.

By the stabilization of the currency, together with the establishment of the schilling as monetary unit, one schilling being approximately equal to 10,000 Austrian crowns, all existing fortunes, as measured in crowns, have been practically wiped out, and all existing incomes which could not be valorized to their full amount represent a very serious impoverishment, as compared with pre-war earnings. In other words, the rehabilitation of Austria, while making it possible to hope for gradual recovery in the future, carried with it complete renunciation of all fortunes acquired in the past except where they consisted of possessions of intrinsic value.

Inasmuch as the scientific institutes and the members of the learned professions in general have either not been able to valorize their property and their income at all, or only a small part of it, the distress in these circles is great and it is further aggravated by the fact that prices have risen to a considerable degree during the past few years.

In order to repair the damages caused by the war—gaps in the libraries, deterioration of instruments, and institutions in general—in order to resume the former activities to their full extent and to reap the advantages of the progress made during the past decade by purchasing new periodicals, new books, new instruments, the receipts would have to be considerably larger than in 1914, instead of which they are very much smaller. This is, in brief, the main cause of the distress in scientific circles—not to speak of the mental anguish that must be added to it.

This is evidenced by a number of facts:

In 1925 the philosophical faculty of the University of

Vienna received only about 36 per cent of the pre-war grants. Quite recently, it is true, these amounts have been supplemented by allotments from the lecture fees contributed by the students. But these receipts, which are subject to wide fluctuations, do not by any means make up for the decrease in the annual grants, and they are very far from bringing the total up to a figure that could even approximately satisfy the most urgent needs.

Furthermore, the prices of scientific instruments (apparatus, reagents, etc.) have risen greatly since 1914. A great variety of objects have been enumerated, and the prices quoted are based on careful inquiries. The increase in the prices of optical apparatus amounts to about 40 per cent, of glassware 60 per cent, of chemical apparatus 100 per cent, and of chemicals 80 per cent.

The subscription rates of scientific periodicals have increased on the average by 60 per cent. As a matter of fact, the increase in the prices of books is considerably higher than for periodicals, since, naturally enough, the publishers of periodicals hesitate to raise the subscription rates too much, for fear of losing a great number of subscribers.

It is evident from these facts that science and learning have suffered in Austria chiefly because of the great falling-off in the receipts of scientific institutes, etc., together with greatly advanced prices. But there are other factors which have to be added to this. In the first place the greatly reduced financial circumstances of the individual members of the learned professions: all fortunes acquired in pre-war times have either disappeared altogether or shrunk to very small dimensions, while the incomes—whether salaries or the returns of literary work—are very much lower. In former times the private resources of a scholar frequently enabled him to procure what the institutes were unable to provide; he also could afford to travel and thus establish personal connections from which the institutes benefited. This is no longer possible. A few examples may serve to show what this means in individual cases. The following statements are based on inquiries regarding certain professors at the University of Vienna. Before the war their annual purchases for their private libraries averaged 50, 30, and 25 books, respectively. The corresponding figures for 1924 were 8, 5, and 3! Is it not obvious that such a decrease in the individual purchasing power must have far-reaching effects not only on the scientific and literary work of the professors themselves as well as their assistants but on literary production in general?

Before the war one scientific periodical had 17 subscribers in Vienna; today, it has only five. The decrease in the purchasing power affects all classes of the population alike, and this again has its effects on science and learning. It was formerly a matter of course for students to buy at least the more important handbooks; today it happens only in rare cases that a student is able to purchase a book for himself. Naturally the same is true of scientific instruments and other accessories. This is bound to exercise, in its turn, an adverse influence on the efficiency of publishers, manufacturers of instruments, and so on. This impoverishment has affected not only the individual scholars but the various corporate bodies which used to be so active and successful in furthering science and learning, and, likewise, those classes of the population which used to regard the promotion of cultural progress as an obligation imposed by the possession of wealth. To mention only one example, the Vienna Academy of Sciences was able, in former years, to publish in its *Proceedings and Memoirs* a very considerable part of the literary output of Austrian scholars, including many learned treatises for which a publisher could not be found on account of the very limited circle of readers to which they appealed. In addition the Vienna Academy used to be able every year to appropriate considerable amounts for subventions, for expeditions, excavations, etc. To-

day, it is enabled only by the patronage of some well-wishers to print its Proceedings and Memoirs in a greatly reduced form, while only minimal amounts are at its disposal for purposes of subvention; above all, it is no longer in its power to take the initiative in any movement for the advancement of learning.

Another factor of far-reaching importance is the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy with its approximately 50,000,000 inhabitants into separate states, each aiming at cultural independence for itself. In former years Austrian booksellers and manufacturers of scientific instruments were in a position to make their arrangements for supplying a large country, containing numerous institutes; today they find their market restricted to a small and impoverished country with only 6,000,000 inhabitants. Tariff acts and movements for independence have rendered commercial competition more acute than ever and have resulted in greatly diminished sales of cultural products.

These difficulties are further aggravated by two circumstances: the effects of recent events on the state of mind of the scholars and the impossibility of participating in the scientific progress made in other and happier countries. The mental effects of recent events include not only the lowering of intellectual efficiency in consequence of worries and privations, the increased competition with baneful consequences, the loss of promising young scholars who enter other professions or go to other countries, but also the deeply depressing effects of the whole situation, the exhaustive efforts necessary for the acquisition of the most indispensable scientific equipment, and, above all, the limits imposed upon the scholars in having to restrict their scientific work to what can be accomplished with the small means at their disposal.

Famine in Lower Silesia

THE following article by Leo Lania appeared in the *Welt-Bühne* a few months ago. Conditions in the district, however, are reported to be unchanged:

I had thought that the misery in the northern part of Berlin, the famine in the industrial villages of Saxony, the daily terrible fight for a piece of bread, for a pound of potatoes, which we all had to witness during the long months of the "inflation period," had hardened me. But it was with horror that I saw the terrible distress in the mining district of Lower Silesia. Even the most eloquent descriptions fail utterly to convey the awful reality of these scenes.

Waldenburg, a town of some 45,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the Silesian district of the same name. The population of the entire district is 180,000 people. Eighty per cent of all the wage-earning inhabitants of the district are industrial workmen, the large majority of whom are employed in the great coal mines, the remainder in a big porcelain factory and some small textile factories. The men you see walking along the main street seem to be doomed to death. Thirty thousand miners. Famine kills them—men, women, and children.

The mining district of Lower Silesia has always had to face great economic difficulties, because for various technical reasons the production of coal is handicapped, especially as compared with the nearby famous Upper Silesia district. . . .

During the war Austria and Czecho-Slovakia were the biggest consumers of coal from this district. In the years after the war, when the fuel shortage was acute, these countries found other sources for their supply. In Germany peat suddenly began to be used instead of coal. Other districts could produce fuel cheaper. The high costs of production had, therefore, to be reduced. The consequence was that wages were reduced.

These were the results: The earnings of a miner for a nine-hour day are 3.80 gold marks—90 cents. The State Department of Mines has sanctioned the nine-hour day for "reasons of production." A protest of the miners' union has

A CRY FOR HELP

has come to us from the women and children in the soft coal fields of West Virginia and Central Pennsylvania.

Thousands of families, driven from their company-owned homes, are living in tents and flimsy shacks, enduring bitter cold and untold hardships. For months and months the miners have been carrying on their struggle to maintain the union wage scale, and each day of struggle means an added day of suffering for the women and children.

The United Mine Workers of America are supplying relief, but it is barely enough to support life. They have turned to their friends outside for help.

MONEY and CLOTHING are needed IMMEDIATELY

Checks should be drawn to the order of Evelyn Preston, Treasurer, and sent to the office of the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York. This committee has been formed by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union. Its expenses are already guaranteed, and every cent contributed will go direct to the miners.

If you live in or near New York City, warm, substantial clothing for men, women and children can be sent to this same address, Room 635, 799 Broadway, and it will be reshipped to those in need.

If you live outside of New York, send your checks to the office of the committee and your clothing direct to

WILL THOMPSON, Sec.-Treas. U. M. W. of A., District 17, 120½ Summers Street, Charleston, West Va.

or

JOHN BROPHY, Pres. U. M. W. of A., District 2, Clearfield, Penna.

Send whatever you have TODAY.

EMERGENCY COMMITTEE FOR MINERS' RELIEF

Room 635, 799 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Norman Thomas, chairman; Evelyn Preston, treasurer; Forrest Bailey, Roger N. Baldwin. H. S. Raushenbush, Lillian D. Wald, Bertha Poole Weyl.

Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art

President
PROF. FRANZ BOAS
Columbia University
New York

Treasurer
JAMES SPEYER
24 Pine St., New York

Recording Secretary
PROF. A. BUSSE
Hunter College
New York

Vice-Presidents
PROF. JULIUS A. BEWER
Union Theological Seminary,
New York
PRES. WM. ALLAN NEILSON
Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

Corresponding Secretary
PROF. F. W. J. HEUSER
Columbia University
New York

New York, February, 1926.

THE difficult financial conditions of Germany and Austria are endangering the schools and universities of these countries. The isolation of teachers in smaller towns deprives them of intercourse with the outer world: scientists are unable to keep up with the progress of work in other countries. The efficiency of the scientists and of the schools is seriously menaced, unless a remedy for this situation can be found.

Through generous contributions of members and friends, the Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art has been enabled to do something to relieve these difficulties.

Careful investigation of present conditions shows that for the current year a considerable amount of help is still required. In many towns and cities of Germany, associations of friends of the schools and universities have been formed which give assistance out of their private funds, and the attention of the trustees and patrons of the schools and universities is directed, everywhere, to an amelioration of the situation. Conditions, however, are such that for the current year and the next help from the outside is still imperatively needed.

You are earnestly requested to respond to this humanitarian appeal and to send your check drawn to the order of *James Speyer, Treas.*, to the Corresponding Secretary, *Prof. F. W. J. Heuser*, Columbia University, New York City.

TO PROF. F. W. J. HEUSER, Sec.
Columbia University, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed \$....., to the order of *James Speyer, Treas.*, my contribution to the relief of German and Austrian scientists and teachers.

.....
.....

anyone else, and that is the Prussian State Labor Department's estimate. Germany's labor laws are legally the maximum wage law. After deducting the compulsory charges for unemployment and health insurance from 11 to 16 per cent of the wage, the employer has at best only about 10 marks a week left. From this he has to pay at once 10 to 15 marks for rent and when the rent rises he is supposed to support his wife and children. Everybody knows that the masses in the Ruhr district are not well paid, but their official wages are 100 marks per day, while that of their comrades in Saxony is 10 marks.

How do these masses in Saxony live? They starve. The only thing they eat upon a potatoes day after day. Sundays they have meat. The Sunday "family" dinner can cost no more than 50 pfennigs (10 cents), the wife of a miner told me. She has a boy after her first children. But the most shocking thing is that bread is an absolute luxury.

Enter the mother into the mine and the children take a good deal of it, it is not sufficient for all. That is what I heard everywhere and that is the absolute truth. Naturally most of the mothers give it to their children. When I walked with the secretary of the union through the mines the first question of the men after their "Good morning" was "Didn't you bring me a piece of bread?"

Before me lie the statistics of the health situation in the Walleburg elementary schools. Of 5,296 children 1,622, or 30.6 per cent, are woefully ill. 293 are in the last stages of tuberculosis; 82 per cent never have a warm meal during the week; 214 per cent have no overcoats; 242 per cent have only one pair of stockings; 211 per cent are undernourished, although not diseased.

Of these figures the secretary of the miners' unions writes me: "We give you every guaranty that these figures are absolutely true. We accepted, in compiling these statistics, only such cases where we were sure that parents and physicians had answered our questions correctly. Actually conditions are much worse because those who suffer most do not answer at all." And this man writes the truth. It is grim, much worse . . .

This is the German famine district. It is not situated on the Vistula. There is no bad harvest, no civil war, no bolshevism which could be blamed for it. We enjoy peace. The recovery of our economic position goes on wonderfully. Germany has been saved from a second terrible revolution and bloodshed through the wisdom and bravery of the inhabitants. Perhaps the glorious realization will make it easier for them to die.

Contributors to This Issue

EARL W. BURNETT, a newspaper man and ex-officer in the American Air Service, has spent some time in Europe collecting material on commercial aviation.

HAROLD GEORGE SKIFFERLAND is an American journalist living in Berlin.

W. G. CHAMBERLAIN is a staff writer on the Topeka State Journal.

VICTOR BROWN has lived in New Mexico and edited the *Journal of the Southwest*. His latest volume of verse is *White Silence*.

JOHN A. MURPHY, secretary of Good Prices and Wages, is a labor leader in *The Nation*.

WILLIAMSON C. FRANK, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is Europe conducting historical research.

WALTER CROSBY, author of *The Tragedy of Waste*, is a well-known editorial writer for *The Nation*.

WILLIAM D. BAILEY is a writer and sociologist. He represents the American School of penal reform in a reorganization of the prison in Ohio.

ROSE B. BARNARD, the author of *Swedish American* and *Swedish Blood*, has written *An Intimate Narrative*.

The ACHIEVEMENTS of The Amalgamated Bank of New York

In less than three years NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK has grown in resources from \$500,000.00 the day it opened, to

\$6,767,249.00

on February 11th, 1926.

While it has increased its surplus and reserves and paid quarterly dividends to its stockholders it has given special services to its depositors at a cost to them that is eloquent proof of the vital need of a LABOR BANK to the wage earners of every community.

Its usefulness will grow greater as the number of its depositors and clients increase. In the BANK'S new quarters with its UP-TO-THE-MINUTE Banking equipment it can do everything for YOU that other banks can do and in addition places at YOUR disposal THE SPECIAL SERVICES that Labor Banking was instituted to perform.

Visit the new Modern Bank-building and let its officers show you how the bank can SERVE YOU.

The Amalgamated Bank of New York

11-15 Union Square West
New York City

Member Federal Reserve System

The Travel Department —of the—

BANK IS WELL EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL THE FACILITIES FOR TRAVEL: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1926

No. 3165

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	217
EDITORIALS:	
Those Advisory Opinions.....	220
Our Army and Navy Waste.....	221
Henry Holt	221
A Handbook for Rebels.....	222
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	223
BENITO AND I SAVE THE ST. PAUL. By William Hard.....	224
THE BATTLE OF JACKSON'S HOLE. By Struthers Burt.....	225
BODY BELEAGUERED. By Jessica Nelson North.....	227
NEGROES IN COLLEGE. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.....	228
THE MENACE OF MUSSOLINI AND HORTHY. By Robert Dell.....	230
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	231
CORRESPONDENCE	232
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
Goats. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood.....	234
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	234
The Glory Called Life. By George W. Kirchwey.....	234
The War Upon the Unseen. By H. L. Mencken.....	235
Twilight of the Demigods. By Donald Douglas.....	236
Russian History. By J. D. Clarkson.....	236
Distinguished Minor Poetry. By Allen Tate.....	237
Books in Brief.....	238
Drama: Oil and Vinegar. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	238
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Slavs in Macedonia.....	240

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

SO THE SECRETARY of Labor concurs in the decision of the inspectors excluding the Countess Cathcart. We are still of the opinion that this is an entirely unwarranted interpretation of the law and we are hopeful that judges will be found to see that there is no legal warrant for the position taken by the Government. The very section of the law cited by the Secretary is not convincing, for he declares that the Countess admitted the commission of a crime involving moral turpitude. Now, the Countess admitted adultery, but that is not a crime under South African law or United States law. It is a crime in New York and other blue-law States, but of that the federal authorities cannot take cognizance. Hence, we trust that the courts will find the Secretary in error and will overrule his decision. If necessary the case should be taken to the Supreme Court, even though the mischief has been done and this country has more than ever been made to appear as the Pharisee nation of the world. We urge—most earnestly—that before the shame of this decision passes a determined effort be made to induce Congress to amend the law so that its intent shall be beyond the possibility of further mishandling by dull and fumbling immigration inspectors, who are the last people in the world to be put in the position of censors of morals. They themselves would, we are sure, be happy to lose this duty.

IN THIS CONNECTION we owe an apology to Commissioner Curran and offer it, with sincere regret that, like the rest of the press, we were misled as to his powers and functions in the Cathcart case. It seems that he is merely an innocent bystander; that if an inspector detains an alien and rules him or her out, and if that decision is upheld by a board of three inspectors, the Commissioner has no more to do with the case than if he were the collector of the port of New Orleans. The report does not even go through his hands, but is sent direct by the board of inspectors to the Secretary of Labor. Our criticism should have been applied to the inspectors and not to the Commissioner. We therefore unqualifiedly withdraw our criticism of him and repeat our sorrow that we, as well as various other New York editors, were misled. We note with satisfaction that Commissioner Curran has announced his intention to appeal to Congress to alter the law so that he shall be really responsible for what happens on Ellis Island and shall not be again shouldered with a responsibility which is not his. He also, in a communication to the New York *Herald Tribune* of February 23, asks that Congress list precisely each offense for which persons shall be excluded so that there shall be no discretion vested in the inspecting officers. He is emphatic that adultery should not be included in the list as it is not a crime in most of the world. We are the happier to make this amend because, heretofore, in the offices he has held Mr. Curran has won the respect and praise of *The Nation's* editors, so much so that we could not understand this apparent lapse.

CLOSE ON THE HEELS OF THE Cathcart case comes the trial of Anthony Bimba in Brockton, Massachusetts, for declaring his disbelief in God. To punish this disbelief the district attorney has fallen back on a blue law which dates back approximately three hundred years, under which statute Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll could doubtless have been sent to jail. What preposterous folly and bigotry! The country is full of men who do not believe in a divine being, and reject all the superstition and idol worship of which our modern religion is still largely composed. Must they all go to jail? The district attorney declares that he will arrest Clarence Darrow if he should repeat in Brockton the speech he has been making all over the country. That may be consistency, but it is also crass stupidity. It has been followed up by a denial to Scott Nearing and Dudley Field Malone of halls in Brockton and Boston in which to discuss this case. Yet there are Americans who still say that this is a free country, that the Constitution is respected, and that free speech, the most precious birth-right of all Americans, is preserved! This case should also be taken to our highest court. It reminds us that there is no organization so much needed in this country today as the American Civil Liberties Union.

MUSSOLINI has backed water. Apparently frightened by the widespread condemnation of his threat of war against Germany, he has notified the Austrian Government that no Italian soldier will go over the Brenner Pass. His

outrageous blustering, he explains, was meant only as a warning that Italy will never allow the union of Austria and Germany—a curious warning and a still more curious method of warning. So the Austrian Chancellor announces that he will not bring the issue to the attention of the League of Nations and will consider the matter closed. It cannot possibly have strengthened Mussolini at home, and it is to be hoped that he will use a more civil tongue hereafter. He remains, however, the greatest menace to peace in Europe. As long as he is in office he will also be a threat to the very existence of the League of Nations. But there is one sure way in which he can be controlled and that is through coal. Italy is without a pound of it and dependent upon England or the United States if Germany refuses to give her any. It behooves Italy, therefore, to give especial attention to the wishes of Great Britain, and for the statesmen of the latter country coal is a weapon of which they can make good use if they will do so patiently, and justly, and wisely.

“THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE [of Nations] as well as of the Locarno treaties is in deadly and immediate peril”; “the international political battle over the League Council seats is brewing one of the greatest crises the League has yet known.” No, these are not the statements of critics or enemies of the League. They are excerpts from dispatches to the *New York World* and *Times*. The former admits that Great Britain is ready to throw overboard the disarmament conference by a further postponement to September (after which it is to be forgotten), and declares that “almost any measures” are now justifiable to get Germany into the League and to save the Council from being swamped by new members. In its essence it is a fresh struggle between France and England within the League. France desires not only to have Poland as a permanent member of the Council to offset the accession of Germany, but wishes also to add to the Council Spain as a permanent member and three more temporary members. England feels that if this is done the Council is lost. As Viscount Grey points out, if you admit three or four besides Germany there will be immediate and serious embarrassments; “for every such addition there will arise several other claims equally meritorious.” He does not see where the line could be drawn and feels that with a large Council there would be every risk of that body’s being paralyzed in an emergency (as it was by Mussolini in the Corfu issue). Doubtless there will be Americans to say that if we were now in the Council we could guide its destinies and settle the question. For ourselves we rejoice once more that America is not mixed up in the daily intrigues and quarrels of Europe.

LOYD GEORGE’S land campaign takes on more serious import now that the general conference of Liberal Associations of England and Wales has given general assent to his scheme. There were some objections on the ground that it was socialistic, but the delegates, of whom there were 1,500, unanimously voted that the time has arrived for a radical reform of the land situation along the general lines laid down by Lloyd George. The Earl of Oxford and Asquith was careful to point out that no Liberal who dissented on this issue need leave the party. Lloyd George himself declared, however, that “Liberalism will not be bullied by the vested interests.” So he has now

successfully boxed his way around the political compass and will probably once more find himself denounced as a dangerously socialistic firebrand as he used to be when he originally championed land reform. One thing is certain: this puts the Labor Party to its trumps on the land question. It must either stick to its more radical land proposals, of which we have heard little of late, or it must come to a compromise with the Liberals. In any event, the Liberals now have a fighting issue, but the *Daily Herald* believes it leaves Lloyd George friendless. As our readers will recall, we printed an account of the Lloyd George plan from the pen of our London contributing editor, Mr. J. A. Hobson, in our issue of November 11 last. The plan is to relieve all non-farming land-owners of their ownership, compensating them not by outright purchase but by a guaranteed annual rental assessed by a land court. The state itself is not, however, to farm, but to leave cultivation to practical farmers. As Mr. Hobson pointed out, it may take the efforts of a generation to set the plan afoot.

THE REJECTION OF THE NOMINATION of Thomas F. Woodlock by the Interstate Commerce Commission is most encouraging evidence that Congress continues to manifest its independence in dealing with Coolidge nominations. The refusal to confirm Charles B. Warren as Attorney General is, of course, the outstanding case, but recently the Senate Judiciary Committee has refused to report favorably the nomination for judge of Wallace McCamant, who nominated Mr. Coolidge for Vice-President in the 1920 convention. Mr. Woodlock has been serving on the Interstate Commerce Commission as a recess appointee; by a vote of seven to six he was rejected by a combination of Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Woodlock was opposed because of the bias in his writings in which his partisanship of the railroads has been obvious, because he has been registered and has voted as a Republican in recent years although appointed as a Democrat, and because of general resistance to the President’s policy of packing the various commissions in the interest of big business. In the matter of the debt settlement with Italy there seems also to be a disposition to decline to follow the President’s wishes.

INTEREST IN THE ANTHRACITE STRIKE and the hardships endured by the strikers and their families during the long months of struggle has served one unfortunate end. It has distracted public attention from the situation in other fields where the suffering is incomparably worse and in many cases has extended over a period of years instead of months. In West Virginia bituminous miners have been on strike for two and three years. They are living jammed together in shacks and tents; the regular relief from the union has been cut to \$1 every two weeks for a family of four. A few groceries are distributed each week, but the dollar dole must cover everything else. In the bituminous district of Pennsylvania the situation is equally acute. Since last fall 2,000 families have been living in tents and subsisting on a pitifully insufficient union dole. In each case these conditions have grown out of the collapse of the Jacksonville Agreement of 1922. Throughout the bituminous field operators have attempted to ignore the agreement and over wide areas they have succeeded in establishing non-union conditions. Where the men have stuck by the agreement and refused to accept the operators’ terms, they have been driven to tent colonies and the uncertain support

of a depleted union treasury. Where they have yielded and are working at non-union wages they are little better off. An Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief has been formed by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union to collect money and clothing for the striking miners of these sections. There is particular need of warm clothing—especially for women and children. The office of the committee is Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York.

MILLIONS OF JEWS in every country in Europe are suffering economic privation or political oppression or both. Most of them must stay where they are; only a handful can hope to emigrate to the New World or fly to the uncertain blessings of the Palestinian homeland. To meet this widespread need requires more than generosity and good-will, though these are required on an enormous scale. The primary demand is for imagination—minds bold enough not to be staggered by the size of the task and its infinite variety. The work of establishing a secure and productive Jewish community is wholly different in Russia and in Rumania and in Palestine. It must be undertaken in each case in a different spirit and with different methods. But, by one way and another, it must be done. None of the necessary vision and courage seems to be lacking among the American Jews who are launching their great drive for fifteen million dollars—\$6,990,000 of which will be raised in New York. And certainly they are possessed of the necessary generosity. They have gauged their financial program by the tremendous needs which they intend to meet, and they have planned the work with statesmanlike regard for the conditions in the countries where they will work. If it were only for the sake of their excellent Russian program this drive should succeed.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH of W. A. Sukhomlinov, the former Russian minister of war, recalls to mind one of the most sinister and least attractive figures in the pre-war period and the world conflict which followed. Sukhomlinov was one of the leading chauvinists of pre-war Russia, but when the test came he could not even demonstrate the courage of his convictions. Men like the Grand Duke Nicholas remained consistent, and proved equal to the crisis in throwing Russia into the war and showing themselves brave and competent soldiers afterward. But though Sukhomlinov inspired such inflammatory material as the famous article in the *Birshewija Wjedomosti*, reprinted in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* for June 14, 1914, which did as much as anything else to promote suspicion and bellicosity in Europe on the eve of the war, he lost his nerve at the last and "passed the buck" in the war office to Janushkevich, the chief of staff, who cooperated with Sazonov in putting through the fatal mobilization measures. During his notorious trial Sukhomlinov claimed that he had no responsibility for the Russian military acts from July 24, 1914, onward, but the statement was deemed incredible at the time. Nevertheless, the memoir of Dobrorolski, the diary of Baron Schilling, and the elaborate monograph of Professor Frantz establish the accuracy of Sukhomlinov's claim to innocence. During the war his incompetence was a leading cause of the collapse of the Russian military participation. His memoirs are voluminous and informing, but the notorious unreliability of the author makes it impossible to use them with assurance.

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP of David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent, a most interesting experiment is being undertaken in the capital—the publishing of a journal, the *United States Daily*, which will devote itself to recording the day-by-day activities of the federal Government. There will be no editorial page and no partisanship or propaganda of any kind, but a factual record of each department and bureau. Wherever possible this journal will present all important documents and decisions textually, and exact transcripts of hearings. If this work is well done the paper should become invaluable to all who are brought into contact with the Government, and to lawyers, editors, non-resident officials, our representatives abroad, librarians, etc. A record of this kind has been needed for years. If it is adequately indexed it will be a boon to all who have to keep informed of what the Government is doing. Associated with Mr. Lawrence are forty-eight prominent men and women, a number of whom have invested capital, and he will employ a staff of thirty reporters to begin with. It is a venture which deserves all success.

MARION TALLEY, the Kansas City song-bird whose rare gifts *The Nation* recorded three years ago, has made her debut at nineteen, accompanied by an amount of publicity which was unprecedented. If it does not ruin her we may all be thankful. Her voice, the critics agree, is one of extraordinary promise, a colorature soprano of large range, but one that needs much hard work if she is to be anything else than a nineteen-year-old wonder. A great artist does not "arrive" and complete his or her artistic education on a given day. The debut is but the beginning. There must be incessant musical labor, assiduous practice, and steady mental development if a great and well-rounded performer is to be created. There are disquieting signs that those nearest to this song-bird—whose debut at nineteen is not as unusual as most people believe—do not realize the necessity for years of the most devoted study and coaching if Marion Talley is definitely to take her place among the world's great artists.

WHETHER OR NOT ANY MOVING PICTURE yet made has a right to be considered a work of art when judged by the standards applicable to books, pictures, or plays is perhaps an open question; but whether it be answered in the affirmative or the negative two significant facts stand out: first, that some at least are infinitely superior to others and, second, that the superior films are all but lost in the vast quantity of trash which has submerged the country. It is, accordingly, an excellent plan which the International Film Arts Guild has formulated for giving a series of special performances of moving-picture "classics." It secured the Cameo Theater on Forty-second Street and during the week of January 31 it revived seven pictures of especial note, including "The Last Laugh," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "A Woman of Paris." Several new foreign films are also promised, but the week of March 7 is to be devoted to eleven productions all made by Ernst Lubitsch, perhaps the most original of all modern directors. The Guild's experiment will serve to demonstrate whether or not there is an audience sufficiently interested in superior films to make a special effort to see them and it will also provide a better opportunity than has yet been had of evaluating on their own merits the best achievements of the screen.

Those Advisory Opinions

THE Senate rendered a great service to the Permanent Court of International Justice and to the countries of the world by its reservation on advisory opinions. The original Swanson resolution provided that the United States was not to be bound by any advisory opinion rendered in accordance with the statute of the World Court. One wonders what the draftsman meant, for the statute makes no provision whatever for advisory opinions. Only the Covenant of the League of Nations permits these. The alleged caveat against being bound was futile and disingenuous; nobody is legally bound by an advisory opinion, neither the Court, nor the Council, nor the member nations.

That is why Mr. Root and eminent judges have considered such opinions non-judicial in character. Yet they are and may be used as political spring-boards by the Council of the League, and this is what has happened in several cases. That the Council is not bound is shown by the result of the two Polish-German advisory opinions, in neither of which cases did the Council carry out the advisory opinion. In both of these cases, however, the Council made political agreements with Poland which denied to the winning parties, the German minorities, many of the safeguards which the advisory opinions were designed to afford them. Nor was Turkey "bound" by the advisory opinion in the Mosul case. Yet look at Turkey and note what has happened.

In the Mosul opinion Turkey declined to be represented. Nevertheless, the advisory opinion was rendered and all the reservations to the effect that Turkey was "not bound" by the opinion were utterly futile. Turkey was deprived of Mosul, notwithstanding the report of the committee of jurists that Mosul was under Turkish sovereignty and could not be detached, therefore, without Turkish consent. It is well known that Curzon made a definite promise to the Turks that Mosul would not be dealt with except by unanimous vote of the Council on which Turkey was to be represented. It was on this understanding that Article 3 of the Lausanne Treaty was signed. The Council has the power, under the flexible provisions of Articles 12 to 16 of the Covenant, to have carried out Curzon's promise. (See *Foreign Affairs*, London, January, 1926, page 191.) The Turks subsequently found, through the aid of the Court, that Curzon could not make such a promise. The Court tells Turkey that it did not rely on Curzon's promise, notwithstanding Turkey's insistence that it did.

The Court speaks in the Mosul opinion about "the prestige of the League of Nations" having to be preserved. This does not seem very judicial. Moreover, in a litigated case, the statute of the Court provides that a non-member state shall be represented on the Court *ad hoc* by a judge of its own nationality. Had the Mosul question, therefore, been a litigated case, Turkey would have had a judge on the Court. By converting a litigated case into a request for an advisory opinion made by the Council upon the Court, even an opinion as to the Council's own power, this safeguard of nations unwilling to litigate is destroyed.

The Court refers to the fact that on the Council Turkey could not be represented nor Britain either, because they would be judges in their own case. But it will be observed that Lord Finlay was a judge on the Court that rendered the advisory opinion and Turkey had no representative on

that Court. Thus, by converting the question into a request for an advisory opinion, Turkey's safeguard of representation on the Court that rendered the decision is destroyed.

It may be proper to remark that the Council of the League of Nations, as appeared in the Official Journal of November, 1923, pages 1335-1337, 1501-1502, censured the Court in the Eastern Carelia case for its refusal to give the advisory opinion requested in that case involving Russia, although Russia was not represented. Only the strenuous efforts of some of the judges prevented what would have been a disastrous step, for not taking which Judge Bustamante in his recent book still criticizes the Court—wrongly, in our estimation.

The Senate reservation, if accepted, will materially weaken the Council's power over the Court and prevent the abuse of the advisory opinion practice so as to obtain control over nations unwilling to litigate or to consent to such opinions. It reads:

That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion, except publicly after due notice to all states adhering to the Court and to all interested states, and after public hearing, or opportunity for hearing, given to any state concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

Thus the Court is relieved of embarrassment and political danger to its life by avoiding requests for opinions in secret, for which there was some sympathy in the Court, and probably for decisions over absent or unwilling nations. If the reservation is accepted, which is not yet certain, an opinion like that in the Mosul case may become very rare. All states "concerned" in an opinion must be heard or given an opportunity to be heard in public before an opinion can be rendered. The meaning of "opportunity for hearing" will have to be worked out by the Court and by public opinion. This is a help to small states over whom the Council would seek to exert political control. It is doubtful who is the judge of whether a country is "concerned"—the Council or the nation giving notice of its concern.

There is no doubt, however, that the United States is the judge of whether it "claims an interest," and our mere assertion of such interest, without our express consent that an opinion be given, will bar the Court's jurisdiction over practically every question affecting the American continent, north or south, and possibly over other questions. This reservation materially weakens the power of the League in the Americas at least, and constitutes a victory for Senator Borah's contentions. Will all members of the League and Court protocol accept the reservation? Will Argentina, Brazil, and Chile? The answer is doubtful. If the larger European Powers accept, it will probably be an important indication that they are willing to make large concessions for our further approach to their political enterprises—for few seriously expect us to submit a case to the Court.

The reservations open up a large vista of disputed and doubtful questions which will need the interpretation of more than one judicial and political body. Neither the World Court nor the Senate reservations constitute serious steps in the direction of world peace.

Our Naval and Army Waste

ON one day, February 16, the two houses of Congress voted appropriations of no less than \$660,925,940 for national defense. Of this vast amount \$339,300,000 was in the army bill, which was passed by the House without a record vote. In the Senate the navy bill, containing \$321,495,940, slipped through easily. On the same day it was announced that the House Naval Committee had agreed to a five-year naval aviation program, costing \$100,000,000, to be expended at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year. With this sum we are to build two dirigibles, each three times the size of the ill-fated Shenandoah; a metal-clad dirigible; and one thousand new airplanes—all of this despite the fact that no progress whatsoever has been made in remedying the conditions in the army and navy brought out by General Mitchell and other reliable witnesses. We are going ahead trusting the expenditure of this vast sum to the same people who have shown their incompetence, with the inevitable result that we shall have extremely little to produce for the expenditures and shall probably see the three dirigibles go out of business as rapidly as did the Shenandoah.

Since 1885 the United States has spent no less than eight billions of dollars upon its navy alone. For the fiscal year 1923 the appropriations were \$322,532,908; for 1926 they fell to \$317,000,000, and for 1927 they have again gone up \$4,500,000. The Senate restored to the bill two items, aggregating \$9,000,000, for new airplanes and aircraft equipment, and for continuing the Lakehurst air station, which had been struck out by the House. In the navy, therefore, the Coolidge policy of economy will have resulted in decreased appropriations of \$1,500,000 over 1923. If to this is annually added the \$20,000,000 recommended by the House Naval Committee we shall be spending about \$19,000,000 a year more on our navy.

Not the least discouraging feature is that so vast an appropriation as that of the army bill can be jammed through the House without adequate discussion or analysis. We are particularly disappointed that the Progressive group in the House did not at least offer an amendment putting a definite limit on the number of reserve officers and forbidding the use of regular army officers or men in the high schools of the country. The fact is that there are now approximately 90,000 reserve officers who have been commissioned since the war. If the War Department continues its policy of commissioning them without limit there will soon be more reserve officers than there are soldiers and officers in the entire regular army. Since these reserve officers are not paid and have to purchase their own equipment Congress has not interfered. The result is that the General Staff is building up in these officers another military machine which is already exerting pressure on Congress for larger and larger appropriations. Congressmen and Senators who dare to speak out against our drifting into old-fashioned German militarism find themselves assailed by letters from reserve officers throughout their States. The effort of the War Department to muzzle those reserve officers who happen to have liberal opinions was brought out in the case of Captain Paxton Hibben. Press dispatches stated after the first mobilization day that it was the intention of the War Department to place one reserve officer in every community as a center of militaristic and nationalistic propa-

ganda hidden under the name of patriotism. Where is this Prussianization to stop?

But this is not the only subject into which both House and Senate ought to delve before passing such an appropriation bill. The army itself is scandalously over-officered, while its regiments are depleted and many of its companies are nothing less than a corporal's guard, partly because of the effort to keep in existence so many regimental organizations and because of the evil of detached duties. The entire service is discouraged by the present management, and some of the best officers, like two of the world fliers, are quitting the service. More would go if they could find opportunities outside. Yet we have a huge list of generals and colonels and we are actually able to detach no fewer than 768 officers for teaching at colleges and schools. Most of the training given by these officers is absolutely worthless from the strictly military point of view. It is their military propaganda which the War Department values. Since the ablest gymnastic instructors in the country are agreed on the worthlessness of two drills a week from the physical point of view, Congress ought to abolish the whole thing. But Congress does just what the War Department asks, and this in the face of the fact that the majority's President, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, in his speech before the American Legion on October 6, declared that "no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war," and asserted that everyone knew that the old military systems and "reliance on force have failed." Yet we go ahead squandering half billions on force. And the practice goes on because nobody or no group in Congress is determined to call a halt or study this question of defense intelligently.

Henry Holt

NOT the least impressive thing about Henry Holt in his old age was his physical appearance. It has been said of him that his carriage and his countenance seemed in themselves sufficient support for the notion that "there were giants in those days." Straight and benign, he walked Fifth Avenue or the carpets of the Authors' Club with an erect air and a commanding eye. The face beneath the high gray hair was the face of one who had met many ideas and many men and had not been daunted. It was a huge face, such as one looks for in great persons, and latterly it was a cavernous one—dark eyes set deep under a powerful brow, massive surfaces accentuated by sharply intrenched lines, and a firm though kindly mouth and chin. He lived as he liked, rising late after long evenings spent in conversation with chosen friends. He was a good talker, one who in the capacity of publisher had done a great deal more than sign contracts and pay royalties; and the complaint was not infrequently heard from wives of much younger men that Mr. Holt had kept these companions too long at the table or in the depths of leather chairs at the club.

His circle of friends was one of the most distinguished which a man in his day could have had. There was John Hay; there was the geologist, Clarence King; there was Raphael Pumpelly; there was E. L. Godkin; there was W. P. Trent; and there was Henry Adams. Henry Adams, sending the manuscript of his anonymous novel "Democracy" to Mr. Holt in 1879, trusted his friend to keep silent concerning its authorship, and the trust was not betrayed.

One of the last things written by Mr. Holt was a preface to a new edition of "Democracy," in which the circumstances attending its publication and reception were detailed. All that is interesting, but another portion of the same preface is more interesting still:

There is no disguising the fact that . . . the quality of those books produced today is so far short of satisfying the demand for the best that readers of good judgment are noticeably turning to the literature of earlier and happier ages. . . . Of course, there are many causes for the limited literary production of our age, as there are for everything else, but perhaps the most noticeable is the fact that, whereas in the great Victorian era, which spread over our country as well as over England—in the days of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Holmes, Irving, and their compeers—it was thought a little *infra dig.* for a college graduate to go into business, and now if one does not go into a business a majority of his companions consider him a fool; in other words, most men, including those possessing the acutest minds, are bent on money-making, and very few on anything else. Many a respectable old institution has more students of cookery, housekeeping, and farming . . . than of the humanities, on a familiarity with which the production of good literature largely depends.

If such a passage stamps its author as Victorian, the kind of Victorianism displayed is not the kind of which one wishes to make light. Mr. Holt seems to have been wrong about the literature of the twentieth century, which certainly is not a limited literature; and doubtless he never fully comprehended the extent of Henry Adams's pessimism concerning those "earlier and happier ages." Doubtless, too, he did not take great pains to understand the efforts made during his latter years by such brilliant youths as Randolph Bourne to fashion a new culture based upon the data of industry and intellect and engineering. But such failures are excusable in a man so old, and particularly in a man who had served so well a great though passing tradition. Mr. Holt had done enough when he embraced the classic liberalism of his own century, and when, through John Fiske and Herbert Spencer, he accepted the best scientific thought available in the eighties to an educated person. Hence the record achieved by his house in the publication of scientific books, and hence, later on, the picturesque journal which Mr. Holt, between his seventy-fourth and his eightieth years, conducted in an effort to restore dignity and balance to the discussion of fundamental themes. The *Unpartizan Review*, which went its way several years ago, is more fitting as a monument to the closing period of Mr. Holt's life than are the two large volumes of his treatise on "The Cosmic Relations." These researches into immortality and things psychical might emphasize the will of a leonine man who did not want his personality to die; but they were far from John Fiske, and they were infinitely out of harmony with Henry Adams.

The chief distinction of Mr. Holt, after all, was that he was an educated publisher. There have never been many of his kind, and there are none too many now. A good publisher will be a good business man, and Henry Holt was that; but in addition he will possess a disinterested love of wisdom and good literature, will know how to talk more than gossip with his best authors, and will be capable of some degree of authorship himself. American publishing was never in a more enlightened or flourishing state than it is at present. Its state would be something like perfect if all of its representatives were equipped as was Henry Holt.

A Handbook for Rebels

TWO things are necessary for the complete revolutionary: a belief, utter and profound and unquestioning, in the cause he fights for and a total unconcern about his personal welfare. A keen mind is useful, and a sharp tongue. A sense of humor is an asset—seldom found, to be sure, in combination with these other qualities—and a philosophical turn of mind is almost essential. But belief and courage are absolute requirements.

An example for revolutionaries of all ages is to be found in the chronicles of the early Quakers, a group of rebels whose daring and impudence and utter devotion have never been outdone in all history. Their story, vividly told by Mary Agnes Best in "Rebel Saints"* (chapters of which appeared originally in *The Nation*), is one of blood-chilling adventure. As she says in her first chapter:

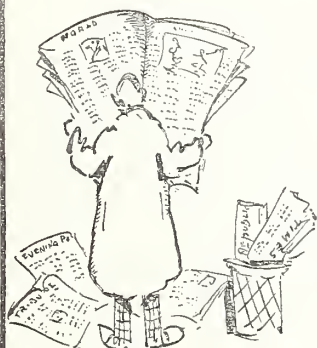
Their lives were lurid. . . . They sailed the Seven Seas in leaky tubs, and ran afoul the Algerian pirates before Commodore Decatur was born or thought of. . . . In Old and New England vivisection was practiced on them—tortures too brutal to repeat to sensitive modern ears. They glutted English jails, and the convict ships on which they were deported afforded them hardly more than standing-room only.

Such was their life—their inevitable, day-by-day existence. No Russian worker on the barricades faced more certain suffering or faced it with a higher heart. And their cause was in their day quite as revolutionary as his was in 1905. They opposed the church which was everywhere synonymous with authority and the established order. They opposed the Puritans in England under Cromwell and in Massachusetts under Endicott. They opposed the Church of England under the Restoration. They faced the Catholic inquisition and argued with the Mohammedan Turks. Wherever they went—and they went everywhere—they preached the right of the individual to worship God in his own way. And this was sedition. It was sedition because religion was a matter of law; and it was sedition because, as is always the case, this one form of radicalism begot others. The individual man was in the eyes of God as good as his neighbor and, for that matter, as good as his master. From this simple Christian doctrine sprang dangerous beliefs of all sorts: equality between the sexes was taught and practiced; all gestures and forms of address intimating respect for rank or age or authority were abandoned; war, or the taking of life for any reason, was discountenanced; the laws of the state themselves were laughed at when they lacked the support of conscience.

Naturally, the whole system of society stiffened itself against a faith which would cheerfully have knocked its props out from under it in the name of the Lord. The Quakers were tortured and killed—and feared. On their side they combined with a habit of reckless daring a method of absolute non-resistance, for the essence of their revolution would have been lost if they had used the weapons which they ever sought to destroy. But their propaganda widened the actual area of individual liberty and established in men's minds an ideal of justice yet to be achieved. And their method—peaceful and persuasive, but stubborn and irreverent and careless of death—might well be adopted by rebels of all breeds as a model of revolutionary technique.

* Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$3.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



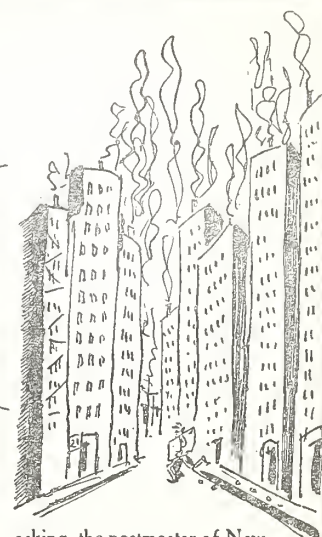
THIS JOB is not as easy as it seems and is full of heartbreaks;



for, after you have read the papers all week long to make a witty picture,



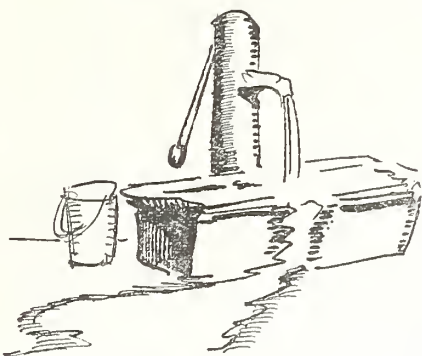
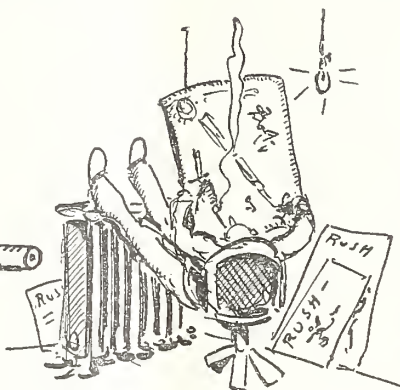
and have courted triple pneumonia to get it to *The Nation* on time,



asking the postmaster of New York to deliver it himself,



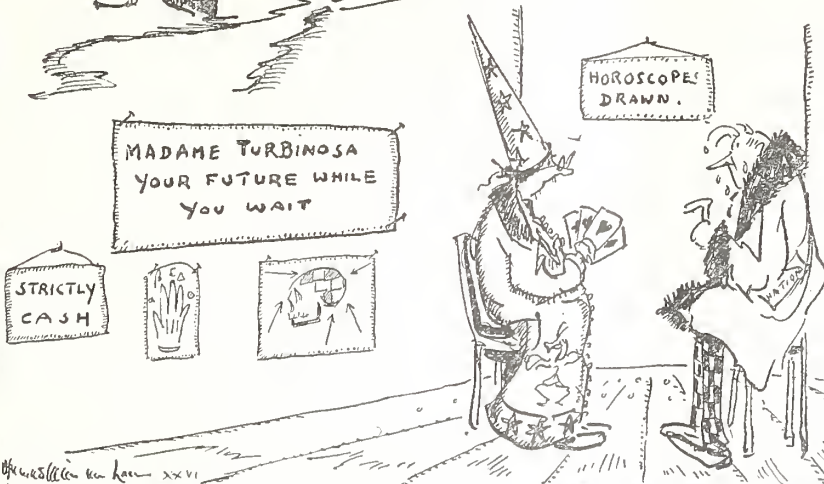
and have got it past the Editorial Board and then through the lithographer's shop and finally on the news-stands, only three minutes late,



you usually discover that your joke about prohibition was that very morning quite killed by Bishop Manning and that your wit about the coal strike is now as useless as the stuff your coal dealer sold you last week for "real anthracite."



WHEREFORE I have decided to give up studying the local press for reliable information about the future; and henceforth I shall fill this page only after consultation with New York's 79,537 spook doctors and soothsayers. Watch for results.
[Signed] HENDRIK VAN LOON



Benito and I Save the St. Paul

A Stirring Chapter in International High Finance

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, February 17

THE trouble with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company is that it owes \$55,000,000 to the United States Government and has to pay 6 per cent annually on it. This comes out at \$3,300,000 annually.

My accounting department has figured out that the interest which the St. Paul pays the Government is 15.11 per cent of its annual fixed charges. If we can get rid of this difficulty we shall be well on our way to getting the St. Paul out of bankruptcy and out of the hands of receivers.

I have seen how it can be done.

My first step is that I shall sell the St. Paul to Benito Mussolini. He is the man who has the big drag with the American Government. His policies endear him to the American Government. On behalf of his other property, Italy, he has been able to get most advantageous terms from the American Government. I shall sell the St. Paul to him.

In the meantime, at Rome, I shall have explained to him the St. Paul's "capacity to pay." This is like numerous other phrases in diplomacy; and it, therefore, means incapacity to pay. One of the greatest permanent assets that a country can now have is a temporary incapacity to pay. When I explain to Mussolini the St. Paul's incapacity to pay, he will at once see what a valuable property it is, if owned by a European government.

I will then organize a St. Paul Debt Funding Commission. When certain of our American States repudiated some of their debts they called it adjusting them. That was a poor word. It indirectly implied some reduction. Funding is a much nobler word, and more diplomatic. It implies that you will pay all you owe, and yet you don't. It is in the highest traditions of diplomacy. It says the maximum and comes across with the minimum.

So I shall have a St. Paul Debt Funding Commission. But I shall then put in the word which will turn the trick. I shall call it—and it will be—the Italian St. Paul Debt Funding Commission.

I shall sail from Genoa. What notice would be taken of me if I started from Minneapolis? None. So I shall start from Genoa. I shall have with me numerous titled personages. One of the present difficulties of the St. Paul is that it has no counts or princes. I shall bring counts and princes in profusion.

As I leave Genoa on the Benito Caesare, I shall send out a radio saying that complete proofs of the St. Paul's incapacity to pay are lying in the hold of the ship, all written out in the Italian language. They never were convincing in English to our Treasury Department. But you ought to see them in Italian! In Italian they are an absolute knock-out. Bankruptcy in English leaves you cold. Bankruptcy in any foreign language makes any American official break down and cry.

I shall arrive in New York. There I will consent to attend a lunch given by the organization called the American Friends of St. Paul Irredenta. At this lunch I shall make a speech. In my peroration I shall say:

The world is now one. The age of isolation has passed. Everybody now has a right to live off everybody else. In the days of ox-carts you had to pay your debts. Now you can go across the Atlantic in five days. This makes everything different. Now the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all. Nothing reduces anybody's prosperity like paying debts. So the paying of any debt by anybody is a direct attack on the prosperity of everybody else. What we must seek is a free world, free from all those discordant notes which till now have made the whole human race look forward with terror and demoralization to the first of the next month. That is what we must seek, and to that great and lofty cause I here and now dedicate the whole remainder of my life.

Cheered by the applause which this speech will elicit, I shall proceed to Washington. There I shall be photographed on the steps of the Treasury with Mr. Mellon. No previous emissary from the St. Paul has ever been photographed on the steps of the Treasury with Mr. Mellon. But I shall come from Genoa.

Also there will be dinner parties given for me by the charmingest hostesses in Washington. They paid no attention to the woes of the St. Paul when forwarded to Washington from Minnesota. I will succeed in pouring into their ears all the woes of the St. Paul through my counts and princes from the Eternal City. Thus also, in talk after dinner, I shall for the first time get the woes of the St. Paul fully into the minds and pens of this country's most distinguished political writers. I shall for the first time make the St. Paul fashionable. I shall then approach Mr. Mellon and say:

"I suggest that the St. Paul pay its \$55,000,000 over a period of sixty-two years and that, instead of paying 6 per cent all the time, it pay no per cent at all during the first five years, and then one-eighth of one per cent during the next ten years, and then one-fourth of one per cent during the next ten years, and so on, until we come to the last seven years of the sixty-two-year period, when actually the St. Paul will pay 2 per cent."

"Why such terms?" Mr. Mellon will say.

"Why?" I will rejoin indignantly. "Why, because you gave those terms to Benito last time; and this time, with the St. Paul, he is much more bankrupt than he ever was with Italy."

"Certainly," Mr. Mellon will say. "I catch the point. What you demand is bare justice. You shall have it."

I will then give out an interview proclaiming Mr. Mellon's victory.

My accounting department has figured out what I shall thus save to the St. Paul by getting for it the justice that has been accorded to Italy. I shall save for it \$3,300,000 in each of the next five years and from approximately \$2,500,000 to \$2,000,000 in each of the remaining fifty-seven of the fixed sixty-two-year period.

Mussolini and I will then take a modest tip of \$5,000,000 apiece for our services; and I will then sell the St. Paul back to its original owners. I will sell it back com-

pletely restored financially and completely ready to confer abounding prosperity upon the great Northwest. By merely Italianating this railroad for a short space of time, I shall have solved the greatest industrial economic problem in America.

The president of the St. Paul, under my directions, will then do his best to imitate Mussolini in every way. He will take a reasonable part of the money which Mussolini and I have saved for him and will spend it on buying black shirts for his toughest employees and on giving castor oil to Senator Frazier of North Dakota and on assassinating Senator Shipstead of Minnesota.

As for me, I shall take my \$5,000,000 and lend it to the St. Paul at 8 per cent. If Mussolini can pay real interest rates to Morgan and Company after being rescued by

Mr. Mellon, the St. Paul can pay real interest rates to me after being rescued by me.

Then Dwight Morrow will ask to leave Morgan and Company and join me. Then I will dine with the President any time. So everything will all work out in a beautiful circle, and the St. Paul will be in as high society as if it were a foreign government, and the farmers of the Northwest will be happy, and I shall be fixed for life.

The only way to get ahead in this world is by lending a helping hand. The only way to climb upward in this modern changed world is by self-sacrifice. Just a little self-sacrifice by the tax-payers of the United States will make the St. Paul solvent and me rich and themselves prosperous.

Is there any catch in this argument? Where is it? I defy any really modern thinker to find it.

The Battle of Jackson's Hole

By STRUTHERS BURT

IN the extreme western part of the State of Wyoming, forty miles south of the southern border of Yellowstone Park and on the western slope of the Continental Divide, is a mountain valley, sixty miles long by fifteen wide, that is not only one of the most beautiful in the world but which, somewhat to its own surprise, is suddenly finding itself famous as well. For scenery it has always been famous: to the west are the Tetons, the finest mountains in America, not even barring the Canadian mountains; in the thick timber, north, east, west, and south, are a score of gem-like lakes—Owen Wister and Theodore Roosevelt have both spoken of this country as the loveliest Far Western country we have; for big game it has long been equally famous, as it is the home of the biggest elk herd in existence, somewhere around twenty thousand head, not to mention quantities of other game; but only recently has it begun to emerge as the battleground of two opposing philosophies, the field upon which will be fought the first serious conflict concerning one of the most pressing questions now confronting the American public.

The question is conservation, and its concrete aspect, in regard to the valley, is whether Yellowstone Park shall extend its southern borders so as to take in the Teton Range and its southeastern borders, so as to include the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and what is known as the Thoroughfare Country, the mountainous country, ridden by the Continental Divide, through which run the trails leading from Jackson's Hole to the South Fork of the Shoshone River and Cody. Both are comparatively small territories, as such things go in the Far West, and territories with practically no settlement on them.

This is no new question. Yellowstone Park has always wanted these additions and the incorporation of the Teton Range with the park has been recommended for years, notably by Mr. Roosevelt while President. The reasons advanced by the National Parks Service are clear and sensible, but to understand them fully one must bear in mind the history of Yellowstone Park itself.

Yellowstone Park was the first park planned, and the heroic little band of men who explored it and decided that it must be made a ward of the Government were exploring unknown and unsurveyed country. As a result they suggested an arbitrary oblong that did not take into account

several things: first, that the Tetons were a natural part of the park and supplied a grandeur of scenery otherwise lacking save in the canyon of the Yellowstone River; second, that the headwaters of the Yellowstone River were also a natural part of the park; and third, that since the park is a reservation and must be protected, its lines, wherever possible, should follow the top of a divide and thus simplify the heartbreaking work of the park rangers in heavy snow. At present the rangers face an almost impossible task, as the arbitrary lines take no account of canyons or swamps or impassable country, and all along the eastern border of the park and to some extent along the southern there are wedges, similar to those known in military strategy, where poachers can work practically at their own sweet will. Other reasons arose later. For instance, the headwaters of the Yellowstone are the breeding grounds of a special species of moose, and it is history that whenever these moose begin to get a really good start the State of Wyoming opens the hunting season on them and issues a certain number of bull licenses. Anyone who knows the country knows that it is populated most of the time by widowed cows.

These arguments, and many more, are so irrefutable and pressing that there would seem to be no two sides to the question until—as is always the case—the arguments of the other side are studied. Here a curious shift in ground is noticeable, and it is this that makes the problem no longer merely a local one but one of perpetual and spreading importance.

When, directly after the war, the proposed addition to Yellowstone Park—"park extension" it is now called—began to be vigorously pushed the strongest opposition came from Wyoming cattlemen and sheepmen, who saw a possible future range being taken from them, from the Forest Service, under whose control the land was, and from the State administration, which was jealous of federal encroachment. As time went on the opposition of the first group and of the State was seen to be largely fictitious. All the land under debate was already in the hands of the Forest Service, it did not belong to the State of Wyoming and never would, it had never been open to grazing and never would be. The presentation of these facts, however, did not in any degree abate the ardor of the enemies of the

plans. Through various permutations, through a process of elimination, they fell back upon what from the beginning had been their main objection, an inherent dislike of federal control and an inherent hatred of any interference with individual action—prejudices well understood and sympathized with by any native or adopted Westerner, but not always to be recommended without further consideration. The fact that the Forest Service already controlled the land made no difference; the enemies of the new plan were used to the Forest Service and by its very nature they could do more with it than they could with this new government bureau—the National Parks Service—whose objects, in so many ways, were different.

And there, whether the adherents and opponents of park extension know it or not, the question rests today. It is no longer an argument whether Yellowstone Park should logically increase its territory and rectify its borders, it has come to be an argument whether conservation itself shall be hampered or, even more, done away with. It is the truth that never before in its history, save at the beginning, has the whole theory of conservation been in such danger as it is at this moment. Anyone with knowledge knows this by reading between the lines of the proposed congressional investigation of all government lands. The attack has been gathering strength for some time; it is powerful, subtle, and dangerous.

Roughly speaking, the opposing forces line up as follows: In favor of park extension are probably 40 per cent. of the inhabitants of the valley and 40 per cent. of the rest of Wyoming and the Far West. Behind them is practically all the conservation sentiment throughout the country: all game and protective societies, all magazines and newspapers whose editorial policies permit of idealism, and every individual, in Congress or out, whose attention has been called to the question and who, provided his mind has not already been determined by other reasons, realizes the deeper import. Opposed to park extension are most of the Far Western congressional delegations, probably 60 per cent. in the valley, the State, and the remainder of the Rocky Mountain region, all Far Western sentiment of the "booster" variety, and much Far Western sentiment of the "leave-us-alone" variety. But not all of the last—not by any means.

The "old timer" is a thinker and he is where he is because he dislikes crowds, especially when ill-regulated, and because in a way he is an idealist. To put his position simply, he would much prefer no government interference whatsoever, but having for a number of years watched with increasing alarm the selfish, destructive, frequently idiotic advance of so-called civilization he is frequently not averse to employing any means to save at least a few of the more dramatic localities with which he is familiar. He is a rough and ready economist and an experienced man, and all the pamphlets in the world, State, government, or from local chambers of commerce, cannot prove to him certain things he knows to be false. He knows, for instance, that the Far West is a large and thinly settled country, and that most of it will remain so, and he knows that many parts of it have just three assets, and some parts only the two latter—game, scenery, and game. He knows that none of these thrive except where population is intelligently limited. He has seen the farmer come and be ruined, and, while running himself, ruin the natural wealth of the locality where he has settled, and he has arrived at the conclusion

that if man individually cannot behave himself sensibly then the government had better help him.

As to the inhabitants of the valley—and what they think is most important, since Congress would not act except on the assumption that at least a strong minority was in favor of extension—sentiment is so mixed and the causes for this mixed sentiment so varied that it is difficult to describe it adequately. It is safe to say, however, that the majority are in the position of the "old timer" elsewhere—most of them are "old timers," most of them are idealists. The object, therefore, of most of them is to save the country they love. There is little disagreement fundamentally, the disagreement arises as to method.

Personal points of view are frequently forcible arguments. Let me give my own experience, since I have been a resident of the valley for seventeen years. In the beginning I was bitterly opposed to park extension and remained so for some time. The country was getting along fairly well as it was and, being by adoption and sympathy a Far Westerner, I wanted just as little control as possible. Besides, I did not know anything about the National Parks Service and I had heard a good many untruths concerning its autocratic and repressive measures. That was about seven years ago. Meantime I watched my country and the advent of the automobile alone would have changed my mind even if half a dozen other factors had not been at work.

I saw this: I saw my country attacked by every known variety of water-power man, land-scheme man, and ruthless get-rich-quick man; I saw its natural and priceless assets sneered at and held in contempt, and stupid attempts made to level it down, of course unsuccessfully, but none the less destructively, to the common denominator of other countries utterly different in altitude and situation. I saw, each year, the increasing hordes of automobile tourists sweep the country like locusts and the gradual opening up of everything to them without the slightest perception of their own best interests or the realization that there existed other and equally important philosophies and vital, fundamental human desires. In short, I saw at work the old American passion for killing the goose, both spiritual and physical, that lays the golden eggs. The motorist alone was coming into the country because of its beauty and its peace, and yet everything was being done to destroy the very things for which the motorist was coming.

And while this was going on I was watching north of me, and more and more intimately, a government bureau at work on practically the same problems, and the more I watched this government bureau the more I came to the conclusion that, within its province, and with the exception of the Forest Service, it was the wisest, most far-seeing, fairest, most courteous, and unselfish branch of the Government I had ever seen; and, moreover, that it was not so hampered as the Forest Service; in short, it was the only branch of the Government, dealing with natural resources, that could take into account the wishes and necessities of every man.

Conservation is a large word and an ugly one, and, like all words, it was invented after the fact and not before it. As it is used in this article it first came into common practice about two decades ago when a number of disinterested men, led by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, began to see that a century and a half of wild and selfish expenditure of natural resources had come to an end

and that this expenditure must be guarded and regulated if America was to remain America and not eventually become China. But the idea of conservation has been in the human mind ever since the first man saw another man come up over a hill, and as population has grown the idea has become more and more clearly indicated. It has two sides: first, the necessity of conserving natural resources; second, man's belief, conscious or otherwise, that space, solitude, and fresh air, at least for part of the time, are necessary to produce men and women somewhere near his ideal.

Now, there are just two ways of preserving natural resources and the necessary space that man must have. They can be preserved aristocratically or they can be preserved democratically. If left to itself any forest will in time find itself non-existent, as are the forests of Syria today, and although solitude and space will come back they will be the solitude and space of a desert. In Europe this problem was settled, without any conscious thought or program, by the process whereby the powerful seized all the space and natural resources they wanted and the weak received none at all. The result, even physically, upon the population is easily seen. The upper classes of Europe are often magnificent physically; the lower classes are sometimes—especially in England—almost dehumanized. But, whatever we may think of the rights or wrongs of a certain situation, in America problems have to be settled democratically; and the problem of conservation, therefore, will have to be settled by government bureaus.

To settle the first half of the conservation problem, the half having to do with the preservation of natural resources, the Forest Service was organized. At the time it occurred to no one that within a few decades the population would so increase and invention would so hasten its movements that the second half of the problem, the question of solitude, space, and fresh air, would speedily become a pressing question too; but a pressing question it has become and to meet it—to take over what intervals of solitude, space, and fresh air had already been set aside and to plan for new ones—the National Parks Service was also formed. Between these two bureaus much of the history of the Far West must be written.

The Forest Service has had a magnificent record. Organized just in time, encountering at first bitter opposition, it saved the Far West, and today the Far West is unanimously its friend. But it is a "use" bureau. It was founded as a "use" bureau and it can never be anything else. In other words, any man who has a legitimate scheme—taking into account, of course, individual discretion on the part of the local supervisor—can put that scheme into operation on a forest reserve provided that he obeys the rules. "Individual discretion," naturally, is wide, but the Forest Service cannot refuse a legitimate petition and remain completely legitimate itself. It cannot, therefore, meet the second problem of conservation at all, the problem that has suddenly become as important as the first one, the problem that becomes each year more compelling as the pressure of life and population increases. Nor does this apply only to the Far West. Wherever there is any great scenic beauty and local conditions make such a step possible, this scenic beauty should be set aside and administered for the good of the people. This is not sentiment; it is common sense and good business and—a very encouraging advance—it is not challenged today by any but

selfish interests. Most of the land now controlled by the Government should be, and always will be, administered by the Forest Service. It should be administered, that is, as an intelligent business scheme. But some of the land, and a great deal of land not yet in government control, should be set aside to meet the growing needs of the other half of the conservation problem and should be administered by a bureau that is purely recreational in its intent. This recreational urge, this desire and need for solitude, space, and fresh air, cannot be assuaged solely by scenery or even by unoccupied land; it must be assuaged by scenery that is just as nature meant it to be and by land that is untouched by sawmill or water-power plant or the dust of herds of sheep.

Needs are needs long before they are recognized as such. There was need for the Forest Service years before it was organized, and at first, as has been said, its path was a rocky one. The National Parks Service is still young and in many ways its history is duplicating that of its older sister. Millions of Americans, although in their secret hearts they know better, are not yet quite willing to admit that scenery in itself is a business asset, that solitude is a necessity, or that land is good for anything but to grow crops—trees, grain, or hay—that can be cut down. Fortunately, there are millions of other men more advanced in their theories, and especially fortunate is the excellent feeling existing between the Forest Service and the National Parks Service, a feeling that has always been good, but which is now warmer than ever on account of what is known as a common danger.

Because of this common danger and because men realize with dismay a world that is becoming hourly more noisy and hasty and destructive, the eyes of all those interested in conservation are today turning toward this small mountain valley—this Jackson's Hole—where one of the first decisive battles of conservation will be fought out.

Body Beleaguered

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

Temple of God, in vain despoilers sought you
In that far house where pleasure was your master,
Before the image of an old disaster
Sped us abroad.

See to how stark a hiding I have brought you,
Footweary of your weight,
Divinest freight.

Here in our doubtful stronghold of the rocks
We watch the torn sky graying
Toward the equinox,
While distant echoes with autumnal baying
Scare us to cover like a frightened fox.

Now none heed
We share the portion of the starveling sparrow
Or, suppliant, crouch at the squirrel's board.
Oh further yet
Into what meager fortress must I bear you,
Ark of my cloudy and diminished Lord?

Negroes in College

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

THE trouble at Fisk University last year opened the eyes of many people. They realized that the problems of higher education were by no means confined to white students. Here was a Negro college where the students not only had no voice in their own government but could not edit a college paper, could not have an athletic association, and could not have any organization without faculty participation. And when the students openly rebelled, they were expelled and some of them put in jail. Since then Fisk University has cleaned house. The former president and most of the faculty have gone and the trustees are trying to rebuild the institution on broader and better lines.

But the sort of difficulty that culminated in the trouble at Fisk is found in many other institutions and this is true notwithstanding the fact that the American Negro is striving for higher education as never before. In the school year 1924-1925, 752 Negroes received their first degree in arts, 44 were made masters in arts, 4 received their doctorates in philosophy and science, and 6 were elected to the Phi Beta Kappa; while 395 received professional degrees. But this represents a minimum, accomplished through great difficulty and discouragement and is not half or perhaps a third of what the American Negro could and would do today if properly encouraged.

We may divide the institutions which educate Negroes into three classes: those which are taught mainly by whites but attended only by Negro students; those which are taught mainly by Negroes and are attended by Negroes; and the general educational institutions of the land. In all these there is today more or less ferment concerning policies and objects as far as Negroes are concerned.

The largest Negro university in the United States is Howard at Washington. The board of trustees of Howard held a special meeting December 10. Representatives of the General Alumni Association appeared before them and demanded the dismissal of J. Stanley Durkee, the white president of the institution. The trustees refused to dismiss him and bore testimony "to our confidence in President Durkee's character and purpose." The charges against Dr. Durkee as voiced by the General Alumni Association fall under the following heads: First, almost total lack of social contact between the white president on the one hand and colored professors and colored students on the other. Second, the attempted dismissal or forced resignation of the leading colored professors including Kelly Miller, the best-known Howard alumnus; George William Cook, who has been with the institution fifty years; C. G. Woodson, a Harvard doctor of philosophy; T. W. Turner, a Cornell doctor of philosophy, and many others. Third, personal disrespect toward colored professors; calling one "a contemptible puppy," kicking another out of his office. Fourth, as the Howard Welfare League has written: "The spirit of education has departed from Howard. Visiting the institution today, the investigator discovers a system of espionage. This is operated to defend an administrative corps which, having no fixed policy, is subject to frequent attacks by the instructors disposed to preserve the traditions of education. The system is financed by personal

preferment chiefly in the form of university patronage."

The board of trustees and the friends of the president declare that the alumni have not proved their allegations; of this the public is not in a position to judge. But certain it is that there is violent unrest at Howard and has been for the last five years. It culminated last year in a student strike and in a special meeting of the alumni during the summer at which the president was violently denounced.

Turning now from Howard, we find trouble at Lincoln in the southeastern part of Pennsylvania, an old Presbyterian school which has trained an unusually large number of colored men. Lincoln has never had a colored professor and never had a colored member on its board of trustees. For a long time it had no colored teachers. Then it began to appoint colored tutors and assistants and it even promised to allow representation of the alumni on the board of trustees. This has never taken place; and while the alumni from time to time have protested, they did not want to make trouble as long as the old regime of teachers stayed. When a new president was to be appointed the alumni insisted upon a voice. And then came the kind of thing which faces Negro education whenever it demands freedom. The white Presbyterians practically said: "We are furnishing the money for this school and we are going to run it as we see fit. It is none of your business whom we make president. If you don't like this kind of thing, support your own education." Not, of course, that they put the matter as bluntly as this but this is what they meant and it was this attitude which made the alumni hesitate. The trustees have nominated two successive candidates for the presidency. The first refused to accept when he heard of the opposition of the alumni. The second is considering the matter.

It is extraordinary that in schools like Howard and Lincoln it should be assumed that the parents of the students and the graduates of the school have no right to a voice in the policies of the school. Imagine such a stand at Harvard or at Yale! And does the fact that Harvard and Yale graduates are rich and able largely to support their colleges while Howard and Lincoln graduates are poor, create the wide difference in the attitude of the universities?

That the threat of withdrawal of support is no idle threat is shown by the situation at Atlanta University. Atlanta University has a distinguished past. It has had white teachers of eminence and learning. But because it was furthest down on the color-line frontier, it was compelled to take, from the beginning, a strong hand. It refused to close its doors to white students, it early gave the alumni representation on its board of trustees, it insisted upon social equality between the races within the walls of the institution. On the other hand, it held up high standards of scholarship, has always furnished a large proportion of the teachers in the higher public and private schools of the South, and was the first institution in this country to begin a scientific study of the Negro problem.

Despite this it has had a most difficult time in raising funds, and when recently Edward T. Ware, a young pro-

gressive Yale man, became president of the institution he was given to understand by philanthropic agencies in the North, such as the General Education Board, that if Atlanta University would surrender some of its radicalism and conform to their notions of what a Negro institution should be they would support it. But the institution has continued to have a free atmosphere and the voice of the alumni in its conduct has been influential. The result is today that Atlanta University is starving to death. Unless liberal Americans come to its rescue it cannot continue to do the work which it has done so well in the past. And it is this kind of fate that deters the insurgents at Howard and at Lincoln.

On the other hand, at Hampton the opposite policy has been pursued. Hampton has prided itself on its friendliness to the South. It has yielded in the past to practically every demand that the South has made, and while the demands of Virginia have not been as impossible to comply with as those of Georgia yet they have made Hampton decry the higher education of Negroes, admit colored men to the faculty with some reluctance, and carry out a system of racial segregation upon its own campus which brought annoying problems.

Despite all this and in curious contradiction Hampton has been compelled to establish a college department. The Hampton graduates, who have been in great demand in Southern public schools because the South has assumed they will be more tractable than others, were often unable under the old Hampton curriculum to pass the examinations. As a result Hampton has not only enriched her high school but established certain college courses and now offers a bachelor's degree. At the same time the demands upon her on the part of the Bourbon South have increased, and during the days when she and Tuskegee are trying to raise adequate endowment the "Anglo-Saxon" clubs of Virginia are demanding more complete racial segregation and separation on the Hampton campus. This cannot be granted without stirring up trouble with the students and alumni.

Most people hearing of these difficulties in colored institutions with white teachers immediately leap to the conclusion that the cure for all this is colored teachers and colored presidents. There are cases where the substitution of a colored president for a white president has brought happy results. But a colored president is no certain panacea. If we look at the matter carefully we will see that it is the character of the man and not the color of the skin that makes for success or lack of success. As a general thing, in colored colleges with colored presidents there is also unrest and protest because, for the most part, such presidents have not had the opportunity of broad education and contact and they are peculiarly cramped in their activities and growth either by the white philanthropists who are helping their institutions or the white churches that are supporting them or the white State officials under whom they work.

At Wilberforce, for instance, we have a church school dominated by the resident African Methodist bishop on the one hand and by State politics on the other. The bishop is a man of limited education and his idea of an institution of learning is quite as narrow as the idea of any bigoted white bishop. He has made his son president and the result is that through political manipulation and church domination Wilberforce has never become a real seat of liberal

education. It is provincial, narrow, and vindictive, without discipline or ideal; and no man of broad learning and forward-looking plans is able to stay there long.

Nor is this situation confined to Wilberforce. A young colored graduate of one of our great Northern institutions went to teach economics at a Southern Negro school with Negro teachers. He stayed a little over a year and resigned. He writes:

You know the superstitions and orthodoxies by which even the so-called higher institutions among us are bound; and how skeptical administrators—white and black—view liberal thought among the faculty. A liberal on the faculty of the average Negro college usually succumbs to his orthodox environment or leaves the class in disgust. Were the liberal individual the only victim, the situation would not be worth such serious attention as some of us think necessary. The fact of the matter is that the cultural development of the Negro people is bound up inextricably with the life or death of liberalism in the various universities and colleges.

In Missouri an attempt was made to reorganize on broader lines Lincoln University, an institution founded by colored soldiers after the Civil War. A graduate of Atlanta University was made president and began the rebuilding. He had hardly started, however, when the politicians, colored and white, camped on his trail and but for the vote of the white State superintendent of education he would have been summarily dismissed this year without a hearing. The action of the State superintendent delayed the matter and black Missouri protested so vehemently that Nathan Young is still working at his difficult job.

Let us turn now from the Negro colleges to the white colleges. Throughout the South and, with one or two exceptions, in the border States, no Negro can be admitted to a white college. This means not separation; it means depriving Negroes of the best advantages of higher training. The State of Georgia, for instance, spends \$655,135 for the higher training of its white youth and \$10,000 for the higher training of its colored youth.

In Northern institutions for the most part Negroes are not denied admission. Princeton, while it shuffles and refuses to make a clear statement, has never admitted a Negro to its college department although it has had Negroes in the theological school. Yale has never encouraged their attendance. Harvard used to encourage them until their number began to grow. Vassar has graduated but one Negro student and did not know it at the time. Bryn Mawr and Barnard have tried desperately to exclude them. Radcliffe, Wellesley, and Smith have treated them with tolerance and even cordiality. Many small institutions or institutions with one or two Negro students have been gracious and kindly toward them, particularly in the Middle West. But on the whole, the attitude of the Northern institution toward the Negro student is one which varies from tolerance to active hostility.

In later years the tendency toward hostility has increased. This is because of the overcrowding of colleges, which has made them seek for pretexts to exclude prospective students, and because of the increase in the number of Negro applicants. In cases where colored students are received, effort is often made to segregate and insult them in various ways. They have been forced to establish their own fraternities, and even when their fraternities are established, are of national scope and of good standing certain

universities, the University of Michigan for instance, refuse representation of colored fraternities on the Interfraternity Council.

Almost all Catholic institutions refuse to accept Negro students. There is not, I am told, a single colored candidate for the priesthood in a regular Catholic theological seminary and of the Catholic colleges only Fordham and Detroit admit Negroes.

In social affairs within white colleges discrimination has naturally been rife; for, first of all, what is a social affair? And what is social equality? Is it social equality for Negro and white students to sit in the same classrooms; or to eat in the college commons; or to room in the same dormitories; or to join the same clubs or fraternities; or to attend the class and college dances? Different institutions have drawn the line at different places. Williams has recently tried to force a colored boy out of its college dining-room. Harvard tried to keep colored boys out of its fresh-

man dormitories. Michigan asked colored students to leave a university dance.

But it was left for Johns Hopkins to carry segregation to its furthest extent. Johns Hopkins gives extension courses and one of the courses was chosen by the teachers of Wilmington, Delaware. Among these teachers were twenty-four colored teachers. Immediately they were notified by the authorities of Johns Hopkins that these colored teachers could not be admitted to the extension courses. All of the teachers, both colored and white, thereupon refused to take the course!

The whole problem resolves itself to this fundamental question: Do we want Negroes educated according to their ability and with the aim of making them independent, self-directing, modern men or are we determined still to educate them as a subordinate caste? Upon the way in which we answer this question depends our interpretation of the problems presented above.

The Menace of Mussolini and Horthy

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, February 9

WE have just had Mussolini's violent attack on Germany, unprecedented in its insolence and vulgarity in the speeches of men occupying such a position as his. It has been received with enthusiastic approval by the *Temps* and the French Nationalist press generally, although France has been just as violently attacked in Italy by the Fascist press and Italian ambitions are a much greater menace to France than any alleged German designs. Were the military situation of Germany still the same as in 1914 I think that Mussolini would have chosen his language more carefully, but it is easy to threaten an unarmed country. The bombast of the speech and its preposterous misrepresentation of the history of German South Tyrol and of the present Italian policy in that unhappy territory should not make us forget the open menace of war with which it ended. This man is bound to make war sooner or later, just as surely as Napoleon III was. War is the logical outcome of such a regime as that at present existing in Italy. Of the many existing dangers to peace in Europe Fascism is the greatest. One would conclude from the articles in the Italian papers that Italy contemplates war on France with the object of territorial expansion. That seems hardly probable, but one never knows into what act of madness men may be led when they are suffering from swelled head as badly as the Italian Fascists. It was an act of madness on the part of Napoleon III to declare war on Prussia, but he did it.

It is, however, more likely that Mussolini will prefer to attack a less formidable enemy. It is plain from his speech and from other Fascist utterances that the Italian Fascists have further designs on Austrian territory. Logically they are almost bound sooner or later to demand North Tyrol, for North and South Tyrol have been one for nearly fourteen centuries and the Brenner frontier is an ethnological absurdity as well as a crime. They have long had designs on Dalmatia, and documents which came into the hands of the Yugoslavian Government two or three months ago showed that those designs have taken

very definite shape. The Italian Fascists have also colonial ambitions and aggressive aims in the Near East. They would like nothing better than a war between England and Turkey, in which they could intervene on the side of England—for a consideration. Perhaps part of the consideration has already been paid by England in the shape of the extraordinarily lenient terms of the Italian debt settlement. Mr. Churchill, however, who dreams of becoming the English Mussolini, would naturally be inclined to give specially favorable terms to a Fascist government. The present British Government is a bad one from the international point of view. It hardly makes for peace to make concessions to the most aggressive and bellicose Government in Europe which, on the eve of a disarmament conference (which can be nothing but a ghastly joke), is spending every penny that it can afford or cannot afford on increasing the strength of its army and navy. By the way, the American loan to Italy has come in handy for that purpose.

The British Government is also doing its best to save the Horthy-Bethlen gang in Hungary from an international inquiry into their misdeeds. But for English opposition, France would already have broken off diplomatic relations with Hungary in order to bring the scandal of the forged French bank-notes before the League of Nations. And France is quite right in this case. There is no longer the slightest doubt that the Hungarian Government has, if not connived at, at least tolerated, with full knowledge of the facts, the forgeries of foreign bank-notes that have been going on in Hungary for the last five or six years. And what we should know is the political plot that lies behind the forgeries, for undoubtedly there is one.

It may not be amiss to summarize the main facts about the Hungarian forgeries, as the inquiry has revealed them. They seem to have begun about 1920, for the first forged Czecho-Slovakian notes were discovered in that year. From the first Nadossy, the Chief of the Hungarian Police, has been one of the ringleaders of the gang of aristocratic forgers. It was he who protected Joseph Pazurik and Meszaros when they were arrested in con-

nection with the Czecho-Slovakian forgeries and who succeeded in stifling the whole affair. Pazurik had had a checkered career. He was an Austrian spy during the war and then appeared in Budapest during the Communist regime as an ardent supporter of Bela Kun, who gave him some official post. After Bela Kun's fall, Pazurik went to Budapest and, by posing as a patriotic Slovak (though a Magyar, he was born in Slovakia), obtained from the Czecho-Slovakian Government, which knew nothing about his past, a post in the passport office of the Czecho-Slovakian legation in Budapest. He was dismissed when it was discovered that he had supplied the Hungarian Government with the names of victims of the White Terror, who had been given Czecho-Slovakian visas to save their lives by escaping from Hungary, and had got them shot at the frontier. He then took to forgery as a stepping-stone to a career in the Hungarian civil service. For, after the discovery of the Czecho-Slovakian forgeries, both he and Meszaros were rewarded by the Hungarian Government. Pazurik became a high permanent official of the Ministry of the Interior, and Meszaros was made a professor in Budapest University.

Knowing all about Nadossy's connection with the Czecho-Slovakian forgeries, Count Bethlen allowed him to remain Chief of the Hungarian Police until a few weeks ago. Naturally, Nadossy has continued his operations and counted on continuing them with impunity. Pazurik seems to have continued to help him, for the former disappeared from Budapest immediately after the arrests of the Awakening Magyars in Holland. Prince Windisch-Graetz seems to have joined the gang about two years ago.

Count Bethlen has now admitted that he knew about the French forgeries on November 27, when he addressed the letter to Count Perenyi, president of the National Association (the leading Hungarian Fascist organization), which has now been published. He went off to Geneva to attend the Council of the League of Nations without taking steps to stop the forgeries or discover their authors. In the middle of December the three men were arrested in Holland. After the Hungarian Minister at the Hague had vainly tried to obtain their release, the Hungarian Foreign Office telegraphed several times to the Dutch Government, completely covering the arrested men and asking for their release, which was not, of course, granted. The day after the arrests Nadossy himself admitted to Count Bethlen his own share in the matter. Count Bethlen allowed him to remain in office for a fortnight after that admission and to conduct the inquiry into the forgeries! It is only because the French Government insisted on his arrest that Nadossy is not still in office at this moment. Indeed, but for the fact that the Hungarian Government was forced to allow the French police to take part in the investigations, the whole affair would have been hushed up, as was that of the Czecho-Slovakian notes. M. Clinchant, the French Minister at Budapest, had almost to threaten a rupture of diplomatic relations before he could get Bethlen to do anything at all. It may be that Bethlen lacked the power rather than the will to act. Nadossy was more powerful than he. Behind the façade of the nominal Government was the occult Fascist Government, of which Nadossy was the chief. His position was much more important than that of a mere chief of police and resembled that of the minister of police under Napoleon, except that Nadossy had even more power than a Fouché, for Fouché had to deal with the great Napoleon

and Nadossy had to deal only with Admiral Horthy.

What were the political aims behind the forgeries? Partly, no doubt, the mad enterprise of further depreciating the French franc by throwing forged notes on the market, partly the desire to get money for the Fascist operations. There is strong reason to believe that a Fascist coup d'état in Hungary was planned and that the idea was to put the Archduke Albrecht on the Hungarian throne. He was the honorary president of the National Association, but resigned after the revelation of the scandal. It is, however, a very probable hypothesis that the aims of the conspirators went beyond Hungary. Mussolini had certainly been consulted. Ulain, the Hungarian Fascist leader, visited him in Rome and the Archduke Albrecht also went to Rome and was received by Cardinal Gasparri, papal Secretary of State. The Hungarian Fascists seem to have been convinced that they would have Mussolini's support in the event of their coup succeeding and that Italy would threaten Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia if those countries tried to intervene. It is also probable that one of the aims of the plot was the overthrow of the Austrian republic.

An inquiry by the League of Nations is necessary to clear the matter up. Naturally Italy is opposed to any such inquiry and it may be on that account that the British Government is also opposed to it. An inquiry, if it were genuine and thorough, might lead to revelations unpleasant to Mr. Churchill's Fascist friends. The Hungarian Government is doing its utmost to prevent investigation of the political aspects of the affair. Although the parliamentary committee was appointed expressly to investigate those aspects the government majority on the committee decided not to investigate them. Hungary is one of the plague spots of Europe and the present Hungarian regime is an abomination. It was never intended to be permanent, but England and France, for reasons that have never been explained and are probably not fit for publication, have never insisted on the fulfilment of the undertaking given by Horthy, that a plebiscite should be held to decide the permanent form of government.

If the Hungarian abscess is not pricked; if the present regime is allowed to continue, and ends, as it is almost sure to end, in a Hapsburg restoration by force, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia will not be restrained any longer. And, if they walked into Hungary, who can foretell what the consequences would be? It must not be forgotten that Hungary was admitted into the League of Nations only on an undertaking that there should be no restoration of the Hapsburgs. If they have tolerated a plot for their restoration, Horthy and Bethlen have violated that undertaking. The League of Nations has the right to inquire whether they have or not.

In the Driftway

THAT disorderly frump, Mother Nature, must have stared in amazement—and then chuckled—on the day she produced the Efficiency Expert. Ever since he has gone his humorless, brisk way, putting the world in order. His latest victim is the calendar. For the calendar is all wrong. Its months are of uneven length; there is no telling on what day of the week a date will fall; and the last four months of the year are numbered from seven to ten instead of from nine to twelve. The only thing one can do with a

calendar like that is change it, for it doesn't fit into any logical scheme of living.

* * * * *

JULIUS CAESAR is partly responsible for this state of affairs. When he arranged our calendar a couple of thousand years ago, vanity and family pride interfered with his efficiency and gave us July and August and a ninth month named September—but no solution for the real difficulty; the real difficulty lies deeper. In fact, it is the Universe itself which falls so sadly short of the expert's ideal of order. "Surely," one imagines him muttering to himself, "it must have been a slipshod Workman who neglected to make the lunar and the solar years match." Having complained thus he proceeds to correct, in so far as he is able, the grave mistake made some millions of years ago when God was young and careless. He proposes to divide the year into thirteen months of four weeks each and rename them. That would wipe out Caesar's bungling. Then he would gather the discrepancy between the solar and lunar years into an occasional homeless week between the years.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter is thankful for the carelessness of God and the vanity of Caesar. He sincerely hopes that this plan does not succeed. It would put an end forever to that delightful experience of five pay-days in a month. And even the bizarre effect of that nameless week could not possibly take the place of the present refreshing disorder in the length of the months. Worst of all, the first of the month and of the year would always fall on the same day of the week, probably Monday. The Drifter is overcome with weariness at the mere thought of such a monotony of Mondays to the end of time. How could art or conversation or any joy persist in such a world? It is irregularity that makes life interesting. But the Drifter is not really alarmed over the situation. He feels quite sure that the superstition concerning the number thirteen will effectively balk the plan. He himself is not superstitious about the number thirteen—he has passed on to more subtle superstitions—but the fact that few liners, even in this enlightened age, have staterooms numbered thirteen encourages him to believe that the Efficiency Expert will find it hard to make man live by a thirteen-month calendar.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Trusts and the Tariff

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On what grounds can free traders or protectionists explain the hullabaloo which many of them are raising over neglect to enforce the anti-trust act? Free traders know that trusts exist as a natural product of special privilege, including the tariff. They know that the anti-trust law is but a trick devised by dishonest and ignorant protectionists to divert attention from the tariff iniquity. When they demand enforcement of the anti-trust act they are not only helping the dishonest protectionist game but are in the position of knowingly prescribing a quack remedy for a serious disease.

As to protectionists, they claim to believe in the theory that the way to keep wages high is to help manufacturers to make big profits. On that ground they advocate the protective tariff. They further know (for some of the most ardent protectionists have cited the fact) that big profits in an industry encourage

investment of capital therein, with the result that increased competition lowers profits. And it may be added, must decrease wages—if the protectionist hypothesis is correct. To prevent this trusts and combinations are formed so that any effort to compel dissolution must necessarily neutralize the so-called benefits of protection. When Mr. Coolidge, or his Attorney General, claims to favor enforcement of the anti-trust act he must either realize the fallacy or fraud of the protectionist position, or that anti-trust suits, while they may cause some trouble, can do no real harm to protected monopolies.

An anti-trust suit when directed against a real monopoly, not some little unprivileged scapegoat, is on its face but an effort to prevent by one law what a stronger law encourages. Moreover, it is an effort to use methods which have failed to check even petty larceny—a practice which has no large gains to offer—to do away with practices which may bring to the one indulging therein the fortune of a Gary or Mellon.

If we insist on maintaining special privilege it is but waste of effort to endeavor to enforce the anti-trust law. And the more earnest and sincere the enforcer the greater the waste and harm. There is no method "just as good" as complete and speedy abolition of all special privileges. Free traders should insist on that fact. Six months of absolute free trade will cure more than thirty-six years of Sherman acts.

Baltimore, February 16

SAMUEL DANZIGER

Marriage a Financial Partnership

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group of influential college women in Wisconsin recently discussed a legal paper on Marriage a Financial Partnership, which proposed the following law:

1. The sum of the net income of the husband and the net income of the wife shall be the joint income and both shall have an equal voice in the spending or disposal of the joint income.

2. In case of violation of the above provision either husband or wife may appeal to the judge of the circuit court (or court of domestic relations). The hearing shall be a private one. The court may require a budget to be filed for the year, signed by both husband and wife, allotting the income into the usual schedules for family budgets, including pocket money for both husband and wife. Failure to observe the budget as filed, to a reasonable degree, by either husband or wife shall be cause for a decree of divorce from bed and board.

The advantages of this law over the voluntary contract proposed by Doris Stevens are, of course, that it would give a legal recognition to the wife as a partner, thus maintaining her self-respect; and it would furnish a legal remedy in all cases of marital unhappiness including those in which no contract has been made.

A judge of the Court of Domestic Relations in New York has recently been quoted as saying:

More than half the divorce cases that come before me arise out of disputes concerning money in the home and are occasioned either by the extravagance of the wife or the penuriousness of the husband. Almost all such cases could have been avoided by the simple expedient of a home budget, made out in agreement by the two heads of the household and administered by the wife.

The proposed law would give to the husband of an extravagant wife a more workable remedy than the present clumsy, public refusal to pay the debts contracted by her. Suits are now commonly brought by merchants, for goods contracted for by the wife, under the rule of the old common law that a wife is entitled to the "necessaries" of life. (It was held in Massachusetts that she was entitled "to the necessities suitable to the condition of a pauper and no more.") This rule has been

modified to the extent of a Minnesota decision which speaks of

the well-known fact that in modern society the wife as the manager of the household is clothed with authority to pledge his credit for articles of ordinary household use. But when articles purchased do not fall fairly in the domestic department or are not properly necessities but are excessive in amount or extravagant in their nature the presumption of authority from cohabitation does not arise. The term necessities, in its legal sense, as applied to a wife is not confined to articles of food and clothing required to sustain life or preserve decency but includes such articles of utility or even ornament as are suitable to maintain the wife according to the estate and rank of her husband.

This suitability is a question of fact for a jury, with all its nauseous publicity. Under the proposed law the husband could bring his wife to reason privately, with the aid of the judge—and the penurious husband could be likewise given a chance to reform.

Under the civil-law rule of community of property, which exists in many of our Western States, a wife has a certain recognition as a partner in ownership, though not in management, and a decision in the State of Washington says:

The conjugal partnership, though agreeing in some, differs in many essential particulars from the conventional. The former has higher and more important purposes, essential, in fact, to the welfare and even the existence of society.

There is now a Uniform Partnership Act, adopted by many States, which might be applied to the marriage partnership.

Sweden and Denmark have adopted a marriage law which establishes in principle the equality of both parties in a marriage and which expressly states that the personal work in the home, which is generally performed by the wife, shall be a contribution to the common support, and that the party which has no money, generally the wife, has a legal right to receive for his or her own disposal whatever funds may be necessary for general household expenses and personal needs according to current customs.

The most radical effect of the law proposed above would be giving husband and wife equal voice in the investment or other disposal of the savings above living expenses—how much should go back into business, into savings, into what investments. In some cases a wife's business judgment on these points might be disastrous. Often, however, she would counsel against unwise investments. Where a woman lacks business training this plan would give her experience and guidance by the husband, which might prove exceedingly valuable. In case of inability to agree, the court could always be appealed to as an arbitrator, or, if worst came to worst, the partnership could be dissolved by divorce, as happens so frequently already.

Madison, Wis., February 15 FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF

Labor Capitalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is unfortunate that Mr. Cedric Long may give the impression that Standard Oil, Kresge's, and Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company are examples of labor capitalism, in his article Labor Capitalism—Where Does It Lead? (February 10). Such an impression is created by a citation of the colossal profits of these profiteering institutions, with no mention of the nominal profits of the purely labor types of modern business, i.e., labor banks and labor insurance companies. The banks of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are limited by their by-laws to 10 per cent dividends. Other labor institutions, either purely or quasi-cooperative, have like provisions.

No one can object to Mr. Long's censure of the present drift of American labor into business, but one has a right to hope that Mr. Long will not contribute to the present darkness by failing to define terms and make important distinctions.

Certain sections of American labor are now bitterly fighting employer-stock-sharing schemes and employee-and-customer-ownership schemes, which Mr. Long seems to think are forms of labor capitalism. I am familiar with purely cooperative enterprises which have the approval of Mr. Long, and I cannot see that they differ in any particular from the cooperative enterprises which he chooses to call examples of labor capitalism.

Strictly speaking there is no such thing as labor capitalism. Capitalism has but one aim—the making of profits. Laborism has but one aim—the protection of human beings in industry. These aims are mutually exclusive.

Washington, D. C., February 8

M. H. HEDGES

John Singer Sargent's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A life of Mr. John Singer Sargent by Mr. Evan Charteris, Q. C., is in preparation and will, it is hoped, be published in the course of the year 1926. Mr. Richard W. Hale, of 60 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Sargent's executor in America, requests any who have letters written by Mr. Sargent, or other material illustrating his life, to communicate with him and particularly to supply letters, to be copied and returned.

Boston, February 2

RICHARD W. HALE

Russia's War Guilt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your article Russia's War Guilt Becomes Plainer in the January 27 issue of *The Nation*, I wonder whether you observed that I myself cited Von Schilling's "Diary" in my editing of the Russian Ministerial Council Journal? That I drew no conclusions from the Journal with reference to Russian mobilization was not because the document had no bearing on Russian mobilization, but simply because it told us no more on that point than we knew already. The one new thing that we could not have accepted from the Von Schilling "Diary," but which can be based on the Journal, is a fact relating to diplomacy, not to military affairs. No reliable historian could have based on the Von Schilling "Diary" alone the conclusion that a certain plan of procedure was the only diplomatic plan for meeting the Serbian crisis which was ever sanctioned by the full authority of the Russian Government.

There is so much difficulty in any case in avoiding the confusion of issues when the question of war origin is discussed that polemic writing in almost any direction is likely to lead away from the truth. They were all of them guilty enough! But the specific point which you make—that Russian guilt is made plainer than it was before by the document which I published—seems ill founded.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY,
Reference Librarian

Stanford University, California, February 5

[In our editorial of January 27 we stated at length the reasons why the minutes of the Russian ministerial council of July 24, 1914, help to make the case against Russia still more definite. The only point of importance in the full minutes which is not mentioned in the "Diary" relates to the calling in of the Russian money in Germany and Austria, something which indicates a strong Russian anticipation of immediate war at a time when the military and diplomatic situation was not at all menacing. In the light of subsequent developments in Russia and France it is now apparent that the Russian diplomatic suggestions to Serbia on the 24th were in no sense made in good faith, but were the initial stage in the diplomatic barrage under cover of which military activities were consciously and designedly launched which made any diplomatic settlement of the crisis out of question.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Books and Plays

Goats

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

What I liked best in Sicily
Was not cloud-making Aetna, nor the fanes
Of old Greek gods, silent in majesty
Of death, but the early fresh-milk trains
That come while borage leaves hold dew
And the starry flowers of lapis blue
Are wet with Night; herds of whimsical
Black, brown, and spotted grave she-goats,
With stare indifferent and quizzical;
Furry tassels dangling at their throats.
Nonchalantly sauntering to town,
They bite the wayside weed
With dainty, lip-selecting greed,
Skipping lightly to a wall,
Or even a house top, looking down
To mock with wag of beard the herder's call.
Through the narrow streets they pass from door to door
And full of sympathy for motherhood
Fill frothing bowls for babies of the poor,
From bulging udders, soft and round and good.
By the dripping fountain of the public square
Women wait for them, chatting the while
They squirt white jets through bottle-necks; a stair
Of stone one climbs to feed the sick; looking back to smile
A sly satiric grin of goatly guile.
Then all lie down to rest in a shadow place
Against a wall, chewing their sidewise cud
Till presently, with pretty mincing pace
They seek the mountain and the tumbling flood.

First Glance

THE history of mankind is among other things the history of those reputations which mankind has chosen to keep alive. We are familiar with books recording the growth and decay of legends built round the careers of persons who were interesting for their conduct—Socrates, Alexander, Caesar, Jesus, Charlemagne, Washington, Lincoln. We are not so familiar with researches made by scholars into the reputations of great authors. The materials for such researches vary, of course, in direct proportion to the length of time the authors have been dead; and it is natural that the earliest studies should have dealt with names like Homer and Virgil—the stories of these names throwing light in the first instance upon democratic sentiment in eighteenth-century Germany and in the second instance upon Italian superstition in the Middle Ages. As time has gone on, however, a richer field has been left exposed, so that Mr. Paget Toynbee, by following the vicissitudes of Dante's vogue in England, could write in effect a history of English taste. And more recently still the thing has been done by English scholars for English authors themselves. The reputation of Shakespeare, which would tell much, has still to be written; but that of Milton for more than a century after his death has been treated with illuminating thoroughness by an American student, Mr. R. D. Havens, and I remember that not the least interest-

ing portion of Professor Cross's "History of Henry Fielding" was perhaps the portion analyzing the successive opinions entertained of Fielding by critics and biographers.

Easily the masterpiece in this mode is Caroline F. E. Spurgeon's "Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion: 1357-1900" (Macmillan: 3 vols.: \$16.50), now made available for a larger public than the Chaucer Society for which it was compiled and by which it was published. Only those, perhaps, who have attempted similar researches will appreciate the labor and the skill with which Miss Spurgeon has applied herself to hers; but I am persuaded that anyone who opens the ample volumes, perceives their plan, dips here and there into the stream of commentary which runs from Lydgate to Skeat, examines the numerous facsimiles of manuscript pages, and happens at last upon the pictures of the Canterbury pilgrims by Stothard and Blake will be fascinated. And whoever turns back to Miss Spurgeon's introduction, in which she not only furnishes a key to the endless extracts which follow but suggests how upon them a history of critical taste and method might be based, will be made aware at once of the importance of all such studies. Miss Spurgeon is a little careless, I think, in her use of the word "evolution" to describe what may have been merely chances and changes in the career of Chaucer's fame—this, too, in spite of her advice to modern readers not "to feel that the way we regard an author . . . is the truest and only possible way he can be regarded." The first and last fact about Chaucer is that always, except to a degree between 1602 and 1687, he has been read; and the shifting reasons for this, while they are extremely interesting, do not necessarily indicate an evolution. But the story is told on the whole so well that Caxton, Thynne, Beaumont, Dryden, Tyrwhitt, Furnivall, and Skeat become heroic figures; and that is an achievement.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Glory Called Life

More Changes, More Chances. By Henry W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

"THE glory called life" and "the still, sad music of humanity"—in these clashing phrases, taken from the closing paragraphs of his book, we have the authentic interpretation of the man called Nevinson and of all his works. "In spite of all that man has done to strip the earth of her wild beauty," life is still to him "the vision splendid." His hope that he may live to write of the last twelve years of war and reconstruction will be passionately echoed by all who have the good fortune to follow the changes and chances that he has so enchantingly related.

With this, the second volume of the story of his active life, he carries the record down through the crowded decade from the close of the Boer War to the baleful dawn of the World War. The three mortal years of servitude on the *Daily Chronicle*, where his voice of reason was smothered by the unbending war policy of the paper, were at last over and he was once more free—free to go to Macedonia, which was then, in October, 1903, undergoing its customary "pacification" at the hands of the Turks.

It might seem that the spirit which ever denies had a controlling hand in shaping the career of this shy, self-distrustful, tolerant Englishman who hated war as he hated the devil. The former volume, "Changes and Chances," bristles with such titles as *The Thirty Days' War* (Greece-Turkey in 1897), *The*

Spanish-American War, and Ladysmith and Pretoria, while the present work carries him from the Macedonian massacres to the abortive Russian revolution of 1905, to India during the "unrest" of 1907, to Spain's unending, intermittent war against the Moors of the Riff in 1909, to Ulster for Carson's incipient rebellion, through the Balkan wars of 1912-1913, and finally to the seething streets of Berlin on the eve of the World War. But it isn't necessary to resort to a thaumaturgic explanation of this inconsistency. The spirit that denies is within us. It frustrates one desire to gratify another and stronger impulse. The dominating passion in Nevins was not, as he sometimes believed, to live out his years in contemplation, like the Hindu mystic whom he envied in Madras, nor, abandoning the life of chances and changes, to throw in his lot definitely with the men of letters. This temptation he resisted when he found himself wondering "if it were not possible to add the sharp reality of strong and active experience to the imaginative powers so carefully cultivated in the cloisters of literary seclusion." Xenophon was his ideal of life (though he was really far more like the much-wandering Ulysses), but it was the Xenophon who "stood among the soldiers whom he had succeeded in guiding through the center of unknown Asia and heard their exultant cry at sight of the sea." No, he could not rest from travel. He must drink life to the lees.

In trying to understand that crowded life of high adventure, admiring but misguided friends have described Nevins as a knight-errant. But he has never found it necessary to look for trouble. Trouble has never had the slightest difficulty in finding him nor he in recognizing it and making it his own. His motto might have been like that of a boys' club in Chicago: "As long as there's a boy in trouble, we are in trouble."

And so it was that, when in 1904 the Harpers offered to finance him for an "adventurous journey," he selected the Portuguese slave territories of Angola, West Central Africa, and the two cocoa islands of San Thome and Principe as the scene of his exploit. This, which Nevins characterizes as the main enterprise of his life, was, as he confesses, of all his activities the one that was nearest his heart. The story of his incredible journeys through the fever-infested swamps and forests of the mainland, of his dealings with the simple-minded natives and of the shocking cruelties of the slave-system as practiced by the traders and on the plantations, is told with simplicity and with graphic power. Stricken with fever and often in danger of his life, not from the natives but from the European planters and traders, he completed his work and managed to make his escape, returning to England after an absence of about eight months. He came back not as a conquering hero but as a sensation-monger to meet the chilly indifference of the general public and the active hostility of the Quaker cocoa concerns and their influential friends and newspapers and even of the Foreign Office. But he kept up the fight through writings and public addresses until public opinion and the government came to his support. The battle is not yet won; slavery and the slave trade still flourish in the Portuguese possessions; but its evils have in some respects been mitigated and the system is on its slow, reluctant way to extinction.

Once more the happy warrior buckled on his armor when in the course of the suffrage movement "women whom I knew—women whom everyone respected—like Cobden's daughter and Mrs. Lawrence, took to rioting and were sent to prison" and had foul outrages perpetrated on them by the police and by prison officials. How he must have hated it all—the disgraceful street scenes, the ridicule and obloquy—and yet how intrepidly he carried on until the victory was won! Here again we have the old conflict, the fastidious, hypersensitive nature, "averse," he says "from all contention," swept on by the passion for justice and decency. How deeply the iron entered into his soul may be gathered from the statement written six years later: "I account two days in my life as especially happy—one was that February 6, 1918," when the suffrage bill re-

ceived the royal assent; "the other, December 6, 1921, when I heard in Washington that the treaty between my country and Southern Ireland had been signed. But of the two the happiness of the former day was the greater, the relief and joy being almost incredible."

Despite his inveterate shyness such a man would make friends, for friendship is an art and the winning of a friend a high adventure. He found them under many skies—Tolstoi in Russia, the saintly Madhu Sudan Das and the invincible Surendra Nath, "the gray-bearded son of thunder," in India, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith in his own England—and by the subtle alchemy of understanding made them his own. Most of all, however, he was at home in the Fleet Street he loved and among the great journalists with whom he worked, and the greatest of these was the master, Massingham. Of all of these and of many more he has written engagingly, with rare comprehension and discrimination, giving us incomparable portraits of all the great figures that made and marred the time in which his life was cast.

Much has been said and well said of Mr. Nevins's literary craftsmanship, but there is art as well as craftsmanship in this picture of an era. We see, as in a vision, the whole process of our world rattling into barbarism, but at the same time we see it throwing up isles of safety for the generations to come, making spiritual gains to confirm our ancient faith in the capacity of our dull humanity to muddle through to a more secure footing on our slippery planet. This record, when completed by the third instalment of changes and chances, will furnish to all who come after us the one indispensable interpretation of the period closed by the World War.

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

The War Upon the Unseen

Microbe Hunters. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

IN this book, for the first time, the war upon pathogenic organisms comes out of the laboratory and takes on all the sweaty, vociferous gusto of a bout between longshoremen. I hope I am not misunderstood. Dr. de Kruif doesn't vulgarize it in the slightest. But he dramatizes it superbly; he converts its heroes from the cold, impersonal scientists of legend into brilliantly real and human men, full of the weaknesses that are in all the rest of us, and separated from the general only by the touch of genius. How does Robert Koch look to the world? It sees, I believe, only a beard, a pair of spectacles, and a microscope; the man might be one of his own tubercles. But in Dr. de Kruif's gaudy pages he begins to live and breathe; nay, to kick and yell. He is not only the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus but also the German patriot, and eager to floor Pasteur. He is not only a man of abysmal learning but also a man of gorgeous romance, with the dreams of a schoolboy and the high adventures of a movie actor.

I confess that this rescue of Koch delights me, for he is the only absolute genius I have ever had the pleasure of meeting in this world, and that encounter left me full of suspicions that the real Koch was far from the Koch of common rumor. We crossed the ocean together, and when the ship-news reporters came aboard in New York harbor I heard him tell them one of the boldest lies ever heard by these ears. It was so bold, indeed, that it betrayed me into violating the principles of a lifetime, and I gave him away. But mere lying, of course, is not enough to make me marvel; I have known three Presidents of the United States. What fetched me was the astounding contrast between the old Geheimerat and his wife. He was nearly seventy, perhaps five feet six inches in height, and so frail that he rattled in his tourist tweeds like King George in his ermine. His wife loomed above him like the Jungfrau above the Interlaken town-pump. She was perhaps twenty-five, and in the full flush of what passes for beauty among the de-

signers of Munich post cards. Her hair was a blinding gold; her sharpest angle was a lovely epicycloid; she weighed a good thirteen stone; she had been a star in drama with music. Both had been horribly seasick all the way from Cherbourg to Sandy Hook, lying supine in their deck-chairs like a yellow taxicab wrecked alongside a Corona. Yet the father of modern bacteriology stood up to the reporters, and told them that he had not missed a meal.

Such scandals, of course, concern de Kruif only incidentally, though he by no means evades them. The fact that Spallanzani was accused of looting his own laboratory of specimens seems interesting to him, as in fact it is, and he sets it down. Pasteur's shocking disregard for scientific facts, Metchnikoff's grotesque and wearisome attempts to commit suicide, Leeuwenhoek's squirrel-like hoarding of microscopes, Ross's banal poetizing—all these things go into his chronicle. He not only records them; he obviously enjoys them. But his main business is to describe the work of these men, not their foibles, and to that business he brings an extraordinary combination of sound knowledge and dramatic sense. A bacteriologist himself, he knows precisely what they were trying to do, and understands thoroughly the difficulties that confronted them. How they surmounted those difficulties one by one, partly by ingenuity and pertinacity and partly by dumb luck—this is the substance of his story. It is one of the most exciting stories in all the annals of mankind. No great captain in history, whether of armies or of industry, ever accomplished the half that Koch accomplished. His work was equal to a hundred Waterloos and a hundred steel trusts. Lincoln's job, compared to his, was easy. He brought into the world a whole series of new concepts, and all of them (save perhaps one) were sound. And he did all that with no tools save such as were available to any country doctor, and no encouragement save that of his somewhat bewildered wife—his first one, not the coryphee aforesaid.

The book of de Kruif is immensely interesting. The author does not disdain the arts of the rhetorician. He is not afraid of dramatic pauses and exclamation points. But his story is by no means a mere dramatization. There is a great deal of hard work behind it, a laborious inquiry into matters regarding which even most bacteriologists know little. It is an exhilarating and valuable contribution to one of the noblest chapters in the history of mankind.

H. L. MENCKEN

Twilight of the Demigods

Mr. Fortune's Trials. By H. C. Bailey. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

The Amaranth Club. By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

EXCEPT for enchanting apparitions like Mr. Bailey's Dr. Fortune and Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown all detectives seem to have left the uplands of godhead and fallen plump into waste barrens of realism. More and more authors are trying to make their gumshoe behaviorists act like gumshoe men in hotel corridors and private agencies, and as a consequence they are all as thrilling as plain-clothes men in "real" life. The twilight of the gods began with the second and third comings of Sherlock Holmes and the pedestrian detectives of J. S. Fletcher and the sleuths who have got into the bad habit of marrying heroines and settling down to the gumshoe business. Falstaff has given up his divine prose rhythms and talks like an old soak in a corner bar; and the latest children of Sherlock Holmes use methods approved by the commissioner of police.

It all began in the right method of great art with Messrs. Dupin and Lecoq. Of course M. Dupin may talk too well and M. Lecoq may have a wardrobe of disguises which would burden the most versatile character actor. Sherlock Holmes is a spectator of human errors and Father Brown is the victim of

a metaphysical idea and Dr. Fortune goes out in the best society. They are all demigods like Medea and Hagen and Othello, who never spout cascades of dulness like people in real life, but administer a legend peopled with demons and witches and a shining intelligence. They play the game for the love of the game and run down masters of crime as a knight takes a rook. The whole business is not a business but a maze like chess played according to a series of complicated moves and beautiful like the web of a tone poem. In a word, they are all artists, and not cops; and they care only for a crime unraveled like a problem in which the crook has to be captured in just three advances of the pawn supported by the knight and the bishop.

One welcomes Dr. Fortune as a return to the great tradition. He has wit and charm like M. Lecoq and is unique like Sherlock Holmes, who is the natural child of M. Lecoq. Perhaps in these degenerate days J. S. Fletcher's commonplace young men will be the favorites of the middle class, which just now wants "real" life and a love interest trundled into a game of high art like a perambulator substituted for the flying steed of the valkyries or a red queen in chess taken with the fine portly figure of the white bishop. Right now it is an age of proved realism; and yet Dr. Fortune may claim kinship with the immortals rather than with the grocers who weigh prunes on Main Street. His only error is that he does not go in for disguises and that he patronizes horticulture instead of injecting his arm with cocaine. He may outgrow these faults; and yet it is hard to complain about him when he is the only living detective except Father Brown who would feel at home with M. Dupin and M. Lecoq and the great Sherlock Holmes. It is not so much that he tracks down the murderer by one careless foot-print on the sandbag or that his methods of detection are more ingenious than Mr. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndike, who has science without personal distinction. It is only that he plays his gambits like the gambits of a work of art.

There would be no use in just anyone setting out to create a great detective, for as in the case of music and literature it always takes a first-rate mind to create a first-rate work of art. Every week whole bushels of detectives are loaded on trucks and dumped down like sacks on the heads of the public. All of them try, Oh, so hard, for some individual something marking them off from the herd. One parts his hair in the middle and the other is a professor out of a job and a third is a secret-service gent who claps a handcuff on the yellow hand of the Japanese peril. All, all are born out of an unnatural wedlock of Sherlock Holmes and M. Lecoq, and none except Dr. Fortune and Father Brown exist by their own right of substance. Were it not for these fascinating amateurs of crime one might despair of the age. Where even has there been another like Mr. Bronson-Howard's Yorke Norroy with a wardrobe as intricate as M. Lecoq's own and a disarming manner almost as capturing as Sherlock Holmes's refined accents? Where except for Mr. Bailey and Mr. Chesterton is the new genius who shall wipe the mire of realism from the gumshoes of his detectives and put them back in the company gathered in the halls of the elect?

DONALD DOUGLAS

Russian History

An Economic History of Russia. By James Mavor. Second edition. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$12.

A History of Russia. By S. F. Platonov. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THE appearance of a new edition of the late Professor Mavor's monumental work is an event to be hailed with delight. These two stout volumes, packed with an abundance of factual material relating to the economic history of Russia, have long been an indispensable item in the library of every student of the subject. The new edition, however, does not

fulfil the hopes roused by its publishers' announcement. One searches in vain for the additional chapter; a brief paragraph appended to the epilogue is all that rewards the utmost diligence. And while one may heartily agree with Kropotkin's criticism of Kluchevski—which seems to constitute the publishers' notion of a new introduction—Professor Mavor was himself so conscious of the extraordinary merit of Kluchevski's work that he has left Book I of the "Economic History" intact. This historical introduction remains a mere synopsis of the lectures by the late Professor Kluchevski which were first printed in 1883-1884 and of which the existing English translation is but a mutilation. The new edition is, properly speaking, neither revised nor enlarged; yet as a reprint of an extremely valuable work it was well worth doing.

Professor Platonov is specially recommended by his American editor as one who was devoid of "the preconceived ideas about Russian history prevailing in his day." Unfortunately the opening sentence of the English text belies this belief. That "the Russian state traces its beginnings to the ninth century A.D." is the fundamental concept of the Russian historians of forty years ago; it is precisely the ground on which Prince Kropotkin criticized Kluchevski. Professor Platonov, as a pupil of the latter, absorbed his views and, being a notoriously cautious historian, has been very reluctant to abandon them. Curiously enough, it is by reason of this fact that the first two chapters of this translation are the best; throughout them can be traced the mangled remains—the third English version—of Professor Kluchevski's "Course."

In view of the crying need of English-speaking students for a compact outline of Russian history, one is disposed to be indulgent to the historian who sees in ancient engravings of Scythians "the typical features of the Aryan race" and who thinks it important to record that Ivan the Terrible "took one wife after another," and to a translator who turns such phrases as "there was a grand fight" or "the great mass of common people lost out": after all, this book, graduating from the Russian high schools, is recommended only to American college students. But even the American college textbook has long outgrown a mere recital of events, arranged according to the reigns of sovereigns. In the present translation no attempt has been made to explain the sequence of events, to account for the phenomena of Russian life, or to relate the history of Russia to the history of Western Europe. Thus the explanation of the independence and prosperity of Great Novgorod is confined to a list of the officials whose election came to depend on the *veche*; of the rise of the "Soviet Gospod" there is no hint. Again, the *oprichnina* is presented as a mad freak of Ivan the Terrible; the role of the *boyarskaya дума* and the *mestnichestvo* on the one hand and of "Peresvetov" and the agrarian crisis on the other is ignored. Boris Godunov, the Troubles, the Cossacks, the *Zemski Sobor* (which the editor has oddly seen fit to call the National Assembly)—these and many other topics are left equally unintelligible.

The fault by no means lies with Professor Platonov. In the Russian editions of his work social and economic history is not ignored. But the English version has reduced the bulk of the original by a good half. So drastic has the work of editing been that one is driven to wonder why it was deemed necessary to retain any text at all. Had the material been boiled down just a little more, the whole of it could have been incorporated into the chronological table.

The sense of historical values is gravely distorted. What is one to think of a history of Russia which finds space to mention President Roosevelt and Grand Duke Michael but omits altogether Pobyedonostsev, Witte, Milyukov, Plekhanov, and Lenin? Of a history of Russia that devotes a page to the Muridists and treats of the Tekke Turkomans but mentions the Bolsheviks only once and has no word for the Cadets, the Mensheviks, and the Social Revolutionaries? Of a history of Russia which devotes twice as much space to the "family and court affairs of Ivan III" as to the revolution of 1905?

The book will be a bitter disappointment to the genuine historian. Nothing could be better calculated to stifle the present popular interest in history than to foist on an unsuspecting public such a text.

J. D. CLARKSON

Distinguished Minor Poetry

Those Not Elect. By Léonie Adams. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.50.

MISS ADAMS'S first volume of poems contains such richness in familiar varieties that one might succeed in defining her quality analytically, in many instances phrase by phrase, with quotations from songs out of plays by Ford or Webster, and from Herbert and Carew. One should not expect to find Miss Adams after 1650—nor before the lyrics in "The Broken Heart." Her poetry lacks the eighteenth-century interest in the object noted but not seen—

A pair of garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves

—and it lacks the line by line simplicity of the early Elizabethan song:

Pack clouds away and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow.

Her sensibility, metaphysical in Johnson's sense, has isolated a world somewhere between eighteenth-century decoration and the fresh intensity of a lyric by Thomas Heywood or Greene. For all her aptness in certain early sixteenth-century conventions—typically the subjective dialogue, in her *Death and the Lady*—the fusion of her qualities brings her closer to Carew than to any other poet. This, again, in spite of a Shakespearean idiom in some of her sonnets:

Since now most precious mines can give no gold
So absolute but it's made metaphor.

But Miss Adams, without any of the older classical machinery, more intensely visualizes and relates her images; she expresses herself in her best poems in terms of something impersonal and beyond conviction—an intense awareness of *things*. Her probing intensity is a little like that of her contemporary, Louise Bogan. Thus she does not exploit the extended intellectuality of Donne; her intelligence acts within its immediate problems. Her poetry is not an exhibit; it is quiet, serious, static. This last quality is a fixed relation between her and her world; she is not philosophically ambitious. "Never, being damned, see Paradise," writes Miss Adams in the title poem; it is the subject matter of all the verse in this book. Wit, or its current version in dandyism, is a quality that Miss Adams has rejected for a more serious irony; having accepted her own intricately derived world, she doesn't attempt to refute its terms. She is serious without an inversion of sentimentality.

Her irony designs the contexture of her perceptions; it is not a property.

Now is my very marrow gone to dreaming,
And I am stricken by its dream's precision
To live bewildered between blood and sceming.

Her poetry becomes purer, if less directly exciting, when this irony, nearly always introspective, vanishes in a strict contemplation of its "objective reference"—in an absorption in the object itself.

And if a lark shook out his wing,
That shadow on your cheek I found.

Now on dark wounds falls dreamily,
Like a celestial dew, the snow.

Some of the personal, aesthetically unresolved confusion of these two ways of seeing persists, and Miss Adams has written fewer successful poems than an adept artificer of magazine

verse would let himself write. Miss Adams is personal, meticulous, detached from ulterior literary motives; a distinguished limited sensibility, she is a distinguished minor poet. There are perhaps five poems in this book of almost ultimate perfection. But the many unrealized poems are honorably committed. She is conscious of a problem in poetic values, and her failures in integrity are worth considerably more than the neat reconstructions of properties into which several of her women contemporaries, after their first interesting successes, have been quickly diverted.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

Honest Liberty in the Church. A Record of the Church Congress in the United States on its Fiftieth Anniversary, A.D. MCMXXIV. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

A collection of sixty-two addresses, of which thirty-eight, with one straddling exception, deal with purely credal and ritual problems, entirely dogmatic and totally irrelevant either to honesty or dishonesty. The twenty-four papers on divorce, remarriage, the standards of the modern home, eugenics, and the Christian approach to the solution of industrial unrest should be subsumed under the heading Dishonest Liberalism in the Church. It is incredible but true that not one of the speakers faces the issues he discusses.

The Recent Foreign Policy of the United States. By George H. Blakeslee. The Abingdon Press. \$2.

Professor Blakeslee's account of American post-war diplomacy, originally written as a series of university addresses, is of the nature of a brief rather than a critique. Certainly it lacks the force of some of his earlier work in probing behind the scenes of secret diplomacy. Mr. Hughes could hardly ask for a more comprehensive eulogium upon his official career than these chapters afford. The State Department might well consider giving them wide publicity as an official version of its activities during the past half-dozen years.

Dynamic Psychology. By Dom Thomas V. Moore. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

Psychology. By Everett D. Martin. Peoples Institute Publishing Company. \$3.

Professor Moore in a well-written, well-illustrated treatise has attempted to link up a metaphysical soul-stuff with the findings of modern psychology. The content is from clinical observation, from standard experimentation, and from the data collected by the Würzburg School—those present adherents of freedom of will, imageless thought, and other survivals of scholasticism. The book is worth perusal. To phrase psychology in terms of the total going organism, or personality, rather than in terms of a combination of mere sensations and ideas is quite in point. The second book also draws heavily from clinical material and experimentation, but in quite a different spirit. Mr. Martin has attempted to coordinate psychoanalysis and behaviorism, and under his able treatment he has done much to correlate these two apparently opposite standpoints. This book is perhaps the best introduction to psychology for the general reader at hand. Certainly it is much superior for this purpose to the usual textbook.

Drama Oil and Vinegar

MR. MARC CONNELLY and Mr. George Kaufman are that oil and vinegar which have to be mixed for the preparation of a really satisfactory sauce. To the enormously successful "Beggar on Horseback" Mr. Kaufman's vinegar supplied both the acid bite of satire and the snap which no Broadway

success can fail to be without; while Mr. Connelly's oil contributed the suave fantasy and the soothing sentiment which gave the combination a flavor all its own. Since then each of these gentlemen has tried it alone, Mr. Kaufman with "The Butter and Egg Man," and now Mr. Connelly with "The Wisdom Tooth" (Little Theater); and each has revealed the fact that he would have been better off with his partner. The first play, in spite of its great popularity, is only rather aridly amusing, and the second, for all its delicate charm, lacks, I fear, the speed and the bite which would make it a commercial success. In the one play one misses Mr. Connelly's originality and richness of imagination; in the other one misses Mr. Kaufman's skill in play-building and one misses also the sharpness of his satiric thrusts. Of the two talents Mr. Connelly's has the rarer quality, but I doubt if it has the robustness necessary to stand alone in a commercial theater.

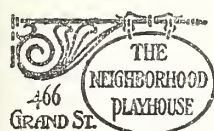
The new play is a fragile little fantasy, full of quiet humor and all but tearful sentiment. Its hero is a gentle-souled clerk whom life has cowed until he has become but the timid echo of the people among whom he moves, without a soul to call his own or an opinion to which he is willing to hold. Afraid of losing his job, afraid of being ridiculous, and afraid to recognize the worth of his own sensitive nature, he says "yes" to everything and everybody until a girl shows him his cowardice. Then he goes in a dream to find the self-reliant boy he used to be, and at a circus, where he stood up for his own belief in fairy stories against the scorn of a bully, he finds again his lost soul, waking with courage enough to lose his job, to reassert his own character, and to claim the girl. Like Mr. Connelly's former plays, the present one is marked by many touches of original observation and by a tenderness which suggests that if the dream form is enough to make one an expressionist his expressionism is of the sort which stems not from Strindberg but from Barrie. Again and again he wins the smile which brings moisture to the eyes, and he trembles time after time upon the edge of sentimentality; but there is a sincerity and a humor, very gentle but real, which save him always from anything facile or false. It would be a pity if the piece, in spite of an excellent production, marked by an extraordinarily sympathetic performance on the part of Thomas Mitchell, should fail to find its audience; but a play so continuously in a minor key has an inevitable difficulty in getting itself heard.

Mr. Belasco has never shown any predilection for minor keys, and his new production, "Lulu Belle" (Belasco Theater), is no exception to his rule. He has perceived the opportunity afforded by the present interest in Negro life and he has seen how he might make use of that interest in his own way. The play in question, written by Edward Sheldon and Charles McArthur, deals *fortissimo* with the career of a mulatto courtisan and her spectacular progress from a Harlem cabaret to the night clubs of Paris; but though its subject matter reflects the stir which has been made by little theater plays and recitals of "Blue" songs, it is Belasco through and through from the sledge-hammer emphasis of Lenore Ulric's performance to that ultra-realistic staging to which he has been so consistently faithful. There are five-story tenements with practical fire-escapes and real Negroes on each one; there is a real Ford driven across the stage, and there is the general atmosphere of a spectacle in the circus. There is no doubt that it gets across and no doubt that it will fill the theater for months to come, but it represents, nevertheless, a complete vulgarization of the material with which it deals.

"The Night Duel" is a simple-minded melodrama, employed to give Marjorie Rambeau a vehicle with which to open the handsome new Mansfield Theater. It is devoted to the thesis that "a woman has a right to commit any crime to hold the man she loves." No more need be said except that there is a villain who will put the hero in a sorry pickle unless this hero's wife will consent to spend a night in his house.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □



Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30
ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK
English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

Tel. Dry Dock 7516

☞ *The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.*

☞ *The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.*

—THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION—

GOAT SONG

By FRANZ WERFEL

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., W. of B'way
EVGS. 8:30. MATS. THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, 2:30

□ L E C T U R E □

THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL

A Course of Six Lectures

by CARL VAN DOREN, A. B., Ph. D.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.
On Thursday evenings, March 18, 25, April 1, 8, 15, 22 at 8:15 P. M.
Course tickets \$3.50 can be secured in advance at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission 75 cents.

RAND SCHOOL

7 East 15th St.

A. A. Goldenweiser
"Science, Morality and Progress"
Wednesdays, 8:30 P. M.
August Claessens
"Studies in Socialism"
Tuesdays, 7 P. M.
Joseph M. Osman
"Psychology of Personality"
Wednesdays, 7 P. M.

An important letter is in the mail for all readers of The Nation. If yours has not reached you, send your address on a postal card to

Extension Department,

The Nation,

20 Vesey Street

New York.

Red Canton

by

Lewis S. Gannett

in an early issue of

The Nation

The John Murray Anderson - Robert Milton School of the Theatre and Dance

Offers a Special Course in

PLAY WRITING

Conducted by

CHARLTON ANDREWS AND BERTRAM BLOCH

With Special Lectures by

M. L. MALEVINSKY
ARTHUR RICHMAN
DON MARQUIS
CHANNING POLLOCK

J. HARTLEY MANNERS
OLIVER HERFORD
LEE WILSON DODD
CHARLES RANN KENNEDY
AND OTHERS

The only school of the theatre in New York offering such a course in conjunction with its other courses which comprise: Drama, Dancing, Musical Comedy, Scenic and Costume Designing, Fencing, Diction, Pantomime, Opera Comique, Physical Training, etc.

The Course will include both Lectures and Private Conferences.

QUALIFICATIONS OF

A PLAYWRIGHT

THE THEME

ELEMENTS

PLOT FUNDAMENTALS

THE COMPLICATION

THE EXPOSITION

PREPARATION

SUSPENSE

SURPRISE

CLIMAX AND DENOUEMENT

PLACING A PLAY

The following subjects will be considered:

DEVICES AND CONVENTIONS

THE CHARACTERS

PLOT AND CHARACTER HARMONY

THE DIALOGUE

KINDS OF PLAYS

SELF CRITICISM

Students of this course will be privileged to attend rehearsals conducted by the directors of the dramatic course, including Mr. JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, ROBERT MILTON, FREDERICK STANHOPE, DAVID BURTON and JAMES LIGHT. The most promising work of the class will be produced by students of the school before the entire student body.

ENROLL NOW. Department P, Anderson-Milton School, 128-130 East 58th Street, New York City. Phone: Plaza 4524.

The Most Distinctive and Only School of Its Kind in America

Last Nation Dinner

March 18

STUART P. SHERMAN,

literary critic and editor of Books.

HARRISON SMITH,

of the publishing firm of Harcourt, Brace and Co.

AN IMPORTANT AUTHOR

whose name will be announced next week.

Chairman: MARK VAN DOREN of The Nation

"Is Literary Criticism Important?"

Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, 7 P. M. Tickets \$2.50 for Nation subscribers and their guests.

The Nation

20 Vesey Street

New York

Whitehall 7730

International Relations Section

The Slav in Macedonia

THE continued oppression of the Bulgarian-speaking population of Greek and Serbian Macedonia constitutes the greatest obstacle to the permanent pacification of the Balkan states. We print below the important sections of a report on the Slav population of western Macedonia which the Secretary General of the International Federation of League of Nations Societies, Professor Th. Ruyssen of Bordeaux University, presented to the meeting of the Commission on Minorities at Lausanne, October 27, 1925:

The condition of the minorities in the eastern part of Macedonia was settled in accordance with a report by the representative of the Greek Government to the Executive Council of the League of Nations on June 10, 1925, at Geneva. . . . The Council accepted this report and expressed its confidence that Greece would fulfil its obligations.

Much less clear is the situation in the western part of Macedonia, which was assigned to Yugoslavia as a result of the Balkan wars of 1912-1913, and still further enlarged by the Treaty of Lausanne. In reality, by the treaty of September 10, 1919, signed between the Allied and Associated Powers and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the latter accepted the general principles of the treaties on minorities which . . . placed the protection of the minorities in a large number of countries in Central and Eastern Europe under the control of the League of Nations.

The Yugoslavian Government fulfilled its obligations toward the Albanian, German, Magyar, and other minorities which live within its territory. . . . The case is entirely different, however, with the Slav minorities of western Macedonia. The Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes questions even the existence of such a minority, and pretends that the Slav population in this district is identical with the Slav majority of the kingdom. On the other hand, Bulgarians and the mass of emigrants from Macedonia living abroad insist that this Slav population represents in fact a national minority and demand for it the privileges guaranteed by the treaty of September 10, 1919. . . .

This short report, however, does not undertake to discuss in detail a complicated problem, which the passions of the parties interested have beclouded. We shall merely endeavor to establish some facts, as accurate as possible, on which to base a discussion, within, of course, the circle of this committee.

GEOGRAPHICAL BOUNDARIES

Western Macedonia obviously extends on the west from Lake Ohrida on the Albanian frontier to the upper basin of the river Strumnitsa on the east. On the north it extends to the vilayet of Skopie, and on the south somewhat lower than Monastir. Thus it embraces the central basin of the river Vardar and includes the eastern part of the old vilayet of Monastir. In general, Macedonia is a country poorly bounded, without well-defined natural frontiers.

HISTORICAL VIEW

History will help us to understand the character of the present Slav population of the country. Macedonia . . . has passed successively under the yokes of various masters. Nevertheless, it was Bulgarian for a longer time than Serbian. Serbia ruled here less than a century—from 1273 to 1350. . . . The Bulgarians ruled Macedonia from 914 to 1019—a date when the country passed into the hands of the Byzantine emperors—and later, for a second time, from 1196 to 1241. In 1356 the country was invaded by the Turks, and after a few years both Serbs and Bulgars found themselves equally subject for many centuries to the cruel Ottoman yoke. Serbia was politically reborn in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and Bulgaria

in 1878. But Macedonia remained under Turkey until the two Balkan wars (1912-1913) which brought about its division between Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece. . . .

RELIGION

But one thing is more important in Balkan history than political disturbances, namely, the religious factor. A Bulgarian autonomous church, with its own patriarch, existed from the time when the Bulgarians were converted to Christianity, in the eighth century, up to 1767. Its capital was Ohrida, with Macedonia under its ecclesiastical sovereignty. The patriarchate was destroyed in 1767 in favor of the ecumenical patriarchate of Constantinople. But when the Bulgarian exarchate was created by the *firman* of February 28, 1870, it was agreed that its jurisdiction should extend over the Slavic churches in Macedonia, if the clergy of this region wished it. . . .

SERBIAN ASPIRATIONS IN MACEDONIA

Another historical fact seems to be well established, namely, that it was only comparatively recently that Serbia began to interest itself in Macedonia. The traditional ambition of the Serbs was to attain the unification, not of all the South Slavs ("Yugoslavia") but to create a "Great Serbia," to include, besides the Serb kingdom proper, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and "Old Serbia," namely, the district of Prizren and Prishtina, which in reality are Serbian and not a part of western Macedonia. It was the Treaty of Berlin (1878) which, by assigning to Austria-Hungary the pure Slav population of Bosnia and Herzegovina, deceived the Serbs and turned their attention toward the south-east—to the valley of the Vardar, in the direction of Salonika and the Ægean Sea. Thus it is less than half a century since the Serbian and Bulgarian aspirations in Macedonia, to which the Greeks also hastened to add their own, found themselves at odds. . . .

THE FACTS OF THE CASE

If one searches for exact facts regarding the actual complexion of the Macedonian population, one will soon be convinced that statistics are as contradictory as they are numerous, and that they are largely compiled under the influence of national aspirations. . . . There is no doubt that on this question the opinion of geographers and travelers not belonging to any of the Balkan races has greater importance. . . .

One specialist in Eastern questions who has traveled up and down the Balkans in every direction, M. Victor Bérard, devotes a large part of his work, "*La Turquie et l'hellénisme contemporain*" (Paris, 6th ed., 1912), to prove the purely Bulgarian character of the Slavs in Macedonia and the weakness of the Serbian thesis. He personally traveled throughout Macedonia and established the fact that the peasants when asked "What are you?" answer "I'm a Bulgar." M. Louis Léger, professor in the Collège de France, the well-known specialist in Slavic questions, considers Macedonia "a land essentially Bulgarian" (see "*Les luttes séculaires des Germains et des Slaves*," Paris, 1911, p. 23). The French Colonel Léon Lamouche, who speaks the principal Balkan languages and who has lived in Macedonia a long time, considers that "the villages in the interior of Macedonia are inhabited exclusively by Bulgarians" (see "*La Bulgarie dans le passé et le présent*," Paris, 1892, p. 144). An Englishman, an authority on Balkan questions, Arthur John Evans, declares that the Bulgarian population exceeds in numbers all other races throughout Macedonia (see "*Macédoine telle qu'elle est*," an article published in *Revue périodique*). A German, Professor G. Weigand of the University of Leipzig, expresses the same opinion in "*Die nationalen Bestrebungen der Balkanvölker*," Leipzig, 1898, p. 192. Again, let us refer to the testimony of the Czechs Vatslov Vondrak and Vladimir Sis, to the Swede Jensen, and, in conclusion, the collective testimony of the Protestant Mission which, on August 5, 1913, in a letter addressed to the Powers, writes: "Macedonia is Bulgarian in origin, in language, and in customs."



"THE MOST HIGHLY PRAISED NOVEL OF THE SEASON"

says *The Saturday Review of Literature*

The Opinion of 24 Critics thus far:

"THE FINEST NOVEL OF THE YEAR"
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF ART"
—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

"THE GREAT BOOK OF THE SEASON"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"ONE OF THE NOTABLY IMPORTANT
CONTRIBUTIONS OF THIS CENTURY
TO THE ENGLISH NOVEL."—*N. Y. Times*

NO MORE PARADES

by FORD MADDOX FORD

4th large printing—\$2.50

Albert & Charles Boni—66 Fifth Avenue, New York

NIAGARA IN POLITICS

By JAMES MAVOR, late of Toronto

The object of this most timely book is scarcely so much to discuss government operation of a public utility, as to show the effect which the combination of an economic monopoly and political power will certainly have upon the industrial life of a state. Wherefore it is a book of the keenest interest to every voter in New York. Price, \$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

"SEIFFERS" CHOICE BOOK (Published at \$1.25 to \$2.00.) OUR PRICE 75c
BARGAINS ALL NEW AND PERFECT 3 for \$2.00 Postpaid

POETRY AND DRAMA

BANNERS, Babette Deutsch. 49 Poems, including *The Nation's* 1926 Prize Poem.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF FESTUS, Conrad Aiken. An Odyssey of the soul of modern man.

PUNCH, THE IMMORTAL LIAR, Conrad Aiken.

A PUSH CART AT THE CURB, Poems by John Dos Passos.

STARVED ROCK, Poems by Edgar Lee Masters.

THE OPEN SEA, Edgar Lee Masters.

LOVEPOEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, D. H. Lawrence.

KOSSOVO, Heroic songs of the Serbs. Introd. by Maurice Baring.

SKETCH BOOK OF A CADET FROM GASCONY, J. W. Bellah. Won the Alfred A. Knopf 1923 prize poem.

COBBLESTONES, David Sentner. Winner of the Knopf 1921 prize poem.

IN EXILE, Poems by John Cournos.

CACTUS CENTER, Poems by Arthur Chapman.

ECHOES AND REALITIES, Poems by Walter Prichard Eaton.

SKEPTICISMS, Conrad Aiken. Hailed as the finest book of Criticism on Poetry America has produced.

WALTZ OF THE DOGS, Andreyev. His brilliant posthumous play.

MOLIERE, Philip Moeller. A brilliant satiric play.

SOPHIE, Philip Moeller. A play of a brilliant actress and her life.

PLAYS OF PROTEST, Upton Sinclair. Including Prince Hagen, etc.

THE MACHINE WRECKERS, Ernest Toller. A play of tremendous power produced by Reinhardt.

(Send for our Bargain Book Catalogues)

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, 832 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C.

When writing to advertisers, please mention *The Nation*

1468



1926

OXFORD BOOKS

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE
Chosen and Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

"It is filled with good things, old friends and new, and everywhere gives evidence of the fine discrimination that the editor showed in his Book of English Verse. It has a real place; it is a book to have at one's bedside or for rainy days, not a collection of specimens for tracing the development of prose or for studying individual writers, but for delight, for the sheer joy of reading alluring or interesting bits of prose, many of which are all too little known."—*Professor H. D. Havens (Caroline Donovan Professor of English Literature)*. Price, net, cloth, \$3.75; India paper, cloth, \$4.25.

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE

A study of Keats' Poetic Life from 1816 to 1820

By J. Middleton Murry

"Seldom enough does a critical study come into our hands so full of eagerness and life that we are anxious to delay not a moment before imparting the news of it to the world of readers. Mr. Murry's new book, however, is undeniably such a study."—*New York Times*. Price, net, \$4.75.

THE USAGES OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

By H. W. Horwill

"Herbert W. Horwill has opened a broad road through a constitutional region which no previous writer has so systematically explored. . . . It fills an important place."—*New York Times*. Price, net, \$3.50

THE LIFE OF HENRY HOWARD MOLYNEUX HERBERT

Fourth Earl of Carnarvon, 1831-1890

By the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Hardinge

Edited by Elizabeth, Countess of Carnarvon

The Fourth Earl of Carnarvon took a large share in the shaping of the Colonial Empire. This book gives a contemporary account of the growth of the British Commonwealth. In three volumes. Price, net, \$21.00.

SPIRITUAL VALUES IN ADULT EDUCATION

By Basil A. Yeaxlee

These volumes comprise the most detailed study of Adult Education which has yet been made. Two volumes. Price, net, \$8.75.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1066-1874

By Charlotte M. Waters

"The plan in this book is to take pictures of our nation at intervals of about 200 years, noting the changes and trying to see what has brought them about." Price, net, \$3.25.

THE SELBORNE MEMORANDUM

With an Introduction by Basil Williams

The Selborne Memorandum is one of the most important documents in the history of South African Union; the introduction presents it in its right place and gives it its proper importance as one of the factors which helped the final achievement. Price, net, \$2.50.

SOME SAYINGS OF THE BUDDHA

According to the Pali Canon. Translated by F. L. Woodward. This collection contains passages from the Buddhist Canon illustrating the life, doctrine, and achievement of the Buddha. Price, net, cloth, \$1.75; leather, \$2.50

THE GLORY OF GOD

Three Lectures. By I. Abrahams

"Mr. I. Abrahams treats 'The Glory of God' in three aspects, natural, Messianic and pragmatic. . . . These studies are of interest not only to the Jews, but to all students of the Old Testament."—*Boston Transcript*. Price, net, \$1.25.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH

NEW YORK

A SERBIAN DOCUMENT

Nevertheless this testimony does not exhaust the subject. The Serbs do not deny that the Macedonian Slavs call themselves Bulgarians by name, but they maintain that this nomenclature by no means signifies consciousness of a national unity. One of the best-known defenders of the Serbian cause, M. Gopchevich (in "Macedonien und Altserbien," Vienna, 1889), explains that the Macedonian Slavs systematically avoided calling themselves Serbs in order to avert the hatred of the Turks, who saw in the Serbs their bitterest enemies. Because of this simple precaution the Slavs of Macedonia adopted the name of a Mongolian horde which arrived in the peninsula in the seventh century, a hundred years after the Slavs, but which entirely blended with their Slav predecessors, leaving no trace in the land except their name. And so the Slavs of what is now Macedonia unconsciously make a mistake in calling themselves Bulgarians. This argument is well grounded in part. It is true that the name Bulgarian is not at all Slavic, but is the name of an Urgo-Finnish horde which crossed the Danube in the seventh century and penetrated into the Balkan Peninsula, where they found Slavs already established, by whom they themselves were assimilated. And even today ethnographers discover in the Bulgarians physiological traits which are characteristic of other Turanian races—the Hungarians and the Turks. But this appeal to remote history undoubtedly carries little weight, as it is proved that the Slavs in Macedonia really believe that they differ from the Serbs and energetically insist on their Bulgarian character and demand that, as such, they be treated as a racial minority.

THE LINGUISTIC DISPUTE

Another very active dispute—the linguistic—has arisen between the protagonists of the Serbian and of the Bulgarian contentions. The Serbians claim that the Bulgarian language is a variety of the Yugoslavian language—barely distinguishable from it. The Bulgarian thesis, on the contrary, maintains the original character of the language of the Macedonian Slavs. The truth is that both languages originated from one and the same source—the old Slavonic language, which the Slavs settled in Macedonia spoke before the coming of the Bulgarians. . . . The Bulgarian and Serbian languages have been developing in different directions since the Middle Ages. Serbian, deprived of the definite articles, was compelled to use declensions, and remained, like the Russian, synthetic, while Bulgarian adopted the definite articles and used prepositions, as is the case with Romance languages. . . . The Macedonian dialects, because of these same peculiarities, are clearly connected with the Bulgarian language.

CULTURE

On the other hand, the Serbian contention seems to be upheld by the fact that almost all literary relics in Macedonia are Serbian. . . . The author of this report has not the data to express a dogmatic opinion upon so complicated a question. . . .

The writer cannot refrain from expressing his impressions: First that the majority of non-Slavic authorities whom he consulted *categorically state that there exists a real difference between the Macedonian Slavs and the Slavs in Serbia*. In view of this, then, the Macedonian Slavs are proved to represent a national minority. At the same time the author has the feeling, which he shares with others, that this difference, however real, is not such as to prevent the relatively easy and speedy rapprochement of the Serbian and Bulgarian elements; neither in type, in languages, institutions, nor in culture are they fundamentally different. So that, in reality, Serbs and Bulgars are varieties of the great South-Slav family, united, at least in part, by a common religion. Under these circumstances, a rapprochement would not be impossible, which would one day bring about assimilation, if both sides made a serious effort of good-will.

On the one hand, it is natural that the Government of the

Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes should be disturbed by the course which Macedonian propaganda often takes. Certain organizations, usually with their headquarters abroad, carry on a purely revolutionary propaganda. The very memorandum addressed to the League of Nations by the representatives of the Slavic minorities in Macedonia, dated September 18, 1924, admits the existence of this revolutionary movement and tries to justify it to a certain extent by the cruel conduct of the Yugoslav Government. However, it is contrary both to the spirit and the letter of the treaties on minorities, which cannot be applied except to minorities which have not broken their loyalty to the states to which they belong. It is not through revolutionary procedure that the Macedonian Slavs will win the good-will of the Belgrade Government.

On the other hand, once it is proved that the Bulgarian institutions in Macedonia—churches, monasteries, schools, gymnasias, etc.—have been closed, and that the Macedonian children (as the memorandum addressed to the League maintains) are compelled to go to Serbian schools, we would be justified in considering that such procedure, too, is no more in accordance with the letter or the spirit of the treaties of 1919, which provided specific regulations to insure the welfare and security of those inhabitants who are nationals of other governments.

It is our duty to make note of the fact that no complaint has reached the committee directly from the Slavic elements of Macedonia who live in the region itself. The complaints, memoranda, and documents have come exclusively from emigrants, the greater part of whom are refugees in Bulgaria, and it is natural that the Serbs should deny the value of such testimony. . . . On the other hand, the number of refugees is so considerable that it is difficult to ascribe to them exclusively political and revolutionary motives. A great number of these refugees appear to be simple peasants, who wish nothing better than to go back to their own fatherland. . . . It is here that a state of affairs appears which is muddled, cruel, and dangerous, to which the committee should certainly call the attention of the governments interested and of the League of Nations.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON has illustrated most of his own books, including "The Story of Mankind."

STRUTHERS BURT is part owner of a ranch in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. He wrote "The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler" and other novels.

JESSICA NELSON NORTH is a Chicago poet.

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, editor of the *Crisis*, has been on the faculty of Atlanta University.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD has been a lawyer in Portland, Oregon. His books include "The Poet in the Desert" and "Circe."

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY was for many years dean of the law school of Columbia University.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury*.

DONALD DOUGLAS wrote "The Grand Inquisitor."

J. D. CLARKSON is a member of the department of history at the College of the City of New York.

ALLEN TATE was editor of the *Fugitive*.

NOTE: E. Carleton MacDowell is investigator at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, not director of the biological laboratory there, as he was incorrectly described in *The Nation* for February 17.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1926

No. 3166

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	243
EDITORIALS:	
Housing the People.....	246
The Rising Tide of Prejudice.....	247
The New Stage-Craft.....	247
For Whose Benefit.....	248
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	249
FINANCING ITALY'S MADNESS. By James Murphy.....	250
FREE SPEECH IN CHINA. By Harry F. Ward.....	253
COOKING WITHOUT A COOKBOOK. My Margarete Munsterberg.....	255
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	256
CORRESPONDENCE	257
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
I Shall Know. By Eda Lou Walton.....	258
Trotsky on Great Britain. By J. Ramsay MacDonald.....	258
Plastic Form. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	259
The Ready-Made Man. By Woodbridge Riley.....	259
A Modern Confession. By Clifton P. Fadiman.....	260
A Theory of Language. By Kuno Francke.....	261
Labor Economics. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	261
Toward an Understanding of Youth. By Lorine Pruette.....	261
Books in Brief.....	262
Drama: Three Bad Plays. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	262
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Portugal's African Slave States. By Albin E. Johnson.....	264
A "United Front" in the Philippines.....	266

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

"MELLON SEES LITTLE DANGER of '27 Deficit"—thus a headline in the press of February 28. Less than three weeks ago he declared that if the bill passed with a cut much above the one he desired (\$330,000,000) there would be a "serious Treasury deficit." At the same time the House leaders, according to a dispatch of February 11 to the *New York Times*, "served notice that the tax reductions must not exceed the total of \$327,000,000." Well, the President has signed the tax bill with a cut of \$387,000,000 and everybody is happy except that the President warns Congress that it must be good or it will spend \$100,000,000 more than our income. Why should Congress pay any attention to that warning if the Secretary of the Treasury, after declaring that he will not permit more of a tax cut than \$327,000,000, accepts \$387,000,000? As a matter of fact, Mr. Mellon is the world's worst guesser when it comes to Treasury estimates. Thus for 1922 he guessed a deficit of \$24,000,000 and for 1923 a deficit of "over \$167,000,000." In his annual report for 1923 he even declared that there was an estimated deficit of \$822,000,000 at the beginning of the fiscal year. As it happened there was a surplus for 1922 of \$314,000,000 and for 1923 a surplus of \$310,000,000. Mr. Mellon's guess for 1923 having been thus only \$1,132,000,000 out of the way! For 1924 his guess was \$180,000,000 surplus; actually it turned out to be \$505,000,000. But who cares now what Mr. Mellon guesses or if he directly contradicts his beloved President? No one objects to this looseness of financial

government if he can get his taxes cut, least of all the twenty-two multi-millionaires who, according to Basil Manly of the Peoples' Legislative Service, will save no less than \$11,658,571 in income taxes by the signing of this tax bill. Poor, dear Mr. Mellon himself *saves* \$823,348. Why should he worry if Congress has gone further than he wished and his guesses are always wrong?

IF THE ALUMINUM COMPANY of America is ever brought to book it will be marvelous indeed. Not only has the Attorney General ruled that the Aluminum Company has evaded no law, but on February 26 the Senate by a vote of 36 to 33 refused to adopt the majority report of its Judiciary Committee criticizing the Department of Justice for inaction and censuring the Attorney General for his ignorance concerning the litigation. As has happened on other occasions, the motion was lost by the defection of Democrats, Bruce of Maryland and Blease of South Carolina. Three others were absent, Shipstead because of illness. Had these five voted aye, as there was every reason to expect, the motion would have passed. It has now been officially stated that Secretary Mellon, instead of being a majority stockholder, owns only 16 per cent of the company. But the fact remains that the Federal Trade Commission has reported that the Aluminum Company is a flagrant lawbreaker. If there is any further evidence needed of this, let us quote the following from the *New York Herald Tribune* apropos of the Federal Trade Commission's further inquiry into this trust:

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 17.—As complete a control of a single industry, in this case the manufacture of aluminum, as ever has been known in the history of the world is expected to be shown when probably 750 pieces of correspondence between the Aluminum Company of America and independent manufacturers are revealed to the public, probably about the middle of April.

And it is the *Herald Tribune* itself which has been so ardent in its defense of this trust.

SENATORS BORAH AND REED began their attack upon our adherence to the World Court, in Chicago, amid much red fire and attended by a procession of 3,000 automobiles which covered thirty-five miles. The first result has been that Senator McKinley has come running to the White House demanding aid to protect him from the onslaughts of these gentlemen who have marked him for slaughter in the April primaries when he comes up for renomination. The White House itself is adhering to its rule of playing safe and not going to the rescue of endangered vassals, but in this case it is "understood" that important officials will be dispatched to speak in Illinois. The most interesting question in regard to this militancy of Senator Borah is whether it will encourage him sufficiently to make him an open aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination against Mr. Coolidge. It is well known in Washington that Senator Couzens has offered to back Senator Borah financially. Few of the Washington newspaper fraternity believe that Senator Borah will finally decide to challenge the President, with the latter's control of the official machinery and his ability to pocket the Southern

Negro delegations. Yet it would be most refreshing if Mr. Borah should decide to fight it out in the primaries, if only because we should then once more have a first-rate intellect in search of the Presidency and a man who could reveal most damaging secrets of the political charnel house if he wished to do so.

IF WE ARE TO RUN CRYING to the federal government every time we get a bump or a fright, we may as well abandon local government—and thus largely self-government—in this country. The federal government is far too ready to intrude in local spheres as it is; it does not need any urging. Hence we regret the extraordinary request that the Better Government Association of Chicago has made for a congressional investigation into crime in that city. To what end? The Congress could do little or nothing, as it has virtually no jurisdiction over any of the crime from which Chicago is suffering, except violation of the liquor laws. We can well believe that conditions are bad in Chicago and that part, at least, of the local administration is in league with the criminal element. But either Chicago can save itself or it is not worth saving. It is babyish for any of its citizens to run whining to Washington for assistance. We like better the report on crime of a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce which recommends action by the State—the proper authority to deal with the matter. The committee says, sensibly, that improvement should be sought by better administration, not by more laws, and suggests an association of private citizens to help bring this about. Governor Smith of New York is recommending a State inquiry into crime, but it remains to be shown whether such action would be anything but a moral gesture and a sea of words.

WE MAY BE ENJOYING an era of unbounded prosperity, but the unending warfare between capital and labor does not appreciably abate. The armistice in anthracite is followed by three outbreaks in the garment trades in the New York district. Twenty-six thousand members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union were ready to call a strike in 1,000 shops, their employers were ready to bring an injunction against them, when Judge Joseph M. Proskauer stepped in and succeeded in effecting a temporary settlement. The fur workers in New York are on strike for a forty-hour week and for a plan by which employers are asked to keep the full force on the pay roll during slack seasons. Instead of laying off one man entirely and keeping another man on at full time—the strikers demand that both men be kept on at half time—or whatever ratio the exigencies of the situation require. This may not make for more operating efficiency, but it certainly means less human waste and hardship. Finally, in Passaic, New Jersey, the textile workers have tied up the worsted mills in an endeavor to secure shorter hours, better working conditions, and increased wages.

JUST AS WILSON'S place in history will be determined chiefly by the fate of the League of Nations that of Briand will be fixed by the results of the treaties of Locarno. So far as the rest of his career goes Briand has been little more than an average old-school politician. He does not pretend to be a financier and is contributing no ideas of his own to the terribly difficult problem now before France of keeping out of bankruptcy. But at Lo-

carno he seemed to have attained for himself, and to inject into others, a new political spirit—one supremely needed in Europe today. He has revealed the same qualities in the debates in the French Parliament on the ratification of the Locarno agreements. In the United States oratory has fallen into disuse, not to say disrespect. In France it still survives and Briand is one of its prophets. When he talks of the spirit and aims of Locarno he says things to which his countrymen and all Europe may well give ear. But mere oratory is not enough; Briand has yet to show the world how much he personally will dare and sacrifice for Locarno. As he himself said the other day: "One can throw a whole people into war without giving them time or possibility for reflection. But peace demands continuous, prolonged, tenacious service."

THE ARTICLE upon the Italian debt situation which we publish in this issue is the first of a series by Mr. Murphy. That *The Nation* has complete confidence in Mr. Murphy goes without saying, but the responsibility for particular statements is his. We believe that with the arrival in Paris of General Cesare Rossi, formerly Mussolini's confidential lieutenant, we are on the verge of sensational revelations as to the true character both of fascism and of its leader. Mussolini and his administration have become the greatest menace to peace in Europe, and we are emphatically of the opinion that so far as Mr. Murphy touches upon the warlike plans of the dictatorship he does so with all moderation. As to Italian finances, we believe that Mr. Murphy is doing a great service to American investors in setting forth the facts. Our bankers, too, ought to be very sure as to the destination of funds loaned in Italy. If Mr. Murphy's contentions are correct, as we feel they are, not one additional dollar of American money should go to the Italians until they have purged themselves of this despot and his whole crew and restored democratic government, liberty, and justice in their country.

THE WILL OF the late Emperor Francis Joseph, drawn up in 1901, has just been made public. Of all the forms of immortality devised by man, perhaps the most uncertain is that by which he seeks after death to control his earthly means. By a meticulous series of arrangements Francis Joseph tried to barricade his estate against every possible whim of fortune, whether it be the childlessness of some heirs, or the divorce of others, or even "if, in the course of time and historical development, the monarchy's form of government should be changed and—God forbid!—the Crown not remain with our house. . . ." In the last event, which was, in the Emperor's eyes, centuries distant, the latifundia or family fortune of 60,000,000 kronen was to be governed in its succession by the Civil Code of 1811. The Emperor provided, in fact, for every whim of fortune, excepting only the one which actually took place—the depreciation of the currency—which reduced his stately latifundia to the approximate value of \$850. His twenty-eight castles and estates have been confiscated everywhere except in Hungary, in which alone, of all the states at whose birth the empire died, the Hapsburgs have retained their rights. His 146,000,000 kronen in money assets were for the most part in stocks and bonds which are now merely printed paper. And, as a final stroke of irony, part of the Emperor's generosity bids fair to deprive his heirs of what little they may have saved

from the wreck of the falling crown, for the Emperor's servants—or the Socialists for them—are suing the heirs for their pensions as provided in the will, and demanding that the pensions be paid in gold.

THE SUDDEN DEATH of Mrs. Laura Nelson Kirkwood in a Baltimore hotel, at the age of only 43, precipitates a most interesting journalistic situation. By the death of her father, Colonel William R. Nelson, owner of the *Kansas City Star* and *Kansas City Times*, Mrs. Kirkwood became the life beneficiary of her father's \$8,000,000 estate. This now passes to a perpetual board of trustees comprising the presidents of the universities of Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The historic newspapers are to be sold within two years and the proceeds from the sale are to be reinvested. The entire estate is to be "managed for public purposes forever," and it is further provided that "the net income of the rents thereof shall be used for the purchase of works of art and reproductions of works of the fine arts, such as paintings, engravings, sculptures, tapestries, and rare books, the purpose being to procure works and reproductions of works of fine arts which will contribute to the delectation and enjoyment of the public generally, but not usually provided for by public funds." There is provided by the will of Mrs. Nelson a museum to house the fine arts collected by the trustees. Thus Kansas City will soon be in a position to make itself a genuine art center if the large sums to be expended by the trustees are wisely invested. What will become of the Nelson newspapers is a question which will agitate the newspaper world until it is settled. While they have lost much of their prestige and some of their influence since Colonel Nelson's death, they are still the most powerful papers between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast. Thus their future ownership and policy is a matter of importance to a large section of the country.

THE CENSORSHIP of college publications continues at a monotonous pace. From every section of the country come reports of magazines or issues of magazines which some rather vague "Committee of the Faculty" has decided must never meet the tender eyes of undergraduates. The editor of the *Candle* at Ohio State University complains in his latest number that "Every publication on the campus is censored from the harmless *Ag Student*" on down to the "heretical" journal of opinion which he somehow keeps going. The story is an old one, and there is something to be said for the theory that the danger of suppression increases as a sophomore's zest in what he writes and chooses to publish. But the spectacle is dreary at best, seeing that it fills so broad a stage and lasts so long. An issue of the *Occident* at the University of California has been killed because it contained a story of Joseph and Jesus which "the authorities" found blasphemous. The editor of the *Illinois Magazine* at the University of Illinois has been deposed because he printed a series of "Zinc City Sketches" dealing with the city of La Salle. Certain citizens of the town did not like the sketches, visited the university, and the editor went. The episode, we fear, is significant. When the faculties of State universities become responsible to the heads of zinc smelteries or to any other citizens, literature and education are not safe. Public opinion, calling as it does here and there for anti-evolution laws, is perhaps dangerous enough. Committees of manufacturers are decidedly more so.

ONE OF THE BEST chapters in the endless biography of H. G. Wells which some day someone will write will concern itself with Mr. Wells's quarrels. We are not asking that his little private tiffs be tracked and aired. In one of his utopian volumes he has insisted that in the perfect society the individual shall remain inviolate within whatever circle of thoughts and emotions he may wish to keep sacred. But his altercations in the press—these are delightful, and they make history. Not long ago he had it back and forth with Henry Arthur Jones. Both men were witty, and so it could be said of Mr. Wells, as Falstaff said of himself, that he had been the cause of wit in other men—Mr. Jones on his own having never been so very funny. Now it is Mr. Wells and Poultney Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow's "Seventy Summers," recently reviewed in *The Nation* by our gallant British friend, H. W. Nevins, contained, it seems, the story of a tea party at the house of the Countess Russell, to which both Mr. Wells and Mr. Bigelow came. Mr. Bigelow recorded that Mr. Wells had looked like "a lucky stockbroker or traveling salesman" and had talked in a loud voice about his tremendous royalties. Mr. Wells, replying in the London papers, seems to be grieved less by the image of the drummer than by the tale of the royalties. Mr. Bigelow, he insists, was so "ill-mannered" as to press him concerning his profits; and he, after murmuring a few replies, was so bored that he could no longer "delight openly in Bigelow." Mr. Bigelow deposes that if he is a bore his career as a speaker is ruined; and sues Mr. Wells for \$50,000. As for us, we are amused, and hope to be still more so as the war goes on. But we hope also that neither party will in the end be poorer by a penny.

GILBERT MURRAY is the first scholar chosen to hold the Charles Eliot Norton annual professorship of poetry at Harvard, and he is certainly the most distinguished of all who are available. The professorship itself, the gift of C. C. Stillman of New York, is an interesting analogue of the famous chair at Oxford which has been filled by such men as Thomas Warton, Matthew Arnold, W. J. Courthope, and W. P. Ker. The chief difference between the two seems to be that the American term is for one year, whereas the Professor of Poetry at Oxford retains his title until his death. The stipulation of the donor that the word poetry be given the broadest possible interpretation in the lectures delivered at Harvard is one which Professor Murray will appreciate, since his approach to literature and art has always been made through the extensive field of a ripe and humane learning. It is announced that he will be in residence between September and December of the present year and that he will give eight or nine lectures on "The Classical Tradition in Poetry." The historian of the Greek epic, the analyst of Greek religion, and the translator of Euripides will surely have much to say that is interesting and important, and students will look for a volume as significant as was the "Five Stages of Greek Religion," which Professor Murray delivered in the form of lectures at Columbia University a number of years ago. The world of American letters will cordially welcome Professor Murray when he arrives in Cambridge next fall. The exchange professorships and scholarships which are growing common in modern education are an excellent sign of the increasing internationalization of scholarship. From that the movement will spread into other fields.

Housing the People

GOVERNOR SMITH'S proposal for improving housing conditions in New York State—by which is meant specifically New York City—is now public. It was suggested in his annual message to the Legislature. Now we are given the details, duly embodied in a bill together with the report of the Commission on Housing and Regional Planning, whose gloomy researches into housing conditions in the metropolis provide the most potent reasons why something immediate and drastic should be done. The commission, of which Clarence S. Stein is chairman, has been holding hearings and conducting investigations for many months. It finds that private enterprise as a means for securing decent houses for the bulk of New York City's population has completely broken down. At present it is building only for the upper third. "The cost of construction and especially the cost of money make it impossible to rent or sell new construction at prices available to two-thirds of our families." The building boom of the past five years, the commission finds, has brought no relief to those who live in congested tenement areas. If the present rate of demolition be maintained it will be 138 years before the last of the tenements has disappeared that were declared subnormal by the Tenement House Law of 1901. Only 3 per cent of the new construction of 1924 rents within the purses of 70 per cent of the population. By and large, all families with incomes of less than \$2,500 a year—and that means more than two-thirds of all families in the city—"are afforded no decent place in which to live, to rear children, and to enjoy a home life."

Housing conditions are directly responsible for widespread criminal activities, for lowered moral standards, for the prevalence of tuberculosis and pneumonia.

Home becomes a place to be avoided. All members of the family seek to spend their leisure time elsewhere. . . . The evil of doubling up families in small apartments, far from abating, in the last two years has grown steadily worse. The male lodger is in the small home in larger numbers than ever before with all the attendant degrading potentialities of family life and morals. Congestion is growing and spreading; families are not only crowding themselves with lodgers, but in many cases there is a double shift, night and day, of lodgers.

The City Board of Child Welfare tells of children hiring cellars for clubrooms in order to escape from their homes. Over one-thirteenth of the city's population, it appears, is living at a density of 600 people to the acre. The worst slums of Paris and of London show a maximum density to the acre of only 434 and 365 respectively.

But the impressive thing about the commission's report is not the crowding of the slums but the shoe-horning and jamming of the middle classes. One must be either a pants manufacturer or a bootlegger before one has room in which to swing a cat—for the skilled worker, the clerk, the professional man, a swing is likely to land one down the dumb-waiter or out in the alley. And let it be repeated, and repeated: *There is not the vestige of a hope that private enterprise can ever better the situation.* Laissez-faire is bankrupt in the premises. It is as dead as the Neanderthal Man.

In this impasse what, specifically, does Governor Smith propose? His bill sets up a State Housing Board, a State

Housing Bank, and a limited-dividend private corporation (as many of the latter as need be). The State Housing Board is to exert general supervision over new housing projects. The State Housing Bank is to finance the projects. The limited-dividend corporation is to do the actual construction work, and to operate the properties after they are built. A reduction of 1 per cent in the interest rate on the capital cost of a building means the reduction of rents by more than \$1 per room per month. Under present conditions, speculative building requirements entail an average rate of 9 or 10 per cent on the money employed. If the State Housing Bank can cut this rate to 4 or 5 per cent, the potential saving is in the neighborhood of \$5 per room per month. Furthermore, it is a commonplace that genuine improvements so tend to force up land values that the economies of such improvements are skimmed off by the land speculator before they can reach the ultimate tenant. Therefore the State Housing Bank is given the power of condemnation, which, if exercised in sufficiently large units, will go far to keep the land speculator's feet out of the trough. Furthermore, the Housing Bank's bonds will be tax exempt, thus making for a final element of saving.

A housing project may be initiated by a group of individuals spontaneously or it may be suggested to them by the State Housing Board. The group will take steps to form a limited-dividend company. The company's physical plan must first be approved by the Housing Board and then referred to the Housing Bank, which passes upon the financial plan. The bank will then proceed to condemn the property in question. One-third of the total cost of the project will be supplied by the limited-dividend company through the sale of stock on which dividends cannot exceed 6 per cent. The remaining two-thirds will be provided by the bank through the sale of tax-exempt State housing bonds, at a rate not to exceed 5 per cent. The bonds are a first lien on the property. The bank, having secured the land by condemnation, leases it to the company for a term of fifty years. The rate of amortization is fixed to write off 75 per cent of the cost of the improvement in the fifty-year period. The operation of the property by the company is at all times subject to supervision by the board and the bank.

Such in brief is the Governor's plan, "drawn with a view to retaining the advantages of private investment and private management without the present drawbacks." Already the Real Estate Board of New York has charged that the proposal "reeks with moral turpitude." If moral turpitude consists in an honest attempt to reduce crime, disease, and discomfort, and to make life for two-thirds of the people of New York a little more worth the living, the Real Estate Board is welcome to make the most of it. The bill will face rough seas at Albany. If passed, will it correct the conditions it is designed to correct? Perhaps. If condemnations are widespread enough; if the combination of State and private company does not prove too cumbersome; if the limited-dividend principle does not follow the very hazardous course it has followed in England; if . . . a good many things. But granted the State cannot build houses directly for its own people when all other means have failed, then the Governor's proposal deserves the fullest support for a trial period.

The Rising Tide of Prejudice

IT was Booker Washington's theory, widely proclaimed and usually applauded by Southern whites, that if the Negroes only learned trades and proceeded to follow them diligently and to mind their own business all would be well and they would become happy and prosperous. Well, one colored man, A. J. Herndon, took that advice, became a barber and developed the largest and finest barber shop in the city of Atlanta, well situated on the main thoroughfare. Reinvesting his profits he made \$100,000 in Florida real estate, built a modern office building in Atlanta, and organized a life insurance company with a capital of \$100,000. What has happened? Instead of receiving the plaudits of the city the Council of Atlanta has passed an ordinance prohibiting Negro barbers from serving white patrons. The attack originated apparently with the white barbers' union which skilfully took advantage of the craze for bobbed hair and had much to say of the shocking sight of seeing white women having their hair cut by colored men. This means the wiping out in Atlanta of barber shops for whites representing an invested capital of \$200,000. What is more remarkable is that it is only a few years since any white men could be found in the South to perform this "menial" service for anybody. Thus the reward for virtue, industry, and thrift for colored barbers in Atlanta is their being deprived of their livelihood unless they can replace their white patrons by colored ones, which at best means a reconstruction of their business and the removal of their shops.

This ordinance was not passed unwittingly and thoughtlessly, as the weak-kneed Atlanta *Constitution* declares, but by a majority of the members of the Council. The bravest and most worth-while paper in Georgia, Julian Harris's Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, not only gives the lie to the *Constitution* and its flagrant warping of the truth in stating that no thoughtful and honest Negro leader in Georgia will declare "that Georgia does not treat its Negro fairly in every way," but quietly asks why the Atlanta Council should not prohibit banks conducted by whites from receiving deposits from Negroes and also the employment by whites of Negro cooks, Negro nurses, and Negro laundresses. It also seeks to know why Negroes should not be barred from all department stores, or any other stores in which white clerks have to wait upon them. Logic would dictate this and many similar courses. Incidentally, the *Enquirer-Sun* asks the *Constitution*, which is so afraid of the Ku Klux Klan and other anti-Negro elements, if it ever heard of the case of a Klansman by the name of Fox who entered the office of a Mr. Coburn and assassinated him, and of a Negro by the name of Hicks who stole a mule worth \$50? Hicks, the Negro, was sentenced to twenty years at hard labor for taking the mule, and Fox, the Klansman and white man, was given ten years for murder. Thus is justice dispensed to the Negro in Georgia! Fortunately, the protests from individuals and from various other Georgia newspapers besides the *Enquirer-Sun* have thus far prevented the mayor from signing the ordinance. But it has not yet been rejected.

In Virginia there is Hampton Institute, one of the great institutions of the South, which has also been practicing the doctrines of Booker Washington in that it has been preparing the Negroes for trades ever since the Civil

War. If there is a more valuable institution in Virginia we do not know it. As our readers are aware, it has been the pioneer in the industrial education of the Negro; by the sanity and strength and power of General Armstrong, the founder, and his successors, it has been a great influence for civilization for both whites and blacks. For years the whites from neighboring towns have gone, often uninvited, to the excellent entertainments offered at Hampton. Now at the instigation of a local editor a bill has been passed by the House of Delegates in Richmond, with only two dissenting votes, forbidding the sitting together in any gathering within the State of Virginia of white and black people. It is a general bill pretending to apply to the whole State, but deliberately aimed at Hampton because the white guests at the Hampton entertainments have sat alongside colored students and teachers. If passed it will seriously interfere with the efficiency of Hampton which has always had white and colored members on its faculty. It will place the school's administration between the devil and the deep sea, for the colored people will not come to Hampton as they have heretofore, if there is to be segregation within its walls. Should the Governor sign this un-American and undemocratic bit of special legislation we trust that the school will take its constitutionality up to the Supreme Court if necessary, and, if it loses, remove the school to a civilized State. Hampton has contributed enormously to the material and social progress of Virginia. If this piece of prejudice is really enacted into law, the State should lose the school and the entire country be notified that Virginia is insincere when it declares that it wishes the Negro to be trained along industrial lines and to be treated with justice.

The New Stage-Craft

THE strange but extraordinarily effective stage-setting used by the Moscow Art Theater for its production of "Carmencita and the Soldier" affords but a mild example of the results of the theatrical radicalism which is agitating the producers of all European countries. The International Theatrical Exposition now open for a short time at Steinway Hall will, however, afford to New Yorkers an admirable opportunity to get some inkling of the extent and variety of the movement, for the exhibit, originally a part of the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs at Paris, but now enriched by various American additions, includes models supplied by the experimental theaters of eighteen countries. The Odéon is not too tame nor Kiesler too wild for the catholic taste of the committee, and here by consequence one may get some idea of the whole range of experiment from its timid center to the very extreme of its lunatic fringe. Cubists, synthesists, constructivists, and bio-mechanists have been allowed to do their best or their worst, as the case may be, and the result is a stimulating chaos amid which one may distinguish the confident voice of many conflicting creeds. The Austrian Fritz offers his block-stage with its flexible arrangement of cubistic masses; Prampolini of Italy illustrates the possibilities of his "Poly-dimensional Stage"; Tairov presents some models from his famous Kamerny Theater in Moscow. Friedrich Kiesler of Vienna, who "believes that the future city must be built entirely in space, free from the ground," and who has invented a theater without either stage or

actors, is director of the exposition. Picasso also has some exhibits, and a performance of George Antheil's symphony for ten electrical pianos, four electrical drums, and four electrical xylophones is also promised.

The movement which the exposition illustrates has, to be sure, its comic side, but at bottom it is an attempt, which has already borne fruit, to expand in different directions the possibilities of the theater. It is based upon a realization that there are potentialities in the spectacle which are not confined to the presentation of realistic literary plays in a realistic setting. Even the most extreme of its experiments serve at the very least to test the limit to which any particular source of appeal may be pushed. One need not wish to see all scenery and all actors banished from the stage to make place for shifting lights and shadows, and one need not believe that, in the words of the official spokesman for the exhibition, "the literary theater is dead" because "this is an optical age." But one cannot deny that those whose enthusiasm for new modes of expression leads them into the most sweeping of dogmatisms have made contributions which more conservative directors have been glad to use. The theater represents a synthetic art, but the pioneer has generally little temperamental sympathy with synthesis. He rides his hobby as far as it will carry him, and it is none of his concern if one of his fellows has ridden an equal distance in the opposite direction. While one director is banishing the actor completely in order to make a scenic spectacle the all in all, another is banishing, as the Moscow Musical Studio did, all decoration whatsoever and attempting to make the stage nothing except a place upon which people can act.

In viewing the exposition one cannot but observe that the general tendency is in a direction diametrically opposed to that Oriental opulence of color and that rather feminine exuberance of facile decoration which the influence of Bakst made for a time the fashion in American theatrical spectacles. France still leads in charm, but perhaps because of the leadership of revolutionary Russia a certain austerity of form is a common element in nearly all the most interesting designs whether they take the form of cubistic masses, mere platforms, or those strange arrangements of levers and wheels affected by the constructivists. Some of them are merely ugly, but there are others which achieve a surprising beauty which seems wrested, as it were, from forms which in themselves promise nothing; as though the artists who constructed them had gone forth resolutely into an ugly world and, scorning any escape, had demanded that it yield up to them some loveliness. One cannot, of course, judge very surely of the effectiveness of any theatrical setting without seeing upon it the action for which it was designed, but, to take a single example, the block-stage would, we fancy, fit admirably the requirements of any play which possessed an abstract austerity corresponding to its forms. Here amid the uncompromising outlines of its masses which seem to suggest the immovable weight of our industrial civilization might be acted some stark tragedy of industrialism—the story of a commercial King Lear or of some proletarian Antigone. Granted a sufficient elevation of tone, no play needs realism; but it does need some *mise-en-scène* which will fit its mood. The Greeks thought in terms of slender columns and graceful capitals; a section at least of the world today thinks in terms less serenely beautiful, and if from that section should come our great play it must have a setting like itself.

For Whose Benefit?

ON February 25 a Washington dispatch reported that "with more than half a dozen Senators barricading themselves behind cloakroom doors, the Senate was unable tonight to obtain the quorum necessary to decide whether the Navajo Indians are to be taxed \$106,630 for the construction of bridges from which, it was admitted, they will not benefit."

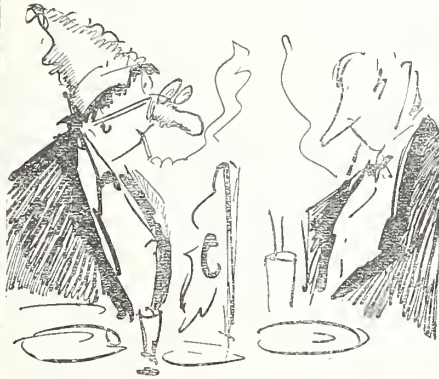
The proposed appropriation, along with \$100,000 furnished by the State of Arizona, will be used mainly to build a bridge across the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, Arizona. The first-named sum would seem a modest one were it not that the measure calling for it provides that it shall be reimbursed to the government from Navajo Indian funds obtained through the sale of oil on the Navajo Reservation, which extends westward as far as the Colorado River. One hundred thousand dollars is certainly a good deal of money for the Navajos to pay unless the bridge is to benefit them greatly. Secretary Work says that it will—that it

will furnish an important outlet for the Navajo Indians, facilitating their communication with the whites, and assisting them in their progress to a more advanced civilization. . . . In view of the fact that they will derive great benefit from the proposed bridge, estimated to equal the benefit which will be derived by the white settlers, it would be reasonable that the \$100,000 . . . remain a charge upon the lands and funds of these Indians until paid.

The American Indian Defense Association, unwilling to take Secretary Work's word for this, has investigated the matter and published its conclusions. The bridge will furnish the Navajos an outlet into a region which has never interested them and never will do so. If they want to cross the river after deer they can use the existing ferry. More than that they scarcely will desire, since the regions of Arizona and Utah which lie opposite this portion of their reservation—the thinnest populated portion of all—are the least occupied inhabitable regions of the United States. The few whites who happen to be there are notorious for their hostility to the Piute Indians of southern Utah, and only three years ago "civilized" Old Chief Posey and his band with a lynching party. The advantages to Navajo trade will be nil. Salt Lake City, which the bridge will make accessible to the reservation, is from six to ten times further away than the trading posts southward along the Santa Fé Railway—Flagstaff, Holbrook, and Gallup. And finally, the Navajos need this \$100,000, payment of which will exhaust their annual revenue from oil, for their fight against trachoma, from which a third of them suffer, for the digging of more wells to supply their sheep, for the improvement of their roads, and for the education of their children, most of whom have no schools to go to.

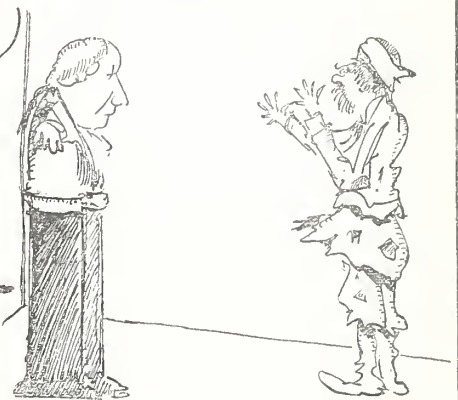
Who will benefit by the bridge? Automobile tourists between Salt Lake City and the Grand Canyon, between the Santa Fé route and the various northern trails, and between the national parks north and south will be excellently served, and possibly it is well that they should be. But no discoverable good will be done the Indians, most of whose accumulated capital will thus be wiped out. It seems plain enough that the burden should fall upon the tourists themselves through taxes, upon the national park system, and upon the State of Arizona. It is to be hoped that Congress will refuse to further Secretary Work's grotesque proposal.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

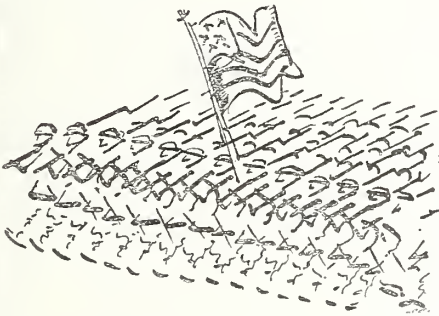


AT THE CLASS DINNER I met Bill Whoozis and he was delighted to see me. "I wish you'd come and see me," he said, "I mean it. Come and see me! Only remember one thing, old Hank, you were always too darn much of a radical anyway.

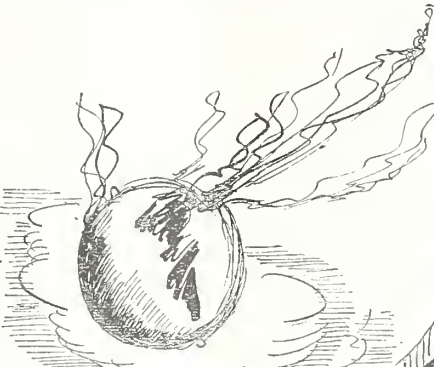
—Now, remember, I live in one of those simple towns on the plains where the high winds make strong men. None of your parlor socialists where I come from. So when you come just don't tell them that you work for *The Nation* and *Harper's* and the *Survey* and all that red stuff



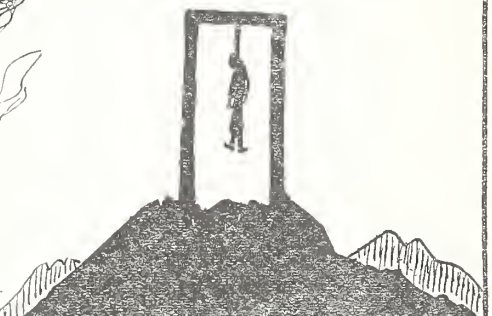
—for we are simple old-fashioned Muricans. Red-blooded fellows, and let one of your dirty Bolsheviki as much as make a face at one of our great leaders of democracy and



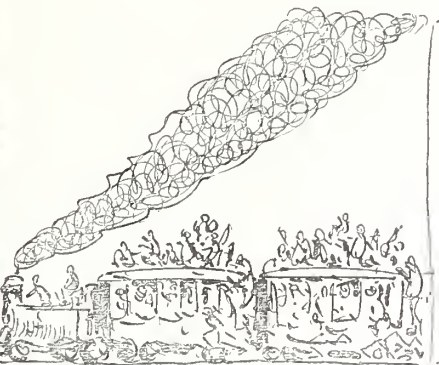
—the next day a hundred million strong-fisted he-men will be on the march



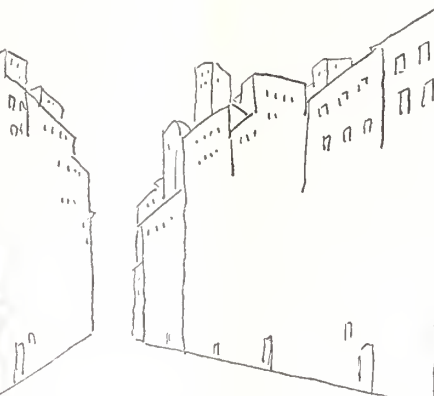
—and if it takes our last cent and our last drop of red blood and if we have to set the whole world afire to do it



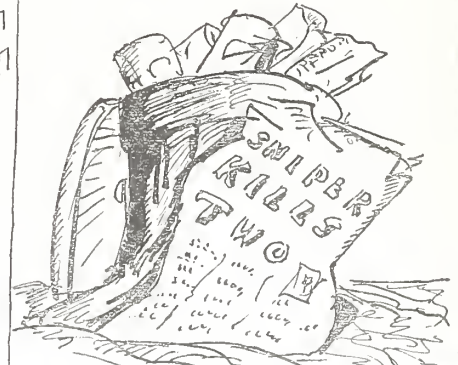
—we are going to get that fellow and hang him on the highest gallows in the land so that everybody will be warned that they can't start nothing with us. So come and see me and behave yourself and there is a good fellow."



And so a few months later I got me ready to go to this town of virile men. But when about a thousand miles away I began to meet an endless procession of hurrying trains, horribly overloaded with panic-stricken humanity.



And when I finally reached my destination, behold, every man, woman, and child was gone. "Aha," I said to myself, "the great crusade has started. The army of righteousness has gone forth to battle for Jehovah." And then



—I turned a corner and there in a neglected ash-can lay a three-day-old newspaper. And I had my answer.

Financing Italy's Madness

By JAMES MURPHY

I

THE discussion of the Italian debt in the United States offers a tempting opportunity to bring out some facts in regard to Fascist finance. Last July the Fascist Government dropped Minister Di Stefani from the Ministry of Finance and put Count Volpi in his place. The gesture was significant. The previous fall Di Stefani had approached London bankers on the question of a loan, but had failed. Thereupon the Fascists decided to turn to the United States. Volpi was chosen as head of the delegation which was to go to Washington. He is the tool of the industrialists and the bankers—particularly of the dominating financial group, the Banca Commerciale. He has never shown any large capacity in the field of national finance, but has appeared as a shrewd and sharp negotiator in commercial and financial deals.

The Banca Commerciale and the Credito Italiano are the two leading banking groups in Italy. Between them they hold the hegemony of Italian finance and therefore control the industrialists. The Banca Commerciale was originally introduced by some German finance agents into Italy. It commenced with a capital of less than half a million dollars; but it has now earned a huge fortune and has become one of the strongest international financial institutions in existence. It has much wider international interests than the Credito Italiano and it has made its chief aim the control of the Fascist Government. That control is now practically complete; for Volpi may be looked upon as the receiver for the Banca Commerciale, installed in the Ministry of Finance. On the Washington delegation Mario Alberti represented the Credito Italiano.

What were Volpi's instructions when he set out for the United States? He was told to come back with a loan at any cost. That was the object of his visit. The settlement of the debt was envisaged merely as a preliminary necessity to the securing of a loan. Volpi was ordered to accept any debt-settlement terms whatsoever, but to strive to make the payments as low as possible for a period of five or ten years. It has appeared strange to many that Italy showed herself so ready all of a sudden, about twelve months ago, to arrange for the payment of her foreign war debts. The thesis originally held was that these debts were not really due and that anyhow Italy could never pay them. That is still the thesis of the official Fascist propagandists. In 1922 Mr. Bonar Law offered practically to cancel Italy's debt to England for a consideration that was a mere bagatelle. But the Italians refused even to part with the bagatelle. Why do they now agree to pay almost the full amount not only to America but also to England? The answer is that these settlements are not undertaken in the interests of the country but in the interests of the banking concerns that back Fascism. The banks that have supported the Fascist Government require foreign gold to fill up the void created by this expense. This is a point which seems to have been missed abroad—the relation of Fascism to the financiers.

It was the banking plutocracy that originally backed

the whole Fascist show. They are the impresarios. Mussolini and his troupe are merely the star turn. One incident alone is enough to show this relationship. Immediately after the declaration of Polish independence the Banca Commerciale went into some heavy speculations in that country. Then came the financial distress which was general through Europe in 1920, 1921, and 1922, and which was accentuated in Poland by the Russian war in 1920. The Banca Commerciale, finding itself unable to release its capital in Poland, turned to the Fascist Government, with the result that the scandalous Polish loan was arranged in the spring of 1924. According to the terms of the loan the capital sum was to be \$20,000,000, at interest of 7 per cent. The loan was issued at 89, and to the Banca Commerciale was granted the sole right of issue. The Italian treasury guaranteed the loan and the Banca Commerciale thus received eight points of the eighty-nine simply for its trouble in saying good morning to the public and taking in their money. Poland was to receive only 81 per cent of the 89 paid up and that 81 per cent was to be spent in Italy. In other words, the Banca Commerciale was to hold all the cash on behalf of Poland. Not only that, but it must have made a neat profit of something like 18 per cent for the trouble of receiving the money which the unfortunate Italian public paid the bank to replace its foolish investments abroad—at least three million dollars.

I have mentioned the foregoing because it would be impossible to understand the Fascist war-debt policy unless one knew something of the forces that are at work behind the scenes. When the financial crash comes only the populace will suffer; for it is with the people's savings that the banking plutocracy works. Whether it be peace or war, prosperity or poverty, the financial wire-pullers who now have Italy at their mercy will make money. It is in their interests that the state budget has been faked. The purpose of the faking was to make Americans believe that the Fascist regime had restored economic and financial prosperity to Italy and was therefore worthy of financial support. As a matter of fact, the present economic and financial conditions of Italy are appalling to anyone who knows the country from the inside and knows how the government departments are run. Outstanding debts and disbursements are buried away in the ledgers of the several ministries without ever appearing in the state budget. The Fascists have introduced what they call the system of deferred debits, which means that the Government spends a billion dollars, for instance, on public works in one year and merely debits a twelfth of it on the state budget. The deferred debits which have piled up in this way since the Fascists came into power amount now to about twenty milliard lire, nearly \$1,000,000,000. But that is only one item. Nobody knows what the extent of the floating debt now is. There is no parliamentary control and no trustworthy figures are published; but the orgy of spending goes on. Almost every day new orders-in-council allocate grants to one Fascist undertaking after another and the allocation is entered in the accounts of whatever ministry

may appear convenient at the moment. Thus the expenses of the national militia, which now reaches a total of 380,000 armed men in the service, are scattered among the ledgers of the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of War, and the state railway department.

A favorite means of fabricating accounts is to unload state expenses onto the municipal budgets. It is particularly interesting to note that a recent decree lays the expenses of "preventive incarceration" on the municipalities. In Fascist Italy this item of expense has been growing by leaps and bounds. There is no habeas corpus, and preventive incarceration means that the Fascist police arrest anybody pointed out as against the regime, throw him into jail, and leave him there, without even bringing a charge against him.

II

Are the American bankers aware of the purposes which their loans to Italy are destined to serve?¹ It hardly seems possible; I think the bankers would be shrewd enough not to put money into a concern which they knew was being driven headlong to ruin. Let me take a few instances of the allocations which are already being made of the American loan.

The Fascist press has informed the public that \$40,000,000 of the loans which are to be raised in the United States as a result of the debt settlement will be spent in the creation of Imperial Rome. We may presume that the Roman municipality will give some sort of mortgage as collateral for the money. But of what value is a mortgage on Rome today? The municipality is so hopelessly in debt that it does not matter what further obligations it assumes. You may put a mortgage on the Pantheon or on the Colosseum; but when you come to foreclose where will you find a buyer? You cannot mortgage the municipal income; for the simple reason that the outlay far exceeds it and there is not a further item left to be taxed. At the present moment Rome is being run, and run to ruin, by one Filippo Cremonesi, who is governor. He is popularly known as *Pippo Pappa*, a phrase of unsavory significance. I have already called attention in *The Nation* to some of his more glaring depredations. The wild scheme for the extension of the city was outlined by Mussolini in an outburst which he made at the Capitol on New Year's Eve when Pippo was being installed as governor of the city:

Rome must become the wonder of all the peoples of the earth. Vast, ordered, and powerful as it was in the days of the first empire of Augustus. Within five years the Pantheon and the Piazza Colonna will be connected by a great avenue. From the profane and parasitic structures surrounding them you will free the majestic temples of Christian Rome. The millenary monuments of our history must tower majestically in their becoming solitude. And then the third Rome will embrace other hills and will extend along the banks of the sacred stream even to the shores of the Mediterranean. A direct highway, which will be the longest and broadest in the world, will bring

the surging force of Mare Nostrum from the resurrected Ostia to the heart of the city where the Unknown Hero watches.

Since the distance from Rome to Ostia is less than fifteen miles, it is difficult to see how the great highway thither can be "the longest in the world." But that is a typical example of the present madness. It is to encourage and propagate this folly that forty millions of good American dollars are now being sent across the Atlantic.

The people in Rome are taxed so heavily that life is fast becoming impossible for the middle and working classes. There is not a head of cabbage sold in marketplace or store that is not taxed—nor a potato, nor a pound of beans, nor a pair of boots, nor a suit of clothes. The visitor sees nothing of these burdens which the people have to bear. More than 48 per cent of the municipal taxes are levied on the necessities of life. Naturally the system hits the middle classes and the poor particularly; and I know civil servants who hitherto lived decent lives but who are now trying to exist on one meal a day and whose families are able to eat meat only once a week. That is what the present conditions in Rome are costing; and what will they cost when the people are called upon to pay for the new *Roma Imperiale*?

The point, however, to bear in mind is that not a penny of the loan in question will be spent in the reconstruction of Rome. There is no municipal council at present. The city is being managed by a dictator. The accounts are kept secret, so that there is no control. It will be an easy matter for the city to give guaranties; but the money will be passed over to the Fascist banks to pay back the huge advances that have been already made.

The Fascist papers (*Gazzetta del Popolo*, January 17, for instance) also inform us that there will be a loan of \$20,000,000 for the Public Utility Credit Institute, which, though a state institution, is really controlled by the Banca Commerciale.² Of this twenty million, twelve are to be allocated to the Societa Idroelettrica Piemonte, generally known as the "S. I. P." This corporation includes several dependencies, most of which are engaged in constructing and managing hydro-electric power and lighting plants. The purpose of developing these plants now is to make Italy independent of foreign coal; so that she will be able to carry on wars without the cooperation of British or American or German coal miners. But, in my opinion, not a penny of the money will be spent in new plants. Its final destination will be the same as that of the money to be loaned to Rome. A mortgage on the property of the S. I. P. is to be granted; but of what use is that to the foreigner? The state does not guarantee the loan. The other eight millions of the twenty-million-dollar loan are to be spent in hydro-electric plants in central and southern Italy.

Another loan spoken of in the papers is that of \$5,000,000 to the Turin Gas Corporation. This body controls several chemical factories which are now engaged in the manufacture of chemical products for use in modern high explosives. But here again it is inconceivable that the money will actually be spent on the concern, except in so far as it will be necessary to purchase raw materials

¹ A letter to investors from the Fifth Avenue office of the Guarantee Company of New York contains the following statements concerning economic conditions in Italy and the purposes for which the present loan will be used: "Since 1922 Italy's budgetary situation has shown steady improvement. For the year ended June 30, 1925, revenues exceeded expenditures by 209 million lire. . . . Recent official reports show an actual surplus of more than 200 million lire for the first six months of the current fiscal year. . . . The Government proposes to hold the entire amount of this loan as a gold reserve for currency stabilization purposes, and has resources and revenues available for all current requirements, both domestic and foreign. . . . In the light of these facts, the 7 per cent sinking fund gold bonds, due 1951, appear to be well secured and constitute an attractive investment. They are a direct obligation of the Italian Government."—EDITOR THE NATION.

² On February 26 New York newspapers carried advertisements of this \$20,000,000 issue stating that mortgages on the various hydro-electric properties to be benefited by the loan will be used as security. The issue is offered by an American financial group including the Bankers Trust Company, Stone and Webster, Bonbright and Company, and others.—EDITOR THE NATION.

abroad. The banks will hold the money and will expend it according to their own ideas.

Though the Fascists think themselves clever folk, they make the childish mistake of underrating the intelligence of the foreigner when they are out to pick his pocket. They have already let it be known, for instance, that the stock of the S. I. P., of which I have already spoken, is to be put on sale on the New York market. Imagine it. The Americans are asked to lend the money and then they are asked to buy the stock which is supposed to be the collateral for the money they have loaned!

One direction in which the foreign loan is certain to be spent will be in the upkeep of the Fascist press and propaganda at home and abroad. Fascism is now faced with a deficit of half-a-million dollars each month in the support of its own press. There is no other press in Italy at the moment. When the Fascists take over a newspaper the public ceases to read it and it is for this reason that such a tremendous loss is incurred in the running of the government press. In France they are spending about four million francs a month in subsidizing the French press for the purpose of publishing articles favorable to Mussolini. I do not know how much is being spent in England for a like purpose. Huge sums are being laid out in the United States, in Germany, in Hungary, in Spain, and even in Greece. The Fascists have given material support to the Macedonian bandits. They gave guns and money to Tsankoff when he prepared his coup in Bulgaria and they are backing the Hungarian revolutionary reactionaries. Of this the Fascists themselves make no secret. At the last Assembly of the League of Nations one of the Fascist delegates, Signor Coppola, made the following statement (September 16, 1925):

The delegates of this Power (Hungary) do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the fact that their present conditions are not to be debited to the League but to the peace which followed the Great War. All wars end with terms that appear hard to those who have to submit to them; but these terms are not eternal. The vanquished have always risen up again when they have been worthy of it and when they have had the necessary moral force. *Italy hopes that the Hungarians will have this force and for these reasons she was the first to lend a hand to Hungary.*

At the last Assembly of the League of Nations (September, 1925) the Fascist delegation made no secret of the warlike intentions of Italy. They warmly canvassed the idea of annexing Austria to Italy. In order to prepare the way they have held out tempting baits to the industrialists of Styria, and Mussolini has shaken his fist across the prostrate body of South Tyrol. The present military program of the Fascists envisages a colonial war against Turkey.

To those who read the Italian press even casually it seems astonishing that people in America can be in any doubt as to the final destination of the money which they are now sending to Italy. It is for the purposes of war that this money will be spent; and the Fascist Government makes no secret of it. Let me draw attention to a few of its authoritative statements.

In Mussolini's own paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia* (December 1), the following was published on the occasion of the signing of the Locarno pact in London. The article is initialled "G. P." That is to say, it is from the hand of Deputy Polverelli, who is Mussolini's amanuensis and

whose signature is recognized as the hallmark of what the Dictator has written:

This is not the first time [says the article] that a peace treaty has been concluded. After the Napoleonic wars the principal contracting parties swore eternal peace and friendship; but that did not prevent new wars from breaking out. Anyhow perpetual peace would be immoral and iniquitous. Let us realize in a matter-of-fact way that the Locarno pact meets a temporary necessity. When private purses and state exchequers have a new abundance of gold we shall again discuss the map of Europe.

In the Roman paper *La Tribuna*, which is now an official Fascist organ, the following appeared from the pen of Francesco Coppola on January 6. Coppola was Italian delegate to the League of Nations Assembly. He is the literary spokesman of Federzoni and the whole nationalist group.

If Italy does not wish to follow the course that fatally leads to ruin and slavery, she must possess herself of *her own* raw materials and *her own* lands for the purpose of colonization, it being understood that these will be outside of Europe, that is to say *colonies*: a colonial empire like France and England. The consciousness of this historic and unquestionable necessity makes up the true essence of Italian imperialism.

The same writer happens to be editor of the official nationalist review *La Politica*. In volume LXX of that review, published December 20, he was even more explicit about Italy's warlike intentions. Let it be remembered that what Coppola writes here is the belief of the people who have the Government of Italy in their hands today—the Fascist representatives of the industrialists and the bankers. Coppola reviews the question of "Italy's vital necessity"—the acquisition of colonies as an outlet for her excess population, especially in view of the bars against immigration set up by other nations. He continues:

In what direction then can Italy look for her industrial development and the means of supporting her too many children? It is true that Italian industry has been developing with a powerful urge; and, now that the post-war economic and social crisis has been overcome and that discipline and national energy have been restored, our industries are in full bloom. But the present state of affairs cannot cloak the vital reality. For it is well known that the present development of our industries is partly due to the devaluation of our money, and that is a condition of affairs which, for other reasons, we cannot wish or believe to be lasting. The industry of a country without raw materials has natural limits which are not very wide and which can be easily reached but not passed over. This is the national deficiency that is becoming burdensome. At the present moment France refuses to give us raw iron. Tomorrow, if she can establish with Germany a metallurgical trust on the Rhine, she will impose on us a monopolistic price for her iron. Profiting by the peace treaties, England had already imposed on us her monopolistic prices for coal. Moreover, the same England, together with the British Empire, the United States, and even conquered Germany, has practically closed its markets to our exportation with its new protectionist tariffs. From all this we have the fatal result of a serious disequilibrium in our commercial balance. We are actually forced to send an annual sum abroad of four milliards of lire for grain alone and two milliards for coal, not to count iron and the rest. And this disequilibrium, in its turn, gives the foreigner the opportunity of making these violent attacks on the lire, like that against which we had to defend ourselves last summer and which are destined

perilously to depress our economic conditions so as to favor foreign competition and even the bringing of foreign political pressure to bear upon us. We are face to face with a true and proper economic servitude which cannot do otherwise than translate itself into a political servitude also. Now, in such conditions it would be dangerous to delude ourselves into thinking that Italian industry can go on developing in proportion to the increase in the population or to close our eyes to the threatening import of the consequences that will affect the political liberty of Italy. It is clear therefore that although a real unemployment phenomenon does not exist in Italy at the moment, we are running the risk of having within some years—and perhaps not many years—a formidable unemployment crisis with corresponding misery, which might have grave social consequences for Italy, in the first place, and also for Europe.

That is the great Italian problem which will not brook postponement. To it we must add that of our strategic freedom in the Mediterranean, which is a problem not less grave, and that of Italian nationality which in more than one point of the Mediterranean is in serious peril. But let us confine ourselves to the first and greatest problem. If she does not wish blindly to continue on the road to ruin and servitude, it is clear that Italy *must* lay hands on raw material which will be *her own*, and lands of *her own* for purposes of colonization, it being understood that this is to take place outside of Europe. It is not less clear that nobody is going to cede us these things gratuitously. Therefore, if we are not ready one day to perish, we shall

be forced to *seize* them. And to *seize* them necessarily and in the first place means a modification of the present map of the Mediterranean and in general the extra-European imperial map. And this change must necessarily come *through an act of force*, even though that need not necessarily be directed against one of the great European Powers, which, it is to be hoped, will have the good sense not to place themselves blindly across the path of the irresistible and vital historic necessities of Italy.

All the italics in the quotations I have made from Coppola are his own. One might multiply examples of warlike pronouncements on the part of responsible leaders almost indefinitely. There is not a day that the Fascist papers are not teeming with them. A war must be entered on by the summer or autumn. That is an utter necessity for the Fascist regime. The regime arose out of extraordinary conditions and it cannot endure if Europe should return to a normal life of peace. Therefore it is necessary that the disturbed and abnormal conditions should continue. All the talk about getting colonies may be sincere enough from the nationalist point of view; but I know several Fascist leaders who are quite convinced that Italy will lose whatever war she engages in, simply because her soldiers will not fight for the maintenance of the present regime. Then disaster will be heaped upon disaster; but the Fascist gang will have made their pile and will clear out. To the bringing about of that eventuality the American money-lenders are cheerfully contributing today.

Free Speech in China

By HARRY F. WARD

THE Chinese attitude on free speech is different from that of the West. There it is not an abstract principle to be worshiped on state occasions but an ancient custom, an accepted way of adjusting things. Even family disputes are not infrequently composed on the street in a gathering of neighbors, by the help of the town-meeting method. Therefore in China one is spared that hypocritical phrase, "I believe in free speech, but—" Without any cant about it, the Chinese practice free speech as a method of working out the rule of reason in every function of life.

Nevertheless, China has its own limitations to free speech and, as in other spheres, Western methods are rapidly being adopted. The title of one of the lectures in a series to be given at one of the Chinese universities contained the word "communism." On this point an interview was requested by the administrator responsible for the course, in order that he might assure himself that the attitude of the lecturer would not arouse violent antagonism from the left-wing section of the students. He apologized for this necessity. "It is humiliating to me," he said, "because we are supposed to have absolutely free speech. But not long since in another part of the country a student who attacked communism in a college meeting was pulled from the platform and got killed in the fight that followed. We would not like to have any embarrassment with a foreign lecturer." At another university the professor who had interpreted the lecture remarked afterward, "Of course, *you* can say these things, but it is not so easy for us. A young lawyer who took up the cause of labor in this section three years ago was shot by the military governor and he said no more than you." In still another university

the question of free speech came up with a faculty group. "Yes," they said, "there is free speech in China, but if you want to get home safely we would not advise you to go out on the street and make a speech against Dr. Sun Yat-sen [he had recently died] or to attack our local militarists in a public meeting."

China is notoriously a land of opposites. So along with a genuine democracy in the management of a great deal of life by discussion and agreement there has existed also arbitrary executive power. The exercise of this power in the repression of free speech has recently been accentuated by the rise of the militarists, with their foreign backers, also by the natural opposition of both these elements to the growing Chinese labor movement and to the propaganda of the Communists. The issue of free speech is thus joined in China in the most modern fashion. It first comes to a head in the universities. The issue of academic freedom is more than academic. University administrators are in politics in a more vital sense than with us. They are concerned with more than appropriations. They have a recognized responsibility for national policies, for the scholar has played an honorable part in Chinese government and the intellectuals are a political force to a degree unknown in the West.

Hence the academic world is much more exercised than it has been in the West by the discovery that the political authorities are beginning to practice espionage upon the professors. The head of a Chinese university told me how astonished he was recently, when visiting on official business a friend in the Government, to have his movements for the day recounted. "But I was particular," he said, "to

notice that no one was following me." "Yes, but did you not see a peanut vendor at your gate?" "Yes, and I wondered why he was there all day, because I never eat peanuts." Yet that was a time-honored Oriental method of espionage. The numerous kinds of vendors on the streets of Chinese cities offer the authorities an easy means of securing information. It is less obvious, cheaper, and probably much more accurate than our clumsy under-cover system. Today in Peking there is a regular method of police reports on public meetings. It was introduced a few years since by some Chinese administrator who had studied in Japan.

The Chinese educators who organized the National University supposed that they had safeguarded academic freedom by making it a self-governing body, combining the best features of English and Continental universities. It has its own police force, and is responsible for the maintenance of order within its own grounds, where the government constabulary are not supposed to enter. Recently, however, its prerogatives have been encroached upon. The Minister of Education issued an edict requiring authorities of government universities to stop Communist organization meetings, on the basis of a police report that the librarian of the National University had held such a meeting. This was an admission that secret police had been operating on the campus. This invasion of university rights is part of a long struggle between the Ministry of Education and the National University over appropriations, and it involves numerous political complications. In the course of it the acting Minister of Education was rather roughly handled by an angry delegation of students. There ensued a police order which in itself evidences the Chinese sense of justice. Locating responsibility by implication, it forbade the teachers' union to meet to discuss politics, but permitted meetings to discuss salary arrears. A little later the Minister prohibited the students in Peking from parading on Humiliation Day, which commemorates the Twenty-one Demands of Japan. On that occasion his house was stormed and a student was killed. Behind all this is the basic antagonism of the nationalist section of the students toward the present Peking Government.

It is significant that no Chinese authority has attempted to suppress the students' union or interfere with its meetings. The union established its prestige and power at the time of the Japanese Twenty-one Demands and was really responsible for the defeat of that policy. Lately the students' strike has been used for all sorts of trivial purposes and educational authorities generally expect one just before examinations. Since the World War students' strikes have been accompanied by a good deal of rowdyism, and occasionally college administrators have been bombarded with ink-pots and other academic missiles or have been beaten in the course of an altercation with students. All such trivialities, however, have for the present disappeared before the cleansing force of the Shanghai incident, which has made the students' union again a power in the Nationalist movement. This incident was, at the bottom, a free-speech fight. Suffering mill workers had no way to express their grievances. Students who sympathized with them were likewise muzzled. They were forbidden by the law of the International Settlement, where thousands of them lived and studied, to parade, carry banners, or hold meetings. Permits for processions were granted only for funerals or weddings. They were refused on the great national holiday and at the time of the funeral of Dr. Sun Yat-sen,

the students' hero. The atmosphere of repression, out of which came the shooting that will mark a turning-point of history, was well revealed by the speech of the prosecutor at the students' trial. This utterance was painfully familiar to those who had been in the United States in the days of Mitchell Palmer's brief glory. "The trouble," he said, "really started in a Bolshevist university." He would show the court that the case "was in fact pure bolshevism and nothing else." One of the documents to be offered was "a letter from a Bolshevist party in Germany." Such of the printed matter seized in the university as was put into evidence proved to be handbills and letters calling upon employees of the water-works and the electrical departments to strike; also urging chauffeurs, tramway men, ricksha coolies to join the strike. When foreign police and volunteers were sent out to remove such handbills and posters from the walls interesting complications occurred. In their ignorance of Chinese they tore down innocent advertisements, thus offending the Chinese merchants, whom the foreigners were anxious to conciliate; at the same time they left many of the offending posters untouched, because the students had cut the municipal seal from official proclamations and pasted it on their own.

At that particular time the Chinese residents of the International Settlement were reacting against another bit of attempted repression. Partly to defeat a proposed child-labor ordinance and partly from an inherent tendency, there was proposed a press law requiring the name and address of the printer on every piece of printed matter. The penalty for violation was about three times as big as that assessed against the child-labor law. Thus inevitably in China the link is being forged that in all other countries draws intellectuals who care for free speech into connection with the labor movement, for it is labor that gets repressed and it is in the labor struggle that the question of whether free speech lives or dies will be decided. It was the students' interest in the rights of labor that brought them into conflict with the authorities.

Theoretically, in China labor has the right to organize, although it is not specifically established in the law. That right is assumed under the clause of the constitution which proclaims, with some slight exceptions, liberty to call meetings and to organize societies. There is also another clause which specifically proclaims freedom of speech, press, and assemblage except as definitely limited by the law—and the limitations are immaterial. Thus while labor lacks specific legal recognition until China gets a labor code, it is in practice unmolested except and until the military authorities come under foreign influence. While the Chinese law does not recognize the right to strike or to incite to strike, there is an increasing record of successful strikes; and in Shanghai and Hankow student leadership has had not a little to do with it.

In the foreign settlements, of course, there is rigid repression of labor organization. So all meetings must be held and all printing done in the neighboring Chinese cities, and all distribution of printed matter and organizing must be carried on secretly. Also the foreign authorities are able to extend their policy of repression to officials of neighboring Chinese communities. In Chinese Canton, last Labor Day, celebration, of course, was free and untrammelled, both for right and left wings. But foreign Shanghai not only forbade parades in its own streets but persuaded the authorities of the Chinese city to do likewise.

Foreigners are also teaching the Chinese the technique of industrial espionage. A foreign railway official recently showed a friend of mine a picture album of men described by him as Chinese labor agitators, who, he said, "have recently come back to this section." Later he informed my friend that three of them were safely in jail and it was noticeable that during the strike in that city the police picked those who were arrested with evident discrimination.

Labor leaders in China take a risk of more than a jail sentence. When Wu Pei-fu was previously in power in Central China there was a railroad strike at Hankow. Some forty men came down from Peking to assist. Outside the city the train was stopped and these men were taken out and shot, without trial. The lawyer who was the real leader of the strikers had before this been arrested and shot after what was nothing more than a drumhead court martial. He had previously been active in organizing and leading to a successful conclusion a strike of another set of workers, and in foreign circles—where the governor's action was highly approved, and from which it was in some degree incited—all that was ever alleged against him was his labor activities, with the usual supplement, that he

made money out of it. When the recent national strike broke the leading English paper of that section printed a cut of the grave of this man, with its headstone carrying in Chinese its inscription concerning the reason for his death. Over it was a headline warning other strike leaders. Later the same paper vociferously commended the strong action taken by the Chinese authorities against strike leaders, quoting orders to shoot without hesitation any workers who became obstreperous and to shoot on sight three men known by name to the Chinese authorities who were described as paid Bolshevik agents and the real inciters of the strike. This order, the paper went on to say, would do more to get men back to work than long and windy arguments. This is the sort of thing that many foreigners mean by a "strong, stable government."

The student movement is increasingly conscious of the risks it is taking in joining with labor in the demand for free speech. It is increasingly aware that the issue has to be fought out on the economic field. The students are also learning that they are dealing with a world-wide movement, and the influences which are at work elsewhere in the world to repress freedom can be counted upon to complete their education.

Cooking Without a Cookbook

By MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG

COOKING is not a science, but an art. And an art is acquired by long practice, rather than learned. For all learning is at bottom theoretical—even if it is learning how to scrub floors. After learning you "know how," but after practice the knowing is turned into doing, eventually into habitual doing or instinctive skill.

Theoretical training as a starting-point, however, should not be disparaged. On the contrary, no amount of learning can hinder an art. Philology is excellent training for a poet, though no amount even of grammar and rhetoric will make him one. Cookbooks, which are the textbooks of theoretical courses in cookery, are necessary for acquiring a foundation and are also useful in providing stimulus. But the test of inspiration will always be the desire to cook without a cookbook. In making this statement, I must except the field of baking. Baking is in every case an exact science, governed by the laws of chemical combination. Not until the cake has been taken out of the oven and has become a subject for frosting and decoration may science be left behind and imagination unfold its wings.

In the art of cookery, as in those arts generally designated as "higher," there is the creative urge. Anyone who really likes to cook has felt it. The other day at the fish market I was hesitating between a fish to broil and a piece of salmon to boil. Though the superiority of fish broiled in its own briny juice was obvious, I could not resist a vision of a salmon deluged in a smooth, delicately seasoned sauce with finely chopped egg sprinkled over it. I took the salmon for the sake of realizing the vision, as the creative urge was upon me.

The test of cooking is, after all, the sauce. Critical foreign visitors to our shores have a saying that in America you find many kinds of meat and one sauce, whereas in France you find one kind of meat and many sauces. This reflects on American cookery. For the variety of meat

depends on the purchasing power of the householder, but the variety of sauces depends on the genius of the cook.

And, in contrast to the sentiment of the poet who said: "I am the spendthrift spirit of poesy!" the more art there is in the concoction of sauces, the more economical the process. This is true only, of course, within the limits of normal conditions, when there is no scarcity of the fundamentals such as butter, eggs, and milk. But ordinarily the inventive talent leads to economy. A ragout, with its pungent or stealthy flavors, made of some humble cut of beef or of remnants from the roasts of yesterdays is more distinguished and at the same time less costly than a new roast or steak. Yet a ragout of remnants must not appear "made over," any more than a last season's dress altered into a modish gown should betray its age.

Such a metamorphosis as a left-over roast reappearing as a ragout is by no means a "camouflage." It does not pretend to be anything that it is not, for it is an altogether new creation. And, if the cook is really inspired, it may even represent a higher stage in the process of transmigration.

Yet inspiration and skill are not the portion of everybody. With the materials given, the great point is how to use them. We remember the pipe to which Hamlet likens himself.

HAMLET: 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these vantages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN: But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

A poet of my acquaintance was teased because he used a rhyming dictionary. "You take my rhyming dictionary," he said in return. "and see if you can write my poetry." Thus the inspired cook may challenge you to use her cookbook and see if you can make the same ragout.

Sometimes the effectiveness of a dish is due not so much to culinary skill as to some happy trick of satisfying four out of five senses and at the same time stimulating the imagination. I remember a family whose domestic peace was for a time almost wrecked by "peaches with cream." The father of the family, on his return from a business trip to New York, many years ago, talked with enthusiasm about an excellent new dessert that he had enjoyed in a hotel which is now no more. This dish consisted of sliced peaches with heavy unwhipped cream poured over them and was called "peaches with cream." Thereupon the wife burst into tears and declared that he had had the very same thing at home any number of times and had never deigned to notice it. This ingratitude became a sore topic in the family and the very mention of "peaches with cream" was like a red cape to the bull. The case was simply one of the imagination suddenly stimulated.

Every art, even the highest, reaches its goal through the senses; therefore all arts have something in common. For that reason it is not presumptuous to draw a parallel between the art of cooking and the art of literature which has its threefold expression—the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric. There is also epic, dramatic, and lyric cooking.

Those who are by nature epic cooks—that is, those who enjoy the long, leisurely process and like to see a smooth creation slowly emerge out of chaos—will turn preferably to baking and to the making of pies and pastries. They have long patience and will give painstaking devotion to their task and will slowly roll out a pie crust, like a tale that is told. Their labor is the proverbial one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration, but the fruits of their labor are comparatively lasting.

Those who have the dramatic vein, on the other hand, delight in tense situations and hair-breadth escapes. The dramatic cook is in her element as she deftly makes a pancake leap, as she controls the omelet that almost burns, the cheese soufflé that almost drops, the sizzling bacon that must be steered between the Scylla of the underdone English style and the Charybdis of a black cinder.

Finally there are the lyric cooks, those who find expression for their inmost and quite individual sense of fitness and taste in the concoction of soups and sauces. One drop more or less of the oil of gladness may perfect a salad dressing. Seasoning and spice, extracts of vanilla and the quintessential juices of fruits are to the culinary lyricist what words are to the poet—means of conveying the most delicate shades of expression.

To the truly individual cook the nameless sauce will be a more stimulating creation than one labeled with a high-sounding French name and prescribed by the cook-book. And even as a poet can create a gem out of apparent trifles, so the lyric cook does not hesitate to make soups and sauces with almost nothing as foundation—water in which spinach or cauliflower has been boiled, the juice of fish or fowl, which undergo the alchemy of good cooking.

The story is well known of the poet Heine who compared his art to that of a fashionable tailor whose custom it was to make no charges at all for the material, considering only his inimitable makemanship worthy of compensation. So the poet considered the mere material of his priceless songs as worthless or indifferent. In the same way, by one who has the lyric gift of cooking, the most indifferent or apparently worthless substance may be turned into a concoction of great charm.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter frequently feels lonely. His associates entertain such positive views on the social flux which we call civilization. They will diagnose for him a world disease and present a cure any hour in the day—so omniscient is their knowledge, so confident their logic. The Drifter has never been able to convince himself that his own thinking on world, or even national, problems possessed much value. He always suspects it as the offspring of his own prejudices and prepossessions. He takes refuge, therefore, behind the doubt of a true historian. Skepticism is his constant attitude of mind. His associates on the other hand seem to agree with a certain friend of the feminine gender who, becoming exasperated with the Drifter's continuous questionings of her beliefs, exclaimed: "Well, I am glad I am not historically minded, for I want to know something definite, even if it isn't true."

* * * * *

THE state of perpetual doubt in which the Drifter dwells saves him from mental perturbation. When all around him are overpowered by hysteria he is able to maintain a calm which gives him a sense of superiority very comforting to his *amour propre*. All America rushes frantically into the war mania, fearful lest the Hunnish minions of Satan may lord it over the world. The Drifter is unaffected; the historian in him is uppermost; and he does not know which outcome will bring the world nearest the millennium, the triumph of the Allies or the victory of the Germans. He does not expect much good will result in either event. He wonders whether his own country is not making a portentous mistake in taking a part in the struggle.

* * * * *

HISTORICAL-MINDEDNESS has made it possible for the Drifter to hear with serenity the succession of after-war evils about which the editors of his favorite weekly grow so disturbed. Like them, he disapproves of intolerance and illiberality, but his knowledge of history has accustomed him to these phenomena. So he cultivates his flowers instead of his passions when he hears of the persecution of the Reds, the curbing of free speech, the atrocities of the Ku Klux Klan, and other encroachments upon the rights of free Americans.

* * * * *

SELDOM does the Drifter meet people with the true historical mind, not even when he seeks those circles where students of the past congregate. They, too, harbor certitudes, they, too, have their pet verities. He finds few with whom he can hold an amiable conversation. Take the subject of Cal Coolidge. Radicals can get together and have an hilarious jamboree at the expense of the Inarticulate One. Democrats can easily find other Democrats to bemoan the perversion of public opinion, while Republicans cannot walk abroad without stumbling against someone with whom to rejoice over the presence in the White House of the stalwart champion of righteousness, economy, and big business. In all these crowds the Drifter finds himself ill at ease. Other viewpoints than these orthodox ones occur to him. Is it not possible that for a democracy there is in silent Cal the same value that David Harum discovered in fleas for a dog? Who can tell?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

From the Strike Field

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is to express my appreciation of your courtesy in publishing a note from me with regard to the situation among the miners in the anthracite strike region. That note mentioned Mrs. Jacob Waring, of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, as one to whom contributions of money or clothes might be sent for relief of people in want in this section.

The effectiveness of this appeal is a proof of the character of the clientele of *The Nation*. As a result of that one note, Mrs. Waring received more than \$40 in money and something like forty parcels of clothing. Contributions came from as far south as Richmond and from as far west as San Francisco.

Mrs. Waring and a number of other workers in this section have expressed to me very earnestly their appreciation of what you and your subscribers have done for them. If you could see some of the half-clothed children in these mining towns, you would be glad to have had the privilege of cooperating in this work. Though the strike is now at an end, we should bear in mind that the men will not draw any pay before March 15. Any further contributions will be appreciated and put to good use.

Wilkes-Barre, February 18

WILLIAM E. BOHN

A Warning to Capitalists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. J. M. Keynes, in his first article *Am I a Liberal?*, published October 10, 1925, in *The Nation and the Athenaeum*, says:

The difficulty is that the capitalist leaders . . . are incapable of distinguishing novel measures for safe-guarding capitalism from what they call bolshevism. If old-fashioned capitalism was intellectually capable of defending itself, it would not be dislodged for many generations. But, fortunately for Socialists, there is little chance of this.

He adds:

This (the Labor) party can only flourish in an atmosphere of social oppression or as a reaction against the Rule of Die-Hard.

All of which is not far from saying that the radical coins the slogans which the conservative suggests to him. Like all generalizations, this is probably unfair to both. But making every allowance for the capitalist's capacity in his immediate field of action, is it not true that he shows an amazing inaptitude for adaptation to fundamental political principles?

Dr. Moritz J. Bonn, in one of his recent articles, reprinted in the *Living Age* for February 13, 1926, speaks of "the inseparably connected problems of protecting the minority from the oppression of the majority, and protecting the majority from being throttled by a militant minority." He continues: "A profound conflict has arisen between political and economic power. While political authority has drifted into the hands of the masses, economic authority has become the possession of a few individuals."

Again, this may be going too far if applied to our country. Our militant minority is by no means always capitalistic; and economic authority can hardly be said to be in the possession of a few individuals. But the main propositions are not overdrawn. The conflict between economic and political power is on; and the capitalist appears to be as apt in the use of one as he is unprepared in the employment of the other.

Economic readjustments to fit political demands have to enter over his dead body, so to speak. He rarely anticipates by suggesting rational relief; but invites the radical penalty by resisting to the last. If he alone had to bear the penalty, it

would be amusing; but since his loss is shared by all, it is tragic. He complains of overlegislation, but welcomes the cloture and denounces Senators who obstruct new legislation. He applauds our refusal to recognize Russia, and complacently contemplates the exclusion of the Countess Karolyi; but under the plea that Italians should be privileged to choose their form of government he indorses the debt settlement with a dictator who issues war threats right and left; and he lends approving ear to the propaganda of Mussolini delegates in our midst. Government ownership is regarded as a challenge to the principle of private property; but no protest is heard against the taking and holding of German private property as a pledge for the war debts of a defunct German government.

St. Louis, February 23

CHARLES NAGEL

Coolidge Relief Fund

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the politicians of the Senate have rejected for a second time the nomination of Thomas F. Woodlock to the Interstate Commerce Commission a situation has arisen which the patriots of the United States cannot ignore. Mr. Woodlock has been serving his country devotedly for more than ten months, under a recess appointment after his name was rejected in March of last year. Under the law he could draw no pay without confirmation; and this painful situation must prey upon the conscience of the President, who insisted that he serve. I do not doubt that Mr. Coolidge is planning at this very moment to pay Mr. Woodlock out of his own pocket, since an ungrateful people is shirking its obligation. Commerce commissioners get \$12,000 a year, and the sum due Mr. Woodlock is only a little more than ten thousand. Herewith I am inclosing one dollar, as the nucleus of a fund to reimburse and reward him, and I urge that *The Nation* act as custodian. Senator Underwood, the only Democrat who voted for confirmation, will surely act as chairman of a committee to collect money in the Senate. It would be well, as a rebuke to those who charge that Mr. Woodlock speaks for Wall Street and the railroads, to limit the amount of an individual subscription to a dollar, and to forbid any corporation gift.

New York, February 20

SILAS BENT

The Kropotkin Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In England a group of friends and admirers of Peter Kropotkin have started a fund for the commemoration of his services in the cause of human progress and in admiration for his life of sacrifice to noble ideals based on mutual aid, morality, and equality.

In 1917 after forty-one years of exile he and his wife returned to Russia, hoping to find it a land of freedom. In their haste to return he left behind him his large and valuable library of books and papers, containing a history of the ethical struggle for human liberty in which he had taken so large a part. These we have been able to transport to the old home in Moscow where he was born, now transformed into a Peter Kropotkin Museum and Library, and where his widow, Sophie Kropotkin, lives and works.

Peter Kropotkin died in 1921, finishing on his deathbed the volume on *Ethics* which has been published in English.

More financial help, however, is needed than England in her present impoverished condition can give, and I appeal for the support of Sophie Kropotkin and her work to our friends in the United States of America and ask them to cooperate in the Peter Kropotkin Memorial Fund, for which I am acting as treasurer. All checks should be addressed to Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, Hull House, 800 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

Chicago, February 24

ANNE COBDEN-SANDERSON

Books and Plays

I Shall Know

By EDA LOU WALTON

Even as I took you now I let you go,
Smiling a little in your eyes and quiet,
With no harsh gesture even to let you know
Continence in my love, or to deny it;
I give you back no vows, for vows to you
Are only as each wind is to the sea:
Something to move a passionate waste anew
Toward horizons bending fulgently.
Always, a little wondering, you'll remember
My dove-like hands wing-folded as you went,
My quiet eyes wherein no single ember
Of agony gave point to your intent;
And I, well I shall know what you can never
Be sure of, and much else besides forever.

Trotsky on Great Britain

Whither England? By Leon Trotsky. International Publishers. \$1.75.

TROTSKY is a pamphleteer not an historian, a devotee of theories not a slave to facts. In this lively little book, so delightfully sprightly that its most wicked darts will cause no annoyance to those at whom they are flung, no one will find the truth either about Agadir or Black Friday, the British Communists or the Labor Ministry. An Oriental riot of fancy regarding facts and events and an impish delight in impudence and expletives, combined with a resourceful art in swash-buckling and a shrewd dialectic, make the book always entertaining and sometimes serious.

His thesis is that England, no longer the economic mistress of the world, is going down to decay through political and economic distress, and that everyone who places any social value in the Christian faith or in evolutionary processes controlled by reason and right is an enemy of mankind—especially of the British working classes. He sees no hope for anyone except through revolution, and where he has to admit reluctantly that the Russian Revolution has not been so successful as it might have been, he explains that that was owing to the backwardness of the country. The truth is that only the backwardness of the country allowed the Bolshevik Revolution. A nation organized industrially as ours is, with a society leaning at every point on international trade and contact, would be lying dead at the dyke side after a year of a Soviet administration and a Cheka. Russia alone of European nations, because of its backwardness and the surrender of its government to the peasants, could show some years of Bolshevik rule.

The substantial part of the book is a study of force as the means of social change, and in this Trotsky returns again and again to two tunes. One he plays with a jazz gleefulness. "We do not believe in force," the British Independent Labor Party has said, and Trotsky with many playful variations and much impertinent comment reminds it of the policeman and of previous revolutions (which he admits did little but rivet on the nation the tyranny of the victors). The I. L. P., however, is perfectly right in rejecting the doctrine of force. It may be, as Trotsky dogmatizes, that when we have a Labor majority carrying out in Parliament a Labor program the classes that are assailed will fight. That is an interesting subject for prophetic speculation, and whoever begins with the assumption that the British Tory Party is peculiarly devoid of respect for any law and order but its own, and is not likely to show any obedience to constitutional methods except those it manipulates, may not be far wrong. The Bolshevik and the British Tory may be found to

belong to the same political family. That, however, has been discussed in Labor Party literature and finds a place in Labor Party considerations, and regarding it Trotsky has nothing to warn nor to teach us. But it is beside the mark. Unblushingly and unapologetically the Labor Party rejects revolution as the way of salvation, believes in political action, and in the event of coming into power will protect that action against either the plots of Communists or the mutinies of Tories.

The other tune, played in more sober tempo, is that the evolutionary process is marked by moments of sudden outward change, and that the years of "gradualness" are only valuable in so far as they accumulate power to effect that change. Here again Trotsky is only reiterating what British Socialists have been saying and writing for over a quarter of a century. The rise of the Labor Party to being the second party in the state is a case in point; when it is enabled to give form in the state to its constructive proposals, that will be the revolution. Russian apologists are curiously blind on this point, and one of the blindest is Trotsky himself—when he is not incurring the suspicion of his colleagues for seeing their follies. They think that resolutions, manifestos, speeches, words, imprisonment, the suppression of liberty to write and speak, the subordination by their Red Army of peoples like the Georgians make up the revolution. There they are mistaken. They may yet effect their revolution, however, and I wish they would. They have so modified their policy that they encourage us to hope that they will succeed, though every new Trotsky pamphlet shows how far they have yet to go. We did our best to help them on to right ways in London, and if they were ungrateful and continued to fulminate their vain nonsense from Moscow, we did not trouble much. We were interested in the restoration of Russia and its return, under any government it cared to tolerate, to the cooperation of European nations. Trotsky's exposition of revolution within the evolutionary process indeed cuts the ground from under his feet as a politician, at the same time that it contributes to his vim as a pamphleteer.

"Whither England?" must indeed be read as an indication of the chagrin of Bolshevik leaders against the "stupid" British working classes. For years they have supplied their tools here with money and instructions. They have not been good tools, but they have been active ones. Under our prejudices in favor of liberty they have had plenty of rope. We have not adopted the policy of imprisonment or suppression (until the present Government, to advance its own political interests far more than to protect their country, put a dozen of them in the dock). We knew our people better than that. Even when every newspaper in the country was predicting the downfall of the Moderates (as some of us are called), when the press of the world was summoned to Liverpool last September to record the triumph of the Left (as others are called), and when Moscow was awaiting the glad tidings that its money had at long last borne fruit, the Labor Party Conference inflicted upon them a defeat more humiliating than they had received at the hands of the working classes of any country in the world.

Great Britain is facing tremendous difficulties—imperial, economic, social; the old times have, indeed, gone; rivals surround us on sea and land, in east and west; the relations between capital and labor have been such as to destroy confidence and good-will, and the system of capitalism has almost swept away the pride and moral obligation in industry. Against this we have the hard and furious reaction of revolution which, were there any hope of a dawn in it, would soon come upon us. No humane man would then lift up his little finger to stave it off. But it has no such hope. The Labor movement here strives to strengthen the other reaction of social constructive transformation by the only power that we know giving prospects of success—political power used to effect economic change, to establish control over the industrial life of the nation, and to protect and promote communal well-being in a cooperative state.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Plastic Form

The Art in Painting. By A. C. Barnes. Merion, Pennsylvania: Barnes Foundation Press. \$6.

THE Museum of the Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pennsylvania, contains what is perhaps the richest collection of modern painting in the world, and in the present book the president of the foundation sets forth the critical organum which he has employed in his study of art. His purpose is to reduce to order the vague chaos of modern aesthetic theory by the introduction of rational analysis; the result is to provide not merely a collection of critical appreciations but a more or less systematized method for the study of the aims and accomplishments of painters. Dissatisfied with such elusive terms as Bell's "Significant Form" and Berenson's "Tactile Values," he considers in order the various sources of satisfaction in painting, discusses their relative importance, and then in a series of comparative analyses indicates the means by which different painters have secured their effects.

Between the pseudo-classical theory that art is imitation and that extreme of the modern reaction which maintains that subject matter is totally irrelevant to painting Mr. Barnes establishes a *via media* by means of psychology. It is, so he says in effect, the business of the artist to represent his most fruitful reaction to the real world, but that most fruitful reaction is not his perception but his apperception, not those data which he receives in common with all who have eyes but that personal arrangement which is the result of his temperament and which constitutes his original vision. And in the case of a painter this personal vision is a vision of form or relationship which can be expressed by plastic means, by, that is to say, the arrangement of line, color, or mass in such a manner as to constitute a creative modification of reality whether the form created be chiefly a matter of two-dimensional line pattern as in the case of Botticelli, chiefly a matter of the relationships of forms in space as is usually the case of Leonardo, or, as in the case of Renoir, a more complicated series of relationships which employ line, perspective, and color for their representation. Subject matter is not entirely irrelevant, since two pictures like Titian's "Entombment" and one of Cézanne's still lifes in the Barnes Foundation may present fundamentally the same pattern without producing identical aesthetic effects. The bastard element of illustration appears only when the thing which the painter is attempting to express is not expressed by plastic means; when, for example, the subject is mother love and the picture depends for its effect upon mental associations connected with the situation presented rather than with the forms which the painter creates. Thus Giotto is a greater religious painter than Raphael, because in the case of the latter there is nothing religious about the pictures except the story which they illustrate, while in the case of the former there is a mystical element in the nature of the forms created which would be perceived by one totally ignorant of the story from which the subject is taken.

Mr. Barnes's method has the enormous advantage of being almost exclusively the result of induction, and his treatment of the development of tradition is particularly illuminating, especially in so far as it deals with the relationship existing between modern and old masters. The element of distortion which plays so large a part in modern painting and which proves a stumbling-block to so many people of conventional taste or academic training is not, he maintains, a new thing, and he illustrates how primitive, Oriental, and Renaissance painters all achieved effects which would not be possible except for the departures which they made from literal representation. And he does, I think, prove his point abundantly, although he never makes the distinction, not perhaps very important but nevertheless interesting, between those painters who have made an artistic use of, let us say, a deficient knowledge of perspective and those who, fully masters of that knowledge, have deliberately

discarded it for artistic purposes. There is no doubt, for example, that the color patterns of certain Persian paintings would be completely destroyed if the perspective were rectified, and much the same thing could be said of many Italian primitives painted by men who had not yet attained a certain technical skill which they and their contemporaries were certainly struggling to attain. There can, on the other hand, be little doubt that, as Mr. Barnes points out, Uccello consciously introduced faulty perspective and a certain stiffness of drawing for the sake of a predetermined effect, and that in so doing he was working upon exactly the same principle which leads many modern painters to sacrifice "correct" drawing or coloring to form. Aesthetically it is perhaps of little importance to make the distinction between those artists who achieved their effects in spite of limited knowledge and those who deliberately disregarded knowledge which they had; but a further investigation of the facts would, I believe, throw some light upon the question of the artist's consciousness of his own aims. The very painters who so cunningly utilized distortion were often, I suspect, quite unaware in their conscious minds that imitation was not always desirable, being eager to advance the knowledge which probably proved definitely harmful to the tradition of Renaissance painting.

Though I have no more than an amateur's interest in painting and should, perhaps, confess to less than an amateur's knowledge of the subject, Mr. Barnes's book seems to me, as one interested in the methods of criticism in general, a distinct and important contribution. Since the criticism of painting involves the discussion of one art in terms appropriate to another, it is particularly likely to become either a vague hocus-pocus or to remain so completely subjective as to be no more than an account of personal reactions which may be conditioned by many factors independent of the work itself. Mr. Barnes furnishes a method of approach in consequence of which one may talk about a picture and be sure that one is, indeed, talking about the picture and not about archaeology, literature, the physics or physiology of vision, or merely vague impressionistic reactions.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Ready-Made Man

Behaviorism. By John Watson. Peoples Institute Publishing Company. \$3.

Psychology for Child-Training. By Arland D. Weeks. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

MR. WATSON'S volume of popular lectures, being the work of a belligerent behaviorist, starts with a barrage fire against other systems. Thus psychoanalysis is declared to be mere "junk," and the concept of instincts is said no longer to be needed in psychology. James was an introverted philosopher and not a scientist. As for habits, most psychologists like Thorndike believe that habit formation is "implanted by kind fairies." Personalities like these have made the Watsonian variety of behaviorism somewhat unpopular. Academic circles are not prize rings where the critic talks to his opponent as Dempsey does to his. However, in addition to these particular remarks the lecturer offers some knockout generalizations. Up to the advent of behaviorism the mental sciences were stewing in their own juices. But now, we are informed, introspective and functional psychology shows a leaning toward behaviorism, philosophy is gradually disappearing and becoming the history of science, sociology is merging into behavioristic social psychology, and religion is being replaced among the educated by experimental ethics. In short, the behaviorist can safely throw out this real challenge to the subjective psychologists: "Prove that philosophy and the social sciences based upon your speculations have any right to further take up the time and thought of developing students."

So much for the first lecture in this popular series. The next three are taken up with analyzing psychological prob-

lems under conditioned reflex methods, with stimulus substitutions in glandular reaction, and with a description of the human body—what it is made of, how it is put together, and how it works. Except for a description of the endocrine glands in their everyday behavior these lectures on physiology, with their crude cuts, are little in advance of the seventeenth-century doctrine of “man a machine.” With the fifth lecture more modern topics are taken up. The soul being obsolete, and consciousness being merely an intangible something, it is concluded that there is no such thing as the inheritance of so-called “mental” traits. Here Mr. Watson flings another challenge: “Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in, and I’ll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select—into a doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant, chief, and, yes, even into beggar-man and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors.”

The last Eugenics Congress might have something to say to this. If it be true, time has been wasted on the studies of delinquent and deficient families from the Jukes to the Kallikaks. But, continues Mr. Watson, emotional reactions are not hereditary, and there is no hereditary pattern of fear, rage, shame, and the like. No, fear and other responses are always conditioned. Environment is everything. According to their surroundings the two Smith boys will develop respectively into a captain of industry and a lounge lizard. Certain curious conclusions follow from all this. If eugenics is nothing and euthenics everything, the behaviorist may well ask whether many of our prescribed courses of conduct make for the adjustment of the individual or the contrary—such, for example, as having a family life or even knowing our own fathers and mothers.

Mr. Watson refers to his group as “we hardy souls.” They might better be called the behaviorist R. U. R.’s. Carel Capek portrayed machine-made men who behaved as they did because they were made so to behave. In like manner the American iconoclast would substitute the laboratory for the home, because the latter leads to wrong emotional conditioning of children. For instance, in the home children are crying morning, noon, and night. Why? Because there are certain situations which make the child cry, from having the face washed to having the nose wiped. Substitute for these situations those which make the child laugh, from teasing other children to “making sounds more or less musical, at the piano, with a mouth organ, singing and pounding.” This substitute for the home sounds quite home-like, and Mr. Watson’s conclusion hardly seems to follow that the laboratory is the best environment for “unconditioning” children. The same holds true for another behavioristic Utopia. This is the doctrine that the socially untrained should be restrained and made to earn their daily bread by sixteen hours of work a day in vast manufacturing and agricultural institutions, escape from which is impossible. Again this reminds us of the Robots, the mechanical workmen of Capek; for conditioned reflexes are now to be turned over to the physiologist or to the physiological chemist for solution. The upshot of the whole matter is that man becomes an assembled organic machine ready to run. But in this conclusion the behaviorist has never met the query of the philosopher Montague as to “implication.” Man, like a motor car, can be described in terms of the total running parts. But what is the implication, the meaning of the action? The jitney may be going for a joy-ride or the doctor. Does it, the machine, know the meaning, the implication, the aim of its action?

Mr. Weeks contributes a rather dreary little book from North Dakota. It is not above the mental horizon of the high-school student of the plains and offers an easy first course in pedagogy. There is nothing remarkable about the book except its style. That is strange. Talking of “travel interest,” the author says:

A “moral substitute for war” would need to include travel experience in place of that which war provides. The response which the young make to a prospect of war, declared for no matter what ostensible ends, is one consisting of a high percentage of going somewhere. The Crusades relieved the immense boredom at the onset of a sedentary civilization. If or when there is “law, not war,” something may have to be done to provide outings having the whoopingly gratifying aspects of going uninvited into foreign territory.

Despite its peculiar diction the book has some rather interesting questionnaires at the ends of its chapters. Answers to similar questions are elsewhere given, and they offer a rich mine of curious information as to what might be called the mind of Main Street.

WOODBIDGE RILEY

A Modern Confession

No More Parades. By Ford Madox Ford. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

ROUSSEAU quarreled with his time because it would not let him express himself in his own fluid and volcanic terms. He won his fight. Confession, confined in its politest form to the salon, in its most brutal form to the bar and brothel, in its most revelatory form to the Catholic grating, became, in the course of time, an established literary convention. The romantic novel was born—but terrific were the labor pains. Rousseau, Byron, Werther, Musset, Leopardi were all in their day viewed askance. The crimson-vested yawpers who sat, yelling, astride their several perpendicular pronouns were stoned and derided, pronounced diseased, cried down as perverse. They were all crying aloud in a classic wilderness. They were the first to hang up for display their inhibitions, to capitalize the barbarisms of emotion.

In the beginning this was a trying and difficult business. In their furious attempts to break through the reinforced walls of moral and artistic restraint the early romantics developed full-size complexes—Byronic narcissism, Wertherian suicidal melancholia, and Leopardian sentimental pessimism. The air of Europe was saturated with neuroses. But gradually the confessional impulse organized for its expression beautiful and easy forms of its own—the autobiographical novel, the nineteenth-century lyric, the familiar essay. Romanticism, like vaccination, took; the audience became habituated to it; the romantics themselves ceased to be astonished at the vehemences of their own souls. Byron faded into Oscar Wilde.

Today, in obedience to the eternal art cycle, we are confronted with a new and fascinating literary phenomenon. We are all romantics now, but we may not show it. If you are Stephen Dedalus, intellectualize your emotions; analyze them, scorn them, mock them—but do not flaunt them. Jean-Jacques writhes in misery because he wishes to show his whole soul to the populace, and, of course, cannot. Christopher Tietjens, the hero of “No More Parades,” writhes because he does not wish to show his soul to the rabble—and perforce he must. No More Parades! is his cry—but it is a cry. And there are other cries wrung from him. The malady, the horror of the war upsets his Tory stoicism. The deep reticence of aristocracy bids him sternly keep his form; but amid the febrile waste and misery of a base-camp behind the lines how shall he keep it? In a world of lurid, sometimes pathetically comic melodrama, how shall he preserve the integrity, the silence of his soul? Obviously this is the inverse of Rousseau’s problem. The pendulum has swung.

“No More Parades” is thus extremely interesting to the diagnostician of literary trends. It does not, perhaps, deserve on any other grounds the excessive praise that has been heaped upon it. Its war pictures, while vivid and useful as propaganda (*pace* the Flaubertian Mr. Ford!), are essentially in the Barbusse-Latzko tradition; the use of interior monologue

and subconscious conversation is skilful, but not, like that of Joyce, electrical; and while its purely epithetical vigor is often magnificent, the language as a whole is swollen. The book has moments of intensity; but they are, after all, and noticeably, moments. Its energy is discontinuous, sporadic; its heralded "indignation" is at times a noble cry, but just as often a frothy splutter. Mr. Ford has created in Tietjens an involved and subtle character, but the art-fabric in which he lives and moves is broken and uneven. The author's intelligence is as searching as lightning—but there is no unity in lightning. It is spectacular, but not permanently illuminating.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

A Theory of Language

Geist und Kultur in der Sprache. Von Karl Vossler. Heidelberg: Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung.

THIS volume of miscellaneous essays on what may be called the philosophy of language by the well-known Romanist of the University of Munich is held together by the consideration of linguistic processes in their relation to other mental activities. It deals successively with language as a product of social intercourse, of personal inner experience, of religious inspiration and cult, of custom and usage, of national instinct, of groups of special interests, occupations, and professions, of science, and of poetry. All of these discussions are distinguished by penetration and lucidity of thought and enlivened by a wealth of illustrative facts. Their tendency may be summed up by the author's own words: "What we combat is the division of labor, all too long practiced, according to which the philosopher was to take care of the thinking, the empiricist of the collecting of material and the so-called knowing. Through it there have been heaped up, on the one hand, so many shadowy and empty ideas, on the other, so many 'solid,' i.e., dry, facts, that it is time by pulling down the partition-wall to see both ideas and facts in a new light." The chapter on New Forms of Thought in Vulgar Latin is a particularly enlightening example of the fruitfulness of Professor Vossler's method. The dedication of the book to Professor J. E. Spingarn is a well-merited acknowledgment of the services of this American pioneer in the comparative study of literature.

KUNO FRANCKE

Labor Economics

Labor Economics. By Solomon Blum. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.

OUR eighth lively art is research. It's cheap, and gets cheaper with every commencement. Our annual output of fact-findings (in which the same facts often lead to different findings) no doubt stacks up pretty well with our overwhelming preponderance of autos and phones, as against the rest of the world. But in few fields has the art developed so rapidly since the war as in labor, whose spiritual deflation seems to stand in some sort of inverse ratio to its intellectual fashionableness. The result is inevitable. In this mania for fact-gathering, we have forgotten that the vast multitude of facts is next to worthless; that the important thing is the significant fact.

In this sense, Dr. Blum's volume, intended primarily as a textbook, is excellent. It contains about 22,000 lines, and I daresay each line contains one or more facts—events, statements of others' opinions, points of established principle, and so on. But they do not come in pleonastic profusion, attested in bibliographical affidavits by good and poor experts alike. They are used with the selective economy of a shrewd man who takes the necessity of objective scholarship for granted. Cheap facts, easy views, insignificant phenomena, mere notions are kept out with the fine comb of intellectual pride. Hence the really vast knowledge of the man is truly impressive. Copernicus

and the Doctrine of Labor Conspiracy, Kant and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the French Revolution and the B. and O. Plan in the railroad shops—they all find their relevant place. The injunction, the business cycle, social insurance of all kinds, the various theories of wages with cases in point; the conditions of employment and unemployment, the theoretical and actual forms of the boycott and the strike, the principles and programs and forms and functions of the various divisions in labor—all these are perspicaciously presented. It is not merely a thorough piece of work. It is a fine piece of workmanship.

Curiously enough, however, it is the very excellent workmanship on those problems in labor economics which the book covers that leaves one unsatisfied at the end. One's hopes are raised that this book gives a definitive view of contemporary American labor. Not that we need a didactic theory of labor. But we do need an interpretation of the clear tendencies of post-bellum labor: labor capitalism, company unionism, labor's needed orientation against the new vertical trust, its collapse of political action, the lunacy of its radical wings, the subtle fears which inhibit the new unionism generally. It is distinctly time to ask the labor movement where it is going—provided the question could be grounded on just such painfully gathered material as we find in this book. In short, it is time for just such a work as the "History of Labor in the United States," by Professor Commons and his associates, which was a definitive appraisal of American labor before the war. Commons's central thesis that labor somehow muddles through and on from the economic to the political field and then back again no longer holds good. What are the emerging directions?

Dr. Blum does not say. He suffers somewhat from the Fabian complex of the scholar who hesitates to draw conclusions even from the soundest of premises, and who tends to cover most fully those aspects of his subject with which he is most familiar. He spends over one hundred pages, most illuminatingly, on the relations between labor and law, as they developed in jurisprudence and in the courts. But he spends only forty-five pages on the forms of union organization; only a little over thirty pages on union tactics. He deals hardly at all with union politics. He really deals with the general structure of economic society, with special reference to labor. It is because he leaves so many pressing problems unanswered, and because he is just the sort of person whose opinions would be valuable, that one lays the book aside with a sense of incompleteness. It is one of those performances which leave little to criticism but something to wish for.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Toward an Understanding of Youth

The Revolt of Modern Youth. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

The Education of the Modern Boy. A Collection of Papers by A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury, Endicott Peabody, R. H. Howe, W. L. W. Field, and Wm. G. Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$3.

THE tolerance and good sense evidenced in Judge Lindsey's account of his methods in his dealing with juvenile delinquents in Denver make his book one which might well be compulsory reading for a large part of the population. The delinquencies in question are almost entirely of a sexual nature and the cases given are usually those of girls. Judge Lindsey gives a running picture of what he believes to be true of the American community: first, that of all the youth who go to parties and dances and auto rides 90 per cent or more indulge in hugging and kissing; second, that of this group at least 50 per cent indulge in other sex liberties; and third, that 15 to 25 per cent of the original 90 eventually participate in complete sexual experience. Out of five hundred girls who came to him or were sent to him he found only twenty-five who had become pregnant. He

shows the youth of the land being brought up on the one gospel of not getting found out; but the darkest thing in his account is the manner in which parents and teachers attempt to meet the situation. The traditionalized behavior, the idiocy, and often the sadism of the adults involved in the stories he gives do not make for pleasant reading.

The judge's own attitude is repeatedly affirmed in vigorous language. "For these girls, happily, are not 'lost' and 'ruined' in the old sense, both because society sometimes deals more leniently with them than it once did, and also because relatively few of them encounter the exposure which might bring down upon them, and force them to believe, the destructive, anti-social suggestion, 'You are lost.'" Or again: "If it be a choice between 'sanctioning immorality' and virtually compelling terrified girls to practice abortion and infanticide, by all means let us sanction immorality, or at least admit that it is the lesser of the two evils."

Judge Lindsey's attitude toward the problems of youth has long been well known and his work in Colorado is justly famous. He very truly says that this work is a sort of "human artistry," for it deals in a psychology the first principles of which have not yet been formulated. Yet though it is necessary for him to win the confidence and often to change the behavior of the youths involved, the reader gains the impression that most of his duties turn not on eliminating the evil within the adolescent but on saving the adolescent from the evil that is in society. His accounts of conversations with girls who do not wish to marry and who have calmly and successfully flouted the conventions constitute important contributions to an understanding of youth. He attacks the ignorance of sex in which society attempts to keep the young, superstitious taboos against birth control, and a rigid acceptance of the present form of matrimony, declaring "that until society shall consent to make the institution of marriage sufficiently flexible to conduce to the happiness and freedom of persons who enter it, it is, in my judgment, going to be regarded by an increasingly large number of men and women as an intolerable yoke to be avoided at all costs." The judge's complete acceptance of the monogamous ideal and his great concern over the crime of abortion may bring a little amusement to the social scientist, but these are minor matters.

"The Education of the Modern Boy," by the headmasters of several private schools, is an exceedingly unimportant book. Topics considered are home influence, religious influence, academic influence, athletic influence, meeting the college entrance requirements, and the future trend of the private school. The last paper, by William G. Thayer, is intelligent.

LORINE PRUETTE

Books in Brief

The Waning of the Middle Ages. By J. Huizinga. Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.40.

The best feature of this book is its emphasis upon the later Middle Ages as a "period of termination"—the end of a distinct medieval culture rather than a mere prelude to modern times. The forms of medieval life remained, but the spirit was dead and hence arose the curiously bizarre and decadent features of a society running the gamut of human emotions from "deep pessimism" to "violent joy," from mystical devotion to sensual indulgence, from the "complicated formalism of chivalry and love" to a Theocritean idealization of pastoral life. Professor Huizinga uses an impressive mass of evidence—chiefly from art and literature—to give a picture that is quite definite and yet leaves one unsatisfied. His illustrations often seem as extravagant as he supposes the later Middle Ages to have been; the translation is undistinguished; and no attention is given to the great social and economic movements that explain why the Middle Ages were waning.

Héloïse and Abélard. By George Moore. Boni and Liveright. Two volumes. \$5.

For the first time this masterpiece of George Moore—he has two or three others—becomes available to the general public at a price which is not "limited." It is to be hoped that Mr. Moore has altered his views on the subject of pearls and swine. When "A Story-Teller's Holiday" appears in a trade edition we shall be satisfied that he has.

Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo. By Charles F. Lummis. The Century Company. \$4.50.

The Land of Poco Tiempo. By Charles F. Lummis. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Welcome reprints of two slightly overlapping classics of Southwestern travel. New Mexico's stock is steadily rising, and Mr. Lummis will continue to be one of the causes.

Silhouettes. By Sir Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

Still more book reviews from the engaging and never disturbing dean of English reviewers.

Spanish Mysticism. By E. Allison Peers. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

An introduction, chiefly through translated extracts, to thirteen Spanish mystics, from Hernando de Zárata to Luis de León.

First Impressions. Essays on Poetry, Criticism, and Prosody. By Llewellyn Jones. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Sensible and acute, though not always interesting, essays on contemporary American and British poetic theory and practice.

Drama Three Bad Plays

A COLLEGE instructor and an actor, collaborating to write "The Virgin" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), have managed to combine the worst features of both, for they have taken a theme which has distinct possibilities and made of it a play which is as melodramatic as an actor could wish without ceasing to be as far removed as a classroom lecture from any genuine contact with the primitive passions it attempts to portray.

The original conception—by no means a bad one—came, I fancy, from the academician. He had observed the fact that moral indignation and envy are closely akin and he was able to particularize to the extent of conceiving an admirable special case of this general fact, the case, namely, of a man whose exalted respect for the "purity" of a certain woman turns into a desire to rape and bully her by way of inflicting a punishment when he discovers that she is not as icily unapproachable by others as he had supposed. Having got this far and never having, I suspect, penetrated much below the skin into any real people, he was compelled to fall back upon the advice offered by all textbooks on creative writing, which is to invent characters appropriate to the theme in hand. This he proceeded to do as well as he or anybody else could in that schematic fashion. He invented a fanatical preacher whose Tolstoian principles caused him to leave his wife untouched, he invented a French-Canadian lumberman who would believe her a sort of accredited deputy of the Blessed Virgin herself, and then, his imagination growing a little feeble, he invented a young Georgian whom he brings all the way from his native State to hang rather uselessly about the stage until the appropriate moment arrives for him to kiss the all too human maid. The result, as my synopsis may indicate, was to produce a play with all the obviously mechanical manipulations and all the absence of genuine life which synthetic art invariably displays.

At this point (I am still reconstructing a hypothetical history) the work came to the attention of an actor and he, following the mental process usual in actors, concluded that nothing was needed except a little more violence. Let me, I can hear him say, knock a few people down from time to time when the action gets slow, let me, above all, drag the virgin about the floor for fifteen minutes or so, removing a bit of clothing from time to time, and your show is a sure-fire hit. The author, eager for the triumph of a Broadway production, consented; and the result is a cross between an academic imitation of Eugene O'Neill and something in the nature of Mr. Brady's or Mr. Woods's more earnest efforts with what is known as sex appeal. As serious drama it can hardly be taken seriously, and from the standpoint of those who patronized "The Good Bad Woman" there are too many irrelevancies. "When," I can hear them ask in a famous phrase, "do the ravishings begin?"

The only real pity is that the serious efforts of a very capable cast should be wasted. For Louis Bennison, who is coauthor and who plays the part of the simple-minded Canadian with much flashing of teeth and swelling of chest, I have no particular sympathy; but Lee Baker manages to give his portrayal of the fanatical preacher moments of real power, and Phyllis Povah makes more than could reasonably be expected out of the virgin whom the authors have so feebly characterized.

"Mama Loves Papa" (Forrest Theater), an exceedingly thin and conventional farce, and "The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum Theater), an equally conventional mystery play, complete the list of new plays for a very dull week. There are, however, two revivals. At the Princess Theater Violet Kemble Cooper is appearing in "The Unchastened Woman," while at the Hampden Theater Mr. Walter Hampden is again appearing as Cyrano de Bergerac—one of his most popular roles.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LAST NATION DINNER

March 18

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance"; STUART P. SHERMAN, literary critic and editor of *Books*; HARRISON SMITH of Harcourt, Brace and Co.; with MARK VAN DOREN of *The Nation* as chairman, will discuss

"Is Literary Criticism Important?"

Sinclair Lewis, who was announced to speak at this dinner, is now in California

Fifth Avenue Restaurant, New York. \$2.50 to Nation readers and their guests. The Nation for a year and one place at the dinner, \$6.50.

RESERVE NOW

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, New York.

Save places for me at
The Nation's literary dinner.

Name

Address

.....



THEATER



Tel. Dry Dock 7516

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30

ANSKY'S THE DYBBUK

English Version by Henry G. Alsberg

The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Penn. 3558.

The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

GOAT SONG

By FRANZ WERFEL

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., W. of B'way

EVGS. 8:30. MATS. THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, 2:30

A Challenge to "Movie-Scoffers" and

A Feast for Film-Lovers!

"ERNEST LUBITSCH REPERTOIRE WEEKS"

Two weeks dedicated exclusively to presentations of the masterpieces of this master-director of the cinema.

Sun. Mar. 7—PASSION with POLA NEGRI

Mon. Mar. 8—THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE with ADOLPHE MENJOU, MARIE PREVOST, and FLOR-ENCE VIDOR

Tues. Mar. 9—FORBIDDEN PARADISE with MENJOU and NEGRI

Wed. Mar. 10—KISS ME AGAIN with PREVOST and MONTE BLUE

Thurs. Mar. 11—THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE

Fri. Mar. 12—FORBIDDEN PARADISE

Sat. Mar. 13—PASSION

at the CAMEO THEATRE 42nd St. & B'way

"The Salon of the Cinema"



Continuous Performances, 11:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M. Popular Prices
Send your suggestions for film revivals or your name for regular announcements and particulars of "Lubitsch Prize Contest" to

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM ARTS GUILD, Inc.
500 Fifth Avenue New York City

LECTURE

THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL

A Course of Six Lectures

by CARL VAN DOREN, A. B., Ph. D.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.
On Thursday evenings, March 18, 25, April 1, 8, 15, 22 at 8:15 P. M.
Course tickets \$3.50 can be secured in advance at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission 75 cents.

HON. OSWALD AND LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY

will speak at a reception and concert given in their honor by
the City Committee Socialist Party

on Monday, March 8th, at 8:15 p. m. at

COOPER UNION, 3rd Ave. and 8th St., New York

MORRIS HILLQUIT, Chairman

Leon Goldman Violinist
Dora Rose Soprano
Gregory Matuszewitz Concertina-Virtuoso

Admission 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

Tickets at the Rand School, 7 East 15th Street, and at all Socialist Headquarters.

International Relations Section

Portugal's African Slave States

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when slavery was not regarded as highly reprehensible; nor was serfdom, nor peonage. Now, however, an international conscience frowns upon these ancient institutions; the new morality of Lincoln and Wilson and Viscount Cecil of Chelwood decrees that "involuntary servitude" shall no longer be tolerated on the earth. But, somehow, in Africa, when morality conflicts with economic law, when nature conspires against the ambitions of energetic Europeans who would wrest from the soil its latent wealth, the agents of Lisbon and Paris and London and Rome agree graciously to abolish slavery as such, and then announce to the credulous native that henceforth he need only engage in a little "compulsory labor" now and then.

It is the purpose of this article to deal only with the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique, although it is fair to say that conditions similar to those existing there are to be found in mandated territories of Great Britain, France, and Italy. But since the latter governments have made no defense of "forced labor" nor attacked the Slavery Protocol of Viscount Cecil, which is now being discussed and considered in the chancelleries of Europe, it may be hoped that these Powers will discourage that nefarious practice in the future.

Portugal, however, has not only refused to forswear "forced labor," which Lisbon designates by the less obnoxious term of "compulsory," in her colonies but actually argues that it is her duty to mankind and her obligation under the League Covenant "to exploit the richness and resources" of her African colonies, and that the end justifies the means.

The conditions that are alleged to exist in Angola and Mozambique need not be recapitulated. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin and Dr. R. Melville Cramer of New York City have devoted more than sixty printed pages to a report exposing them. *The Nation*, in its issue of August 12, 1925, printed the Ross-Cramer document in part. That the charges are taken seriously is evident from the fact that Portugal saw fit to dispatch a top-heavy delegation to the Sixth League Assembly to argue her case, and colonial committees to the Temporary Slavery Commission's sittings at Geneva, and has made an extensive reply in detail to the allegations of the two Americans. But the Portuguese arguments in favor of "compulsory labor" and Alfonso Augusto da Costa's opposition to that part of Viscount Cecil's protocol which deals with the discredited practice are unique in the annals of diplomacy. Hence their exposition.

Article 3 of Viscount Cecil's Anti-Slavery Protocol, presented to the League Assembly and approved as the basis of an international convention, reads:

The signatory states, recognizing the grave evils that may result from the employment of forced labor, except for essential public services, engage that, where it is necessary for special reasons to admit employment of forced labor, they will take all necessary precautions, particularly where labor belongs to the less advanced races, to prevent

conditions analogous to those of slavery from resulting from such employment.

Like much of Lord Cecil's famous Geneva Opium Convention, the chief article in the Anti-Slavery Protocol is rather innocuous. It permits "forced labor" for "public services," which may be made to constitute almost anything. And in other "special cases" it only suggests that "all necessary precautions" be taken to safeguard against abuses. These "precautions" are left to the discretion of the authorities concerned.

But even this theoretical and limited curtailment of their colonial administrative powers is distasteful to the Portuguese. "We must distinguish between compulsory (or forced) labor, which should be avoided as far as possible, and the obligation to work," declares the Portuguese Foreign Ministry, adding:

The obligation to work is a law of nature, the scope of which the very progress of our civilization tends daily to enlarge. . . . We must not forbid compulsory labor in such a way as to suggest to the native races that its prohibition implies for them a right to idleness, and a permission to emancipate themselves from the law of work to which we are all subject. . . . This would be dangerous to everyone and for the natives themselves, because their well-being and development must proceed hand in hand with the economic development of the country. . . . This development can only be achieved by the science, capital, and labor of the colonizing race, working in close cooperation with the native populations.

Of the natives' antipathy to this "law of nature" to work the Portuguese make a great issue, pointing out that agricultural and industrial undertakings cannot hope to prosper without workmen and that it is their "right" to demand of the native population the labor necessary to carry on such undertakings. The natives, says Da Costa, are "often wealthy and indolent" and refuse to work even for the highest wages.

The native has few needs and makes his wives toil for his daily bread [explains Da Costa, espousing for the moment the cause of the weaker sex]. Work has no attraction for the native and he does not feel the need of it. . . . He often spends his day drinking native beer, taking snuff, and chatting. . . . And, therefore, since the welfare of the individual is in direct proportion to the material and economic development of their country, it is quite comprehensible that the authorities should exercise, albeit with great prudence and all the necessary tact, a certain moral pressure, which they are entitled to use by the very nature of the task they are called upon to perform. . . .

On the other hand, while discussing the subject of women carrying the hod, the Portuguese spokesman hastens to assert that the same women do not seem to mind it a bit; in fact, these faithful wives of African Negroes simply love to toil for their men. The Ross report regarded it "as surprising that women with babies on their backs should be sent in place of their husbands to work on the public highways." But Da Costa, pointing out that this is of course an "appeal to pity and humanitarian sentiment," says:

But it has no significance. . . . African Negresses never leave their children when they are young for fear that they will be stolen or eaten by wild beasts. . . . They

tie the babies up on their backs and carry them along when they are working about their houses or in the fields . . . and even carry them during the interminable dances of which, especially at night, the blacks are so fond.

Ross further reports that when a man has been conscripted he often returns penniless to his village eight months or a year later. The American investigators learned that, according to the natives' own explanation, the planters often failed to pay them anything or treated them so cruelly that they were forced to run away before their work period expired, hence forfeiting their "fifty cents"; or else they alleged that the Portuguese *cipaios*, native police, or the official *administradores*, to whom the planters are often required to transmit the workers' pay, appropriated it for their own use.

But the Portuguese answer contains a warning:

It is not always advisable to believe what a native has to say. . . . The native, as anyone will know who has studied his psychology, will always say what he thinks his interrogator wants him to say. . . . A native returning after having worked for a specified time receives his wages. On his way home he finds opportunity to amuse himself and spend his money. When he reaches his village his wives ask him what he has done with his wages and naturally he then says that he has not been paid.

And so it goes, according to the Portuguese, even in darkest Africa.

And in this fashion, item after item, Lisbon answers the Ross-Cramer Report. When the Americans declare that the natives are forced to build "useless roads," Da Costa is quick to challenge the meaning of the word "useless." The natives are generously allowed to "plant pine-apples along the borders and so are the only people to profit by them."

In conclusion the Portuguese point out the nation's brilliant record as a colonizing Power: how Lisbon abolished slavery fully three decades before it ceased to flourish in America; how Portuguese missionaries were spreading the Gospel of Christ over Africa and the Orient, and even in the New World, long centuries ago, and how the Lisbon Government today (in Macao and Angola) is doing its share in continuing the civilizing work of those early crusaders.

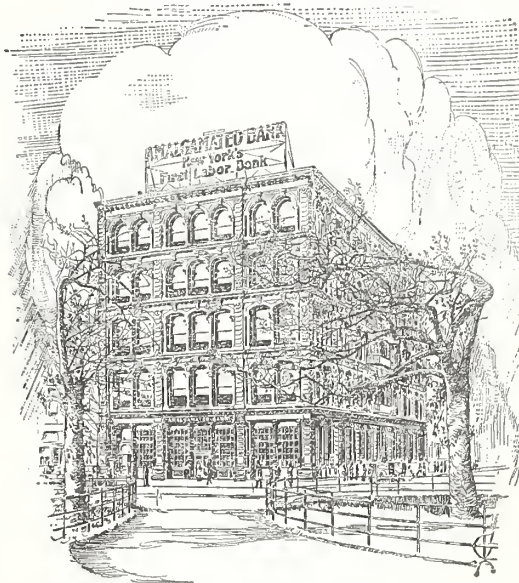
Then, deferentially but specifically, Alfonso Augusto da Costa turns an accusing finger backwards and asks the distinguished persons who introduced the Ross-Cramer Report to the League to look into the condition of the black population in America, which "frequently complains that its members, although citizens of the United States by law, are not treated as such on account of difference of race and color."

Speaking brutally, "forced labor" is a necessity in the present Portuguese scheme of colonial administration (and probably in British Kenya, the Cameroons, and Togoland), just as "opium farms" are indispensable in Portugal's cess-pool of the Orient, Macao.

Reservations to the recent International Opium Convention, made by Portugal for Macao, which the American delegation even refused to dignify by participating in the final drafting, have for the time being rendered that questionable document wholly ineffective; Portugal's advance reservations to Lord Cecil's Slavery Protocol have strangled it before its birth.

NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK THE AMALGAMATED

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM



Safety for your funds and special service for your needs are the two essential things which The Amalgamated Bank is able to offer YOU.

The growth of the First Labor Bank in New York is due solely to the fact that it has been able to assure to its depositors these two things.

The increase in its resources from \$500,000 when it opened less than three years ago to nearly

\$7,000,000 NOW

is the best proof it can offer that it is performing the services for which it was founded.

Whether you use the FOUR PER CENT INTEREST DEPARTMENT or use a checking account with the Bank all its special services are at your disposal.

We invite the readers of *The Nation* to visit its quarters and let its officers show you what it has to offer.

The Travel Department of the

BANK IS WELL EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL THE FACILITIES FOR TRAVEL: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

Amalgamated Bank

11-15 Union Square, N. Y.

A "United Front" in the Philippines

A SIGNIFICANT step in the campaign for Philippine independence is the signing of a coalition pact by the leaders of both major parties in the Philippines. The following text is taken from the *Philippines Free Press* (Manila) for January 16:

For some time past it has been noted that an organized and systematic campaign is being waged here, as well as in America, designed to induce the people of the United States to change their policy toward the Philippine Islands. The object is annexation. The activities shown by the American Chamber of Commerce, setting aside funds and sending men to the United States to carry out the campaign against independence; the extraordinary attention given to questions Philippine by important newspapers and magazines in America; and the series of publications which have appeared recently, as well as the frequent visits of American writers and publishers who seem to be studying local conditions only to advocate retention of the islands—all this shows an organized attempt to frustrate the fulfilment of the sacred promise of independence made to the Filipino people.

President Coolidge's recommendation in his last message to Congress, aimed at strengthening the powers of the Governor General, is the best proof that this anti-independence campaign may result in disaster to the cause of the country. Unless this campaign is checked immediately through the combined and united efforts of all elements which constitute Filipino nationality, specially of the political parties, the imperialist movement will gain ground gradually and we shall soon see blasted our hopes of nationality.

It has not been possible to conduct our independence campaign so firmly and energetically as it should be, due to a lack of unity of, and understanding between, the two major political parties of our country. While it is true that there exists absolute conformity in the principles of the platforms of the two parties as regards the national cause, in practice their efforts have been isolated and scattered, thereby dividing responsibility which should be assumed in common. This situation is becoming disastrous to the cause of independence, and should cease for its own good. All Filipinos should feel equally responsible, and, regardless of party expediency or religious creed, everybody should take active part in the direction and execution of the campaign for independence. The slogan should be Let American imperialism stand on one side and Filipino nationalism on the other.

In order to establish a mutual understanding between the two political parties of the Philippines and combine their efforts in the campaign for independence, the directorates of the Nacionalista and Democata parties agree upon the following

TERMS OF COVENANT

1. To create a National Supreme Council which shall be composed of ten members, five Nacionalistas and five Democatas, eight of whom, at least, shall be members of the legislature. This council shall have the high command of Filipino policy in everything concerning the independence campaign, in all matters that may affect the relations between the United States and the Philippines, and in the administration of the interests of the country at large. Its powers shall be not merely deliberative or advisory but also executive in its fullest sense. It shall prepare a program of its work and activities in connection with the independence campaign; organize and direct an intensive national campaign for the purpose of fomenting protective habits and stimulating native industries, and shall make recommendations to the legislature on matters of internal government. The Supreme Council may create an advisory body composed of technical men and other representative elements of the country, and also organize committees that

Pig Iron is a big book
John Macrae



PIG IRON

By
CHARLES G. NORRIS

Price, \$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

FREE ON REQUEST

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL BULLETIN

Partial Contents of the Current Number

FRIGIDITY IN WOMAN. In Relation to Her Love Life. By Dr. Wilhelm Stekel.	BURTON'S SELECTED PAPERS ON ANTHROPOLOGY, TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION
XVIII. CENTURY FRENCH ROMANCES	TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO
ENCYCLOPAEDIA BIBLICA	HISTORIETTES OF TALLEMANT des REAUX
ESOTERIC BOOKS OF THE EAST AND THEIR TRANSLATOR	WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS
	BEATRICE CENCI, The Beautiful Parricide, etc., etc., etc.

The Best New Books and the Latest Editions of Old Books, of interest to thoughtful readers, are reviewed and offered in the ANTHROPOLOGICAL BULLETIN.

Mailed, Postage Paid, for One Year to Any Address in U. S. and Canada, upon receipt of 25 cents; Foreign Countries, 60 cents.

THE AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Agents for the Leading Publishers of America and England.
MENTION THE NATION.

Pronounced by Press and Public

"The Greatest Historical Romance of Recent Years"

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE'S

HEARTS OF HICKORY

"Hearts of Hickory" takes a prominent place among those volumes which capture for present day readers something of the drama, and dash and glamor of the earlier American Scene. This book is almost a plethora of color and appeal. The reader's interest stays focused upon this picturesquely portrayed romance."—*New York Times*.

\$2.00 at all good bookstores.

COKESBURY PRESS
NASHVILLE, TENN.

shall carry out such work as in its judgment will tend to make the independence campaign more effective. The directorates of the Nacionalista and Democrata parties shall secure ratification of the powers herein conferred upon the Supreme Council through their respective representatives in the legislature, and the presidents of both chambers of the legislature shall call a meeting of the Commission of Independence for the same purpose in so far as it may affect the campaign for independence.

2. The Supreme Council shall organize a commission which shall permanently reside in the United States and which shall not be dissolved until independence of the Philippines is obtained. One half of the members of this commission shall be appointed by the Supreme Council on recommendation of the Nacionalista Party, and the other half on recommendation of the Democrata Party, persons not affiliated with either party being eligible to membership on this commission.

3. That there shall be elected by the legislature a Democrata resident commissioner as soon as a vacancy occurs, in order that in the future the Filipino people may be represented in the Congress of the United States by commissioners elected and recommended by the Nacionalista and Democrata parties of the Philippines.

4. Any appeals to the Filipino people for contributions for the independence campaign shall be made by and in behalf of the Supreme Council, which shall exercise control and supervision of the collection, custody, and disbursements of such funds.

5. The present covenant shall apply to all the purposes sought in it after its approval by the directorates to the Nacionalista and Democrata parties.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author and artist, will be one of the speakers at the next *Nation* dinner in New York.

JAMES MURPHY left Rome because of censorship of newspaper dispatches and is now writing from Paris on Italian politics.

HARRY F. WARD, of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, returned recently from China. *Nation* readers will remember his articles on the East in the issues of September 9 and July 22, 1925.

MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG is a writer and the daughter of the psychologist, Hugo Munsterberg.

EDA LOU WALTON's verse about American Indians was recently collected in a volume "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs."

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, first Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

WOODBIDGE RILEY is professor of philosophy at Vassar College.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN teaches English at the Ethical Culture School in New York.

KUNO FRANCKE is professor emeritus and honorary curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. He has written various books in German, English, and Latin.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on labor subjects.

LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."

ALBIN E. JOHNSON is a journalist living in Geneva. He wrote the article Intrigue in the Middle East in *The Nation* for February 10.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

383 Madison Ave., New York



"A beautiful
monumental prose story"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

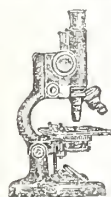
THE
BIOGRAPHY
OF THE
YEAR

Carl Sandburg's ABRAHAM LINCOLN The Prairie Years

"Will become a permanent part of American literature."—*N. Y. Times*.

"A fresh Lincoln contribution is an event, though none has ever turned out so big an event, so distinguished and unusual, as Carl Sandburg's."—*Ida M. Tarbell*.

2 Vols. 105 illustrations. \$10.00



The true story of the adventures of the pioneers of bacteriology in their fight against mankind's worst enemy.



POPULAR
SCIENCE
AS IT
SHOULD
BE
WRITTEN

Paul De Kruif's MICROBE HUNTERS

"So different from other popular science literature that it stands alone."—*Edwin E. Slosson*.

"One of the most interesting stories ever told. One reads on and on—absorbed, fascinated."—*George A. Dorsey, author of 'Why We Behave Like Human Beings.'*

"A fine accomplishment."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Illustrated, \$3.50



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

In the midst of Winter

PREPARE for SUMMER

and

Make sure of one of Charming Camp Tamiment's Family Bungalows.

Marvelous mountain air, spring fed lake, swimming crib for children. For the grown-ups—all the famous attractions of CAMP TAMIMENT, Bushkill, Pa. Bungalows furnished, warm water, electricity. Best of trips by train or auto. Twenty miles from Delaware Water Gap. Send for circular

CAMP TAMIMENT

7 East 15th St.

New York City

FREE!

Authoritative Reprints on

Russian Labor and Mining

"Labor Problems in a Siberian Plant," Samuel Shipman, C.E.

(Reprinted from "Industrial Management")

"Coal Mining in the Kuznetzk Basin of Siberia," Alfred Pearson, Jr., M.M.

(Reprinted from "Coal Age")

Either brochure will be mailed free upon application to

A. I. C. KUZBAS, Rm. 402, 799 Broadway, N. Y. C.

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

Announcement

Chairmen of Entertainment Committees:

BEFORE MAKING FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR SOCIAL AFFAIR, DINNER, DANCE, SMOKER, OR SUPPER DANCE, SEE OUR BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS. CHARGES NOT HIGHER THAN ELSEWHERE.

FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT

200 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THEODORE KEMM, Managing Owner

GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907

Who Killed Wm. Jennings Bryan?

Read the most original article on the Death of Wm. Jennings Bryan, in this issue of the Health Messenger. Dr. Levine's analysis is keen and brilliant, as he dissects the entire affair and reveals the real cause for the death of Wm. J., 20c. a copy, \$1.00 a year.

DO YOU KNOW THAT BREAD IS AN ACID PRODUCER?

and eventually affects the Human Body, also that potatoes are alkaline and sweeten up the body, thereby keeping you well. Read "HEALTH—NATURE'S PRECIOUS GIFT," the most remarkable booklet ever written on the Bio-Chemistry of food. Price 50c.

WHY DO WOMEN SUFFER WITH GOITRE MORE THAN MEN?

If it is due to lack of Iodine men should have it also, because they eat the same food and drink the same water. Have your friends suffering with Goitre? Send them "GOITRE—BEWARE OF THE KNIFE," and let them learn the real causes of Goitre. Iodine is not a cure for it. Price 50c.

DO YOU KNOW THAT BRAN IS A DANGEROUS FOOD?

If you do not then read BOMBSHELLS,—the most stimulating booklet ever written. It is loaded with intellectual dynamite. Full of snappy articles on Life and Health. Price 50c.

THE HEALTH MESSENGER

Dept. G. B. 162 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SPECIAL OFFER—Health Messenger for 1 year and 3 booklets for \$2

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE AND EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers at Manufacturer's Price
Sult Lengths Cut to Order. Price \$2.00 per Yard. Postage Paid
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired

FINEST BLUE SERGE direct to you at mill cost. Introductory price
\$3 PER YARD. 56 inches wide. GUARANTEED. Get a suit length (3 1/3 yards) now.

Sample on request.

THE AMERICAN SERGE MILLS

Box 32, Station 1D

New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1926

No. 3167

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	269
EDITORIALS:	
The Mexican Complications.....	272
Justice for the Virgin Islands.....	273
The Defeated Railway Merger.....	273
Two Hundred Years of Gulliver.....	274
Los Angeles and Its News.....	275
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	276
THE VAN SWERINGENS TURN NICKEL PLATE INTO GOLD. By Hobart S. Bird.....	277
THE WAR IN PASSAIC. By Mary Heaton Vorse.....	280
THE DEMOCRATS STAND BY MELLON. By Frank R. Kent.....	281
THE GREAT STEEL CITY. By Barbara Biber.....	282
PAST AND FUTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Lewis S. Gannett..	283
POE'S IDEA OF BEAUTY. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	285
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	287
CORRESPONDENCE	287
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:	
Modeler's Middle-Age. By Louise Townsend Nicholls.....	289
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	289
The Mystery of Poe. By H. L. Mencken.....	289
Senator Crane of Massachusetts. By William Hard.....	290
The World Well Lost? By Donald Douglas.....	291
W. T. Stead. By Herbert W. Horwill.....	292
Experimentalist Christianity. By Norman Thomas.....	292
Books in Brief.....	293
Art: Marc Chagall. By Louis Lozowick.....	294
Drama: Hard Facts. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	295
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Bombing Villages: A British Army Report.....	297

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

MUSCLE SHOALS promises to produce one of the major scandals of the present Congress and Administration in Washington. The bill which was passed by the Senate on March 8 ends all possibility of government operation, or even regulation, of this tremendously important water-power and authorizes a congressional committee to receive and report by April 26 bids for leasing Muscle Shoals to a private enterprise. The intention is to grant a lease before the adjournment of the present session of Congress. The House has already passed the same measure, except for a few amendments introduced by the Senate, and President Coolidge is of course more than ready to sign almost any bill betraying the great national development in Alabama into the hands of the power interests. The one hope now seems to be that in a wrangle between the House and the Senate over the latter's amendments the measure may get side-tracked. The scandal of the proposed action is the greater because of the suppression of the report of the congressional commission appointed last year. This commission was picked with a view to obtaining a report against government ownership, but somehow it proved to be unexpectedly independent and reported in favor of such a solution. The report has never been heard of since.

A COMPLETE COLLAPSE of the Government's case was the only result of its endeavor to vacate the habeas corpus writ issued in the case of the Countess Cathcart. Its attorneys admitted that she had not been guilty of moral turpitude, since adultery is no crime in South Africa, and when the court asked if they had anything to offer to sustain the Department of Labor's contention that her case came under the law, they could only reply No—in utter confusion. Thereupon Judge Bondy gave the freedom of our shores to the Countess, precisely as this journal has pointed out would have to be done, and the Department of Labor stands convicted of incredible stupidity. But is it content with being thus disgraced? Not at all. In the absence of the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary—with the interesting name of Husband—announces that it will carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States in order, we presume, that the department's stupidity, its prying into the private morals of visitors to this country, and its deliberate misinterpretation of the law shall be denounced by the highest court in the land. Entirely revealing is the statement made by the Assistant Secretary that for nineteen years the department has been pursuing this illegal policy—during which hundreds of poor and untitled women have, we suppose, been excluded—and its impudent and unblushing assertion that in doing so it has upheld American standards of morals against the European! Only Bernard Shaw's pen could do justice to this disgusting bit of self-complacency, holier-than-thou-ness, and hypocrisy.

ON MARCH 2 the cause of militant labor was tremendously advanced by the police of Passaic, New Jersey. On that day those worthy guardians of the peace, who had been systematically interfering with strikers' parades and assemblies, committed an error of judgment and assaulted New York newspaper men and women who were present. They struck and knocked down reporters of both sexes and deliberately smashed two motion-picture cameras and half a dozen "still" cameras—by way of proving their respect for law and the sacred right of private property. That put a different face on the matter in the eyes of every managing editor in New York. For once they became eager to face the facts as to the tyrannization of mill-town officials over labor to which they had shut their eyes, or which they had misrepresented or suppressed, these many years. The day after this happening the Passaic and Garfield strikers marched again, a woman with a baby-carriage leading, a hundred strikers wearing steel helmets and carrying gas masks, the intrepid reporters making themselves safe for publicity in armored cars or by flying overhead! This time the police used neither tear bombs nor firehose to deprive the strikers of their rights. Other facts of this strike we set forth elsewhere.

THE TRIAL in Brockton, Massachusetts, of Anthony Bimba, a communist editor of Brooklyn, on charges of blasphemy and sedition, is over. The charges grew out of an address delivered by Mr. Bimba before a meet-

ing of Lithuanians in Brockton. The blasphemy charge was brought under a 300-year-old Puritan statute, and thus attracted much newspaper interest as an apparent attempt to revive the old-time blue laws. In point of fact it was not taken seriously by either prosecution or defense and was of little consequence in comparison with the charge of sedition, based under one of the numerous similar statutes enacted in a majority of our States during or after the World War in an epoch of public panic and reaction. Every one of these laws is contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution, and there will be no safety for democracy in this country until they are repealed. Mr. Bimba was acquitted of blasphemy but convicted of sedition. Yet the judge himself showed his contempt for the folly and uselessness of the sedition law when he fined the prisoner \$100. How ridiculous, if Mr. Bimba was actually guilty of an effort to overthrow the government, to visit upon him a punishment similar to that which he would have received for carrying a flask of whiskey in his hip-pocket!

AS WE GO TO PRESS the League of Nations is in the throes of the most dangerous crisis in its history, complicated by the fall of the Briand Ministry and by the shifting policy of the Baldwin Government necessitated by Sir Austen Chamberlain's taking his position in regard to the increase of the Council prior to action by his associates and in opposition to British public sentiment. There was something almost childish in the situation at Geneva when the session opened. Germany was demanding her seat in the Council all by herself and threatening to take her dolls and go home if another country were admitted to the sacred Council at the same time, thus tarnishing her prestige. Poland was insisting on simultaneous election with Germany and prophesying the collapse of her Government otherwise. France was backing Poland and threatening to black-ball Germany if Poland were turned down, while Sweden was upholding Germany and promising to block everything with her one vote if Poland should be admitted even with Germany's consent. China, Brazil, and Spain were also demanding Council seats and threatening to withdraw from the League itself if denied; Brazil and Uruguay were opposing Spain's entry, while Chile and the Central American republics were supporting Spain. The Argentine, finally, was threatening to withdraw if the Council were enlarged beyond one seat! Could anything be more petty? Of course what has set English opinion of all shades against the enlargement of the Council is the fact that if it is enlarged by the addition of both Germany and Poland there will be reestablished the old and murderous European balance of power. Certainly nothing could have happened to bear out more clearly the contentions of those opponents of the League, like ourselves, who have pointed out that the veto power exercised by each member of the Council was a fatal handicap to the amending of the Covenant and to the proper working of the Council.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS of the Briand Cabinet which gave up office on March 6 lay in the same cause—the fact that Briand is not a financier. Having no fiscal program of his own, he left it to Parliament to work out one in conjunction with his Minister of Finance. Thus, in the early stages of formulating

the measure, Briand could not be voted out of office on its account. But as the bill took shape the Government gradually stood committed to what had been done, and, as this was not wholly acceptable to any group, the Chamber of Deputies, in a moment of dissatisfaction and annoyance, finally voted Briand out of office. The moment was a most unfortunate one from the standpoint both of French domestic interests and the success of the League of Nations meeting at Geneva. Yet we believe that France, as we recently said, is in a more hopeful position than last year, because then her people were opposed to drastic fiscal measures and Parliament dared not proceed against their wishes, whereas now the people are clamoring for action and Parliament is simply fiddling. It is easier to reform a parliament than a people. But time presses. Unless action to save the franc comes speedily, there may be nothing to salvage when it arrives.

SCANT REPORTS have been seeping out from Rome, where France laid her record in Syria before the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. The French representatives, say brief dispatches, were subjected to "sharp and insistent" inquiries on justice, religion, and finance, or some such vague and imposing array of abstractions. At last the commission has prepared a report of the situation for the consideration of the League. Details of the report are not available as we go to press, but it is described as not sensational, nor yet a mere white-wash. If, as the Associated Press says, the commission has confined itself to constructive criticism, then it has revealed itself as possessed of an eye for the immediate future. Recriminations against the French authorities will not dispose of the stiff-necked Druses to bend toward amicable relations with them, nor will the French be thereby rendered the more patiently gentle with their difficult wards. On the other hand, the commission has in this case an opportunity to establish itself as an adequate censor of the administration of mandatory power. If it does not so establish itself, it will reveal its parent the League to be impotent in one of its most significant assumptions of power; and the plea for intervention made to the world three months ago by the Syrian leader, Ihsan Djabir Bey, remaining unanswered, will mark the fact.

A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS censor has Canada—as devoted to saving his country from wicked ideas as if he were our own beloved Secretary of State. So he has barred that high-minded publication the *New York Daily Mirror*, one of our picture papers, because of what he is graciously pleased to describe as its occasionally unworthy character. In order to show his fairness it is reported that he is about to take like action with regard to two of the *Mirror's* ardent competitors in the chronicling of scandal, of crime, and of nudity. More than that, this happy censor has barred *Liberty*, the weekly off-shoot of the *Chicago Tribune*. Its sins have little to do with the world of today. It is punished because it published articles in regard to the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra which were misrepresentations and libelous. To this *Liberty* replies that its torch merely illuminated the Queen as the victim of her royal husband's penchant for pretty faces, which everybody knew. Well, we who are saving our country from the Karolyis and the Catharts

are hardly in a position to throw stones at the Minister of Customs and Excises who preserves the morals of Canada. All of which increases the respect in which the rest of the world holds Anglo-Saxons, but makes us tremble lest it begin to laugh at us. For if once the civilized nations begin to laugh, a lot of our highly esteemed Anglo-American idols are likely to crash to earth.

TO THE MANY FELICITATIONS which have gone to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court on his eighty-fifth birthday, we want to add ours, with profound thankfulness that so admirable a public servant and jurist has not only been preserved to the republic but at his advanced age is still capable of filling the duties he has already so well discharged for twenty-four years. That is unusual in itself; still more so is the fact that his lifelong liberalism is untarnished by the conservatism of age. No finer body of young men ever went into the service of the government than the group of Harvard men who volunteered at the outbreak of the Civil War. Of these Justice Holmes was one, and his gallantry resulted in three wounds, one at Antietam of such a severe nature that his recovery seemed impossible. The story of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's search for his wounded son and namesake after that battle, entitled "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" is not only one of the most touching articles from the pen of the famous father of this great Justice, but gives a most worth-while picture of the confusion, lack of organization, and inadequacy of the Medical Corps of the army of that day in dealing with wounded men. "The Captain" was not only found, but has already survived his wound sixty-four years. We heartily hope we may have him with us many years yet, abounding in wit and wisdom and philosophy, and imbued with the same true Americanism—with its sound belief in the freedom of the individual, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and freedom of life—for which Justice Holmes and his group stood so valiantly in the greatest crisis of the republic.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY'S voluntary retirement as secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, after nearly twenty-two years of service, is a national loss. True, he has been only one of a multitude of men and women who, in similar positions, have served reform causes for a tithe of the salaries they could earn elsewhere. But few in this army of devoted public servants—public despite the fact that they are on private and not on the public pay rolls—have equaled Mr. Lovejoy in the tact and skill with which he has carried on the unending and extraordinarily difficult tasks with which he has had to deal, or the courage he has always displayed, even in the face of insuperable difficulties. We wish that it had been possible to chronicle other than failure for the greatest effort the Child Labor Committee made during Mr. Lovejoy's secretaryship—the effort to obtain a national child-labor law. But not that fact, nor the truth that there is still abominable industrial slavery of children in our supposedly civilized land, reflects any discredit upon those who, like him, have done their utmost, without thought of self, to break the shackles.

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT has divided the country into more than the two classes which have come to be known as Drys and Wets. There is at least a third class which might be dubbed the Dry-Wets or the

Wet-Drys. They are persons who—more or less surreptitiously—use intoxicating beverages themselves but for business, political, or other reasons publicly oppose the use of liquor by others. No census of the Dry-Wets ever has been taken and we shall not be so uncharitable as to guess at their number. It does seem, though, that they are especially prevalent among politicians. A bit of hypocrisy seems more or less necessary for success in politics, so it is hardly sporting in State Senator Courtlandt Nicoll of New York—reputed to be a Wet—to have proposed the following amendment to the prohibition-enforcement bill now pending in the legislature:

Any person who buys, sells, possesses, or uses a beverage, the use of which is illegal under the Eighteenth Amendment and the laws passed to secure the enforcement of that amendment, shall be debarred from holding any office or public trust.

Downright mean, we call that! It is a politician's immemorial privilege to make laws, not to obey them, and Senator Nicoll's scheme for smoking out the Dry-Wets promises to inject so much honesty into political life that it will no longer have any allure.

WHAT WILL BE the effect on company unions if the Cummins-Parker bill, designed to supplant the Railroad Labor Board by direct negotiation between transportation workers and their employers, becomes a law? The measure has the backing of the railway employees' unions, but its results can hardly be expected to be in every way to their interest. The Pennsylvania was the leader in establishing the company union in the railway field, setting up the plan among its shopmen in 1921. The United States Supreme Court decided that company unions were lawful under the transportation act of 1920, although it admitted that they were contrary to the wishes of Congress. The Railroad Labor Board, whatever its faults, did considerable to prevent the misrepresentation of employees through non-representative company unions. As no such check will exist under the new plan, it is possible that groups too weak to maintain independent unions will suffer some disadvantage. It is not without significance that the *Pennsylvania Standard* for February quoted President Atterbury as saying that "nothing in the proposed legislation would interfere with the present method in effect on the Pennsylvania Railroad for the handling of relations between officers and employees."

THE TREND toward bigger and better mergers is well illustrated by the figures for the power industry during 1925. The *Electrical World* reports that 560 companies were involved, of which 153 were absorbing companies and 407 were acquired companies. The total capitalization of the acquired companies was \$1,957,263,000, or about one-fourth of the aggregate capitalization of the electric light and power industry. There was one merger of over \$200,000,000, three more of over \$125,000,000, and twenty-one absorptions of more than \$25,000,000 each. The phenomenon was not confined to any one section of the country, but was nation-wide. In many instances the acquired companies in a single merger operated in several States, and even in widely separated sections of the country. Private capital is losing no time in digging in against the public control of giant power.

The Mexican Complications

IN the light of the interventionist propaganda against Mexico, now being conducted by certain interests, it seems proper to consider once more the recent questions that have been raised between the two countries. The old Mexican land law, prior to 1884, reserved to the state the ownership of the subsoil minerals. In 1884 the law was changed so that the surface owner also acquired the subsoil minerals. This is also the common law prevailing in the United States. Between 1884 and 1917, under the Porfirio Diaz regime, when Mexico changed the law back to its original status, a great deal of land was purchased in Mexico by oil and mining companies, with a view to holding in reserve the exploitation of these natural resources. The Mexican constitution of 1917 and the laws passed pursuant thereto would have severed the subsoil minerals from the ownership of the surface by reserving these minerals to the state. The new laws were regarded by the United States as retroactive and confiscatory measures. By interpretation, therefore, the Mexican law was then modified so as to leave to the surface owners, who had begun their search for oil or minerals and broken ground prior to 1917, the privilege of continuing their efforts to reduce to possession the subsoil minerals. But those who had not broken ground before 1917 were not regarded as having a vested right in perpetuity to search for oil, and as to these owners the constitution and laws of 1917 were still deemed applicable. The United States, however, still asserted the view that at the time when the property was acquired ownership of the soil gave all rights to the center of the earth and to the sky above. Mexico does not share this common-law view of a vested right and the first dispute between the countries is a difference in the meaning of the term "vested right." There is no international definition of the term, and the Mexican view is probably as valid as ours. After what the United States has done to the vested rights acquired in this country by German, Austrian, and Hungarian citizens, it seems hypocritical to talk unctuously about the vested rights of American citizens abroad. The police power in this country is continually wiping out without compensation property rights duly acquired—for example, under the prohibition law. It is another case of the beam and the mote. Self-respect requires a modicum of consistency.

Mexico also claims that she will not permit foreigners to own land around the borders of Mexico nor any land inside the country unless the foreigner renounces with respect to the ownership of that land his privileged diplomatic position as a foreigner. Foreigners or foreign corporations now owning land have a long time within which to sell. Here also the California land legislation as to Japanese and the laws of our States prohibiting aliens from owning or inheriting land would seem to bar any serious protest. We also take the position that Mexico cannot validly request any foreigner to renounce his privilege of calling upon the diplomatic protection of his own government on the ground that this is a privilege of the government and not of the individual, which the individual, therefore, is not in a position validly to renounce. This seems a specious quibble, but it has been sustained by some international courts and denied by others. Mexico dislikes the

necessity of placing foreigners in such an advantage in Mexico.

Under our claims treaty with Mexico, we imposed liability, as a condition of recognition, for all damages suffered by American citizens in Mexico since 1910 through all the various revolutionary movements. Such liability far exceeds that imposed by international law, which relieves the government from liability for injuries committed by insurgents beyond its control. The claims convention also makes Mexico liable for injuries by mutinies or mobs or certain insurrectionary forces or bandits, provided it can be shown that the appropriate authorities omitted to take reasonable measures to suppress these disturbing forces, or in other respects were at fault. The Mexican agent, in an argument before the Claims Commission in regular course, sought to show that certain forces and bodies committing injuries were in fact bandits, and not revolutionary forces for which Mexico assumed unequivocal liability. Because he dared to make such a legal argument—a matter quite within his privilege and not heretofore deemed an appropriate subject for adverse criticism—the *New York Times* published a heading to an inflammatory article "Declares Mexico Repudiates Claims." The questions arise, Who is responsible for this propaganda? What interests desire intervention in Mexico?

The financial interests? Hardly. Mexico's first move under the Calles administration was to negotiate a new agreement for the payment of her international obligations. Mexico could, following the European example, have postponed the settlement of her foreign debt. Instead her treasury is making regular payments to the Lamont Committee. It is absurd to suppose that the bankers have any desire to impede the validation of half a billion dollars' worth of securities.

The oil men? They have long been trouble makers, high-handed law-breakers in Mexico. They have plotted intervention in the past. The fact is, however, that the present legislation in Mexico really confiscates not a drop of oil belonging to them.

Does the Catholic church desire intervention? For several weeks the Archbishop of Baltimore has filled the press with his denunciations. *America*, the Jesuit organ, in many respects an enlightened weekly when it was edited by Father Richard H. Tierney, attempts in a leading article to prove that the Mexican anti-clericalism is related to high cost of binder-twine and rubber to the American consumer. The expelled foreign priests and nuns upon arrival here are headlined with "Horrors in Mexico" in the *Times* and with "Mexican Terror" in the *Tribune*, although a reading of the interviews (which can scarcely be considered unbiased) fails to reveal any horrors beyond the fact of expulsion in conformity with the Mexican law. In Congress Representative John J. Boylan demands breaking off of our diplomatic relations "until Mexico revises her present constitution." It would be unfortunate if the American Catholic hierarchy placed itself in the un-American position of fomenting a religious conflict. This is Mexico's affair and the issue is really not over religion at all but of persistent clerical interference in state matters which Mexico is trying to end once for all after a hundred years of it.

Justice for the Virgin Islands

NINE years after our acquisition from Denmark of her possessions in the West Indies there is a prospect that we may give them some of the democracy which they artlessly thought would be theirs as a matter of course upon coming under the sovereignty of the United States. In point of fact our neglect has resulted in saddling upon them an autocratic and unsympathetic succession of satraps, so that whereas in 1917 they were whole-heartedly in favor of our advent they are today sorry for the withdrawal of Denmark. But although our naval government has made a mighty mess of things—as also in Samoa and Guam—the Virgin Islanders are a generous and a friendly people, who will become the most loyal of Americans the moment we indicate we want them in our body politic.

Thanks to Representative Robert Bacon of New York, a bill (H. R. 9395) is now before Congress which, if enacted into law, will end our nine years of absolutism and mismanagement by conferring upon the inhabitants American citizenship, universal suffrage, and a civilian government resting upon a large measure of self-rule. This bill, drawn in considerable measure by A. A. Berle, Jr., of New York City, has been approved by representatives of the Navy Department and the Treasury and by prominent members of the Colonial Councils of the Virgin Islands. It deserves the support in and out of Congress of all those who believe that our island territories should be governed with at least an approach to the same civil rights and self-determination which we demand for ourselves.

There is every reason to suppose that the treaty by which the Virgin Islands passed from Denmark to the United States intended to make the inhabitants of the islands American citizens unless they took specific steps to the contrary. But the presence of two somewhat contradictory provisions in the treaty was seized upon by our none too democratic administration at Washington to deny this right, with the result that the Virgin Islanders have been literally men and women without a country. The several thousand of them domiciled here in the continental United States have, on the one hand, been denied the right to vote on the ground that they were not citizens, while, on the other hand, they have been refused access to citizenship through the process of naturalization. The Bacon bill does away with this absurdity by making American citizens of Virgin Islanders both here and in the West Indies.

According to the present "temporary government," the Virgin Islands are virtually a pocket borough of the President. His power there is almost absolute, if he choose to exercise it, but in fact he has turned it over to the navy, whose bureaucrats have exercised all the snobbery and bossism that petty minds are prone to wherever they are given a free rein over a people helpless to protect itself through distance and the lack of an adequate press. The Bacon bill proposes to end this by establishing a civilian administration, headed by a governor to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Colonial Councils would become genuine legislative bodies instead of restricted and largely powerless assemblies as at present. Moreover the vicious property qualification by which most of the islanders are now disfranchised would be abolished, to be superseded by suffrage for all men and women over twenty-one who can read and

write English. There has been some criticism in this country of the literacy qualification, it having been said in one quarter that this limitation was inspired by the sugar interests. As a fact it is especially advocated by the labor organizations of the islands, and is aimed not at the native Negroes (constituting nine-tenths of the population), who almost all speak and read English, but at certain more recently arrived European elements.

Finally, the Bacon measure contains a bill of rights modeled after that in the Constitution of the United States. In this connection we may note that the appeal of Rothschild Francis, editor of the *Emancipator* of St. Thomas, has just been decided by the federal court in Philadelphia to which it was carried. Mr. Francis was convicted by an island judge of having libeled a police officer by an article in the *Emancipator*. He was later convicted of contempt of court for criticizing in his newspaper the verdict against him. The Philadelphia court, by a queer twist of logic, has upheld the sentence for contempt but overthrown the verdict of libel upon which it was based. Is it that a judge may call a court wrong but an editor may not? The Philadelphia decision will probably be carried higher. More needed is a general movement to take away from the courts the usurped and unconstitutional power to punish criticism as contempt. It constitutes an illegal and unauthorized censorship of the press.

The Defeated Railway Merger

GENERALLY SPEAKING *The Nation* is averse to tooting too loudly its own saxophone. But there are times when modesty is a mistake. Thus having been reliably informed that our pages were a chief, if not the chief, influence in defeating the 9,000-mile railway merger of the Van Sweringen brothers, we think our readers ought to know about it. Toward the close of the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission Hobart S. Bird, counsel for a group of the Chesapeake and Ohio stockholders who were opposing the proposed unification, saw in *The Nation* of December 2, last, the address of Professor W. Z. Ripley of Harvard University before the Academy of Political Science, calling attention to the danger of modern stock issues in which control is vested in closely held common shares while the money is put up by the investing public in return for preferred or Class A or B issues, devoid of voting power.

Mr. Bird knew that Professor Ripley had often been called as an expert by the Interstate Commerce Commission and had the highest standing with it. Hence, in his brief Mr. Bird incorporated in full the views of Professor Ripley as printed in *The Nation*. These views were also taken up by the *New York World*, and came to have so important a bearing upon the case that the Van Sweringens' counsel asked permission to file a special answer to them. Permission to do this was refused on the ground that the hearing had then been closed. As the decision against the merger was based chiefly on the issue raised by Professor Ripley, *The Nation* may claim a share in obtaining the ruling because of having made Professor Ripley's views available for presentation before the commission.

The story and the amazing rise of the Van Sweringen brothers is told by Mr. Bird himself elsewhere in this issue. It is a romantic narrative of the enormous pos-

sibilities of wealth and power obtainable almost overnight by shrewd manipulators of our existing system of credit and industry. The Van Sweringens entered the railroad field after the great pioneers in it were dead or had retired—at a moment when most of our industrial generals had turned to automobiles, electric development, or other newer playthings. The Van Sweringens saw the possibilities for unification opened up by the transportation act of 1920. They probably kept within the law in their dealings and certainly within the ethical code of our modern buccaneers of business. Their success is due to long vision, quickness on the trigger, and a willingness to pay well for what they wanted—to let the other fellow in for a good thing, too, whenever they were trying to put over a deal.

The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission need not permanently prevent their proposed merger. The objection is solely to its financial aspects, which may be satisfactorily altered if the Van Sweringens so wish. As a transportation scheme the plan is distinctly approved by the commission. For this reason we welcome the decision. It is not mere "trust busting." On the contrary, it is a constructive use of the powers of the commission to protect the public on the financial side while at the same time making possible a physical development which would probably be to the advantage of all concerned.

Two Hundred Years of Gulliver

IN November, 1726, a few weeks after "Gulliver's Travels" had appeared and swept all England, Alexander Pope wrote to his friend Jonathan Swift in Dublin saying that the publisher of the book, one Benjamin Motte, was curiously uncertain as to the source from which the manuscript had come. "Motte," explained Pope, "received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment." No one knew better than Pope who had written "Gulliver," for he had heard all about it in letters from the Dean of St. Patrick's and indeed the work was merely the execution of a plan once formed by Pope, John Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Swift for a universal satire upon humankind. Furthermore, it had been Pope—always a trickster—who conveyed the manuscript under cover of night to Benjamin Motte; and incidentally it was Pope who in this connection secured the only royalties for Swift—two hundred pounds—which his writing ever brought. One of the greatest of all the writers of England or the world was quite without pride of authorship—he did not sign "Gulliver," and the several hundred other works by him were anonymous save in one instance, when he let his name be used because the profits were to go for charity.

Pope, Gay, and the rest continued for a time to play the game of mystification which Pope was playing in his letter of November. It was not long, however, before the world was aware that it had a masterpiece, and was aware who had composed it.

It is to be hoped that others besides ourselves will celebrate this year the bicentenary of such a book as will perhaps never have to be written again. We should like to know what the race is thinking by this time of the heaviest dose of criticism it ever got. Mr. Mencken has

just brought out a new edition of "Gulliver" with—of course—an enthusiastic introduction. But Mr. Mencken has always seemed to agree with Swift, who agreed with the king of Brobdingnag that the bulk of us are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." What of this bulk itself? What has it to say?

Swift made it clear enough to Pope who it was that he attacked:

I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one. . . . But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. . . . I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, though not in Timon's manner, the whole building of my "Travels" is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion.

And at least one contemporary was said to see the moral of "Gulliver." "The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough," wrote Gay and Pope none too seriously to Swift, "is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it. She declares that she has now found out that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes." Nor was the Duchess alone in her raptures. The first edition of this bitter book was exhausted within a week, and others were as quickly exhausted. "Gulliver" has never given offense. We have read it with undiluted pleasure during 200 years—for a century it has been a classic for children. But that animal called man has still not spoken.

The reason doubtless is that every reader of "Gulliver" has instantly placed himself with John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. Like the great Duchess herself he has grasped at the beginning the distinction which must be made—if the spectacle of human life is to remain at all tolerable—between the many and the few; and he has felt very certain that he was one of the few. How else could he endure to go on with Swift as he pursues his painful and irresistible analysis of the weaknesses of men? He might turn his back upon the railings of a Timon; he must listen to a Gulliver. For Gulliver is weirdly convincing. Swift's glory is that he has more than stated his charge; he has proved it. He has done this by his art; he has told an entrancing tale which in spite of oneself one becomes interested in. He has done it also by his logic; he has devised a series of traps into which the running mind must fall. The deepest of these is in the last and best book. Gulliver, coming by chance into a country whose noblest creatures look like horses and whose yahoos look like men, is naturally mistaken by the horses for a yahoo. When he protests that the resemblance is only in the body, and refers to a mind within which makes him worthy of comparison with a Houyhnhnm, he is courteously given a chance to describe the civilization which he has left and the history—including the wars—which that civilization has achieved. The result is nothing if not humiliating. If every reader is Gulliver, it is to be hoped that every reader takes this most cleansing bath of self-examination, even if he thinks he takes it only for his race. The millennium will be here when all men read "Gulliver's Travels" as children read it, and do not need to be ashamed.

Los Angeles and Its News

OUR readers will recall that under the title of Los Angeles's Campaign of Silence we printed on September 9, last, an article by William Boardman Knox, who had been an editor of the Los Angeles illustrated *Daily News*. This article has brought us many letters of protest and reply, including one of February 10 from A. G. Arnoll, the secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. One from Ralph W. Trueblood, executive editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, who denies the conspiracy of silence by the Los Angeles press in dealing with the infantile-paralysis epidemic, has been printed in the *Editor and Publisher* and elsewhere. Mr. Trueblood goes straight to the point, which is not the case with various other correspondents who have entirely misunderstood the issue and have, for instance, like Mr. Arnoll, twisted Mr. Knox's statement of fact as to the hoof-and-mouth disease into an attack upon the rigid State quarantine.

Mr. Trueblood wrote us, in part, as follows:

So far as the *Times* is concerned, the facts are these: Between June 16, when infantile paralysis was declared prevalent in the State by the State Board of Health, and October 20, when Los Angeles was officially declared free of the disease, the *Times* printed fifty-nine separate news articles regarding the situation, an aggregate of 282 inches of type, column measure. The articles ranged in length from a minimum of two and one-half inches to a maximum of twenty-one and one-half inches. Frequently these articles were displayed on the first page and in no case was there any effort to conceal or "play them down." Each article brought the situation up to date from the preceding report, giving the number of new cases, total for the week, total for month, and usually the grand total from the beginning. In the early part of the period mentioned and at intervals thereafter these articles gave carefully prepared directions to the public for guarding against the disease and for handling it when it should appear. Notwithstanding your allegation that the business interests of Los Angeles were in a conspiracy to suppress these facts, the *Times* did not receive a single protest against their publication.

To this Mr. Knox, in a letter addressed to *The Nation*, replies as follows:

Mr. Trueblood by separating my statement from its context succeeds in making me say something I did not say. Not only did I make no attempt to deny that the infantile paralysis in some form was discussed but I go so far as to give concrete examples of statements issued to and published by the press of Los Angeles, and it was one of the points of my article that the suppression was doubly effective because misleading information was disseminated. Mr. Trueblood, in his letter to you, shows clearly the state of mind in which he approached the epidemic by referring to it as the time or rather the date "when infantile paralysis was declared prevalent in the State," with no reference to any epidemic in Los Angeles.

Mr. Trueblood's own figures are enlightening. He says that his paper published 282 inches of space in 59 separate articles, which, according to my mathematics, averaged a little more than four inches to the story, about a finger's depth, which for a somewhat devastating epidemic was certainly not a sensational play. Files of the *Los Angeles Times* will very simply and quickly demonstrate the spirit with which this situation was handled by the paper. He

says that my statements in regard to water and bubonic plague are false. Inasmuch as they are, without exception, taken from official reports, any falsehood is nothing which either you or I could help or for which we could be held accountable, and I suggest that he take the matter up with Dr. Brem and Dr. Parsons of Los Angeles.

It is not denied by anyone that Mr. Knox was present at meetings of the Chamber of Commerce; nor are some of his most important statements challenged by his critics. Indeed, Mr. Arnoll himself makes the statement that during the infantile-paralysis epidemic "the press . . . did not permit publicity which would either suppress the facts or magnify them," which admits control.

From Dr. John Randolph Haynes, a member of the Board of Water and Power Commissioners at Los Angeles, comes a clear-cut challenge of Mr. Knox's statements as to the water supply. Dr. Haynes's quarrel is, however, as Mr. Knox shows, with Dr. Walter V. Brem and Dr. Parsons. Dr. Brem's high standing as a bacteriologist is beyond question. Mr. Knox went out of his way, however, to state in his article that there is another school of bacteriologists in Los Angeles "who claim that the constant discovery of *B. coli* (colon bacilli) in Los Angeles reservoirs is a matter of no importance and that the water has all the healing properties of the pool of Bethesda." Writing for the Chamber of Commerce Mr. Arnoll admits that there have been times when the water has been "slightly impaired as far as palatability was concerned," but that it was "at no time below requirements necessary for a healthful city water." Mr. Arnoll cites a statement of the secretary of the State Board of Health that the Los Angeles water supply is beyond reproach.

On the other side, we have been assured by the managing news editor of the *Los Angeles Daily News* at the time that Mr. Knox was connected with that paper that his statements were correct, and we have also received a letter from a reader who declares that although he read the *Times* and *Herald* daily he "never saw a mention made of infantile paralysis until December 5, 1925."

To print all the letters we have received would take more space than we can possibly spare for them. We may, however, state our own conclusion after carefully going over the subject: We believe that in its main thesis Mr. Knox's article was correct. But we must admit that to prove his points Mr. Knox resorted to too sweeping statements, which he should have avoided and the editor of his manuscript should have caught. Specifically, Mr. Knox exaggerated grossly when he declared that the whole of Los Angeles's economic structure began to totter as a result of the epidemics and that her bank clearings were cut in half. Figures obtained from Los Angeles show that the clearings did drop in the period under discussion, March to August, 1924, from \$644,338,609 to \$532,097,664, that is, \$112,240,945. But during the same period in 1925 they also fell off \$50,597,257. Mr. Knox would have made his point sufficiently had he but given the official figures. He also exaggerated in saying that land values dropped 50 per cent. We regret that this injustice to the facts was done in our columns and express our indebtedness to our several correspondents who have placed their views before us.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



HERCULES HAD MADE HIS MILLIONS. "I shall now," quoth he, "bestow a wonderful blessing upon mankind."



"I SHALL PRINT A PAPER which every living creature in this great city can understand." And so he hired himself (for a million dollars a year) a Man of Brains who could write articles in words of three letters.



AND HE SENT to one of our leading universities for the dumbest freshman and him he made literary adviser, and he published his first issue.



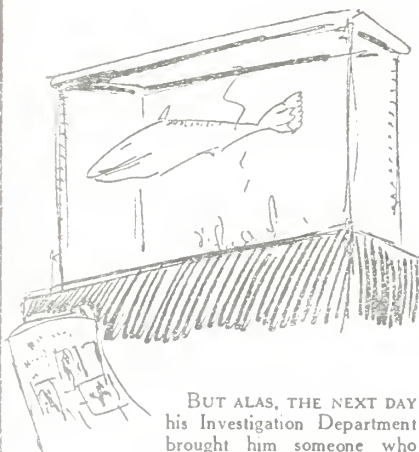
BUT ALAS, THE NEXT DAY his Investigation Department brought him someone who did not understand his paper.



AND SO HE FIRED his entire staff and hired (for two million a year) another Man of Brains who could write articles in words of two letters.



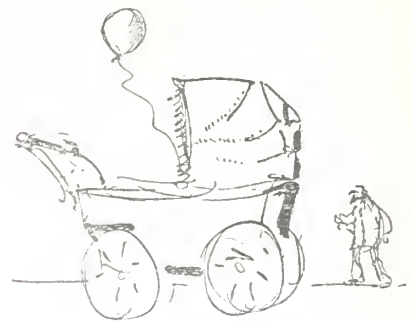
AND HE SENT to a famous School for Backward Children and asked for their backwardest pupil and he made him literary adviser, and he published his second issue.



BUT ALAS, THE NEXT DAY his Investigation Department brought him someone who did not understand his paper.



AND SO HE FIRED his entire staff and hired (for three million a year) another Man of Brains who could write articles in words of one letter.



AND HE HIRED a thug to rob him a baby that he might make the child literary adviser, etc., etc.

AND SO ON AD INFINITUM.

The Van Sweringens Turn Nickel Plate into Gold

By HOBART S. BIRD

THE alchemists of olden times who sought to turn baser metals into gold would have seen their dreams more than realized had they lived to witness the accomplishments in this generation of the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland. These two men, neither of them out of his forties, have not only made gold from Nickel Plate but also from air and water. They have sold water at enormous profit in the stock issues of various properties, chiefly railroads, that they have acquired and reorganized. They have turned even air into gold, having an estimated profit of \$16,000,000 on the building value above ground of the terminal site which they acquired a few years ago in Cleveland.

All in all these two men are believed to have made, actually or potentially, about \$80,000,000 out of a cash investment of some half a million. Most of this money was accumulated in about two years previous to 1924, in which latter year the Van Sweringens came into public view as the organizers of a projected railroad empire of over 9,000 miles, valued at \$1,600,000,000.

Permission to put this plan into effect has just been denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The newspapers have told us that. What the newspapers have failed to tell us is that merger or no merger the profits of the Van Sweringens are for the most part secure. It is possible, too, that the unification will eventually be permitted. The Interstate Commerce Commission has approved it as a transportation project. The grounds of objection are purely financial. The commission takes exception to the extent to which control is vested in the Van Sweringens while the actual ownership was in outside investors without any vote. The commission also objects to the ruthless way in which minorities were handled in bringing about the merger. The proposed combination may be reorganized financially, the obnoxious non-voting-stock feature eliminated, and the Van Sweringens still remain in control, with their profits intact.

THEY ONCE DELIVERED NEWSPAPERS

What makes the position of the Van Sweringens unusually spectacular, and typically American, is that they have risen to their present heights from a young manhood devoted to delivering newspapers. Oris P. Van Sweringen, when twenty-one years of age, quit his earlier occupations and, taking his nineteen-year-old brother, Mantis J., as a partner, went into real estate. They took over a development known as Shaker Heights, near Cleveland, which had previously been a failure. This was in 1900. They made the new tract valuable by rapid transit to Cleveland.

Both of the Van Sweringens are still boyish in appearance and neither is married. At the recent hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington they were the most inconspicuous persons present. When O. P. Van Sweringen came forward smiling and debonair to tell his story he was all deference, courtesy, and urbanity. When a pencil or paper accidentally dropped from the hands of one of the commissioners or of one of the counsel, he was the first to spring from his seat to restore it to the owner.

In order to understand the spectacular events which finally culminated in the plan for the great railway merger

which has just been passed upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission one must go back to the year 1909. It was then that the Van Sweringens acquired four acres of land in the heart of Cleveland as a site for the terminal of the rapid-transit line which they were planning to build. In 1911 they organized the Cleveland and Youngstown Railroad Company to operate an electric line and began acquiring a right of way through a part of the city in which they had some years previously delivered newspapers from house to house. They had to cross the tracks of the Cleveland Short Line, a railroad owned by the New York Central. They met A. H. Smith. He made the suggestion which led to the great expansion that followed. The New York Central at that time was sending its freight into Cleveland by tracks lying level with the water. The better part of Cleveland's business section is on a considerably higher level, and Mr. Smith asked the Van Sweringens if they thought land could be acquired at a reasonable price for a freight station on this upper elevation. The young real-estate operators astutely replied that it could be.

A ROUTE INTO CLEVELAND

In consequence an agreement was reached in 1913 between the Van Sweringens and the New York Central for the construction of a four-track route into Cleveland and the building of a freight station. It was provided that upon completion the freight house was to be deeded to the New York Central and that that railway was to have half of the right of way. In return the New York Central agreed to advance the funds necessary to carry out the project.

Proceeding with the construction of their trolley line and the acquisition of a right of way, the Van Sweringens ran across the tracks of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, popularly known as the Nickel Plate. It dawned on them that the tracks of this railroad would furnish them their most direct route to their haven in the center of Cleveland. The fact that this road was owned by the New York Central seemed propitious. They started negotiations for the right to use the Nickel Plate tracks for their trolley, but did not reach a definite stage until in 1916, when under a new law the New York Central was obliged to dispose of its control of the Nickel Plate because of a prohibition against one railroad controlling another competitive line. The New York Central had bought the Nickel Plate for the very purpose of preventing competition and had been letting it rot. The New York Central had no use for the line but naturally did not want it to fall into unfriendly hands. It was then that the Van Sweringens conceived the idea of acquiring not only a right of way over the Nickel Plate into Cleveland but of purchasing the entire railroad. It seems like a fantastic scheme to buy a railroad just to get a trolley line and a stub-end terminal, but the Van Sweringens had not outgrown their belief in Santa Claus and went straightway to New York City where railroads are bought and sold.

It was suggested they should pay \$2,000,000 in cash and \$6,500,000 in promissory notes. To this the Van Sweringens could make no possible objection except that they did not happen to have \$2,000,000. Fortunately a way

opened. They were able to get a temporary loan of \$2,100,000 from the Guardian Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland on the strength of their shrewd bargain. The Van Sweringens then organized a holding corporation, the Nickel Plate Securities Company. Stock was issued to the extent of \$2,500,000 in par value non-voting preferred shares and \$12,500,000 in common. The preferred was issued for cash to pay off the loan. The Van Sweringen subscription was for \$520,000 of the preferred and they received three-fourths of the common. J. R. Nutt and C. L. Bradley of Cleveland subscribed to \$1,490,000 worth of the preferred and received a fourth of the common. The \$520,000 was the only cash which the Van Sweringens personally put up in all their career of railroad acquisition and reorganization, and even this sum was offset by sale on their part of some of their common stock.

TRUE FINANCIERS

The Van Sweringens then showed themselves to be true financiers. They had the Nickel Plate declare a dividend which brought in about half a million dollars of new capital. Besides this the Nickel Plate, when they took it over, had in its treasury in cash and securities \$3,982,307.93. The cash payment for it had been only \$2,000,000. The realtors were now on their way.

Up to about 1917 the terminal in Cleveland was to have been for the accommodation of the Nickel Plate Railroad and the Van Sweringen trolley line, the latter using the right of way of the former as an approach to the station. According to O. P. Van Sweringen it was the New York Central that proposed the next big development. Mr. Smith, who had by now become president of the road, proposed that other railways be brought in and that the terminal be made a union station in the center of Cleveland's business district. Eventually the New York Central, the Big Four, and the Nickel Plate arranged for a union station and agreed to guarantee a bond issue of \$60,000,000.

At the same time a contract was made with the Union Traction Terminals Company, a corporation with no property and only \$10,000 of capital stock—all owned by the Van Sweringens—for a lease of part of the terminal building to be set aside for local traction purposes. This new company was to acquire the Van Sweringen trolley line and other traction systems. The company contracted to pay to the railroads \$850,000 a year rent for the traction section, but the rent it is to receive from concessionnaires, news-stands, and the like is at least \$820,000. So these traction rights, whatever they were worth, were obtained by the Van Sweringens without any cost. The cost of construction to the railroads of this portion of the terminal is estimated at \$14,000,000, exclusive of the land. The so-called air rights, valued at \$16,000,000, were also obtained without cost to the Van Sweringens. Through an intricate system of subholdings the terminal property is now in control of the Vaness Company, a general holding corporation for the Van Sweringen brothers. When it came to conveying the terminal real estate to the new union-station company the Van Sweringens reserved the rights above the surface in the station area. In consideration for them they gave the railroads a perpetual easement over the approach to the station. It was also provided that the railroad companies should excavate for and build foundations below the surface for the superstructures, the railroad tracks to be located forty feet below the street level. The cost of laying this foundation is estimated at about \$2,000,-

000. The excavation below the street level takes away no available space from the Van Sweringens. The net result of its construction is a contribution of \$2,000,000 toward the erection of the building above it. These air rights, as already stated, are estimated as worth about \$16,000,000—this is Mr. Van Sweringen's own appraisal. In addition the traction facilities already alluded to are worth at least their cost, \$14,000,000, giving the Van Sweringens a profit of about \$30,000,000 on the Cleveland terminal alone.

It was the foregoing transaction, but without a disclosure of the facts set forth, which the Interstate Commerce Commission approved in 1921, when William A. Colston was director of finance and J. H. Agate was examiner. Colonel Colston first made an adverse report, acting upon which the commission denied the application. Later a rehearing was requested, and Colonel Colston, still director of finance, made the report upon which a rehearing was granted. As a result of the rehearing the application was sanctioned on December 6, 1921. On May 1, 1922, Colonel Colston resigned his position with the commission and became general counsel and vice-president of the Nickel Plate Railroad at a salary of \$30,000 a year. As such he has been in charge of the proceedings to obtain the sanction of the commission to the Van Sweringen merger. In May, 1922, the application of the Cleveland Union Terminals Company to issue \$10,000 in stock and \$12,000,000 in bonds came before Mr. Agate as examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission. The application was granted. Within a year thereafter Mr. Agate resigned from the Interstate Commerce Commission and became chief assistant to Colonel Colston in the service of the Nickel Plate Railroad.

ANOTHER JACKPOT

The Van Sweringens gathered in another jackpot in 1922. They purchased from Walter L. Ross, receiver of the Clover Leaf system (the Toledo, St. Louis and Western), 31,885 shares of preferred and 46,515 shares of common stock. Mr. Ross sold this stock as agent for the estates of Edward F. Searles and Thomas H. Hubbard for \$2,744,000, one-half of which went to Mr. Ross as commission for making the sale while he was also receiver of the road. There was no cash payment. The entire purchase price was paid in notes secured by the stock purchased and by 30,000 additional shares acquired elsewhere in order to secure control to the Van Sweringens. These shares cost \$750,000, the only cash required, and in order to make this payment the Van Sweringens had the Clover Leaf declare a dividend of 4 per cent within a month after purchase and before turning over the road to the consolidated company. This dividend netted them \$734,000, so that the cash required to buy the railroad was virtually taken out of its own treasury. The Clover Leaf had in its treasury some \$3,000,000 in cash and securities at the time. During all the period of its receivership since 1912 it had not before paid any dividends upon its stock. According to the testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission of the president of the Nickel Plate Railroad, this transaction was assisted, if not indeed made possible, by a simultaneous agreement with Mr. Ross personally whereby the Van Sweringens undertook to find employment for him at a guaranteed compensation of \$250,000 for five years. In pursuance of this agreement Mr. Ross was made vice-president of the Nickel Plate at a salary of \$50,000 a year for five years.

The next step was the acquisition of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad. It was purchased from the New York

Central for \$3,000,000, of which \$500,000 was in cash. At the same time, however, the New York Central lent the Van Sweringens \$2,500,000 on their equity in their previous purchase of Nickel Plate, thus increasing by \$2,000,000 their bank account instead of decreasing it in making this purchase. Later on some additional stock in the Lake Erie and Western was acquired. O. P. Van Sweringen testified that the above-mentioned purchases together with additional shares of Clover Leaf and Nickel Plate stock had cost about \$6,000,000. Thus by 1922 the Van Sweringens had acquired control of the Nickel Plate, the Clover Leaf, and the Lake Erie and Western for a total of \$21,000,000, financed with less than \$520,000 in cash—otherwise out of the treasuries of the railroads themselves and loans.

In April, 1923, the consolidation of these three railroads was effected under State law without application to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Van Sweringens exchanged their old stock in the three railways for shares in the new Nickel Plate, 188,286 preferred and 191,700 common. The preferred stock was sold for \$15,000,000. The Van Sweringens also sold all of the common stock other than that necessary to give them a bare control, realizing for it almost \$2,000,000 more. This left them with a little more than half of the voting stock at a cost of \$3,744,691. The value of this stock at the time was \$29,000,000.

By this time the Van Sweringens were in no mood to return to their former occupation of delivering newspapers and in August, 1924, it was announced that these two brothers from the hinterland proposed a merger of the Nickel Plate, the Erie, the Pere Marquette, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Hocking Valley railroads. When the announcement was made the Vaness Company had already acquired enough stock in the Erie, Pere Marquette, and Chesapeake and Ohio to carry through the unification. As the Chesapeake and Ohio owned 80 per cent of the Hocking Valley stock, that railroad was already looked after. Naturally the purchases necessary to effect the merger were not made with cash. Temporary loans were obtained from J. P. Morgan and Company, the First National Bank of New York, and the Guaranty Trust Company of the same city. Some were later liquidated by a bond issue on the part of the Nickel Plate for \$26,000,000. The cost to the Nickel Plate of the blocks of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Pere Marquette stock bought by that railroad was \$17,902,648. Control of the Chesapeake and Ohio was not, however, exercised by stock ownership but by interlocking directorates authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission on a promise that the Nickel Plate would not acquire a majority interest.

QUICK ACTION

What followed is an example of what O. P. Van Sweringen must have had in mind when he remarked that when he saw an opportunity he tried to act quickly. On the afternoon of January 22, 1923, at the close of the hearing, it was intimated that the application for the interlocking directorates would be granted. On January 23 the Van Sweringens exercised an option from the Huntington estate to purchase 73,000 shares of Chesapeake and Ohio common for \$7,300,000. On January 26 the board of directors of the Nickel Plate authorized its officers to spend \$7,000,000 in the purchase of Chesapeake and Ohio stock. All this was before the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission was actually handed down on January 27.

About this time loud grumbling began to be heard from

Chesapeake and Ohio stockholders. Seeing that a fight was inevitable the Vaness Company went into the market and bought enough more stock in the Chesapeake and Ohio to give it control. The Vaness Company's acquisitions of Erie, Pere Marquette, and Chesapeake and Ohio had now cost a total of \$30,680,000 in addition to the purchases by the Nickel Plate from the bond issue. As this stock was to be converted into new company stock, estimated to be worth \$47,203,680, it will be seen that the Van Sweringens were not to suffer a loss in the effort to protect their property. If now as a result of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission the brothers propose a new unification giving better terms to the Chesapeake and Ohio stockholders, they themselves will be the chief beneficiaries of such liberality, and their gains on Chesapeake holdings will probably more than offset their loss on Erie and on Nickel Plate if they simply stand pat.

By a peculiar feature of the merger plan it was provided that the Nickel Plate Company should not give up its Chesapeake or Pere Marquette stock or the \$22,000,000 of its own full-paid stock in its treasury, nor any other treasury asset, to the new Nickel Plate company, but should assume all indebtedness, including the bond issue out of which the stock was purchased. Summing up these items, one arrives at a total of more than \$50,000,000 which was to be held out from the common pot by the Nickel Plate. As the Vaness Company owns 54 per cent of the common stock of the Nickel Plate its share in these assets would have been about \$27,000,000. The Vaness Company's paper profit on its own stock was to be about \$16,500,000. Hence, we arrive at a total profit to the Vaness Company through stock manipulation of \$43,500,000.

\$80,000,000 OF PROFITS

Thus we see that the Vaness Company, outside of the former Nickel Plate consolidation, is to be credited with potential profits of \$30,000,000 in the Cleveland terminal. In the manipulation of stocks in order to lay the basis for the proposed merger there was a profit of \$43,500,000 more, or a total of \$73,500,000. The Van Sweringens, as owners of 80 per cent of the Vaness stock, share to the extent of about \$59,000,000, but they are also to be credited with a profit of about \$20,000,000 on their old Nickel Plate consolidation and of some additional sums, bringing the total well above \$80,000,000. These stock profits were made largely by favoring their own holdings against others'.

But of more importance than the huge profits taken out of these railways is the fact that the Van Sweringens have consistently maintained control of common stock while letting the public put up the actual money through purchase of bonds and preferred stock without voting power. At the apex of a complicated pyramid of interlocking control is the common stock of the Vaness Company, all of which is deposited under a voting-trust agreement.

The managers of the trust are vested with the exclusive voting rights of the Vaness Company no matter who may own the certificates. The Van Sweringens exercise 80 per cent of the voting rights of these managers. The other rights are in the hands of Messrs. Nutt and Bradley. It is further provided that this extraordinary trust agreement is to continue for twenty-one years after the death of the last survivor of the four men named.

It was this possible control divorced from ownership—in the opinion of many, including Van Sweringen counsel—that was most responsible for the merger's defeat.

The War in Passaic

By MARY HEATON VORSE

The annual report of the Botany and Garfield Worsted Mills of April 21, 1925, showed net earnings of \$2,229,550, a net credit to surplus of \$1,731,298, and distributable earnings of \$5.91 a share on class A stock and \$1.91 a share on common stock.

THE strike of the textile workers in Passaic, New Jersey, is a strike of hunger. It is the direct result of a 10 per cent slash in wages already far below a level of decent living. The pay of the textile workers is the lowest in American industry. They get from \$12 to \$22 a week. Heads of families work for \$20, \$17.50, and \$15. It seems incredible that wages as low as these should have been cut by companies whose mills are among the richest in the country. But that is what happened. That is what has sent ten thousand textile workers streaming out of the mills. That is why after weeks of strike the picket line numbers thousands. That is why processions of workers march from Passaic to Garfield and Clifton singing. Never has a strike of such small numbers shown such mass picketing and such parades. Half the picket line is composed of young people. Mothers with children by the hand, older women and high-school boys and girls stream along, their heads thrown back, singing "Solidarity forever, the union makes us strong" to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The singing picket line has hope in it. Passaic sprawling in its winter slush and snow watches its mill-workers make a full-hearted protest against the intolerable conditions in the mills, against the inhuman and unbearable wage cut.

During the first weeks of the strike the numbers of strikers rolled up like a snowball. The Botany Mill came out first. One mill after another joined the strikers until nearly all the mills were involved. One day they formed a parade of twelve thousand to march from Passaic into Clifton. What a parade! Processions of baby carriages, bands of youngsters, older women, an old grandma of eighty-one. The undimmed, enthusiastic mill children, the youngsters in their teens.

This peaceful parade was set upon by the police as they tried to cross a bridge marching from one town to another. Clubbings of such brutal nature occurred that the daily press was filled with pictures of prostrate strikers and policemen with riot clubs in air. This clubbing did not dim their spirit. The big parade gave them a sense of power and solidarity. They had been striking against the wage cut—only that. Now they voiced demands: a 10 per cent increase over the old wage scale, the return of money taken from them by wage cut, time and a half for overtime, a forty-hour week, decent sanitary working conditions, no discrimination against union workers, and recognition of the union. Then came a further triumph, the Forstmann-Huffmann Mills with their four thousand workers joined the walk-out.

The outside world began to notice the strike. Noted

ministers, writers, representatives of labor organizations, supporters of civil liberties streamed into Passaic. The town of Garfield invited the strikers to a meeting and the city council indorsed the strikers' demands completely, the only dissenting voices being those of the mayor and the chief of police.

At the beginning of the sixth week the mayor of Passaic menaced the strikers with a force of three hundred mounted policemen. This proved to be only a bugaboo. The picket line, two thousand strong, was practically unmolested, while the aged horses upon which a few policemen were mounted brought laughter from the crowd. Again the strikers formed a parade in the afternoon and marched into Garfield. Throughout all these demonstrations perfect order was preserved.

Then the authorities decided to break the peace. With tear bombs, mounted patrolmen, and a company of sixty-five foot police they tried to disperse a crowd of 2,000 strikers. They failed. The workers jeered and laughed at them. But finally, with the help of five fire companies battering the crowd with powerful streams of water the guardians of order broke the ranks of the strikers, smashing them with clubs when they attempted to halt in their flight or to reform their ranks. The next day the police did better still. They charged a crowd of 3,000 strikers, bludgeoned many men, women, and children, and smashed with deliberate intent the persons and cameras of the news photographers and motion-picture men present. That was their last victory. The strikers, armed with gas masks, helmets, and their unbending courage, defied the police successfully—and paraded in peace. Photographers took pictures through the slits in armored cars or from the safe vantage of a swooping airplane. The authorities were, temporarily at least, confounded. As a result of the disorders of the week Justice of the Peace Katz issued warrants for the arrest of Chief of Police Zober and two patrolmen charged with clubbing orderly and inoffensive men and women. To the date of writing warrants are still hovering over the heads of these guardians of the public peace; none of their fellow-officers can be induced to serve them. Meantime the fight goes on and the picket line, an army of thousands, defies the police and greets the few remaining workers when the mill gates open.

The present Passaic strike is only a phase of the long fight of the textile workers for organization and a living wage. These million people who weave our cloth have always lived on the fringe of destitution. Employed by some of the richest corporations in America, their poverty is a by-word. The conditions under which they live is a disgrace to this rich country. We are indicted, tried, and condemned by our textile workers. From time to time they remind us of this fact by a strike.

Fourteen years ago all of us who saw the strike in Lawrence were horrified at the conditions we found. Heads of families were working for \$9, for \$12. People lived in dwellings that were no better than rat-holes. It was then that Vida Scudder, professor in Wellesley College, stated that the women of this country would refuse to wear cloth

manufactured under such conditions if they knew the price in human life being paid for it.

Now after fourteen years we see people whose real wages are but little higher than those of Lawrence days. We see them living in tenements so ill-ventilated, in rooms so dark with walls that sweat so much moisture that the tenements of New York seem pleasant, airy places in comparison. Even in 1912 the laws of Massachusetts prevented some of the scandalous conditions of Passaic. Children under sixteen were not allowed to work in the mills. Passaic children of fourteen are permitted to work an eight-hour day. Night work for women was not permitted in Massachusetts. In Passaic we have the spectacle of hundreds upon hundreds of women, the most overburdened of all the population, the mothers of large families, forced by their husbands' low wages to work in the mills. These women, who may have six, seven, and eight children, go to work at night. They work for ten hours a night, five nights a week. They have no dinner hour. At midnight a recess of fifteen minutes is accorded them. They return home in the morning to get the children off to school and to do the housework. Most of them have children under school age as well and these they must attend to during the day—rest or no rest.

It is this night-work in the mills that marks the difference between the bright-looking, eager girls and the dragged, hopeless, tired older faces which one sees, faces blurred by fatigue. The bearing of many children, the constant fight against poverty, the existence in overcrowded, unaired rooms, the long, grilling, inhuman hours

of night-work make these women's lives a nightmare of fatigue.

A law was passed by the legislature of New Jersey forbidding night-work of women. A group of women mill workers appeared at Trenton and begged to have this law repealed. Of course they did. How can a family of nine people live on \$20? Of course these women will clamor to be allowed to kill themselves with night-work rather than forego the pittance which they make.

The recent wage cut was written in terms of life and death. The textile workers live so near the margin of destitution that 10 per cent taken from them means undernourishment and disease and eventually death. The men and women in Passaic have met the conditions imposed on them with heroism and have tried for their children's sake to make good homes out of nothing. In the miserable dark rooms in which they live you will find bright hangings, touching bunches of gay paper flowers, often spotless cleanliness, always an attempt at beauty. Through their strike the textile workers have again questioned our civilization.

It would be impossible for any right-thinking man or woman to go into the homes of Passaic and talk to the women who work on the night shift without feeling that a personal responsibility had been laid upon him or her. When there is such want and suffering, when conditions of toil are so degrading, when the places that human beings live in are so indecent it becomes the concern of the public at large to make its power felt and to see that this state of things is altered.

The Democrats Stand by Mellon

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., March 6

ONE of the things that still puzzles the unsophisticated at this session of Congress is the curious supineness, the amazing inertia of the Democrats in the Senate in matters affecting Mr. Mellon. It is conceded that one of the functions of the minority party is to pick flaws in the majority, to seize upon its weaknesses, to hit it in the vulnerable spots. Vigilance along these lines not only serves a party purpose but by keeping the dominant majority from becoming too cock-sure and confident actually serves the country too. It helps keep them honest.

Up to date Mr. Mellon unquestionably has been one of the great assets of the Coolidge Administration and the Republican Party. More than any other agency or individual, he has solidified back of Mr. Coolidge the journalistic, banking, and business support upon which his prestige is built and which prevents the public from taking his real measure as a man. Not many dispute that.

It would seem reasonable and natural for the Democrats to take what legitimate openings are presented to discount the idea that Mr. Mellon is a sacred and shining figure, beyond fear and above reproach, whose heroic self-sacrifice and financial genius make him the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton." But when the chance has come they have singularly failed to avail themselves of it. They have not only failed to look for opportunities to spoil this beautiful picture themselves but when opportunity, initiative, evidence, and facts are supplied by

Senatorial members of Mr. Mellon's own party, regular Republicans in good standing, the Democratic leaders have sat in their seats and failed to follow through or even to offer the least assistance.

Some have, without analysis and without answer to Senator Couzens's charges, many of which never have been answered, indicated their support of Mr. Mellon and their belief that it is outrageous to say these things about such a good and great man. Others have shaken deprecatory heads at Senators Couzens and Norris when they assailed the Secretary, and indicated sympathy with the remarks of the official Mellon defender, Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, even on the remarkable occasion when that gentleman, misunderstanding the charges, made an eloquent speech convicting the Mellon banks of evading a \$91,000 payment while under the impression he was exonerating them.

With the exception of Senator Walsh, not a Democratic Senator this session has raised his voice in outright criticism of the Secretary of the Treasury. The real criticism has come from Republicans, Senators Couzens and Norris, and while it has been given little prominence in the newspapers, the allegations made have certainly been of a kind to justify some attention. For example, Couzens has charged that the largest refund made to any individual was \$400,000 to Mr. Mellon personally, that huge allowances were made irregularly for corporations and the banks controlled by the Mellon interests, that rulings by which rich

newspaper publishers supporting the Administration have escaped payment of many thousands have been made improperly, that favoritism has been shown great oil companies by which they have escaped assessment on many millions.

These and other things have been charged openly by Couzens as a result of his investigation of the Internal Revenue Bureau. Some of them have been answered by the Treasury, some by Senator Reed, some not at all. But in no instance have the Democrats thought it worth while to give Senator Couzens even passive support. He has fought practically a single-handed fight without newspaper sympathy or support, with his own party hostile, the other party passive, and a suit for \$10,000,000 back taxes swung at him by the Treasury after he made his first charges against the bureau.

When you consider the odds against him, there is really something heroic in the Couzens fight. Whatever you may think of his judgment or the merits of his charges, it is impossible not to admire his courage. Nor is it possible to dismiss him as a demagogue. He happens, besides being a Republican, to be a highly successful business man and is, next to Mr. Mellon, the richest individual holding public office in America today.

As for the Democrats it is doubtful whether any minority party ever before played such a role as theirs today in the Senate toward Mr. Mellon. Privately they assert forcefully enough their belief that Couzens has done a good job and ought to get more credit. Privately they say that Mr. Mellon's services and Mr. Mellon's capacity are tremendously overrated and that the idea that he is a wonderful official is all moonshine and propaganda. But publicly they do not say these things. On the contrary, they deprecate the blunt attack of Republican Senator Couzens and Republican Senator Norris against the Republican Secretary of the Treasury.

It is a singular situation. Various explanations to account for the attitude of individual Democratic Senators are offered. In one instance a social connection and a personal tie are said to be the cause of a pro-Mellon feeling. In another, a Southern Senator, not previously well fixed financially, made a couple of hundred thousand dollars in real estate during the recess last year, and this has had an amazingly conservatizing influence on him. It has made him feel as if he were part and parcel of the interests against which he used to inveigh. With several other Senators the location in their States of large Mellon plants, directed by dominant and powerful local men, is regarded as a softening influence.

But none of these is the real reason. One important explanation is the awe inspired by the tremendous wealth of the man and the certainty that any criticism of him, no matter what the grounds, will not be credited by the public and will be resented hotly by the newspapers and the business and professional elements which have placed him on a pedestal.

The other reason—and that is the most powerful of all—is a singularly simple one. It is this: The bulk of the Democratic Senators, as well as the Republican Senators, in the last two years have had to go to the Internal Revenue Bureau time and again in the interests of influential individuals or interests in their States who wanted an exemption for this or an allowance for that.

The bulk of the Democrats, as well as the Republicans,

have been asking and receiving favors from the Internal Revenue Bureau. Not one of them knows when he will be forced to go there and ask for more. Almost any question can be decided by the bureau in three or four different ways—all legal. One of these ways saves a man or a firm a lot of money, and the others do not.

It is not necessary to pursue the subject. It ought to be easy for anyone to see why many Democratic Senators feel in no position to join with Senators Couzens and Norris in their assaults on the Internal Revenue Bureau. Seeing his elaborate and carefully built-up case fall flat and the crowd from whom he expected support look the other way, it is no wonder Senator Couzens ruefully shakes his head and says, "Give me control of the Internal Revenue Bureau and I will run the politics of the whole darn country."

Some here express the situation in another way. There is, they say, no longer a Democratic and a Republican Party in the Senate. There is now a Mellon party and a small anti-Mellon party, composed not of Democrats but of the little group of independent Republicans, Progressives, and Senator Walsh. That is about the situation.

The Great Steel City

By BARBARA BIBER

Rain drips through the fingertips of the steel city,
The tired raindrops are singing a melody in blue,
Wearied and lonely.

The steel city flexes the muscles in her fingertips,
And a man slips like an eel from a scaffold,
Wearied and lonely.

The city's tongue is hoisted to speak
And the boats on the river sink to the bottom,
Wearied and lonely.

The steel city winks its great right eye to the twilight,
And the soothing blue ignites into scorching red,
Tired and wearied.

The great steel city
Is beyond itself.
It is lost in the myriads of numbers.

The great steel city
Has grown too strong.
It is afraid to move its fingers.

The great steel city
Can no longer speak,
The derricks are too weak for her tongue.

The great steel city
Must live alone,
It fears to wink at the twilight.

The great steel city
Wants to laugh aloud,
But it fears.

Past and Future in the Philippines

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Manila, January 25

IN the Philippines the past of Asia, in which white men built empires, and the future, in which the colored races will rule themselves, are at war.

The United States came into these islands twenty-five years ago with a mixture of imperial self-confidence and ultra-democratic idealism. We had no settled imperial policy, and while we ardently and atrociously suppressed immediate attempts at Filipino independence, we told them that it was all for their good; and, oddly, we meant it. Governor Taft proceeded to talk about "the Philippines for the Filipinos"; a succession of Presidents assured the Filipinos that they would have independence as soon as they were ready for it, hinting that the day would come soon; we enacted the conservationist land laws which so annoy the rubber men today; we established schools all over the islands and introduced the islanders to Patrick Henry crying "Liberty or death," to the Declaration of Independence, to Daniel Webster, and to Abraham Lincoln. We built roads, developed the port of Manila, introduced measures of sanitation theretofore unknown in the Orient, promoted baseball as a substitute for cock-fighting, put shirts and trousers on some of those who had, in the tropical manner, preferred less, and established a neat little framework of a Western democratic government.

The astonished Filipinos absorbed the lesson rapidly, and soon began shouting for "immediate, complete, and absolute independence." We did not grant that, but we sent them a governor general who believed in it, and Congress passed the Jones bill, which was a sort of charter of self-government. It had many ambiguous clauses, but Governor Harrison interpreted it to mean that the Filipinos should run their own government, and they did. When he arrived in Manila in 1913, 28 per cent of the public offices were filled by Americans; when he left in 1921 the figure had been reduced to 4 per cent, and Filipinos occupied every cabinet office but one.

About that time two things happened: the bottom fell out of the world market, and General Leonard Wood arrived in the Philippines. Sugar, hemp, cocoanut oil, and copra constitute three-quarters of the Philippine exports, and sugar alone accounts for nearly a third. Now, in 1921, the average value of a 100-pound sack of sugar dropped to just 30 per cent of what it had been in 1920; the value of hemp fell 50 per cent, and of copra and cocoanut oil 40 per cent. The United States was also in the doldrums, and by our tariff laws we had made the United States the overwhelmingly dominant market for the Philippine Islands. In 1921 the United States, feeling poor, bought less than one-fifth as many Manila cigars as in 1920, and cigars are the only other large export of the islands. To the Philippines these events were more catastrophic than it would be for the United States if the entire European market were wiped out.

Under Governor Harrison the Filipinos had done more than govern themselves; they had indulged in a little experiment in state socialism. They had founded, with government capital, the Philippine National Bank; they had bought out the Manila Railroad; they had established a

government coal company, a government cement plant, and a series of government-financed sugar centrals. If the high prices of 1918-1920 had continued these experiments might have been known to the historians as examples of far-visioned statesmanship; but the bottom dropped out of the market, and accordingly they are cited as evidences of Filipino incapacity for handling business and government.

Now, the Filipinos had done these things not because they had any interest in the theories of Karl Marx but because the national interest suggested them. The Filipinos saw no reason why all the bank profits made in the islands should go to New York financiers who preferred to lend money to men of their own race and color; they did not like the British management of their railway; they thought the price of imported coal and cement too high, and hoped to develop their own resources. Whatever their reasons, a combination of circumstances worked against them. The bank was carelessly managed; all the enterprises borrowed money too lavishly, and when the bottom dropped out of the market they looked extremely sick.

Leonard Wood and Cameron Forbes, governor-to-be and ex-governor, arrived in the islands in the spring of 1921, made a whirlwind tour, and reported that almost everything Governor Harrison had done was wrong. He had given the islands too much self-government, so that the morale of the services had run down, they said, and in particular he had encouraged these horrible socialistic enterprises. The governor general must have more power, they insisted, and the Philippine Government must get itself out of business.

The Filipinos did not like either recommendation. Allied with congressional inertia they were able to stop any additional grant of power from Washington; and they clung to their pet Philippine enterprises. Governor Wood, they said, wanted to sell their country to the Wall Street capitalists. In this, of course there was an element of truth: Governor Wood has a horror of government in business, and believed that the only hope for the enterprises was to put them in the hands of experienced American business men. The bank, upon audit, appeared to have lost all of its capital and most of its deposits; but its doors are still open. Five years after Governor Wood's arrival it is still advancing money to the sugar planters in the hope that prices will some day go up again so that it can recover its frozen assets. One of the sugar centrals is making money; the others are still losing. The railroad has begun to pay dividends; but the coal company still loses, and even Manuel Quezon is now ready to sell the cement plant. (A new and more ardent left wing, headed by Mr. Tomas Confesor, is, however, denouncing the proposed sale.) In all these undertakings there was discovered plain evidence of incompetence and reckless speculation, and some dishonesty. All this is constantly cited as proof of Filipino incapacity for self-government. It is quite true that the Filipinos lack men of experience in corporate administration and large-scale finance; it is also true, as they point out, that some of the heaviest losses of the bank were suffered in its Shanghai branch, which was managed by Americans; and some of them recall the history of the Bank of the United States.

Governor Wood, unable to persuade the Filipinos to sell their pet projects, proceeded patiently to help them to clean up. For the first year or two things went reasonably well. But the Governor had certain fixed ideas of constitutional procedure upon which it proved impossible to agree. The Jones bill said that the governor had "supreme executive authority"; it also said that the legislature had "general legislative powers." Under Governor Harrison the legislature had passed bills taking control of subordinate officials out of the hands of the governor general. Governor Wood believed such legislation unconstitutional and therefore void. Friction grew, and finally, over the miserable Conley case, came the "crisis" of 1923. Conley was an American detective on the Manila police force. His record was not spotless, but his real crime appeared to be catching relatives of politicians. He was tried for bribery and acquitted—twice—of the specific charge against him. The Filipino officials refused to reinstate him; the Governor insisted that any law denying his right to reinstate Conley was unconstitutional, and he reinstated him. Thereupon the entire Council of State, consisting of the president of the Senate, the speaker of the House, and the cabinet secretaries, resigned. The Governor accepted their resignations, and has since been carrying on with the under-secretaries. (Some say that these, being civil-service men rather than political appointees, are preferable to the old.)

The fight was on. The Governor vetoed bills galore. He vetoed 31 of the 84 bills passed at the 1923-1924 session; he vetoed 24 of the 72 passed at the last session. Many of these were excellent vetoes; some were recommended by the acting department secretaries. Several were, I think, silly vetoes, such as the veto of a bill changing the name of the town Duero to Wilson, and that of a bill which, while retaining adultery as the sole ground of divorce, would have made it unnecessary for a man to prosecute and convict his wife in open court before he was entitled to sue for divorce. It should be said in the Governor's favor that the non-cooperation policy pursued by the Filipinos made it impossible for him to suggest amendments while bills were still under discussion, and that a flood of bills is regularly dumped on his desk after the legislature has already adjourned. The next battle came when the insular auditor, another Washington appointee, declared the annual million-peso appropriation for the Philippine Independence Commission unconstitutional, thereby felling one of the favorite Filipino plum-trees. Many unfair charges, however, have been published about the extravagances of these commissions. They never spent their million pesos in any year and seldom spent half of them; and, by a curious American joke, the expenses of the Woods-Forbes commission were actually charged against the Independence fund! "There didn't seem to be any other funds available," said the insular auditor.

I leave Manila with a heightened respect for Governor Wood's quality. He knows the islands as few men know them; he loves them; he has their interests at heart. He is an able, devoted administrator; but he is not a great educator, and our task is not merely to govern these islands but to train them for self-government. Today, however wise Governor Wood's vetoes and suggestions for administrative reform may be, the Filipinos are irritated into opposing them. Governor Wood does not transfer his wisdom to them. He is, in a way, a tragic figure—stranded out here, and unsuccessful even here. His face is set in deep, disappointed lines. He has his code—a military code—of honor,

and he is sticking to it wearily. He has lost hope of a personal future and is just doggedly trying to finish a job.

Part of his difficulty lies in the men who surround him. Since the "crisis" he has depended for advice upon a group of army officers; and military men, especially when they come from the South, think there is only one way to deal with colored races. Military men, too—including Governor Wood—have little patience with the foibles of democracies. The Filipinos have been promised independence when they achieve a "stable government." And this is the way in which Governor Wood once defined that little phrase:

A stable government means civic courage, courts of justice which give equal opportunities to the senator as well as to the simple tao, resources ready for disposal at any moment they are needed by the country, organization which will enable the country to defend its integrity, adequate hospitals all over the islands which are not found in the provinces we have just visited, social organization which shows keen human interest in the protection of the needy and the poor, effective public sanitation, common language, and many others.

What government in the world, on that definition, is stable?

This winter two new bombshells burst: President Coolidge's message to Congress recommending an increase in the powers of the governor general; and the rubber propaganda to retain the islands forever. There has always been a movement, sponsored by the American Chamber of Commerce in the Philippines (whose secretary, incidentally, is the Manila correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*), to annex the islands, but until this year of inflated rubber prices it did not much alarm the Filipinos. Today they are afraid; they begin to question the good faith of the United States; and when Mr. Coolidge's message came the two parties which had been fighting each other suddenly downed arms and formed a coalition* to fight as one for the threatened cause of their country's independence.

As a matter of fact they have not been in a great hurry for independence. They want to be sure of it, and they want it in their own lifetime. If the choice is between now and never, they will choose now. They will always vote for it now. But they know that only a part of their people has yet caught up with the twentieth century, that they are still only 40 per cent literate (which is better than Spain), and privately, in confidential conversation, they plead for a continued friendly connection with the United States. They cite the example of Canada and Great Britain. They hope that the United States will always have a special interest in them; and when an outline of the proposed Barrows bill was published, suggesting that they pay for the fortifications erected by the United States in their territory, lose their tariff and immigration privileges, and in general cut totally loose, they were appalled. In the background is still a vast mass of accumulated good-will. We have not exploited these islands—although the prevailing American idea of our benevolence is a bit exaggerated. (Filipino revenues have paid for all the "American" improvements here, except for a famine gift of \$3,000,000 in 1903 and the cost of the army.) The people, in the mass, like Americans. Ride through the little banana-and-cocanut villages of the interior, and hear the chorus of "Hello, Americano" that sweeps from the window of one nipa-palm hut to the next if you doubt it. They still like us. Will they always?

* The "coalition pact" signed by the two Filipino parties was published in the International Relations Section of last week's issue.

It is in the most backward districts that we are best liked. And it is the most backward peoples whom the colonial Americans most praise. An American officer's wife bared the reason when she said:

The Moros and the mountain people have breeding. They have a sense of rank and of class distinctions. They know what discipline means—their tribal head-men give orders which are instantly obeyed, and the American governor is to them simply the big head-man, to be obeyed as unquestioningly as their own chiefs. Filipinos (the lowland 90 per cent of the population) lack that recognition of authority. They think themselves as good as any man, and always want to argue. Admitting no man's superiority, they are habitually discourteous and insolent.

What too many Americans in these islands want are docile servants. The spirit of democracy they call "insolence." They believe in caste and class and race lines, and they are at no pains to conceal their feelings from the Filipinos. "All lowland Filipinos are lazy, incompetent liars," said one grouchy American at dinner, while his Filipino boy stood behind him, drinking in every word. Many American women will not dance with a man who has danced with Filipino women; he becomes in their eyes, a "squaw man." Two handsome clubs of tropical luxury dominate the Luneta, the center of the new Manila. No Filipino ever enters the Elks Club except as a servant; and, with rare exceptions, the

same is true of that hotbed of race patriotism, the Army and Navy Club. The people in the back country do not know these things; they do not care—yet. But as the flood of graduates emerges from the schools each year, as the number grows of young men accustomed to wear white linen suits, who believe themselves the equal of other men, just as they have been taught in American textbooks, the gulf between Americans and Filipinos widens. Inevitably the Filipino resents contempt for his race: inevitably he tries to shove out the white-faced man and put a brown face "just as good" in his place.

All the white men of the Eastern empires dread Filipino independence. They do not want a free nation of colored people to rise in their midst and smash to bits the ancient fable of the white man's burden. They want to stay forever, ruling these rich Eastern empires, "for the good of the natives," even if it means killing thousands of them. And the Americans in these islands have been infected.

We have almost done what no white nation has yet done in history—trained a dark people in freedom, and set it free. The rubber men and the chambers of commerce have filled the world with doubts of our good faith. In the interest of American honor as well as of the Filipinos we must make our purpose clear. Shall we set this people free? And when? We had almost marched into the future; but today we seem to be slipping into the dead ruts of the past.

Poe's Idea of Beauty*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

POE'S body of critical doctrine, first suggested in a preface to the 1831 volume of poems, developed piecemeal in various critiques, and finally rather completely summarized in "The Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle," may be briefly stated as follows:

The world of literature is essentially a hierarchy. At the bottom are the realistic works based upon "that evil genius of mere matter of fact" against whose "groveling and degrading assumptions" it is the duty of the critic to fight with every weapon in his power. The middle ground is occupied by that species of prose tale in which the artist, "having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect," while at the top stands the true poem, which may be defined as the rhythmical creation of beauty.

Man is born with an instinct for this thing called beauty and in the world of nature he finds much to satisfy it. "And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colors and odors and sentiments a duplicate source of delight." Such description is not, however, real poetry, because it concerns itself only with the actual and attainable.

He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm or with however vivid a truth of description, of

the sights and sounds and odors and colors and sentiments which greet *him* in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us—but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of Time, to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone.

Because this beauty is by definition unrealizable a certain indefiniteness is one of its attributes, and thus "Music is the perfection of the soul, or idea, of poetry. The *vagueness* of exaltation aroused by a sweet air (which should be strictly indefinite and never too strongly suggestive) is precisely what we should aim at in poetry." "Affectation, within bounds, is . . . no blemish," but since "ideality" is the supreme attribute of poetry it must never even when dealing with its chief subject, love, be concerned to any great extent with passion. "It is precisely this 'unpassionate emotion' which is the limit of the true poetical art. Passion proper and poetry are discordant. Poetry, in elevating, tranquilizes the *soul*. With the *heart* it has nothing to do." "This [poetic] Principle itself is, strictly and simply, the Human Aspiration for Supernal Beauty, the manifestation of the Principle is always found in an *elevating excitement of the soul*—quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the Heart—or of that Truth which is the sat-

* This article is an extract from "Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius," to be published by Alfred A. Knopf. Mr. Krutch attempts to demonstrate that Poe's poems and stories are an imaginative adjustment to the two dominant facts of Poe's personality: a neurotic sense of inferiority and a psychic sexual incapacity. In the present section he considers Poe's critical theory in relation to these same factors and suggests the general problems which are raised by the psychological method of criticism.

isfaction of the Reason. For, in regard to Passion, alas! its tendency is to degrade, rather than to elevate the Soul. Love, on the contrary—Love—the true, the divine Eros—the Uranian, as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetic themes.” “A passionate poem is a contradiction in terms.”

It is impossible that the soul should remain in this state of elevation for more than a short time. “All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of art.” “‘Paradise Lost’ is to be regarded as poetical only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of Art, Unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its Unity—its totality of effort or impression—we read it (as would be necessary) at a single sitting, the result is but a constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of what we feel to be true poetry, there follows, inevitably, a passage of platitude which no critical pre-judgment can force us to admire; but if, upon completing the work, we read it again; omitting the first book—that is to say, commencing with the second—we shall be surprised at now finding that admirable which we before condemned—that damnable which we had previously so much admired.” Finally, “all experience has shown” that in the highest manifestations of Beauty the “tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetic tones.” “This certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true Beauty.”

As a result of this analysis of the attributes of supreme beauty it should be possible to discover one subject which satisfies more completely than any other all the requirements, and such is indeed the case:

Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—“Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?” Death—was the obvious reply. “And when,” I said, “is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?” From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also is obvious—“When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*”: the death, then, of a beautiful woman, is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world.”

In considering this body of doctrine one cannot but be struck, first of all, by the remarkable appearance of logical completeness which it presents, for once its premises are granted the conclusions are drawn with the same elaborate clarity which is characteristic of Poe’s ratiocinative tales. In the second place, it is evident that they do contain certain elements of truth. The definition of beauty does at least describe very clearly a kind of beauty, and thus though the doctrines may not have the universality claimed for them, they do succeed in doing in their own way all that the best set of critical principles has ever done, which is, not to lay down the laws which govern all art but to define, as accurately as is possible, a style. Yet it is certainly a work of supererogation to point out that this definition is merely a description of the effect which Poe himself was endeavoring to produce, and since his art was the result of an unrecognized and uncontrollable need, it must follow that the criticism is, like the thing criticized, the product not of the

abstract reason of which Poe was so proud but of the forces which led him into a system of rationalization which became ever more complex.

The sources of his criticism have been frequently discussed. It has often been stated that his master was Coleridge and the statement is true—in so far as he had any master except himself. Thus in the preface to the 1831 volume the central doctrine was expressed as follows: “A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth.” If we compare this with the statement of Coleridge that “A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object not truth,” it will appear that Poe’s only contribution is to be found in the phrase “in my opinion.” Yet it is not to be supposed that the youthful poet, after a thorough course of study in aesthetics, had decided to make his works conform to the theories of Coleridge. Nothing is more characteristic of his mind than the pertinacity with which he held to a useful phrase or a fact upon which he had chanced to fall, and he needed no more than a hint such as he got in this sentence from Coleridge or in Bacon’s dictum concerning beauty and strangeness to set him off upon a line of thought which led him through numerous by-paths until it seemed to cover the universe. Coleridge’s remark was true because there was need to defend his non-moral art in a country where literature was generally considered the handmaiden of utilitarian ethics, just as Bacon’s was true because the beauty which Poe himself created had always that element of strangeness. Taking the two together he could prove that his own work was pure and perfect, and the hidden spring of energy behind his critical writing was the desire to do just that.

What had been said of the central principle of his aesthetic may be said with equal truth of all its details. It may be, as has been suggested, that his idea of brevity as essential to a true poem was taken from Schlegel, but the fact that he was himself incapable of sustained effort is surely of more significance in accounting for the existence of the idea than any German source whatsoever. So too his assertion that the highest beauty is always passionless and always melancholy is less the result of a logical deduction than of the fact that to him passion was always repellent and the highest pleasure shadowed by sadness. Because he did not himself realize what it was that he sought, a vagueness like music is inseparable from the highest poetry, and, finally and most specifically, because only unattainable women could move without maddening him, “The most poetic of all ideas is the death of a beautiful woman.”

Poe’s criticism is, then, as intensely personal as his poetry or his fiction. Beauty as he defines it includes nothing except beauty of the sort which he himself produced. And the primary value of the criticism is as an interpretation, not of literature in general but of his own works.

It must be remembered, moreover, that however true this interpretation may be upon the level of art it is upon the level of psychology either false or at least misleading. The logic with which he supports his principles is not the product of a free mind but an elaborate rationalization whose real function is to support a predetermined taste; the character of the satisfaction which his contemplation of “the beautiful” produces is not such as he sees it and describes it—a sort of intimation of that beauty which lies beyond human apprehension—but instead a balm to wounded

nerves; and while he is related to those French decadents who acknowledge to a greater extent than he does the psychological meaning of their temperaments, he creates for his works a different significance by inventing an aesthetic which assigns to them new values. Thus his criticism is not only an analysis of his own work but an analysis made by one who did not fully understand the genesis of the thing analyzed and was unconsciously eager to disguise its origin from himself as well as from others.

We have, then, traced Poe's art to an abnormal condition of the nerves and his critical ideas to a rationalized defense of the limitations of his own taste. We have also indicated that even as an interpretation of his own works his criticism falls short of psychological truth and it might seem that we had thus undertaken to destroy the value of his work. Such is far, however, from being the intention. The question whether or not the case of Poe represents an exaggerated example of the process by which all creation is performed is at least an open question. The extent to which all imaginative works are the result of the unfulfilled desires which spring from either idiosyncratic or universally human maladjustments to life is only beginning to be investigated, and with it is linked the related question of the extent to which all critical principles are at bottom the systematized and rationalized expression of instinctive tastes which are conditioned by causes often unknown to those whom they affect. The problem of finding an answer to these questions and of determining what effect, if any, the findings in any particular case should have upon the evaluation of the works of imagination or interpretation so produced is the one distinctly new problem which the critic of today is called upon to consider. He must, in a word, endeavor to find the relationship which exists between psychology and aesthetics.

Whatever a critic can convincingly read into a work may be said to be actually there, even though it be thought of as the creation of the critic rather than of the author criticized. And the works of Poe have his own interpretations of them as one of the various modes in which they exist. They have been read in the light of his intention and the effect which they have produced has been at least so modified by that intention as to be different from the effect which they would have produced had he and his readers been aware of the psychological processes behind them. That legend of himself which he fashioned in a manner so marvelously inclusive that it employs as material everything from the events of his daily life to the products of his imagination is finally completed by his interpretation. His criticism inscribes a curve within which everything else is included; it unifies all the various aspects of his life and work; and thus it makes his legend as a whole, rather than any of the individual stories or poems which are but a part of it, his supreme artistic creation.

In the Driftway

THERE is nothing more entertaining, it seems to the Drifter, than a gathering of people who have studied in the ancient city of Oxford, where one learns, as Stephen Leacock has put it, by being "smoked at." The Drifter had the good fortune recently to be present at such a gathering, and he has been smiling to himself ever since. Early in the evening, very early, the merits of every "pub" in

and about Oxford were discussed with fine discrimination; and from there the conversation followed devious paths. The Drifter heard once more the story of the American student (imaginary) who wrote home that he had attended a dinner of brussels sprouts, "in honor of the heads of the colleges." There were also new tales of the old white-bearded scholars with colds in their heads who hover about the Bodleian, like ghosts of the past, their handkerchiefs knotted at the four corners and pulled over venerable heads in a feeble attempt to thwart the pitiless drafts of that bleak but excellent library. And the member of the group who had most recently visited the university reported how one of Mr. Woolworth's lurid ten-cent flowers had bloomed on the Corn.

* * * * *

BUT the most amusing story was reserved until the last. And the Drifter cannot resist passing it on. The tale relates how a great linoleum king tried to enter his son at Oxford. This king from somewhere in America, finding himself in London, decided that he should like to have his son, the crown prince, become a student at Oxford. He forthwith hired a magnificent Rolls Royce automobile and drove with his son to the university. From college to college the great car rolled. And each time the father and son came back from the college office empty-handed. Finally, in desperation, the ambitious father sought a fellow-countryman prominent in American circles at Oxford, and begged for help. The American student obligingly arranged for them an interview with the head of the college to which he himself belonged. The rector was a kindly old gentleman. He questioned the boy concerning his previous studies. Said the crown prince, "I have had mathematics, a little Latin, typewriting—and business English." The kindly gentleman reached for a book. "This," he said slowly, "is very easy Latin. I'm sure you can read it. I'd like to hear you translate this paragraph." The boy took the book—and there was a pause. "I—I don't know the first word," he said timidly. The rector obligingly told him what it was. Another long pause. "I—I don't know the second word." Again the rector helped him out. Still another, longer pause. The crown prince was getting nervous. "I—I don't know the third word." For the third time the rector told him the meaning of the word. The boy grew very nervous. "Sir," he said, "I know what it means—I'm sure I know what it means—but I can't put it into English exactly—" The old gentleman smiled kindly, helpfully. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you could put it into—business English."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Help Atlanta University

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of *The Nation* W. E. Burghardt Du Bois explains the cause of the university's present crisis: "It early gave alumni representation on its board of trustees, and it insisted upon social equality between the races within the walls of the institution." It is nothing less than an indictment of the white race that only such institutions of learning as establish the same atmosphere of racial inequality within as is felt outside receive adequate financial support.

I have visited Atlanta University and I am glad to raise

my voice with that of Arthur Twining Hadley and Ernest M. Hopkins as to the excellence of the work done there in the face of cruel handicaps and most discouraging limitations. Do not think that Atlanta University is too "highbrow" to teach practical subjects. Besides the courses leading to the academic degree, there is provision for the study of agriculture, printing, home making, and all kinds of manual training.

Among the graduates of the university are some of the most distinguished writers and social workers among the colored people. James Weldon Johnson, the poet and speaker; Walter White, the novelist and investigator, and Augustus Dill, business manager of the *Crisis*, are among its honored graduates, besides nine principals of public schools, 122 public-school teachers, many editors, physicians, principals of private schools, lawyers, bishops, deans of colleges, and three college presidents.

The crisis at the university is immediate. There are outstanding bills that cannot be paid until more funds are in the treasury. Thirty-one thousand dollars is needed for the current expenses for this year. Mrs. Rush, a representative of Atlanta University, has come to New York to describe the acute needs of her institution. Contributions may be sent to her at the 137th Street Branch of the Y. W. C. A., or to me at 12 East Eighty-sixth Street.

New York, March 4

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Christian Science Answers Professor Jastrow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall appreciate an opportunity to correct certain erroneous statements regarding Christian Science and its discoverer and founder, Mary Baker Eddy, contained in Mr. Joseph Jastrow's review of the book entitled "The Faith, the Failure, and the Falsity of Christian Science," issued under the joint authorship of Woodbridge Riley, Frederick W. Peabody, and Dr. Charles E. Humiston, published in your issue of February 10. Mr. Jastrow, as an example, is mistaken in his assumption that the misleading article on Christian Science which Mr. Riley now gives to us in the volume under discussion was deleted from the Cambridge History of American Literature by its publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, at the instance of the Christian Science Church. The facts are that Putnam's, impelled by a genuine respect for decent womanhood, were unwilling that the imprint of their firm should be found upon an article the main purpose of which was to malign the character of one who was not here to defend herself. In a letter referring to this incident, Mr. Irving Putnam, of the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, wrote:

As soon as the article had been read by a member of our publishing board we decided that as publishers we would not stand for a chapter that was so outrageous in tone and contained such offensive references. We so announced our decision. The article on Christian Science and the article on the . . . were both canceled on our own initiative and new articles substituted in their place. These articles were not suppressed by reason of any demand or request of those outside of our office.

Following the rejection of his article by Putnam's, Mr. Riley found himself in the unhappy position of a disappointed author balked in the effort to vent his spleen against the Christian Science religion under the pretext of making an authoritative contribution to the history of American literature. This may account for the fact that he now passionately defends his sources of information without in the slightest degree weighing their value or dependability. Such procedure is hardly in keeping with the position Mr. Riley holds in the educational world.

The situation is somewhat similar with his collaborator Mr. Peabody, who, some twenty years ago, was unsuccessful in conducting a suit against Mrs. Eddy. He, too, is guilty

of making statements without having competent evidence to support them.

The contribution of Dr. Humiston, the last of this literary trio, has been aptly characterized by one reviewer as "ludicrously unscientific," this reviewer adding: "Its assumption that an alleged system of healing can be proved a failure by a citation of seventy-one cases would make short work of the medical profession itself."

The authors of the book in question have advanced many theories regarding Christian Science which are entirely foreign to its practice and not to be found in its teachings. There is, for instance, no parallelism between Christian Science, Quimbyism, and the doctrine of Mr. Alcott; and no more is there any actual or pretended occult relation between practitioner and patient. Moreover, the use of will power and suggestion, to which reference is frequently made, is specifically prohibited in Christian Science practice. Christian Science with its system of spiritual healing is original with Mrs. Eddy, and our critics' efforts to trace its genealogy to sources other than the Bible, coupled with the implication that it was nurtured in occult mysticism, are the best possible proof that they have failed utterly to grasp the fundamentals of Mrs. Eddy's religious teachings. There is, of course, a similarity in the terminology employed by all writers on the subject of mental and spiritual healing. Messrs. Quimby and Alcott, for example, used terminology common to their day. Mrs. Eddy has done likewise. Aside from this, however, these systems of thought have nothing in common. As to Mr. Quimby's mode of treatment, I may say that he used physical manipulation and suggestion; while Mrs. Eddy relied wholly upon the prayer of spiritual understanding. To contend that such methods bear the slightest likeness to Christian Science treatment is but to betray one's total ignorance of the teachings and practice of this religion.

Despite a campaign of vilification there comes a time when an intelligent public turns to authoritative sources for its information regarding the character and work of great leaders and teachers. This is precisely what is happening today in connection with Mrs. Eddy and her manifold activities. Honest inquiry is revealing the fact that she is loved and respected by thousands both within and without the Christian Science movement. Many are also learning for the first time that Mrs. Eddy was not only highly esteemed by individual friends and acquaintances but on more than one occasion great governments and representative institutions conferred upon her without solicitation honors that her would-be traducers might seek in vain. The Victoria Institute of London, as an example, paid Mrs. Eddy the compliment of electing her an associate life member; while the French Government made her an Officer of the French Academy. This latter action was taken at the instance of M. Briand, present Premier of France. It is also noteworthy that Governor Samuel D. Felker of New Hampshire, her native State, said in a public address: "As Daniel Webster was the son of New Hampshire, so Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, was first among the women of the Granite State. She has left the impress of her work not only on New England but on the entire world; and we are proud of her." On the same occasion Hon. Edwin C. Eastman, then attorney general of New Hampshire, stated: "I am glad to say that I have known Mrs. Eddy well, and I am very proud of her for her religious views and citizenship. I consider her the most remarkable woman, perhaps, that this country or any other country has produced."

In passing judgment on Mrs. Eddy and her efforts in behalf of mankind it should be remembered that for more than half a century the religious teachings and healing ministry founded by her have been subjected to the test of practical application; and all fair-minded people will measure the value of her work by its fruits rather than by the views of biased critics.

New York, February 16

CHARLES E. HEITMAN,

Christian Science Committee on Publication

Books, Art, Plays

Modeler's Middle-Age

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

I will break my vases,
The mold I will break.
This is the last vase
I shall make.

I will have done with molding
This familiar stuff.
Vases are for holding;
Mine would not hold enough.

*Life is short and death is sure,
Man walks on the earth alone;
These are things would not come pure
Even if I worked in stone.*

*Love must always be unspoken,
Faith must come to its relief;
Mold and models must be broken
Now I know that life is brief.*

This last vase is nearly done;
By a wall across the street
Old men are sitting in the sun
With knowledge and defeat.

They drowse; but I have restless hands
Will keep me awake—
Thumbing out the vases
I shall never make.

First Glance

I FIRST became acquainted with Isabella Agneta Elizabeth de Zuylen, daughter of Diederik-Jacob van Tuyl, through the preposterous letter written to her by James Boswell in 1764 and printed by Mr. Tinker in his recent edition of Boswell's letters. Boswell, it seems, had met the young lady in Holland, had been fascinated perhaps by her beauty and certainly by her wit, and when he began to think about her had not known what to think. He went on to Berlin and wrote such a letter as a vain but gifted coxcomb would write when he felt forced to use his mind at last but did not know how. Condescension mingled with adoration, prudery with effrontery, and officiousness with affection to produce as ridiculous a missive as a woman could receive. Should he, could he, ask Zélide to be his wife? No and yes; and again no. He ended with some supremely foolish advice to go and be henceforth "rationally happy"; and we hear little more of Zélide until Boswell, back in Britain searching for a wife, suddenly remembers the lady of Zuylen and writes her that she may now have him; and gets a letter back which makes him ask his friend Temple if she is "not a termagant, or at least will she not be one by the time she is forty?" I was curious about Zélide, for I saw through the mist of her absurd lover a warm and brilliant woman. I could have gone to Sainte-Beuve or to the volumes by Philippe Godet. I waited; and I am rewarded with "The Portrait of Zélide" by Geoffrey Scott and "Four Tales by Zélide," translated by Sybil Scott (Scribner's: \$3.75 each).

Zélide as we now have her is a discovery indeed. She is not merely, as Mr. Scott says in one of his many felicitous sentences, a woman "endowed by nature with a simple heart, a sensuous temperament, and a mind of amazing alacrity." She is not merely, as Mr. Scott almost too smoothly insists, the author of some tales which "fill a graceful if inconspicuous niche in the cold temple of eighteenth-century romance." She is a figure haunted by contradictions within and by disappointments without; and she is a writer of distinguished if minor proportions. Mr. Scott's "Portrait," while it already shows some of the tarnish which is gathering everywhere upon the silvered Temple of Strachey, beautifully gives us the character of this lively woman who, born by a freak of circumstances into the stupidest of aristocracies, deliberately married "a timid, phlegmatic, stammering, and mathematical man" and went to live in a world which she must have known would bore her even more. At Colombier, near Lausanne, "boredom became her muse." Relieved during two brief periods by love affairs with an unnamed person of Geneva and with Benjamin Constant, this boredom grew and flowered and inspired both the satire and the sentiment in her books—the books of a woman who could never decide between the simplicity which she had inherited and the wit which she had achieved. The "Four Tales" must speak for themselves. But they place Madame de Charrière, I think, in a safe place between Miss Austen and Madame de Staël.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Mystery of Poe

Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

STRANGE though it may seem, this is the first book on Poe that offers anything approaching a rational and convincing account of him. His critics in the past, almost unanimously, have been diverted from the business by the fascinating phenomenon of his drunkenness. To some it has been a sinister external force, like smallpox or jury duty, dissuading him from his high concerns, and so crippling his genius. To others it has been the mainspring of his life, and proof sufficient of his unfitness to be admired by Christian men and women. Mr. Krutch, following a somewhat faint lead by Dr. John W. Robinson, puts it finally into its proper place. Poe was a drunkard intermittently and by orgy, as he was a bounder intermittently and by orgy. The habit was a symptom, not a cause, and even as a symptom it was trivial, though it brought him to the grave. Strapped to the water-wagon, with a ton of Bibles to hold him down, he would have been precisely the same Poe. He came into the world bearing bizarre stigmata, and the Weird Sisters fanned him in the cradle. The visible universe scarcely touched him. He inhabited a universe of his own, with red glares lighting it, implacable clouds hedging it round, and preposterous fauna roving its evil groves. He was, in his way, a patriotic citizen of it—what might be called a 100 per cent Fantastic. He delighted in its occult sins, its drug-store smells. But there were times, too, when he longed pathetically to get out of it, and now and then these longings took the form of overt flights. But always he was turned back. Always the world of fact rebuffed and terrified him, and he returned anew to his world of charnel-house dreams.

Mr. Krutch's study of him is full of shrewd observation and plausible speculation. The ordinary tests of literary criticism, of course, are not to be applied to Poe. He was *sui generis*—or he was simply a poor mountebank, and not worth studying. Mr. Krutch finds, however, that psychology can

account for him. His complexes were genuinely complex, but nevertheless they fit into the categories. More, they flow naturally out of the circumstances of his unstable youth: the dreadful death of his mother, his equivocal and painful position in the house of the Allans, his humiliating difficulties at the University of Virginia, his service as a common soldier, his abject poverty. All of his early life was a struggle against inferiorities. He saw himself as one distinguished and superior; the reality brought him very near to the gutter. Mr. Krutch believes that even his first literary enterprises were no more than parts of his general flight mechanism. He turned to the pen as to a sort of surrogate for the lost sword of the Virginia cavalier, snatched from his hand by Allan. He would show the cock-eyed world! And when genius alone failed to amaze it, he resorted readily to gaudy lying. Thus his grandfather, the lowly profiteer, became a hero of the Revolution. And thus he himself became a mysterious political agent in Russia, and a comrade of Byron in Greece.

It was his mother's death, penniless and among not too friendly strangers, that left the deepest mark upon him. It not only made him a fugitive from a too cruel world; it also made him incapable of ordinary human love. His marriage was so preposterous as to be almost pathological. Virginia Clemm was a child scarcely come to adolescence; moreover, she was next door to an idiot. Mr. Krutch believes that Poe married her as a device of safety. So long as she was there he was secure, to that extent, against other women. Her incapacity as wife did not daunt him. It was, indeed, her incapacity as wife that chiefly attracted him, for in women as sexual objects he took no interest. There is no hint of carnal love in any of his stories; he was a Parsifal if there ever was one on this earth. When, toward the end of his own life, Virginia died, his affairs of the heart at once took on a grotesque and impossible character. He engaged himself to several women at once, and most of them were fantastic blue-stockings, as devoid of sexual charm as so many lady embalmers. Women stirred him only when they were in decay, and even then they did not stir his hormones. His heroines all suffer from phagocytolysis, and he approaches them on his knees.

Mr. Krutch shows clearly how vain is the effort to detach Poe from his work, or his work from Poe. The man simply poured himself into his writings. They have only the remotest sort of contact with anything external to his own singular personality. They are full of the strange horrors that beset him; there is little in them else. The effort to pigeon-hole them, carried on for years by humorless professors, is manifestly vain. There was only one Poe, and the tragic turmoil within him was his beginning and his end. In certain moods all of us can understand him; in other moods even his fondest partisans must find him only absurd. The man wrote abominably. Some of his most celebrated stories are done in a Johnsonese that would have disgraced the late Mr. Harding. His criticism, for all its acumen, is couched mainly in bombast. His poetry is popular in proportion as it justifies Emerson's sneer: to wit, that it consists of jingles. But Poe himself remains. There is something titanic in his tragedy. It breaks through his ornate and rococo sentences; it overwhelms his nonsensical theories and idle pedantries; it gives an austere dignity to even his worst jingles. It will always bring a crowd to his booth—a crowd fascinated and yet a bit uneasy. There have been far greater artists, but there have been few more glamorous men.

Mr. Krutch has done a good job. His book is devoid of the snuffling that has marked all Poe criticism in the past. It shows a complete mastery of the known facts, and a fine capacity for getting order into them, and penetrating to their meaning. He has his moments of boldness. When the record is a blank, as it is only too often, he sometimes permits himself an ingenious guess. But there is no dogmatic theorizing in him; he never descends to the mere arguing of a case. His study, I believe, is the most intelligent and convincing account of Poe ever written.

H. L. MENCKEN

Senator Crane of Massachusetts

W. Murray Crane, A Man and a Brother. By Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is a revealing book about Senator Crane of Massachusetts by an intimate journalistic and personal friend. It has a great theme. Senator Crane was undoubtedly one of the most important statesmen in our recent history. Chauncey M. Depew, as quoted in this book, rightly called him the Senate's most influential member. It is therefore regrettable that Mr. Griffin does not give us a larger analysis of the immense national issues which Mr. Crane faced and a larger analysis also of the reasons why Mr. Crane adopted the policies which earned for him, in the estimation of the Left Wing of American politics, the "bad eminence" of being regarded as the blackest feather in the Right Wing.

The book, however, is delightfully local. It is primarily interested in Mr. Crane as a neighbor in Berkshire County. It dwells at some length on Mr. Crane's deep interest in Berkshire County's cemeteries. It charmingly shows us Mr. Crane, at the age of seventeen, sweeping the floors of his ancestral paper factory and sorting rags in its rag-room and pounding out pieces of paper on a wooden block with a mallet. It charmingly and even touchingly recounts Mr. Crane's innumerable subsequent benefactions, not only of money but also of time and of personal interest and friendliness, to his neighbors in Berkshire County. It totally demonstrates—all over again—the indubitable historic personal kindness and tenderness of this acclaimed and attacked leader of the "black forces of reaction."

Then, by a certain exercise and stretch of Berkshire County imagination, the author gets as far as Boston and gives a really excellent account of Mr. Crane's administration of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts when he was its governor. Incidentally it may be noted that Mr. Griffin, in this part of his book, relates numerous occasions when Mr. Crane, as governor of Massachusetts, earnestly and successfully resisted certain legislative measures vehemently demanded by powerful Massachusetts financial interests. Here one thinks that Mr. Griffin will begin to develop some sort of reasoned rescue of Mr. Crane from the charge subsequently brought against him of being the senatorial agent of the whole country's financial interests. But not at all! As soon as Mr. Crane not only leaves Berkshire County but even leaves Massachusetts and goes actually to the District of Columbia Mr. Griffin's interest in the details and motives of his behavior notably dwindles. This book is authentically and magnificently English and New English. It thinks that the most important thing about a man is what he does in his own countryside. If he is all right there, he is presumably all right at the national capital; and so why bother too much about the details? He was a good man. Therefore we know he did the right thing.

In any case, so far as being good is concerned, there is absolutely no doubt that Mr. Crane was not only negatively so but also superlatively positively so. His enormous financial generosity would in itself prove nothing; but it was accompanied by an almost incredible expenditure of his valuable personal time and of his frail physical strength. To this reviewer's knowledge he would go over three times a week from Washington to Baltimore, in the very midst of the most harassing political anxieties, to see somebody who was ill in a hospital; and once, when a poor man was killed in a street-car accident and when Mr. Crane did not know either the man or his widow but nobody wanted to break the news to the widow, Mr. Crane, the leader of the United States Senate, went out and did it.

But what was his political and economic philosophy? What were the reasons, what were the arguments, for it? On that point the book sheds no light.

Nevertheless it has one great political value. It does shed light on the present President of the United States. Mr.

Coolidge admittedly was prize boy in the Murray Crane Massachusetts political school. He was prefect in the sixth form and then he was the school's most successful and distinguished graduate. Mr. Griffin shows that Murray Crane still lives in the character of his most reverent pupil. In the foreword Mr. Coolidge states that Mr. Crane was "in each instance better equipped than anyone else to formulate plans which would meet the acceptance of the majority. . . . He had a broader comprehension of American life, reaching from the humblest fireside through all the various activities of the business and political world, than any other man of his time."

So what were Mr. Crane's outstanding practical political ideas? The first was governmental economy. Mr. Crane made it his main issue as governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Coolidge made it his main issue as President of the United States. The second was silence. Mr. Crane virtually never made any speeches or even any motions in the Senate. He simply flitted from side to side of the Senate central aisle and ultimately had his way. Mr. Coolidge has departed a bit from this example and maxim, but nevertheless a large part of his original claim to public favor was that he was "Silent Cal." The third and greatest outstanding political characteristic of Mr. Crane's was that he intensely favored the League of Nations. Mr. Coolidge has already taken us into the League Court. Watch now for Mr. Coolidge's final consummation of this most vital chapter in Mr. Crane's teachings!

In conclusion, it is to be noted that the book is in one more respect most thoroughly English and New English. It admirably and most entertainingly abounds in descriptions of Mr. Crane's outward personal behavior. It does no psychoanalysis of Mr. Crane. It never strips one veil away from Mr. Crane's soul. That was Mr. Crane's affair. For this relief, Mr. Griffin, much thanks. But to write another book which, besides giving us Mr. Crane's personal endearing activities, will give us more largely Mr. Crane's national political times.

WILLIAM HARD

The World Well Lost?

The Plumed Serpent. By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.
Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine. By D. H. Lawrence. Centaur Press. \$4.

THE world has been too much for D. H. Lawrence, and so he has left the world and gone through a fog in search of the dark gods. He sees mankind more and more like a nest of scorpions devouring one another in a horrid industry. No matter where he goes he finds neither god nor man, but only preying insects. Democracy and modern education creep like a slime toward the farthest rim of the sky, and perhaps only in savage peoples and mystics does Mr. Lawrence discover the pure flame of life burning like a star in a dark gulf. In "Kangaroo" he went shuddering through the dusty warrens of Australian democracy, and now, in "The Plumed Serpent," he stands limed in the ooze of decadence and tyranny enveloping modern Mexico. He must do something to keep himself from going mad; and so he has the nobler Mexicans and the Indians set up a new worship of Quetzalcoatl, and find refuge and a valiant life in a religion compounded of mysticism and a direct appeal to arms.

When any novelist casts out the world he casts out likewise his passion for men and women just as men and women. His characters lose all aspect of a common humanity and take on the monstrous contours of saviors and demons. The novel sheds flesh and blood and is nailed down like the frame of a prophecy on a rack where the novelist lies shrieking. Words hover in a golden cloud and dim shapes pretend to be men and women acting from their own nature, but all the while you hear the voice of the prophet, from whose body his characters float like wraiths charged with a voice not their own but lent them for a planned purpose. For many years H. G. Wells has been

putting on false faces and pretending to invent new characters. For his latest books D. H. Lawrence has worn disguises so thin that not even the supposed characters seem at all convinced of their own reality.

Who can ever forget Gudrun and Ursula in "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love," or the girl in "A Fragment of Stained Glass," or Hannele in "The Captain's Doll," or George in "The White Peacock"? By the same token who cares anything whatever about the men and women in "Kangaroo" and "The Plumed Serpent"? An author is most truly himself by being his characters; but when his characters are not themselves by being the author you will exclaim at the gorgeous style and the astounding eloquence and the persuasive doctrine, but you do not care what happens to anyone. In any other case it might not matter in the least. In the case of Mr. Lawrence it matters as much as if Wagner had kept on writing metaphysics instead of writing "Götterdämmerung," and Lewis Carroll had rejected the Mad Hatter for a surd.

There can be no denying that in both "The Plumed Serpent" and the essays bound together in "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" Mr. Lawrence writes and talks like a god. There are passages of miraculous wonder and words like arrows tipped with light borrowed from the sun. He has all his old infallible and inexhaustible knowledge of woman's nature and his Indians bear all the fascination of an alien life perfectly understood. It is just because there is no Lawrence but Lawrence that many of us hate his missionary zeal and his metaphysical divinations even where we most agree with his hate of the festering ooze. Once he had a magic wand that struck living waters from the rock of the soul whose true nature lies hid in an inner darkness shielded by the basalt covering of conscious knowledge. Now the divining-rod in "Aaron's Rod" is too often used in beating scorpions and measuring the limitations of society. It is too bad that some invincible need stops Mr. Lawrence from the practice so intelligently expounded in his essay on the novel. He is a sorcerer of the first order. He has no business binding himself over as an apprentice to a prophet.

Why did Mr. Lawrence find it necessary to read so many books on the subconscious and (it is suggested in all respect) why did he get himself so firmly married? He did all his best work before he went in heavily for studying philosophies and letting science tell him in just what exact way he had explained the subliminal. It has made him too self-conscious, and his present desire to slay the dragon of the world has likewise put the self-conscious in place of the subconscious. No one forced Dostoevski to hang himself before he created the character of Stavrogin, who hangs himself; and why has Mr. Lawrence got to know so clearly just what he is about? I defy him to tell me what he was about in "A Fragment of Stained Glass" and "The Thorn in the Flesh," except to create a masterpiece contained in its own being. It may be added that his marriage, too, has made him dreadfully self-conscious about marriage and led him into tedious reptilian lectures like the chapter on marriage in "Kangaroo" and the wives in "Kangaroo" and "The Plumed Serpent" who have no reason for living in the same world with Ursula and Gudrun.

No amount of advice can save any artist from his own nature. No one can come hurrying like a bright Perseus to rescue Andromeda from the dragon. An artist is bound to his own nature like a man tied to a rock. If you tear and break the rock you destroy the man whose brain and heart have grown from the rock. Writers like Mr. Wells and Mr. Lawrence must follow the course prescribed by an inner necessity. There is not much use, after all, in standing off like small boys and throwing pebbles at the dragon because we don't like his fifth or twenty-fifth skin. A peddler of fiction can wear the colors of the chameleon and do tricks; but a chameleon isn't a dragon. The crooked roads which cannot be made straight are the roads of genius.

DONALD DOUGLAS

W. T. Stead

The Life and Letters of W. T. Stead. By Frederic Whyte. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. \$12.

H. WICKHAM STEED, the present editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has received, he tells us, more than one suggestion from "hard-headed" business men that it would be of advantage to that magazine if the words "Founded by W. T. Stead" were deleted from its title-page. "Hard-headed" business men indeed! "Wooden-headed" is surely the epithet that would suit them most precisely. As well might *The Nation* blush to recall the name of Godkin. For the mere memory of Stead's association with it is enough to confer upon any enterprise a rare and perpetual distinction. But this stupid self-exposure of the commercial mind shows how desirable it was that there should be no longer any delay in the preparation of an adequate account of Stead's career. Mr. Whyte has grappled with a big task and has achieved it successfully. Henceforth there will be no excuse for any one to lift a superior nose at the mention of the greatest English journalist of his time.

When Lord Northcliffe died, many of the obituary notices spoke of him as the pioneer of the New Journalism. That description might be more justly applied to W. T. Stead, in so far, at any rate, as the new journalism was an improvement on the old. Long before Alfred Harmsworth came to Fleet Street Stead had emancipated the London press from its stodginess and conventionality and infused into it a vitality that it had hitherto lacked. At the same time there was a conspicuous difference between his journalism and the Northcliffe type. Not a year passed without his accomplishing many "stunts" that set everybody talking. But Stead never attempted a stunt for the stunt's sake. His stunts were all crusades. They were inspired not by any eagerness for an increase in circulation and consequently in advertising revenue but by an utterly unworldly passion for the achievement of some end which was to promote the welfare of his fellow-men. As he once put it himself, his purpose was to give a "soul" to sensational journalism. After all, Stead was not primarily a journalist in the ordinary sense. Essentially he was a preacher, and he became a journalist simply because the newspaper, rather than the pulpit of any church, offered him in these days the best opportunity of spreading his message. Behind his denunciations and appeals there was an unspoken "Thus saith the Lord." Whenever I wish to envisage to myself a Hebrew prophet, I can do so more clearly by means of my recollections of Stead than by looking at Abbey's mural paintings in the Boston Library.

One had hardly realized how numerous and varied were these crusades of Stead's until the story of them came to be told consecutively in these volumes. So many-sided were his enthusiasms that readers of narrower interests will be apt to think Mr. Whyte has paid insufficient attention to the particular phase of Stead's career that happened to attract their own sympathies. To those who were in the thick of that controversy thirty-two pages, for instance, might seem a meager allowance for an account of his campaign against the iniquity and folly of the Transvaal War. The fact is that it would need an encyclopedia rather than a biography to do justice to the record of a man who was in vital touch with so many altruistic projects in all parts of the world. Mr. Whyte has to content himself with a bare mention of Stead's labors in some causes which, in the case of most biographies, would have provided material for whole chapters or sections—his efforts on behalf of postal reform, his support of the progressives in London municipal politics, his frustrated endeavors to found a "Civic Church," and so on. There were also enterprises of his, outside journalism proper, which were of such value and importance that they would have

sufficed to make a name for most men, but which appear so slight in comparison with Stead's main services to his generation that they are almost forgotten. He was the most powerful pamphleteer since Defoe. And who can estimate the contribution he made to the popularizing of the best literature by the issue of more than five million copies of his "Penny Poets"? Yet this was a mere by-product of his constant activity, and hardly comes to one's mind when one recalls his career. Few people, again, ever think of Stead as a public speaker. Although he had chosen to express himself through the newspaper and the magazine, there were occasions when—being a crusader first of all and only secondarily a newspaper man—he readily availed himself of the opportunities offered him by the platform. Mr. Whyte quotes a page or two of the impressions left by him on some of his hearers, but he might have said much more on this point. Actually there were not half a dozen of his contemporaries, even among those whose reputation rested mainly on their eloquence, whose addresses would so well satisfy the tests of effective oratory.

Measured by actual achievement, no journalist in the history of the British press has left behind him a record to equal W. T. Stead's. Yet it was his personality—his alertness, his unselfishness, his courage, his tenderness—of which one thinks first and foremost today. And most of those who knew him will agree with the conclusion of his biographer: "My own impression is that Stead will be remembered rather for what he was than for any of the things he did: that he will figure in history as the bravest and most brilliant of all English journalists and as perhaps the most extraordinary man ever seen in Fleet Street."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Experimentalist Christianity

The Religion of Yesterday and Tomorrow. By Kirsopp Lake. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

MODERNISM in America has laid itself open to the charge of unduly befogging questions of great moment. For instance, What is the relation of the modernist to the creeds and customs of the church? How far can reinterpretation be carried with intellectual integrity? In what sense does the advanced religious liberal justify his claim to be a Christian? In the book before us Professor Lake faces these problems in candid and brilliant fashion.

His fundamental contention is that "continuity, not consistency, makes it [Christianity] one and the same, and continuity means neither invariable thought nor identical experience but men's unbroken consent to live and work together. . . . Christianity has changed more than most religions because it has had a higher and intenser vitality." These changes Mr. Lake reviews rapidly with sympathetic insight into the values of various shapes or forms of Christianity. He then makes an illuminating classification of Protestants, not into fundamentalists and modernists but into fundamentalists, institutionalists, and experimentalists. The fundamentalist holds fast to the infallible inspiration of the Scriptures and—usually—to the creeds. "At his best he is an enthusiast, at his worst, an ignoramus." The institutionalist is interested less in thought than in the institution; he endeavors to reduce to a minimum the amount of "opinion" that must be accepted, and he seeks to use the old language to express new meanings. "At his worst he is an ecclesiastical huckster, and he is never a prophet; . . . at his best he is a statesman who understands the minds of men and a priest who has looked deep into their souls."

The experimentalist adopts the position "familiar to the scientist, that experiment is the basis of knowledge." Two great experiments in life are the basis of religion. The first is made "when a man is conscious that there is a purpose in life of which he is only a part but with which he can co-operate if he choose, and he does choose." The second is made

"when a man is conscious that there is a source of life which imparts help to him when he is weak, comfort when he is in sorrow, and purification when he has sinned. . . . For the Western world the natural laboratories for religion are the Christian churches." The experimentalist at his worst "is a sentimentalist, slack in conduct and inaccurate in thought; at his best he is a prophet."

As an experimentalist believing that the religion of the future lies with experimentalism, Professor Lake considers the probable attitude of experimentalism toward the Bible and the creeds, God and prayer, Jesus and the church. The Bible is valuable as a record of religious discovery, not of inspiration. The creeds may be retained "as part of an uplifting and inspiring liturgy" but must be abandoned "as statements of thought." (Just why categorical statements of fact or opinion which Professor Lake utterly rejects are liturgically valuable remains to this reviewer a mystery not helped by Mr. Lake's comparison of them to a great cathedral.) The experimentalist regards Jesus as a great but not a perfect figure. He does not pretend to follow Him closely, but he thinks "the path which he treads and the light which he sees would not be disowned by Jesus." Prayer as petition must be rejected in a world of law; as "communion and aspiration" it has its place. Truth, beauty, and wisdom are real; they are values, and "God is all the values taken together." He—or It—is also Purpose—an assumption which Professor Lake does not attempt to prove and which, unlike the apprehension of truth or beauty, the mystic does not usually claim to establish by his own processes.

The future church will be stripped of many of its present tasks and aims. It will help men to see "the glory of truth and the splendor of beauty." It will "afford a center toward which mystics may turn." Professor Lake admits that between such a conception of Christianity and fundamentalism there can be no compromise, but elsewhere he says that if he were omnipotent he "should not attempt to expel either the fundamentalists or the institutionalists." (On his own showing he gives the fundamentalists little reason for not expelling him.)

With all its humor, insight, and feeling—qualities to which this summary does scant justice—one may doubt whether the book will convince many Christians that they ought to be experimentalists or many experimentalists that they ought to stay within the Christian church, where certainly they are not generally welcomed. Experimentalists, in Professor Lake's sense, may with almost equal logic have a Jewish, Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, or even a Moslem background. Why, then, maintain the Christian emphasis? As a matter of fact, how many people want their religion to be experimental rather than authoritarian? Most men want from religion comfort and assurance. Not many of them are capable of finding either in Professor Lake's combination of Christian aesthetics, semi-Platonic philosophy, and modern science unbuttressed by any "Thus saith the Lord." Yet he has done us all—and not least the various groups of modernists—a great service by this absorbingly interesting discussion of the eternal problem of religion. And to those who share his point of view he has given a brilliant philosophic defense which they must welcome.

NORMAN THOMAS

Books in Brief

Expansionists of 1812. By Julius W. Pratt. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This is another contribution to the history of the American frontier, devoted to showing that the War of 1812, instead of being waged, as the "older historians" have commonly urged, to redress the grievances of the seaboard States over British depredations upon their commerce, was rather a war of expansion in which frontier sentiment was the driving force. Professor Pratt's examination of political opinion in the various States, from New Hampshire to Georgia, convinces him that

REPRESENTATIVE BOOKS

BY

THE LEADING WRITERS of 1926

IN

THE MODERN LIBRARY

At 95 Cents a Copy

■ ■ ■

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

POOR WHITE (No. 115)

WINESBURG, OHIO (No. 104)

THEODORE DREISER

FREE AND OTHER STORIES (No. 50)

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

BEYOND LIFE (No. 25)

D. H. LAWRENCE

SONS AND LOVERS (No. 109)

MAX BEERBOHM

ZULEIKA DOBSON (No. 116)

WILLIAM BEEBE

JUNGLE PEACE (No. 30)

W. L. GEORGE

A BED OF ROSES (No. 75)

NORMAN DOUGLAS

SOUTH WIND (No. 5)

EUGENE O'NEILL

SIX PLAYS OF THE SEA (No. 111)

H. W. VAN LOON

ANCIENT MAN (No. 105)

GEORGE MOORE

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN (No. 16)

BEN HECHT

ERIK DORN (No. 29)

NEW BOOKS by every author in this list have appeared this season, and have been greeted with the éclat reserved for the work of the really important writers of the day. They have been priced as high as nine dollars a copy by the publishers, with the average cost above two dollars and fifty cents a volume.

THE MODERN LIBRARY EDITION

OF SELECTED WORKS OF THESE AUTHORS

SELLS FOR

95 CENTS A COPY (ONE DOLLAR POSTPAID)

The books are printed from large, clear type on good paper, bound in full limp fashion, and designed to fit the pocket. The 120 titles have been selected with rigid care to represent the very best in modern literature and thought. Modern Library authors include, besides those listed above, Anatole France, Wilde, Shaw, W. H. Hudson, Butler, Nietzsche, Hardy, and scores of others.

Write for a Free, Illustrated Catalogue

THE MODERN LIBRARY

INCORPORATED

71 West 45th Street, New York

all the States were eager to extend the national boundaries at the expense of either Great Britain or Spain, and he cites Jefferson's optimistic view of the ease with which Canada might be conquered as significant of the state of the public mind. The thesis is well documented.

The Employment of Young Persons in the United States. New York: National Industrial Conference Board. \$1.50.

This is a well-organized and fairly comprehensive summary of data derived from the U. S. Census of Occupations and various surveys of employed children. The data are neither new nor original, but in some mysterious way their publication by the N. I. C. B. gives them authenticity—for certain purposes. What we need more than facts and figures about child employment is a better idea of child labor. Child employment and child labor may coincide in many respects and in many instances, but they are two separate categories. We should start with the child, his nature and needs. An approach solely from the occupational side involves the practically endless task of classifying all the variable jobs and occupations in which children engage; regards the job or occupation as the only determining factor in child labor, thus ignoring individual differences in children; and assumes that an obviously harmful effect must be found before child labor is predicated.

Endimion and Phoebe. Ideas Latmus. By Michael Drayton.

Edited by J. William Hebel. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

A beautiful edition of a poem which is not to be found in any collected edition of Drayton and which has never been accessible to the ordinary reader. Amy Lowell discusses it at some length as a possible source for Keats; her deductions may now be tested with pleasure and ease.

Art

Marc Chagall

DEVOUT Hegelians who firmly believe that all things dreamt and undreamt of in philosophy develop under the aegis of the dialectic trinity—thesis, antithesis, synthesis—should find great comfort in the career of Marc Chagall, for it corroborates this belief with curious exactitude. Chagall passed from sentimental imaginative realism (Vitebsk, before 1910) through a frenzied and fantastic expressionism (Paris, 1910-1914) to a modified combination of both (Vitebsk and Moscow, 1914-1922).

Chagall's quaint autobiographic notes speak with pious eloquence of the early years he passed in provincial Vitebsk eagerly watching the mixed population of peasant and peddler, merchant and mendicant trudge along from store to teashop, barber-shop, church, or synagogue. Chagall began with a simple portrayal of his immediate environment (Birth, Wedding, Death). A certain native sense of the grotesque made its appearance occasionally, but was kept well under restraint.

All restraint was discarded with Chagall's arrival in Paris (1910). The subdued grays, browns, and dull blues of his early period gave way to a riot of spectral colors clothing a phantasmagoria in which the laws of the physical world were abolished and normal logic had no place. Animals, men, and objects were dissected, made transparent, turned topsyturvy, and sent flying about (The Village and I, The Cattle Dealer, The Drunken Soldier). This was Chagall's peculiar reaction to cubism, then in its prime. Like the cubists, Chagall dissected objects—not, however, to arrive at abstraction, but rather to reach greater concreteness, to single out certain details for special emphasis. Chagall has never lost contact with the physical world, although the mirror which he holds up to nature has properties that make all reflection extremely weird.

In 1914 Chagall made arrangements for exhibitions in Holland and Germany and took what he intended to be a short trip to Russia. The war kept him there until 1922. During



"Elie Faure is one of the most penetrating critical minds of our day."

HAVELOCK ELLIS

The DANCE over FIRE and WATER

By ELIE FAURE

Author of "The History of Art"

ON the theory that tragedy is the mother of the arts Elie Faure surveys the great civilizations of the past—their heroes, their arts, their achievements. His conclusions as to the influence of warfare, revolution and injustice in the creation of beauty are startling and unorthodox. An original, beautiful and provocative book. \$3.00

From Dawes to Locarno

By GEORGE GLASGOW

The first authoritative interpretation of one of the most important events in the history of modern Europe by the foreign correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. \$2.50

Clara Barron

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of "Julie Cane"

The study of the enigmatical personality of a successful modern business woman and a history of the secrets hidden in her heart. \$2.00

The Chip and the Block

By E. M. DELAFIELD

A deft and subtle comedy of family life and of a brilliant son's conflict with his father's vanity. \$2.00

Clarence Darrow says—
"Why We Behave Like Human Beings," by George A. Dorsey, is the book H. G. Wells might have written had he been able." \$3.50

Harper & Brothers Publishers Since 1817

this period, while his paintings abroad were gaining him European fame, he worked on a new series of paintings which showed again a decided transformation. In them was united the reverence of his Vitebsk years with the sophistication gained in Paris (The Jew at Prayer, Above Vitebsk, The Green Jew). To be sure some extravagances still persisted—Chagall could not organically resist them—but their symbolism was now more easily comprehensible. In 1922 Chagall came to Berlin, and in 1923 to Paris, where he is living still. His most recent exhibition was held at the Reinhardt Galleries, New York.

An analysis of Chagall's entire work shows that, contrary to common practice among modernists who stress the formal at the expense of the thematic aspect of their work, Chagall gives equal attention to both. Two formative influences are directly responsible for this practice: Vitebsk and Paris. Vitebsk circumscribed the scope of his talent and served as the source of its themes; Paris gave it direction and determined its amplitude. Chagall's paintings are autobiographic. In the aggregate they form a sort of synoptic panorama of his experiences in which the shift between the real and the symbolic is bewilderingly sudden. Despite a cosmopolitan gloss the provincial anecdotist is always in evidence, in love with bright color and spicy anecdote. His paintings invariably tell a story which while always engaging is not always clear. One day some ambitious Freudian, applying to Chagall's work the method employed by Freud himself in "Leonardo da Vinci," will doubtless track many a complex to its lair. In the meantime Chagall's pictorial qualities alone are sufficient to insure a thorough enjoyment of his work. His color is used chiefly not as an aid in the representation of form but as a means in the evocation of its charm. Greater attention is paid to the interrelation of colors among themselves than to their correspondence to nature, making thus possible a great enrichment in the quality of the medium. Upon a closer acquaintance with Chagall's work, his weird antics, instead of puzzling, only enhance the charm of a fascinating story told with superb skill.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

Drama Hard Facts

BEHIND Mr. John Howard Lawson's new play, "Nirvana" (Greenwich Village Theater), as behind so many modern expressions of discontent, lies the commonplace fact that the intellect of man adjusts itself much more readily than do his emotions to all the changes which go on in the world he inhabits. Science, if it has not created a new world, has at least destroyed the old, and to many at least it seems that we do nothing except wander, emotionally, among the ruins. Mentally it may not be difficult to grasp the fact that God is dead and that with Him has passed away a whole universe of emotional realities, but the Soul—and the very necessity for employing this word is a sufficient indication of the inadequacy of our adjustment to a godless universe—demands without being able to find something satisfactory to herself in the meaningless world of which science describes the disjointed fragments. The mind leaps, and leaps perhaps with a sort of joy, through the immensities of space, but the spirit, frightened and cold in the vast emptiness, longs to have once more above its head that inverted bowl beyond which may lie whatever paradise its desires create; and in this fact is to be found a type of the agonies which afflict it. Man *qua* thinker may delight in the intricacies of psychology, but man *qua* lover has, at least, not learned to feel in its terms. Hormones and complexes, ductless glands and infantile impressions may serve to describe the feelings of another, but one's own demand all those symbols of the ineffable in which one has long ago ceased to believe.

Time was when the scientist, the poet, and the philosopher

walked hand in hand. In the universe which the one perceived the other found himself comfortably at home, and there in fact rather than in any absence of conflict between the dogmas of religion and the conclusions of science lay the significance of the so-called synthesis achieved in other ages. But today when new facts pour in more rapidly than any mind can arrange them into a pattern men are obliged to live in realms between which no communication can be established. When the physician in his laboratory, "doing card tricks with God's creation," has found the solution of his problem at the end of a dissected nerve he has done no more than exasperate with another indigestible fact the artist who is exploring the realm of emotional realities. And the scientist in every man is equally at odds with the poet who is also a part of him. To the doctor who asks as the doctor in Mr. Lawson's play does: "Why all this pother about sex; the act is no more important than shaking hands and generally a good deal less cordial?" he can give no wholly satisfactory reply, but the fact is no help to that side of him which demands that the act in question be surrounded with spiritual significance. Compelled to feel and yet unable to respect his feelings, he mocks and he suffers.

No American writer has expressed more forcefully than Mr. Lawson this mood which furnishes the common background of writers as diverse as Eliot, Huxley, and Joyce in Great Britain, and in the first act of his new play he defines with admirable vividness the problem which gives it birth. Into the laboratory of a physician engaged in the pursuit of physiological verities comes his novelist brother and with him are introduced all the human irrationalities of behavior whose very existence the scientist would prefer to deny and which, at best, he can only regard with an irritated disgust. The hard facts of his physiology are confronted by the equally hard facts of emotion, and in the conflict which arises the lives of a whole group of people are wrecked. Only the Roman Catholic nurse, blind and deaf to all facts which cannot be fitted comfortably into her universe, is safe; for the rest perish spiritually from a recognition of their own inadequacy. Incapable of really believing in the dignity and importance of love, of God, or of ambition, they cannot live without such belief, and they are destroyed by the needs for which a meaningless universe promises no satisfaction.

But if Mr. Lawson's strength consists in the intellectual keenness with which he perceives the problem, his weakness lies in his eagerness to find a solution. Unable to endure the discord, unwilling to admit that time alone can make the adjustment, he stands perilously upon the verge of those modern pseudo-religions of which Christian Science is the type and which promise a peaceful hypnotic slumber to those who are willing to repeat often enough the meaningless words of a formula. His first act seems to promise a play clearer and more forceful than "Processional," his second begins merely to mark time, and his third goes completely to pieces. Up to that point there had been nothing that was not intellectually clear and intellectually honest, but the strain has told and his grasp relaxed. Now in the midst of some hocus-pocus about an "electro-magnetic Christ" a dead woman rises for a moment from her couch, and thus is provided an ending to a play which has, so far as our day is concerned, no end. Mr. Lawson has succumbed, himself a victim of one of the tricks of the mind which he should be analyzing, and one leaves the theater with a sense of keen disappointment. A great play has slipped through the author's grasp.

Mr. Augustus Thomas's comedy "Still Waters" (Forest Theater) suffers from no similar uncertainty of intention. A satire upon prohibition whose point one is given no opportunity to miss, it has its frequent amusing moments and it is as convincing as a thesis comedy of the sort can be—which means, by the way, that those who are convinced already will find it very convincing, while those on the other side of the fence will not be much impressed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □

The Actors' Theatre presents Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER"
at the Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Penn. 3558.

The brilliant cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy, Dudley Digges, Hilda Helstrom and Helen Van Hoose. Staged by Dudley Digges, setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Woodman Thompson.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

466 Grand Street Telephone Drydock 7516

Announces that beginning March 23, 1926,
it will become the first theatre of the present day to maintain a permanent professional company in a repertoire of dramatic and lyric productions.
"THE DYBBUK," the current attraction,
continues thru March 11.

BEGINNING MARCH 16, FOR ONE WEEK—MAT. on SAT.
A Triple Musical Bill including:

A BURMESE PWE (with music by
Henry Eichheim), A HAYDN OPERA-Bouffe
A CHINESE FANTASY (with music by A. Avshalamoff)

AFTER MARCH 23, FOR 5 WEEKS

"THE DYBBUK" Tuesday Eve., Wednesday Mat.,
Wednesday & Thursday Eves.

THE TRIPLE MUSICAL BILL Fri. Eve. and Sat. Mat.
Sat. and Sun. Eves.

—A Challenge to "Movie-Scoffers"— and

A Feast for Film-Lovers!

"ERNST LUBITSCH REPERTOIRE WEEKS"
Two weeks dedicated exclusively to presentations of the masterpieces of
this master-director of the cinema.

SECOND WEEK

Sun. Mar. 14—THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE
Mon. Mar. 15—THREE WOMEN with PAULINE FRED-
ERICK, MAY McAVOY and MARIE PREVOST

Tues. Mar. 16—LOVES OF PHARAOH with EMIL JAN-
NINGS and WERNER KRAUS

Wed. Mar. 17—ROSITA with MARY PICKFORD, IRENE
RICH and HOLBROOK BLINN

Thurs. Mar. 18—THREE WOMEN (House closes at 6 p. m.
for special subscription evening. Particulars for tickets
on request.)

Fri. Mar. 19—LOVES OF PHARAOH
Sat. Mar. 20—ROSITA

at the **CAMEO THEATRE** 42nd St.
& B'way



"The Salon of the Cinema"
Continuous Performances, 11:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M. Popular Prices
Send your suggestions for film revivals or your name for
regular announcements and particulars of "Lubitsch Prize Con-
test" to

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM ARTS GUILD, Inc.
500 Fifth Avenue New York City

□ L E C T U R E S □

THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL

A Course of Six Lectures

by CARL VAN DOREN, A. B., Ph. D.

in the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM, Park Ave. and 34th St.
On Thursday evenings, March 18, 25, April 1, 8, 15, 22 at 8:15 P. M.
Course tickets \$3.50 can be secured in advance at the office of the
Community Church, 12 Park Avenue. Single Admission 75 cents.

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. and 2nd Ave.

DEBATE—"Have the English or the French
Made the Greater Contributions to Literature?"

JOHN COWPER POWYS vs. WILL DURANT

March 27, 1926, 8.15 P. M.

Tickets 75c and 50c, at 244 East 14th Street

D E B A T E

Resolved: That the United States Should Not Recognize Soviet Russia

J. ROBERT O'BRIEN, SCOTT NEARING, Negative
National Security League, FRANK P. WALSH, Chairman.

Affirmative

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, 315 West 34th St.
Sunday afternoon, March 28th, 2:30. Auspices: NEW MASSES.

Reserved seats: \$1.65, \$1.10, \$.85, \$.55

ON SALE NOW Manhattan Opera House, Box Office

Jimmie Higgins Bookstore, 127 University Place
Mail orders—NEW MASSES, 39 W 8th St. Tel. reservations—Stuy 2104.

James Montgomery Flagg, Esq. and Committee

present

FRITZ KUNZ, B. A.

Former Principal, Ananda College, Colombo, Ceylon.
American Representative of Mr. J. Krishnamurti.

Three free public lectures.

THE AUDITORIUM, United Eng. Societies Bldg., 29 W. 39 St., N. Y.
Friday evening, March 12, at 8:15 o'clock

CIVILIZATION: ITS CAUSE AND CURE (spiritual vision alone
a basis for civilization. The light will come from the East).

PRINCESS THEATRE, 39th St., west of Sixth Ave., New York.
Sunday morning, March 14, at 11 o'clock

GOD AS SCIENTIFIC REALITY (a mind-satisfying concept of
man's relation to God). Followed by Liberal Catholic Church Service.

WALTER HAMPDEN'S THEATRE, Broadway at 62nd St., New York.
Sunday, March 14, at 3:15 o'clock

AMERICA AND THE COMING WORLD TEACHER (a simple state-
ment of facts concerning the recent proclamation of Dr. Annie Besant).
Collection.

Francis Hackett

will give 12 lectures

At the NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH

on Wednesday and Friday Evenings
at 8:20. Beginning March 17th.

Varieties of Literary Experience

The Twelve Topics

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1—Critic Know Thyself | 8—The Revolt against the Historian |
| 2—The Classics Revisited | 9—The American Departure in Fiction |
| 3—Balzac, the Father of the Novel | 10—Currents in Present French Literary Criticism |
| 4—The Victorians | 11—Currents in American Literary Criticism |
| 5—Flaubert and Stendahl | 12—Conclusion |
| 6—The Russian Novel | |
| 7—The Novel, Art or Science | |

The New School for Social Research

465 West 23rd Street

New York City

The John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton School of the Theatre and Dance

Offers a Special Course in

PLAY WRITING

Conducted by

CHARLTON ANDREWS AND BERTRAM BLOCH

With Special Lectures by

M. L. MALEVINSKY	J. HARTLEY MANNERS
ARTHUR RICHMAN	OLIVER HERFORD
DON MARQUIS	LEE WILSON DODD
CHANNING POLLOCK	CHARLES RANN KENNEDY
	AND OTHERS

The only school of the theatre in New York offering such a course in
conjunction with its other courses which comprise: Drama, Dancing,
Musical Comedy, Scenic and Costume Designing, Fencing, Diction,
Pantomime, Opera Comique, Physical Training, etc.

The Course will include both Lectures and Private Conferences.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT	THE EXPOSITION PREPARATION
THE THEME	SUSPENSE
ELEMENTS	SURPRISE
PLOT FUNDAMENTALS	CLIMAX AND DENOUEMENT
THE COMPLICATION	PLACING A PLAY

The following subjects will be considered:

DEVICES AND CONVENTIONS	THE DIALOGUE
THE CHARACTERS	KINDS OF PLAYS
PLOT AND CHARACTER HARMONY	SELF CRITICISM

Students of this course will be privileged to attend rehearsals con-
ducted by the directors of the dramatic course, including Mr. JOHN
MURRAY ANDERSON, ROBERT MILTON, FREDERICK STANHOPE, DAVID BUR-
TON and JAMES LIGHT. The most promising work of the class will
be produced by students of the school before the entire student body.

ENROLL NOW. Department P, Anderson-Milton School,
128-130 East 58th Street, New York City. Phone: Plaza 4524.

The Most Distinctive and Only School of Its Kind
in America

International Relations Section

Bombing Villages: A British Army Report

THE use of bombing planes in military operations against hostile groups of natives has long been a feature of British imperial policy. The report of General Sir Claud Jacob, British commander-in-chief in India, from which the following passages are taken, indicates the extent and success of this method. The report was printed as a supplement to the *London Gazette* of November 17, 1925:

1. I have the honor to submit herewith for the information of the Government of India an account of the recent operations by the Royal Air Force against certain recalcitrant sections of the Mahsuds in March, April, and May, 1925.

2. In submitting the report I wish to bring to notice the excellent work performed by all ranks engaged in these operations. This is the first occasion on which the Royal Air Force in India has carried out an operation of this magnitude, and in view of the great difficulty of terrain and the unsuitability of the targets engaged, both of which are clearly set forth in Sir Edward Ellington's report, it is obvious that the results obtained were most satisfactory.

3. While, as the Air Officer Commanding points out, it is too early to judge what the permanent effect of the operations will be, we can say with confidence that threats of air action will be more effective in the future than they have been up to the present.

4. Satisfactory though the results of these operations have been, I am of opinion that a combination of land and air action would have brought about the desired result in a shorter space of time, and next time action has to be taken I trust that it will be possible to employ the two forces in combination. That they were not so employed this time was due to our desire to give the Royal Air Force the opportunity they have long wished for of testing the effectiveness of their unsupported action.

FROM AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR EDWARD ELLINGTON, K.C.C., C.M.G., C.B.E., COMMANDING ROYAL AIR FORCE IN INDIA, TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL SIR CLAUD WILLIAM JACOB, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA, DATED JUNE 23, 1925.

I have the honor to submit herewith a report on the Royal Air Force operations in Waziristan for the period March 9, 1925, to May 1, 1925:

1. *Events Prior to the Operations.* The Mahsuds have always been a source of trouble to the Government of India, mainly by reason of the inaccessibility of their country. Prior to 1919 this country had not been visited since 1902, when full submission was exacted. The situation had remained normal until the outbreak of the third Afghan war in 1919, when our retirements from the Tochi and Wana produced serious consequences, over 100 raids and offenses being registered against the Mahsuds during this period. In consequence it was necessary to undertake military operations against all the Mahsud tribes. These operations with varying intensity lasted throughout 1919, 1922, and the beginning of 1923, and resulted in a settlement with the majority of the tribes. No complete settlement, however, was effected with the Abdur Rahman Khel.

2. The Abdur Rahman Khel, therefore, was the chief section against whom the Royal Air Force operations were directed. They are a section of the Nana Khel Bahlolzai and contain many hostile elements who are naturally not included in the list of recipients of allowances and Khassadars. Many of these hostiles, together with a number of "hamsayas," or dependents, of the Abdur Rahman Khel, own lands in Afghanis-

tan, to which they migrate in the summer. On December 27 a full Bahlolzai jirga was held at Tank for obtaining reparation for offenses committed and for the exaction of promises to prevent further offenses. Following this jirga, a deputation of hostile Abdur Rahman Khel was interviewed on January 16. The deputation demanded an amnesty for past offenses, an increase of allowances to the tribe from Rs. 3,000-6,000 and their own admission to their tribal share. These demands were both dismissed. From now onward the Abdur Rahman Khel hostiles abetted by the Guri Khel, Maresai, and Faridai sections of the Manzai Mahsuds committed further offenses.

(a) On the night January 24-25 four Hindus were kidnapped from Manzai, followed on the night of February 1-2 by two more from the coolie camp at Spli Toi.

(b) On the night February 20-21 Gomal Post was raided by a gang containing members of the hostile sections already mentioned. Twenty-seven S. M. L. E. rifles belonging to the police were stolen and taken to the Spli Toi.

3. On December 16, 1924, the Resident, Waziristan, asked the Government of India to sanction the employment of air action against the recalcitrant sections. By the end of this month it appeared probable that operations would be necessary. . . . Jirgas from the friendly sections of the tribes concerned were seen, but despite demonstrations carried out by Royal Air Force units on November 30, 1924, February 7 and 24, 1925, outrages continued, and the hostile factions still tried to obtain impossible demands.

4. *Terms to Tribes.* On February 1 the Resident applied for permission to warn the Guri Khels that, unless terms to be stated were complied with, air action would be taken to enforce them. This request was granted, and following two further outrages the Government sanctioned, on February 25, the issue of a final warning to all the sections implicated. The terms given below were issued on March 5: a warning was also issued that long delay action bombs would be used, and the tribes were advised to remove the women and children from the danger zone should operations be begun. . . .

[Terms of settlement, including fines and the surrender of rifles and animals are here listed; the preparations for hostile action are described.]

14. *Area of the Operations.* The operations took place in southeast Waziristan. The area covered by them was some fifty to sixty square miles in extent, including about forty targets varying in height from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, the tops of the hills rising to 7,000 feet. These targets varied from the good-sized villages, vulnerable to bomb attacks, of the Faridai and Maresai, to the purely cave-dwellings of the Abdur Rahman Khel and the scattered huts and inclosures of the Guri Khel. Practically all the villages, however, possessed a protective cave system. All the tribes possessed some cattle; these were mostly driven into the caves during the day and watered and fed at night. . . .

16. *Tactics.* The tactical unit employed was a flight of three machines, bombing normally at a height of 3,000 feet over the target. The tactics employed may be roughly divided as follows: (i) Intensive air attack; (ii) air blockade; (iii) night bombing. Every effort was made to avoid routine in order to keep the tribes on the qui vive and in a constant state of uncertainty as to when and how they were going to be attacked.

17. *Intensive Air Attack.* Intensive air attack was carried out by a series of flight raids, the hours of daylight being divided into periods and the periods being allotted to squadrons in rotation. This form of attack was varied by concentrating more than one squadron on a selected target during a short period, and thus increasing the intensity of the attack. By varying the times and order of attack on targets, attempts were made to effect a surprise.

18. *Air Blockade.* Air blockade consisted in sending ma-

chines over the area at irregular intervals during the day to attack certain definite targets, or to bomb any targets which might present themselves. The object of this method was to harass the tribes continuously, to give them a general feeling of insecurity, uncertainty, and discomfort, and to prevent the pursuit of their normal activities. Continuous air patrols were also employed with the same object.

19. *Night Bombing.* Night bombing was carried out by individual machines by moonlight, either against definite targets which were seen, or on localities where it was desirable to maintain the blockade. Reconnaissance flares were used to assist the pilots in such work. No great material damage can be expected from this night bombing, but it prolongs the blockade into the night, and thus further disorganizes the normal life of the tribesmen.

20. *Variation in Tactics.* Certain variations of these tactics were introduced in order to keep the tribes in a state of uncertainty. For example:

(a) Desultory bombing was carried out for three days, followed by intensive attack for two days, the series being repeated with varying periods of attack.

(b) Orders were given to stop all raids at 3 p.m., in order to give the impression that attacks for the day had ceased. Heavy attacks were then launched just before dusk.

(c) The times of attack were continually varied, as were also the type of bombs dropped, the time of delay action fuse used, and the number of machines employed.

(d) The night bombers were ordered to attain their maximum height over the aerodrome and then to throttle down their engines and appear over the target as silently as possible.

(e) A sufficient reserve was always kept in hand to enable a heavy attack to be launched, should any suitable target, such as a concentration of tribesmen, be located. . . .

22. *Operations.* The operations opened on March 9, 1925, with attacks on all the sections concerned. . . . Several villages in Dre Algad were set on fire, a tower was demolished in the Spli Toi. On the 13th bombing operation ceased as various hostile sections had promised to comply with government demands. Nothing occurred, however, and action was begun again on March 14.

On March 15 the two captured Hindus were brought into Spli Toi Post, and on March 17 the whole hostile and friendly Abdur Rahman Khel jirga arrived at Jandola; operations against this section were in consequence again suspended. The Resident announced the terms to the hostiles, and an agreement was in sight when internal dissensions caused a breakdown of negotiations. Operations were resumed against the Abdur Rahman Khel and continued against the remainder. During the renewed operations some damage was caused to the caves. It was found at this time that various friendly villages were giving shelter to the hostile and their flocks; these villages were promptly warned by the Resident. . . .

Our action had by this time forced the majority of the hostile sections underground and completely upset their normal life. . . .

25. *Night Flying.* . . . The first flight was successfully carried out on the night of April 4 and produced a most excellent result. The tribesmen had hitherto considered themselves perfectly safe after dark, and the discovery that we could operate at night proved disconcerting. It was arranged, therefore, to reinforce this machine with two more from Ambala. . . . It was decided to launch a big offensive on April 4 immediately before the first night raid. . . .

26. On April 9 an afternoon patrol sighted a big collection of Faridai personnel moving up the Dre Algad. This exceptional target was at once engaged, and additional machines called for from Miramshah to drive home the attack. Considerable casualties had already been inflicted, when the weather, which had been threatening all day, broke completely, thus making it possible to press home the attack on the only con-

1468



1926

OXFORD BOOKS

Jamsetji Nusserwanji Tata. By F. R. Harris.

A chronicle of the life of a great business man, patriot, thinker, "whose service to India was as great as his love for her was profound." Price \$5.00.

World's Classics Series

A series comprising nearly three hundred volumes at the present time with many others in active preparation. The following have just been recently added to the series: *Letters of Thomas Gray*, selected by John Beresford; *At Prior Park and Other Papers*, by Austin Dobson; *Comedies*, by William Congreve; *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan in England*, by James Morier; *The Apocrypha in the Revised Version*; *Sybil or The Two Nations*, by Benjamin Disraeli; *What Then Must We Do?* by Leo Tolstoy, translated with an introduction by Aylmer Maude; *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Charles Dickens; *A Paladin of Philanthropy and Other Papers*, by Austin Dobson. Each, 80 cents.

The Jewish Background of the Christian Liturgy. By W. O. E. Oesterley

"One of the most comprehensive studies of the subject made in English. It is interesting as a study in the history of worship and is a real contribution."—*Boston Transcript*. Price \$4.75.

The Problems of International Sanctions. By D. Mitrany.

The problems of sanctions—"the crux of the difficulties which clog our efforts to organize peace"—is thoroughly discussed. Price 85c.

The Northern Tribes of Nigeria. By C. K. Meek.

"These volumes are a fine example of recording with skill and care a culture which embraces ten million people and over two hundred and fifty different tribes and covers an area of two hundred and fifty thousand square miles." Mr. Meek has done his work systematically, modestly, and competently and in a fine spirit of scientific candor. The books are profusely illustrated with photographs and contain excellent maps."—*The Independent*. Two volumes. Price \$12.00.

The Control of the Breath—An Elementary Manual for Singers and Speakers. By G. Dodds and J. H. Lickley.

An endeavor to present a description of the mechanism of respiration and an explanation of its action, for students of singing, elocution and physical culture. Price \$2.00.

The Quebec Act—A Study in Statesmanship. By R. Coupland.

This book explains how it happened that, when the thirteen American Colonies broke away from Britain, the great colony on the St. Lawrence, recently annexed from France, remained within the British Empire and so made possible the growth of the present Dominion of Canada. Price \$3.50.

A State Trading Adventure. By F. H. Collier.

An intensely interesting and readable book on contemporary economic and political history of England. Illustrated and including several reproductions of *Punch* cartoons. Price \$4.25.

East Christian Art—A Survey of the Monuments. By C. M. Dalton.

The primary purpose of this book is to give an objective survey of the monuments on lines similar to those adopted in *Byzantine Art and Archaeology*, though with the addition of a chapter on Architecture. Price \$35.00.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH

NEW YORK

Show Them You're With Them

LABOR fights bravely today on two embattled fronts. You can help mightily in the struggle for decent American wages, hours and working conditions, if you act at once.

IN PASSAIC, New Jersey, the striking textile workers are standing up to the tear-bombs, riot-clubs and black-jacks of the police.

IN PENNSYLVANIA in the soft coal fields evicted miners are resisting the attempts of the operators to break their union.

In both cases there is pressing need for immediate relief for the workers' women and children.

They must have food, clothing and shelter and they must have them *now*.

The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief (established jointly by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union) will send every cent you give direct to those families where the need is greatest.

Nation readers have never failed to respond to labor's call for help. The workers are waging a magnificent fight. Show them you are with them.

Send checks or money-orders today to

EVELYN PRESTON, *Treasurer*,

**THE EMERGENCY COMMITTEE
FOR STRIKERS' RELIEF**

Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York City

A NEW MAGAZINE of LITERATURE and DISCUSSION

Since its first number in April, 1925, it has published some of the best work of Gamaliel Bradford, Archibald Henderson, Luigi Pirandello, Witter Bynner, William Griffith, Daniel Gregory Mason, Joseph Collins, Raymond B. Fosdick, Arthur Symonds, Gerald W. Johnson, Lawrence Lee, Walter Pach, Robert Haven Schaffer, Katharine Lee Bates, Theodore Maynard, Walter de la Mare, Newton D. Baker, William E. Dodd, Clemence Dane, Jeanette Marks, Waldo Frank, Edward Björkman, Percy MacKaye, Amélie Rives, etc., etc.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

in four issues has taken rank with the best serious magazines in the country, maintaining a standard of excellence that challenges the attention of thinking Americans. The April, 1926, number, out this week, contains: *These Things Doth the Lord Hate*, by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, *The Holy Bottle*, by Joseph Warren Beach, *Spiritual Relativity and Education*, by Lindsey Blayne, *An Essay on Widows*, by Vincent Starrett, *An Irish Mystic*, by Dierdré O'Shea, *April Fire*, by Percy MacKaye, *Out of the Midst of Hatred*, by Amélie Rives, *The Young Man Poe*, by James Southall Wilson, *Cordoba*, by Waldo Frank, *The Conquest of Death*, by Edwin Björkman; poetry and discussions of books.

-----TRY IT ONE YEAR-----
The Virginia Quarterly Review,
The Lawn, University, Virginia.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to the Virginia Quarterly Review, beginning April, 1926.

Name

Address
n-1

INTELLECTUAL HONESTY

From the thousand and one trivial events of a busy world, THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY selects for you only the ones that are important.

These it presents with the proper perspective and without suppression or exaggeration of facts.

The Manchester Guardian WEEKLY

in other words, gives for the balanced mind the well balanced diet that is needed to keep alive your intellectual vitality.

Rounding out and completing the news is a selection of editorial opinions on important topics from The Manchester Guardian Daily written with fairness, frankness, and intellectual force.

The intelligent person and the busy person should read The Manchester Guardian Weekly for its discriminating skill in the selection of the world's important news and for that rarest of all qualities—intellectual honesty.

-----MAIL THIS COUPON-----

To The Manchester Guardian Weekly,
220 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England.

Name

Address

centration of hostiles encountered in the open during the whole course of the operations.

27. *Extension of Areas.* As a result of information received, warnings were issued to the following "friendly villages" which were giving sanctuary to hostiles and their flocks: [List omitted.] About this time information was received that hostile families were sheltering in the Barwand area, and the Abdur Rahman Khel were likely to move to the Baddar Algad en route to Afghanistan. Permission to extend the operations to these areas was therefore asked for: this was received on April 20 for the Baddar area only. . . .

[Subsequent sections deal with settlements with certain of the tribes, including, finally, the Abdur Rahman Khel, all of whom, after several delays and further bombings, accepted the British terms. Even tribes not included in the area of operations are reported to have paid their back fines.]

35. *Duration of the Operations.* The operations themselves lasted for fifty-four days, and on forty-two of the first forty-five days bombing was carried out on some part of the area proclaimed. This, I believe, to have been the longest continuous operations carried out by aircraft since the end of the Great War. . . . There was only one fatal accident which was probably due to the machine being shot down. This was the only occasion where a machine or a man fell into the hands of the enemy, but I regret to say the accident caused the loss of the lives of two valuable pilots. However much the loss of two such good officers and gallant pilots as Flying Officers Dashwood and Hayter-Hames must be regretted, previous experience of frontier fighting shows that this is a small price to pay for enforcing our will on such hardy mountaineers as the tribes concerned, living in the difficult country of Waziristan. . . .

36. *Respite to the Enemy.* On several occasions during the operations bombing was stopped to enable jirgas to be assembled or property to be collected as security. . . . The disadvantages of such respites are obvious; they enable the enemy to recover from the strain which the bombing attacks inflict, they facilitate the removal of valuable property, they give the tribesmen the impression that our resolution is weakening, and provide opportunities for those who wish to do so to slip away out of reach of further attacks. . . . A respite is not always necessary, and whenever possible the operations should continue without check until the terms laid down at the beginning have been complied with, or adequate security for the fulfilment of the conditions given.

37. *Hostiles and Friendlies.* It is unnecessary to deal at length with the difficulties which are created for the air force by the division of the Mahsud tribes into hostile and so-called friendlies. All are agreed that such differentiation is undesirable, and that full tribal responsibility should be enforced. It is hoped that such a policy will prove practicable in future. . . .

39. *General.* This is the first occasion in India that the R.A.F. has been used independent of the army for dealing with a situation which has got beyond the resources of the political officers. It is at present too early to judge how lasting will be the effect or how permanent will be the impression of this display of air power on the stubborn tribesmen of the Northwest Frontier, but it is claimed that the operations prove that in the R.A.F. the Government of India have a weapon which is more economical in men and money and more merciful in its action than other forms of armed force for dealing with the majority of problems which arise beyond the administrative frontier. . . .



EDGAR ALLAN POE

A Study in Genius



by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Dramatic Critic of *The Nation*

Mr. Krutch explains Poe's works not as a province apart from his career, but as the inevitable expression of his extraordinary experiences.

"This is the way in which a critical biography should be written."

CARL VAN DOREN

\$3.00 at all bookstores

Alfred A. Knopf NEW YORK 730 Fifth Avenue



Pig Iron is a big book
John Macrae



PIG IRON

By
CHARLES G. NORRIS

Price, \$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

YOU WILL DOUBTLESS BE COMING
TO ENGLAND THIS SUMMER?

Do not fail to visit
HEFFERS of CAMBRIDGE

☞ *Fine and Rare Books*
First Editions & Association Items
New Books in every field of Literature. Scientific Books

☞ *Catalogues issued monthly*

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD., PETTY CURY
CAMBRIDGE, ENG. CABLES: HEFFER CAMBRIDGE

A Bal Masqué

will be given by the

Alliance of Russian Dentists of New York

HOTEL DES ARTISTES, 1 West 67th Street, New York City
FRIDAY, 12th MARCH, 1926

Russian Atmosphere

M. C. DR. PETER MAYBARDUK

Full Dress or Costume obligatory. Two prizes will be given for the best costumes. Price of tickets, \$2.20.

The few remaining tickets will be sold at the box office.



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

THE TRAINING SCHOOL for JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c.

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

FINEST BLUE SERGE direct to you at mill cost.
\$3 PER YARD. 56 inches wide. **GUARANTEED.** Get
a suit length (3 1/3 yards) now.

Sample on request.

THE AMERICAN SERGE MILLS

Box 32, Station D

New York

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers
Suits Lengths Cut to Order. Price \$2.00 per Yard. Postage Paid
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired

MAHATMA GANDHI

has written his

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

under the title of

"The Story of My Experiments with Truth"



This Autobiography has been secured and copyrighted for exclusive publication in the United States by

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

edited by

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Publication begins April 5th next, and runs weekly thereafter until completed.

Special Subscription Offer:

\$1 for 6 months (26 issues) beginning April 5th

Subscribe Now—Address—UNITY, 700 Oakwood
Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

Spring Is Coming

PREPARE for SUMMER

and

Make sure of one of Charming Camp Tamiment's
Family Bungalows.

Marvelous mountain air, spring fed lake, swimming crib for children. For the grown-ups—all the famous attractions of CAMP TAMIMENT, Bushkill, Pa. Bungalows furnished, warm water, electricity. Best of trips by train or auto. Twenty miles from Delaware Water Gap. Send for circular.

CAMP TAMIMENT

7 East 15th St.

New York City

The Nation's Annual Mid-European Number

NEXT WEEK

Important Documents and
Special Articles on Germany,
Poland, Hungary, etc.

Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is now in the Orient on his way around the world.

MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Men and Steel" and various other books.

FRANK R. KENT, the distinguished Washington correspondent, is a regular contributor to *The Nation*.

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind," will be one of the speakers at the next *Nation* dinner.

HOBART S. BIRD is a New York lawyer who opposed the Van Sweringen merger before the Interstate Commerce Commission as representative of a group of stockholders in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, critic of plays and fiction for *The Nation*, has just written a critical study of Edgar Allan Poe.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury*, and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

DONALD DOUGLAS wrote "The Grand Inquisitor."

HERBERT W. HORWILL was for many years London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and *The Nation*.

NORMAN THOMAS is one of the directors of the League for Industrial Democracy, and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

LOUIS LOZOWICK is a New York artist. He made the illustrations for Robert Wolf's scenario "Loony" in *The Nation* for September 9.

LAST NATION DINNER

March 18

"IS LITERARY CRITICISM IMPORTANT?"

Your chance to hear the opinion of

An Author—

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance"

A Publisher—

HARRISON SMITH of Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Two Critics—

STUART P. SHERMAN, editor of *Books*
MARK VAN DOREN of *The Nation*, chairman

Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Ave., 7 P. M. \$2.50 to *Nation* readers and their guests. The *Nation* for a year and one place at the dinner, \$6.00.

RESERVE NOW

I inclose \$..... for places at
The *Nation's* Literary Dinner.

Name

Address

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street

New York

A Return of More Than Merely Dollars

Investment in City Housing Corporation stock brings a steady, 6% income to you and housing relief to hundreds of families now cramped in New York's crowded districts.

SAFETY of principal, a steady, secure income—these should be the first consideration in investing savings. With socially-minded people, there is an added consideration. They want to feel sure that their money, while earning an income for themselves, is being used in an enterprise that has social ideals. Investment in City Housing Corporation stock combines these two aims.

This Company, by limiting its dividends to 6%, eliminating speculative profits, can sell substantial, well built brick homes to cost their owners a little less than \$11 a room per month. Already homes for over three hundred and fifty families have been sold at Sunnyside Gardens—three hundred more are now being completed.

Have you any savings to invest? Surely you can find room for a safe security paying 6%, earning the dividend several times over, and which at the same time will help to make life happier for hundreds of families now cramped in New York's crowded districts. Shares are \$100 each. Over \$1,500,000 has been sold. For complete information telephone City Housing Corporation, New York City, Van. 5510, or send the coupon below.

CITY HOUSING CORPORATION

A limited dividend company—

Organized to build better homes and communities.

Authorized Capital \$5,000,000 in shares of \$100 each.

Directors: Alexander M. Bing, President; Dr. Felix Adler, Jr., William Sloane Coffin, Thomas C. Desmond, Douglas L. Elliman, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Frank Lord, V. Everit Macy, John Martin, Arthur Lehman, Mrs. Joseph Proskauer, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert E. Simon.

CITY HOUSING CORPORATION,
587 Fifth Avenue, New York City. N-5

Please send me descriptive literature.

Name

Street

City State

ANCESTRY

Are you interested in your ancestry? Let me help you! Family records typed (two or three generations), 50c. Coats of Arms and Dies for stationery.

J. W. LILLY, 2500 S. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. BE-1124

Summer Time!

Camps, hotels, summer homes, boarding houses,
—and those who seek such accommodations
Those who have an apartment they wish to rent
Those who want to rent an apartment

we recommend placing an advertisement in the classified section of *The Nation*, as the best means of bringing the right person and the right place together. Rates on request. Address Dept. C, care of *The Nation*.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1926

No. 3168

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	303
EDITORIALS:	
Prohibition and Politics.....	306
The Hobo of the Seas.....	307
A Dollar Down	307
Wanted: A Little Sympathy.....	308
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	309
THE SACRED OINTMENT. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	310
ROYAL CLAIMS IN GERMANY. By James Fuchs.....	311
EUROPE'S DICTATORS FIGHT THE MASONS. By Emery Déri.....	313
GERMANY AND AUSTRIA TODAY. By Gerhart Lützens.....	314
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	315
CORRESPONDENCE	316
BOOKS AND MUSIC:	
Home Song. By Claude McKay.....	318
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	318
The Spark of Europe's Explosion. By Henry W. Nevins.....	318
Portrait of a Warrior by Himself. By Heinrich Kanner.....	319
Entente Cordiale. By Albert Guérard.....	320
Books in Brief.....	321
Music: Marion Talley and Older. By Henrietta Straus.....	322
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
"The Trees of Peace".....	323
Uncovering the Hungarian Bank-Note Scandal.....	323

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FRED A. KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England

THE DEADLOCK over seats in the Council of the League of Nations promises to be ended as these pages go to press, provided Brazil can be persuaded to withdraw her eleventh-hour demand for a permanent instead of her present temporary place. But the quarrel has disclosed a record of backstairs negotiations at Locarno, more disgraceful than surprising, which does much to dull the glow heretofore emanating from that conference. France, it will be remembered, received at Locarno an assurance of the existing Franco-German boundaries; Poland received no such guarantee in regard to her lines. In its place, apparently, she did receive a secret promise from Briand and Chamberlain of a seat in the Council. Naturally Poland has been standing out for her bargain, and that has caused the trouble. Secret diplomacy dies hard, but its price is always disastrous. Meanwhile Briand is again Premier of France—for the ninth time. He has a new Minister of Finance, Raoul Peret, and his Cabinet is in general a little further toward the Right than before; otherwise the situation is essentially unchanged. France needs a ministry farther to the Left rather than the Right, but as the present Parliament affords no support for such a cabinet, Briand and his group may be able to muddle along as well as any. They will presumably take up the finance bill where they left it and try to balance the budget without offending too violently any of the warring factions in Parliament.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA has announced a program of progressive restriction of the export of opium to a quantity sufficient for medical and scientific uses. Since Indian opium has an extremely low morphia content, this promises the eventual abolition of opium exportation from India and the consequent loss to the Government of upward of £2,000,000 of revenue annually. The inability of delegates to agree to such a program a year ago rendered the Opium Conference at Geneva apparently futile. The governments in conference consented to limit their export trade to "legitimate purposes," a term which was ineffectual by reason of its vagueness and has since caused the Government of India considerable trouble, as Lord Reading himself confesses in his announcement of the new policy. This new turn of events suggests that the opium conferences were not wholly futile but served their purpose in bringing the export trade before the bar of world opinion. The significance of this step by the Indian Government can be judged from the fact that India is second only to Persia in known quantity of export, although China, the quantity of whose export is unknown, probably exceeds either. Attention is now directed to Persia, where a commission headed by Frederick A. Delano will presently begin investigating substitutes for the poppy crop. That will perhaps be no great stumbling block, since in India it was found that the production of wheat was much more attractive, and in the past inducements had to be offered to opium-growers to prevent them from changing to grain. India still faces a huge internal consumption, which in some sections of the country rises far above the 100-seer mark.

FACED WITH A DESPERATE crisis in coal some months ago, Great Britain postponed the evil day by granting a subsidy to the industry while a Royal Commission under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel proceeded to find the facts on which to base a final settlement. The Commission has just tendered its report, and the closest it has been able to get to final settlement is a probable coal strike, if not a general strike, next April if the recommendations are put into effect. In the center of considerable sugar-coating lies the pill which the miners simply will not swallow—an 11 per cent reduction in wages for the better paid workers. And the London *Daily Herald* ominously remarks: "The labor movement as an industrial and political whole will make the miners' case its own." The report recommends—as an offset to the wage reduction—that the State should take over mineral rights by buying out the royalties but that the mining operation itself should remain in private hands. It recommends the amalgamation of small operating units, the extension of research, and better technical methods generally. Marketing of coal should be in the hands of cooperative selling agencies. The working day should not be lengthened. Profit-sharing should be introduced. Finally, the subsidy now being paid should terminate on April 30. There are certain sound and forward-looking recommendations in the report. It is a pity that they may be rendered largely meaningless by the commission's failure to grasp the cardinal principle demanded by the psychology of the crisis—no reduction in wages.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION is not without an occasional flash of humor. Take the sad case of Prince Windischgraetz. When His Serene Highness began his career of counterfeiter he delegated three Awakening Magyars to carry the gospel of "phoney" money to the Low Countries by the shores of the North Sea. The three royal-apostolic messengers proceeded to Amsterdam and the next day awoke in a Dutch jail. Thereupon there was great uproar in Budapest. The Dutch authorities were called upon to deliver the poor martyrs from bondage. When the gendarmes refused to surrender their victims, pointing to the bales of faked francs and guilders and marks that had been found upon their persons, Budapest actually rattled its little tin sword and called the Dutch many uncomplimentary names. Now behold the amusing side. After the war Holland specialized in Hungarian infants. They came to every Dutch town and village by the trainload, and they continue to come, to be fed and to be returned home with the proverbial new lease on life. But such is the passion of politics that this item was overlooked in Hungary when a casual money-changer in the Hague stumbled upon one of the most scandalous plots ever devised against a friendly nation. Meanwhile we are eagerly awaiting the hour when Prince Windischgraetz shall descend upon our shores. The poor man has worked hard enough to deserve a little rest, and the Hungarian Minister (his dearly beloved cousin) will have no trouble convincing Secretary Kellogg that a charge of mere counterfeiting involves no "moral turpitude."

SENATOR NORRIS has again done a most useful service by getting the Senate to vote a committee of five to investigate the Tariff Commission and particularly the President's relation to it. That the resolution was voted by a good margin would seem to be pleasant proof that the Coolidge spell, which has enabled the President to do such things as having his wife's secretary carried on the secret payroll of the Alien Property Custodian's office, is beginning to pass. Further evidence of this is the final rejection by the Senate Judiciary Committee of the nomination for a federal judgeship of Wallace McCamant, the man who named Mr. Coolidge for Vice-President. It is admitted that the Senate will not overrule the Judiciary Committee. The committee of five appointed by Vice-President Dawes to investigate the Tariff Commission consists of two Republicans, Wadsworth and Reed (of Pennsylvania); two Democrats, Robinson and Bruce; and La Follette, Progressive. The committee is a strong one with the exception of Senator Bruce, who never fails to help the Republicans out when they get into a hole. But the presence of Messrs. Robinson and La Follette on the committee is a guarantee that the President's acts both in packing the Tariff Commission and in seeking to control its opinions will receive the overhauling they deserve.

SECRETARY MELLON announced last December that a plan had been worked out for the return to the owners of the sequestered German and Austrian private property and for the payment of the American private claims by a bond issue discounting the Dawes payments. (*The Nation*, December 23, 1925, page 720.) By holding on to the property, we have violated the best American tradition, weakened the foundation of foreign investment in this country, and by tolerating "Custodian" Palmer's and Gar-

van's dissipation of much of the property made our protests against Mexico and Russia crass hypocrisy. The Chemical Foundation deal is unique in the annals of confiscation. Since December the Administration has deferred on one excuse or another the carrying out of its plan. The long delay endangers the passage of any bill at this session of Congress. Should this prove the case, it will be strong evidence of bad faith on the part of the Administration in not carrying through a project which an enlightened opinion has long demanded; if the bill fails, the Administration should be held responsible. To continue to keep out of the channels of trade and commerce for more than eight years the \$300,000,000 that are left of the Alien Property fund, and to keep this sum from its owners at this critical pass in the industrial life of Europe, is nothing less than an economic and social scandal. The good faith of the Administration calls for a vigorous insistence upon the prompt enactment of the measure.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, warning the Filipinos against pleading for independence, tells them that if they dare get from under our protecting wing either Japan or Britain (ignoring treaties) will seize them. As a former diplomat Mr. Morgenthau should know that to impugn the good faith of friendly and powerful governments is both bad manners and dangerous jingoism, particularly striking when coming from an advocate of the League of Nations. Before uttering such nonsense Mr. Morgenthau might also have asked himself why the answer to that particular problem, if it exists, is not neutralization of the islands after the manner of Switzerland. Representative Underhill, too, is one of the chorus who wish to break our national word. To give independence to the Filipinos would, he says, "leave 12,000,000 people at the mercy of 500,000 cheap, low-down politicians," which is especially interesting since he is one of a couple of thousand American politicians who have about 127,000,000 people, including the Filipinos, at their mercy! And then there is Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, who says that some Filipinos have informed him, "privately," that they would prefer to continue as a subject race. Well, what of it? John Adams said that about one-third of the Colonists opposed the Revolution of 1776 at every stage. And it is worth remembering that George III had extended to the Colonies no such official promise of freedom as we have given the islands. Mr. Morgenthau, although he now traduces Great Britain, would have preferred in that day, we may assume, that her feeble American dependency remain under her solicitous protection; and Professor Jenks, in view of the large number of royalists, now denounces by indirection the rebellion which George Washington led.

WITH THE CAMPAIGN to end capital punishment in New York State *The Nation* is in the heartiest accord. This form of legal murder has never been proved a deterrent to crime, it has more than once resulted in a totally irretrievable wrong being done an innocent man, and it offers, to any person with imagination, the spectacle of the state engaging in one of the most ingenious forms of torture ever devised. It does not matter what form the execution takes, the days and nights spent in the death-house before the penalty is exacted subject the prisoner to a form of cruelty worse than the ancient thumb-screw and the rack. The nights in which prisoners sing

or shout or pray to keep their courage up, the days through which they must live, without occupation and practically alone, the prospect of leaving their cells only once more and that to enter a death chamber—all these things are unworthy of a civilized state. Clarence Darrow, who knows as much about criminals as any man, declares that there are two kinds of murder only: one committed in an attempt to escape from a lesser crime, one due to hate growing out of a love affair. These surely cover the majority of cases, and neither is the result of mature reflection, neither is performed with an image of the electric chair or the gallows in mind. The days when men were hanged for stealing more than a sixpence, when executions were public holidays, and when corpses were left to rot on the gallows as a "warning" to other possible criminals are long since past; it will surely be only a question of time until the last remnants of capital punishment will be equally obsolete.

ON MARCH 10 there was a hearing at Albany on Governor Smith's housing bill. No less than twenty civic bodies sent delegates to demand its passage. The Health Commissioner of New York City said that he represented not only Mayor Walker but the people of the municipality in a plea to the Legislature to save thousands of lives through better housing conditions. Alexander M. Bing, head of the City Housing Corporation, urged the passage of the bill. And there were advocates representing the United Neighborhood Houses, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Bronx Tenants' Association, the State Federation of Labor, the Bricklayers' Union, the Community Councils, the League of Mothers, the Women's City Club, and many others. But the outstanding feature of the hearing was the solid cash support of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The company made it known that it stood ready to advance, at 5 per cent interest, two-thirds of the amount necessary to put the project into active operation when the bill becomes law. There is an effort in the Legislature to kill the provision in the bill for a housing bank. This attempt must be defeated if the measure is to be of practical value to future housing.

STUDENTS of the University of Minnesota have formed a Free Speech Committee to demand the right of communist and fundamentalist speakers to appear on the campus. The committee was formed after university authorities, through Dean E. E. Nicholson and President L. D. Coffman, had during the same week excluded Scott Nearing and the noted fundamentalist, W. E. Riley, from campus meetings. A semblance of consistency was gained by excluding both a radical and a reactionary speaker at the same time, but in reality the ban works only against the radical. Mr. Riley may appear on the campus under the auspices of student clubs, while Mr. Nearing is refused the privilege of appearing on the campus under any auspices. This action comes with particularly bad grace from a university which employs on its faculty a bitter anti-soviet partisan, Professor Sorokin, who is much in demand locally as a speaker against communism. We hope that the university will be successful in the coming battle between the fundamentalists and the liberals, in which Riley and his cohorts will attempt to pass the Tennessee law through the Minnesota Legislature, but the university is at fault in

the exclusion of Mr. Nearing. Social liberalism is quite as fundamental as scientific liberalism. The action of the administration at the University of Minnesota created such widespread resentment among students and professors that arrangements were promptly made for off-campus lectures to students by Mr. Nearing.

WHAT THE PITCHFORK and hoe are to men in public life, the broom and darning needle are to women. All candidates for office, it seems, whatever their natural pursuits or inclinations must give a sentimental, slush-loving public and press a picture of horny-handed labor or domestic devotion. Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, newly elected Mayor of Seattle, came as close as any woman politician we know of to escaping these symbols of true Americanism. The newspapers did their best; her long hair, her long skirts, her long career as wife and mother were solemnly and insistently described. She is not, we are assured, a "new woman." Perhaps not, but Mrs. Landes is new enough to have conducted a vigorous campaign on clear-cut public issues, new enough to have run for high office on her own merits rather than the merits of a husband or a father, new enough to have disclaimed any passion for staying at home to darn her husband's socks. She is actively concerned with economic and social questions: in 1921 she served on Seattle's Unemployment Commission; in 1922 she was elected to the City Council; and in 1925 she was reelected by the largest vote ever given a candidate for that office. For the last two years she has been president of the Council. In 1924, as Acting Mayor, she dismissed the Chief of Police, appointed another, and "closed the town."

REPORTS THAT SOME MANAGER or other is about to start a repertory theater circulate at least once or twice a year, but to date no so-called repertory theater has been able to survive the first play popular enough to sustain a long run. Now, however, the Neighborhood Playhouse and the Theater Guild have each formulated a plan for a new sort of repertory, and as both these organizations have a way of keeping their promises something may be expected to come of it. In neither case, though, does the plan call for that regular revival of standard plays which is generally assumed to be the essence of the repertory idea; the aim is merely to enable the organization to produce as many new plays as it desires without definitely discarding any which have proved popular. At the Neighborhood "The Dybbuk" finished its continuous run on March 11, when it was replaced by a bill of short dancing and singing divertissements intended to hold the stage until the 23d, after which there will be four performances each week, while "The Dybbuk" occupies the stage for the other four. The Theater Guild plan will not be put into operation until next year, but it is similar. Six plays are to be produced during the season and two are to be ready in October. They will alternate by weeks until a third is ready, at which time it will be added and the three continue until the end of fifteen weeks, when the second series of three will be ready. In previous years both the Guild and the Neighborhood have found their production plans interfered with by the presence of a success too valuable to be thrown away, but under the present plan such difficulties will be largely done away with.

Prohibition and Politics

IN the three leading States of the Union, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York, prohibition has come to the front and will be a leading issue in next fall's elections for the Senate. Most sensational is the announcement of the Democratic boss of Illinois, George E. Brennan, that he will contest on a wet plank for the nomination and election as Senator. He has been one of those bosses who have been content to stay in the background and have declined to submit their personalities and their records to the approval or disapproval of their particular electorate. That in this "off" year he is willing to run in a heavily Republican State is a clear indication that he believes the wet issue to be a winning one in Illinois. There the Republicans are rent in twain; Senator McKinley is fighting for renomination in the face of bitter opposition by his fellow-Senators opposed to the World Court and by his rivals, Frank Smith and ex-Mayor Thompson of Chicago. The large foreign vote, which never approved of prohibition, will be certain to go to Brennan.

In Pennsylvania the situation is much the same. Representative Vare, the Republican boss of eastern Pennsylvania, has similarly thrown his hat into the ring as a wet. There will be a three-cornered fight in the Republican primaries: Vare as the wet; Senator Pepper, who seeks renomination on the ground of his general holiness and the approval of him by the Mellon machine which dominates the western section of the State; and Governor Gifford Pinchot carrying the banner of the dries. Behind the latter will be thrown the influence of the Anti-Saloon League and of all the other temperance forces, and there are those who believe that if the election is close the Governor will find himself chosen for the Senate. It cannot be denied that Representative Vare will make a strong run. Unfortunately the lines cannot be clearly drawn. It will not be possible to say, if Mr. Vare is elected, that his victory is due solely to his espousal of the wet cause. Were he to come out tomorrow for the abolition of grape juice and ginger ale, his well-oiled machine would none the less roll up a tremendous vote for him.

In New York the dries are out to defeat Senator Wadsworth, who, on other grounds, entirely merits retirement to private life. Whether the temperance forces will run a candidate of their own remains to be seen. Since it is impossible to conceive of any dry Democrat being nominated for the Senatorship in the State of "Al" Smith, there will perhaps be a pro-prohibition candidate as well as a Progressive and a Socialist. The Democrats will not be able to raise this issue with their opponents, for Senator Wadsworth, to his credit be it said, has not pussyfooted on this question. Precisely as he refused to trim when the woman's suffrage issue was raised, he has taken an unequivocal stand on prohibition. He is as wet as Senator Edwards of New Jersey, and he does not care who knows it.

All of this foreshadows a genuine fight on the merits of the question, and so does the fact that the prohibition issue comes up every week, if not every day, in both houses of Congress. It ought to have the result of smoking out Mr. Coolidge, as the dries attempted to do when their representatives called upon him on March 13. But the President is far too canny and irresolute to be drawn into any inter-

State fight. It has been announced from the White House that he will not take a hand in local contests; not even as faithful a henchman as Senator McKinley is to receive his support. Senators are required to be loyal to him in Washington in order to retain their party standing, but if they are in hot water at home because of their support of the President they must find a way out of their own difficulties without calling upon him for aid.

As for the wet issue, the President has as yet shown no real evidence that he desires to take a constructive part in the debate. He has made no ringing utterance of late specifically stating that he proposes to enforce the Volstead law to the limit, and he has, above all, not committed himself to any of the proposals for ascertaining the will of the people. He has not, for instance, expressed himself on any of the proposals for a referendum such as that of Representative Celler of New York in a bill which has been referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Celler does not aim at repealing the prohibition amendment. He wishes to ascertain whether the voters want beer of not more than 2.75 per cent alcoholic content by weight and wine of not more than 6 per cent, these beverages not to be drunk upon the premises where they are sold. His bill calls for the creation of a bi-partisan board in each State to serve without pay and to cooperate in taking a referendum at the coming elections in November.

We ourselves have long been urging a referendum, but we have desired that it should be a nation-wide vote on whether there shall or shall not be prohibition. Sooner or later, we believe, the voice of the people must be heard. Representative Celler's service lies in showing that machinery can easily be set up to ascertain the people's will. It is assuredly a humiliating thing that whereas the republic of Switzerland has the machinery by which an issue like this may be submitted to the people, the American democracy is without it. We have repeatedly pointed out that if the result of the election should be to prove the people evenly divided on the issue, we shall not be a whit worse off than we are now; that if the result is a clear-cut verdict one way or the other, we can either move for the repeal of prohibition or can call upon our government officials to enforce it as they have never yet honestly and sincerely tried to do, save with a few exceptions. There are still far too many high officials in Washington, as well as members of Congress, who talk dry and act wet. If an overwhelming vote declared that the people stood behind a rigid enforcement of the law, there could not but be a change in the whole attitude of government officials toward the Volstead Law.

In this connection it is interesting to note that a move has been made in the Albany Legislature for the passage of a resolution submitting to the voters of New York State at the next election the question whether the Congress of the United States shall or shall not modify the Volstead Act so as to permit the manufacture, sale, and possession of light wines and beer. The press reports that it has the support of the Federal District Attorney in New York, Mr. Buckner, and that it would go through the Legislature without the slightest trouble if the bosses would permit.

The Hobo of the Seas

RECENTLY there have been many tears shed in this country—some real, others sentimental—over the passing of the deep-water windjammer. The approaching disappearance of these noble, old vessels has been the occasion of a revival of interest in them and their long and splendid history. Not so many years hence we will be listening to the swan song of another class of ocean carrier—the tramp steamship. This hobo of the seas lacks the physical beauty of the sailing vessel. It is the slowest, ugliest, clumsiest, cheapest-to-build of steamships, but it stands for an epoch in ocean commerce, for a stage in world trade, which—when it is passed—will have an aura of romance all its own.

The difference between the tramp and the liner is the difference between quarter of a century ago and today. The liner, whether carrying passengers or only cargo, sails on a definite schedule over a fixed route; the tramp knocks about all over the world, taking freight wherever and whenever it is offered, and may be away from its home port for as long as the old-time sailing ship. The mission of the tramp has been one of transition from the sailing ship—which was essentially a hobo—to the liner. It has been a trade scout of our Industrial Age. To a large extent it has made the Industrial Age—with all its benefits and all its atrocities—possible. Without it the indefatigable search for markets of the first quarter of the twentieth century could hardly have taken place. The tramp has taken trial cargoes and occasional shipments to places not yet within the possibility of regular services. It has been the explorer of otherwise unvisited lands. It has had the advantage over the sailing vessel that it could penetrate inland far beyond the sea coast. It has poked its nose a thousand miles up the earthy waters of the Amazon, past virgin forests filled with screaming monkeys and chattering parrots; it has followed Chinese streams into the fertile interior; it has dropped anchor in scores of fever-stricken holes of Africa; it has churned its way through tortuous coral-bound channels into obscure harbors of the South Seas.

Yet always without praise. "The liner, she's a lady," wrote Kipling. Nobody has ever thought of the tramp steamship as anything but a runt. It has been described as built by the mile and sawed off in lengths to suit; it looks it. The hobo steamship has been reviled alike by its crews and by the poets. Comparing it with the sailing vessel, John Masefield writes:

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palmgreen shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

No matter; the tramp steamship will have its vindication—when it is gone. And it is going fast. The phenomenal increase and better organization of international trade are now crowding the tramp out in favor of faster ships on regular sailings. Before the European War some

60 per cent of the world's tonnage was in tramp steamships. Recent estimates indicate that there is now less than 20 per cent in trans-oceanic trades, say H. C. Calvin and E. G. Stuart in their recently published volume, "The Merchant Shipping Industry" (John Wiley and Sons, New York, \$4).

Thus the tramp steamship is passing into history—without mourners. But somewhere on the way to oblivion it will be rescued by the historians and emblazoned as one of the great forces of the Industrial Age—part of the stupendous, if sometimes misdirected, energy of the twentieth century.

A Dollar Down

IT was in 1905 that the go-getter first became the hero of magazine fiction. During the twenty years since that date he has been going stronger and stronger until he stands today the colossus of American civilization, the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the republic. Nay, he is even ready to challenge God himself. There is a story of a sales manager in a Texas district. Due to prolonged drought, the district was in economic collapse and not buying as it should. The manager looked at his wall graph and at his sales reports. His 100 per cent fist came down on his 100 per cent glass-topped desk. "Drought or no drought, west Texas has got to buy its quota! Sales resistance has stiffened, has it? Well, then *we'll smash it!*" And then there is the instance of a Texas mechanic, earning \$6 a day when he worked. The go-getters had sold this man a second-hand automobile for which he had contracted to pay \$30 a month; a set of plush and fumed-oak parlor furniture for an equal monthly sum; a piano, a gold watch, a baby carriage, and a diamond ring. The sum total of his monthly instalments came to more than his total monthly wages, provided he worked every day—which he didn't.

One may buy a motor car today for \$12.60 down and \$5 a week, a \$200 talking machine for \$5 down, a suit of clothes for \$3 down and wear it away, jewelry for nothing down and a set of dishes thrown in. Three million automobiles, or 80 per cent of the year's output, were sold, in 1925, on deferred payments. The total credit extended has been estimated at \$1,280,000,000. Adding the credit extended on the sales of used cars—an even more favorite instalment field—the grand total reaches a figure of about \$2,500,000,000.

Add to this future commitments for radios and musical instruments, Grand Rapids furniture, snappy suits, tires, sets of books (in full morocco), furs, electric appliances, wrist watches, and personality-developed-by-correspondence courses, and the year's total in the opinion of Arthur Pound, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "must approach, and may exceed, \$5,000,000,000," which is one-twelfth of the national income.

The go-getter has by this method "invaded future purchasing power to the extent of \$5,000,000,000. Most of the notes which are part of this vast sum will be paid off within the coming twelve-month, but until they are canceled the debtors presumably will buy less for cash or on open account than they would buy if they were free of debt during the interim." If real wages continue to increase, perhaps we can stand the gaff, but if they do not, if we should

lurch into one of our periodical depressions—well, it isn't pretty to contemplate that day of reckoning. But happily days of reckoning are not found on the go-getter's calendar.

Mr. Pound makes the further distinction that practically all of this huge credit inflation is in the field of luxury, or non-productive goods. Instalment contracts on productive goods—tools, machinery, dwelling houses, railway equipment, sewing machines—are an old and well-established form of purchase. By putting them immediately to use the buyer helps to pay forthcoming instalments. Inflation is at a minimum. Not so with radios, pleasure cars, and platinum bracelets, "which depreciate in use without producing value to offset that depreciation." All one gets is comfort, luxury, pride of possession, or a sense of social superiority—"such as comes to Mrs. Johnson when she spies Mrs. Richards looking enviously upon the delivery of the new Johnson piano."

Human nature being what it is, these are desirable things, and the quintessence of the go-getter's art is lavished upon making us desire them fortissimo. And as purchasing power is not expanding in any such ratio as instalment selling, the inevitable result is bound to be that if we are to keep up payments on the player piano we will have to cut down on milk and underclothing. Which means a loud outcry sooner or later from the manufacturers of necessities.

It would be unfair to come down on the go-getter too harshly, however. There is an Ethiopian deeper in the woodpile. The supersalesman is a product of the machine, like the wares which he sells. And mass fabrication, made possible by the machine, is "inordinately productive." The poor devil is driven to sell, even as we are driven to buy, lest the machine—and a very costly machine it is—eat its head off in depreciation, interest, and taxes. In the face of such pressure, the action of a sales manager defying a drought is understandable. Mass production to be efficient and show a profit demands a "balanced load." Idle plant capacity is the bugbear of industrialism. At all costs the wheels must be kept turning.

In circumstances such as these, production, technically speaking, is no longer a problem; the real problem is how to sell, how to keep the machine employed. Hence the pick of college men, the most astute of psychologists, the cream of the nation's brains (if not wisdom) uniting in ways and means for pulverizing sales resistance. Hence the instalment contract as a last desperate measure to outflank the relentless demands of the machine, taking in 1925, \$5,000,000,000 from the purchasing power of 1926. Which, if no depression comes to capsize the apple-cart altogether, will be pyramided in 1926 as against 1927.

And the ghastly humor of it all is that there is no sane reason why people should not have these things—or most of them. They want them, they make them, and the machines are there to help supply them in unlimited quantities. The warnings and alarms are not physical facts but credit facts. We have elected to play a certain game with pieces of metal and pieces of paper and ink marks on ledgers. Granted the game—and it is rooted deep in the folkways—it is difficult to see any outcome for increased instalment selling save disaster. But some day we may grow tired of being bossed by the machine, change the rules of the game, and consume with a light heart that which we are abundantly able to produce—and no finance company in the background—while surviving go-getters will be in zoos.

Wanted: A Little Sympathy

WILLIAM R. WOOD, chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee, has let the cat out of the Tariff Commission bag. "We ought to have a commission," he says, "a fact-finding commission that is in sympathy with the Administration."

This is precisely what the critics of Mr. Coolidge have accused him of accomplishing. It was on this ground, they have charged, that he supplanted Commissioner Lewis and sent Commissioner Culbertson to Rumania, thus packing the commission with high-tariff advocates. To hear an official of the President's party admit the truth of the charge is exhilarating. Mr. Wood, a Representative from Indiana, was debating the \$690,000 appropriation for the Tariff Commission which passed the House on March 2. Representative Jacobstein of New York detected in his admission a flaw of logic. "How can a fact-finding commission be in sympathy with anything?" he asked. "If it finds the facts, it ought to report them regardless of sympathy."

Mr. Wood countered with another question: Did the gentleman ever know of a fact which came from any body that was not clothed with the sympathy of the finder?

Mr. Jacobstein submitted that this did not answer his question. He put it in another form: "Did not the commission recommend a reduction in the tariff on sugar?"

"Yes."

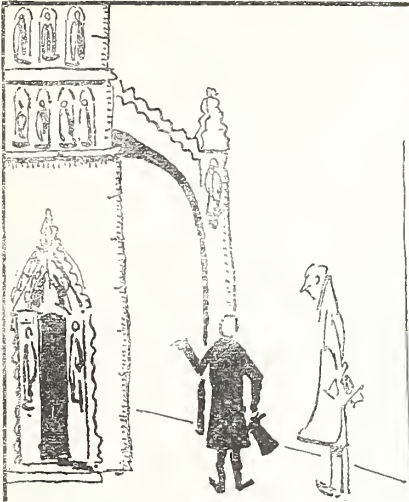
"Then why did not the President follow the facts?"

"They were not followed because, thanks to the President, he was big enough, and had the interests of the people at heart enough, to guard against the greed of those who had tried to destroy them, and the President elected to guard the interests of the people against the majority of the commission and in favor of the minority."

The sugar report was returned before Mr. Coolidge made over the Tariff Commission, and is generally supposed to have been his reason for making it over. His "guarding" of the people costs them millions of dollars a year in the higher prices of sugar.

Mr. Coolidge, in his speech of acceptance, promised to apply the flexible provisions of the tariff act "judicially and not politically." Yet he has not always followed the findings of the commission, even when the members were unanimous. They were unanimous in favor of a reduction of the linseed-oil rate, but he has not acted, although their recommendation was made much more than a year ago. They split in twain on wheat, and Mr. Coolidge, perhaps mindful of the farmers, raised the rate. A majority favored increasing the rate on men's straw hats and so reported last summer, when the male electorate was wearing straw hats. For six months the President could not make up his mind whether the majority should rule. But in midwinter—early last month, to be exact—when straw hats were farthest from the heads of the voters, he announced the increase. It is estimated that wearers of straw hats will pay more than \$13,500,000 additional this summer for their headgear, owing to this action.

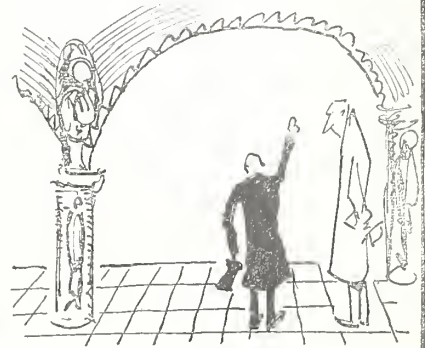
The appropriation for the Tariff Commission slid through the House with no further mishap than Mr. Wood's revelation. It is likely to have rougher sledding in the Senate, where a committee to investigate the commission has been appointed.



YES, SIR, WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD to show a newspaperman how we hope to build our Cathedral. That is the Fishmonger's Entrance—given by the fishdealers.



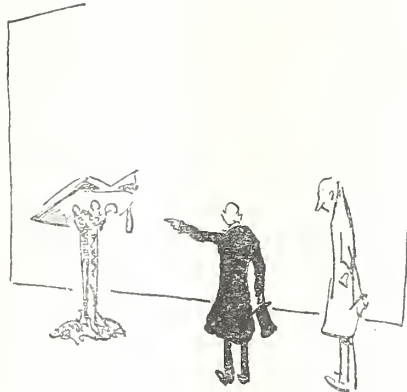
That is the ceiling given by the New York Chapter of American-born Duchesses.



That is the crypt given by the Bankers' Sodality. A million-dollar contribution guarantees you a special niche.



That is the sports window—the gift of the American broad-jumpers and weight-lifters. All of them world-champions.



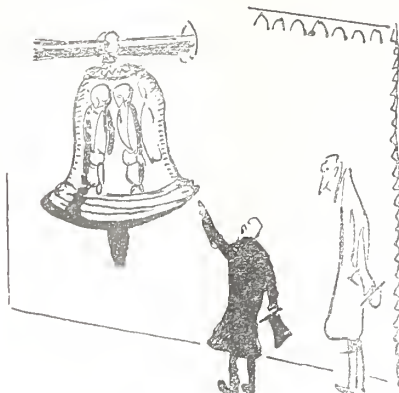
That is a special Bible presented to us by the Primate of Upsalahaven.



Those are the lilies-of-the-field sent us by the Florists' Union.



Those vestments were sent us by the Abuna of the United Coptic Churches. You see we have everything.



And here is the bell which the Archimandrit Basilikon of Kiev sent us.



What's that? The Spirit of the Manager? Well, we hadn't thought of it, but we'll find room for it somewhere.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

Illustrations by H. v. L.

The Sacred Ointment

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

THE oil game is a pretty tough game. Drilling is expensive, dry holes are numerous, and when the oil is found it flows but a little while. Everyone knows what a hard time poor old Mr. Rockefeller has had to get along. Doheny could spare only \$100,000 for his ancient bunkie, Al Fall. Harry Sinclair has only one Zev to his name. Certainly the oil business is remarkable for its dreadful hardships and its meager profits. But let the oil men take heart; let them face the future with reviving spirits and renewed hope. A generous Congress has recognized their extremity, and provision is made for them in the new tax bill.

That is the gist of the formal explanations now being made for one of the most astonishing subsidies ever granted by a prodigal government to a favored industry. The plain and unpalatable fact is that the bill exempts substantially half the net incomes of oil and mining companies from federal taxation. If that bald assertion seems incredible, the incredulous have only to consult the bill.

The history of the "depletion clause," as it is called, was unearthed by the Couzens Committee in its investigation of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. It begins with the enactment of the 1918 Revenue Act. The country was at war; oil was a prime military necessity; fresh sources of supply were imperative—thus ran the argument. Prospecting must be encouraged, and the most expedient method was through the granting of tax indulgences. Accordingly a clause was inserted in the act providing that when oil was discovered in hitherto unproved territory the Government, in taxing the income from the new wells, would grant a depletion allowance based on the value of the property after discovery. Depletion is to oil wells what depreciation is to other businesses.

Now, of course, it is customary to figure depreciation from the cost of the plant. But in this case depletion would be calculated not from the investment in the property but from its value after oil was found on it. The difference is obvious. The land or lease might cost \$5,000, but the discovery of oil probably would multiply its value a hundred fold. Whether or not this was sound and logical, it was justified on the ground that the wildcatter might suffer heavy prospecting losses in years when he had no income to deduct his losses from; and it was justified by the argument of military necessity. So it became law.

Senator Jones (Democrat) of New Mexico, who wrote the provision, is authority for the statement that it was intended solely for the benefit of actual discoverers. That intent was carried out by the regulation first drafted by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Less than a year later, however, a new regulation was quietly promulgated, extending the benefits to all owners and lessors who had acquired lands or leases in unproved territory prior to the first discovery. It was not necessary for them to have made the discovery—if they were on the ground before it was made they received the same depletion allowance as the man who actually did the prospecting and found the oil! The consequences of what Senator Couzens has called this "trick regulation" were amazing. Claims

for depletion allowances flooded the Treasury. Within a few weeks after the new regulation went into effect some of the largest oil companies had caused their books to be rewritten to take advantage of it. The Couzens Committee's investigation showed that of 13,600 claims for "discovery depletion" allowances, only thirty-five were based on actual discoveries. A typical case in point was that of the Gypsy Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Gulf Refining Company, in which Secretary Mellon owns the controlling interest.

For \$2,500 the Gypsy had acquired a lease in unproved territory at Shumway, Oklahoma. It made no discovery. Eventually, however, the owner of the adjoining lease struck oil, near the boundary of the Gypsy lease. That enterprising company at once drilled an offset well and quite naturally found oil, and plenty of it. Upon the strength of that fact the Gypsy claimed a "discovery depletion" allowance, and received it on a basic valuation of \$8,600,000. This, on a property which had cost \$2,500, and on which the original discovery had not been made!

The record is redolent of such examples. One company with a capital investment of \$525,000 was allowed discovery depletion on a valuation of \$30,000,000. Another with an investment of \$250,000 received a depletion allowance on a valuation of \$38,000,000. In fact, some companies received allowances which exceeded their total net income from the properties, and in those cases were permitted to apply enough of it to exempt the income from all taxation, and to carry the surplus over against income from other properties, which sometimes were in a different State! This sounds fantastic, but the ways of the Bureau of Internal Revenue are inscrutable. Now that the provision for publicity is repealed, they will be invisible as well.

The original purpose in allowing "discovery depletion," let us not forget, was to encourage pioneering. The original justification was the uncertainty that the wildcatter would have any income from which to deduct his losses in lean years.

What happened? We find that grizzled old prospector Andrew Mellon, in the corporate guise of the Gulf Refining Company, receiving allowances which, according to Senator Couzens, relieved that company of \$3,800,000 taxes for 1918 and 1919. The gracious indulgence extended even to such gaunt and friendless sandhogs as the Standard of Indiana, the Pan-American, and the Royal Dutch Shell. One is moved to reflect upon the cheer which must have suffused their lonely hearts when, in the solitude of the desert night, they were reminded that a benevolent government had not forgotten them.

Congress in 1921 took notice of some of the preposterous consequences of the law, and so amended it that no depletion allowances should exceed 100 per cent of the net income. It was unwilling that any oil or mining company's taxes should be reduced to less than nothing. Nothing, it felt, was little enough. In 1924 it became even more austere, and amended the law to provide that no allowance should exceed 50 per cent of the net income.

When the present Congress convened word apparently reached the chambers of the House Ways and Means Com-

mittee and the Senate Finance Committee that the war was over, and that in the year 1926 it was no longer necessary to stimulate prospecting as a military necessity. Hence they were impelled to settle upon a permanent policy of depletion allowances in peace time. After a great deal of profound thought the House *adopted a provision which fixed the depletion allowance at 25 per cent of the gross income for the taxable year, and not to exceed 50 per cent of the net income.*

When the bill reached the Senate Finance Committee a startling discovery was made there. The indignant language of the committee's report supplies the best possible description of that discovery and of the committee's horror over it. It says:

Under existing law discovery depletion is allowed to one who brings in a well upon property proved at the time the well is brought in, provided it was not proved when the purchase was made. Obviously, the benefits of discovery depletion, the purpose of which was to encourage the wildcatter or pioneer, should be limited to those who make the actual discovery.

At last the committee had found out. It had found out what every oil and mining company had known since 1919. It had discovered what every clerk in the Bureau of Internal Revenue had known for seven years. And the remarkable thing about the discovery was that Senator Smoot, who is chairman of the committee, was a member of the Finance Committee which wrote the bill and was chairman of the committee which rewrote it in 1921 and again in 1924. Yet we must assume that he was unaware of it, else why should he wait until 1926 to demand that it be corrected to meet the original intention?

It was reported that Standard Oil and some of the other large companies were satisfied with the depletion allowance of one-fourth of the annual gross income. One is persuaded that the report was correct. One is persuaded that if they had been dissatisfied it would have been changed. The composition of the Finance Committee induces that belief. But there were other oil and mining interests that wanted more. The new Senator from West Virginia, Mr. Goff—who will be remembered as one of

Attorney General Daugherty's special prosecutors in the war frauds cases (although it will be difficult to recall whom he prosecuted)—offered an amendment increasing the allowance to 35 per cent of gross income. Even Smoot and Reed of Pennsylvania gagged at this, but it failed of passage by only two votes!

Senators Couzens and King were aghast at the audacity of the proposal. They raged and stormed at it. They denounced the hypocrisy and fallacy of basing depletion on anything except the actual investment. They declared, moreover, that if an allowance were granted the figure of 25 per cent was far too high:

To say that it is necessary to grant this subsidy in order to induce men to engage in the oil business is preposterous [King said]. If any discrimination should be made in taxing income from natural resources it should be made against those who exploit them—not in their favor. Other men create the wealth on which they pay taxes; these men merely take from the ground what God Almighty placed there.

The effect which this argument had on the Senate may be judged by the fact that on the very next vote it adopted an amendment submitted by Senator Neely of West Virginia, *increasing the allowance to 30 per cent of the gross income.* The vote was 32 to 27. It was another of those mysterious manifestations of an unseen influence which shows its power whenever any legislation deeply affecting oil is before Congress. It has happened before, and it is always uncanny. There is a potency in the sacred ointment which has never been satisfactorily explained. Some of the votes cast for this measure are inexplicable. There is magic in the name of oil.

The practical consequences of the action, in which the House has now concurred, were briefly and harshly foretold by Senator Couzens. Approximately \$300,000,000 of income is exempted from taxation, and the amount of taxes saved to the oil and mining companies is between \$43,000,000 and \$50,000,000 a year.

"In other words," he said, "having already given them half the earth, we have now decided they shall pay taxes on only a fourth of it."

Royal Claims in Germany

By JAMES FUCHS

AT the time of this writing the curtain is slowly rising on the concluding act of a tragedy of German domestic reparations to be loaded presently upon the overburdened shoulders of the German worker by his former sovereigns. During the first act, covering the five years after the armistice, the concessions—to call them by no worse name—of the Social-Democratic Deputies in the national parliament and the provincial diets encouraged the deposed princes to press their claims for indemnities and restitutions, in ready cash, in pensions, in thousands of acres of field and forest, in palaces, art galleries, country seats, and immensely valuable libraries. Every concession was made a pretext for new demands. In the second act, the Social-Democratic masses rose in revolt against their leaders, compelling them to reverse their position as advocates of dynastic-property claims and forcing them into an anti-dynastic bloc with the German Communists. The concluding act now under way—a popular referendum on the claims of the former sover-

eigns—is not likely to bring much comfort to a proletarian revolt against them.

It will be remembered that Germany in the days before November, 1918, consisted of four kingdoms—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg; three free towns of the empire, and nineteen duchies and principalities. Most of these sovereignties ranked in size below the State of New Jersey, and quite a number were smaller than Delaware or Rhode Island. In November, 1918, twenty-three chiefs of German reigning dynasties, together with their houses, voted, in the sardonic phrasing of a contemporary historian, "a revolution with their legs." A more peaceful, more respectful revolution could not be imagined. All of the departing princes had bank accounts in foreign parts. Not one of them was threatened in life or limb or forcibly detained or prevented by revolutionary coercion from making off with all portable property. The people, bowed down under the weight of a common disaster, were in no mood

to quarrel with their erstwhile princes, stipulating only—in keeping with implied Allied dictates—that they have the goodness to take themselves off, removing thereby an obstacle to peace. No special rancor followed them into exile. The proximate cause of their departure was a rising of their subjects, but the real cause, as everyone darkly felt, was foreign dictation. At least one-half of Germany felt that the republic was an artificial device thrust ad interim upon the nation by the victors, purely as a proscenium upon which to stage their Hang-the-Kaiser election farce. The parliamentary chiefs of the largest political party in the Reich repeatedly and distinctly disavowed responsibility for the creation of the republic. "The Social Democracy," declared Scheidemann in June, 1922, "has never carried on a distinctly anti-monarchist propaganda." Six months later, at the trial of his would-be assassins, he solemnly proclaimed that he had urged the abdication of Wilhelm II "for no other purpose than to save the monarchy." In the same month of December, 1922, August Müller, a Social-Democratic ex-Secretary of State, made public declaration to the effect "that none of the Social-Democratic Party chiefs had desired the republic, or planned the dethronement of the Hohenzollern in October 1918."

These disavowals of responsibility for the revolution on the part of the Social-Democratic politicians were strictly in keeping with the facts. Nevertheless, they had to assume responsibility for the republic as an accomplished fact, and to defend it now and then against monarchist aggression by invoking the aid of the sincerely republican rank and file of organized labor, for they knew that, in spite of all their loyal and submissive declarations, a monarchist restoration would never pardon their alleged "Treason of the Ninth of November." Still, by way of reinsurance in case of any accident to the republic, the Social-Democratic politicians, by their treatment of the exiled sovereigns and their houses, could do much to mitigate a future sentence threatening their heads.

The Berlin statistician Neubauer published, in February of this year, a succinct record of the meritorious activities of Social-Democratic politicians in the service of the dethroned dynasties. The leading facts follow:

When in 1918 the Workers' and Soldiers' Council of Lippe-Detmold wished to appropriate the domain of the deposed prince, the people's Deputy, Ebert, wrote him, under instructions from the national Government on December 5, 1918: "The question whether the domain of the former Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe in Lippe-Detmold is the private property of his family . . . is a legal issue, to be decided by the competent courts of law." When the People's Council of the petty Thuringian state Reuss discussed the nationalization without compensation of its former prince's domain, Dr. David, then Social-Democratic Minister of the Interior, wrote on July 28, 1919, under instructions from the Government: "The national Government is not in a position to act on this suggestion, as it cannot propose a law to the National Assembly the purport of which is not in harmony with the fundamental ideas of the future constitution of the German state." The party chiefs maintained the same viewpoint against the Diet of Gotha, which consisted mainly of Independent Socialists. The Diet had voted a law expropriating the duke, an English prince, without compensation. The national Government, under the Social-Democratic Chancellor Bauer, sent a national executive body to Gotha, deposed the provisional government

of Independent Socialists, and dispersed the Diet. Regarding a future arrangement with the Hohenzollerns, the Social-Democratic Minister of Justice for Prussia, Wolfgang Heine, made a public pronouncement on January 22, 1919: "The principle of the inviolability of private property, as announced by the Prussian Government, must not be infringed in the impending arrangements."

As may readily be seen from the foregoing, no German political party, with the exception of a hopelessly outvoted Communist minority, had any plan of dealing severely with royalty in exile. It was agreed on all hands that the German dynasts should have an income amply sufficient for a life of comfortable civic retirement. The leading Social Democrats never ceased to invoke, on behalf of the exiled princes, the constitutional principle of inviolable private property—rather irrelevantly, seeing that the principle has never been interpreted in modern history as covering the landed estates of deposed dynasties. No one of consequence, however, cared to dispute this strange application of a constitutional principle—until the absurd pretenses and claims of the former reigning houses became known. Then the current of public opinion took a violent turn against the grasping princes—forcing the Social-Democratic Deputies to enter into an alliance with the Communists, in opposition to this monstrous burden. A few facts regarding the royal claims will explain the situation.

The total landed estate claimed by the former reigning houses of Germany amounts to 500,000 hectares, equivalent in extent to the entire soil of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, or twice the area of Brunswick—domains worth, at the lowest computation, a billion gold marks. The claims furthermore include more than one hundred palaces and castles worth at least 500 millions; another 500 millions in art treasures and wrought gold and silver; a long list of annual incomes, pensions, indemnities—altogether, a real and mobile estate of at least 2,600 million gold marks, or more than three times the amount of the Dawes loan. The Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe claims about one-seventh, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen one-fourth of the entire soil under their former rule as private property. More than one-fourth of their former principalities are claimed by the ex-ruler of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt and the ex-Duke of Coburg-Gotha. The Dowager Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar obtained a valorization of her annual income up to 1,400 per cent; her fellow-sovereigns are now following suit in submitting like demands regarding their annual grants and pensions. The Hohenzollerns will not rest content with the eight palaces, eighty-three houses and country seats, the domains and forests of Schwedt, Oels, Cadinen, Rominen, Unweiler, and about a score of others, conceded to them in 1920; nor with 175 million gold marks in stocks and bonds, in addition to their landed estate. They claim, over and above these, several dozen pensions for members of the family, three additional palaces in Berlin, the palace and park at Homburg, and a long list of minor exactions. When these claims of the dynasts became known, the Social-Democratic electorate, for the first time since 1914, turned like one man against the princes.

The claimants have lost four million of heretofore obedient Social-Democratic votes, but they have by no means lost their case, nor are they at all likely to fail in their main demands. The Luther administration had the unparalleled effrontery to attach to its announcement of a forthcoming registration in the matter of the proposed referendum a

declaration of dissent from the project. There may be no referendum at all. If there is, the labor bloc will at most command ten million votes, as against a possible fifteen or sixteen million opponents. It is highly probable that the abdicated royalty will be taken care of to a surprising extent, after a few of the most glaringly grotesque claims are whittled away.

Europe's Dictators Fight the Masons

By EMERY DÉRÉ

DICTATORSHIPS in Europe are not only established: they are becoming standardized, as perfectly as the manufacture of cheap automobiles in America. Their slogans, their methods of suppression, the systems they have worked out are so strikingly the same that one is tempted to suspect that in some hidden place in Italy or in Spain is a School of Dictatorship where aspiring tyrants study the standardized rules of oppression. Even the atrocities are committed according to similar rules of procedure. The murder of Matteotti was committed for the same reasons and by the same methods as the murder of the Hungarian Socialist Deputy Béla Somogyi. At the very time that the Fascio in Florence were staging a St. Bartholomew's night, prominent writers, scientists, and politicians in Austria published a protest to the nations of the world against the wholesale political murders in Bulgaria, where the Tsankoff Government executed 300 political prisoners. Signor Mussolini's Parliament has passed a special law against those who dare to attack the Fascist Government abroad. Not long ago General Primo de Rivera court-martialed Blasco Ibáñez, who published unpleasant facts about the general's political methods, and stated that every Spanish subject who criticizes the Directory abroad would be court-martialed in effigy. Admiral Horthy's Government passed a similar law a few months ago providing that if a Hungarian writer should publish unfavorable criticism of the Hungarian Government in a foreign newspaper he would be guilty of high treason.

But the outstanding feature of the standardization of European dictatorships is the crusade against Free Masonry. It seems to be an inevitable feature of every reactionary system that the Masonic lodges are closed, the activity of the Free Masons suspended, and members of Free Masonic organizations vigorously persecuted. In every European country where dictators have succeeded in establishing a regime of oppression and terror, Free Masonry has been choked to death. In Hungary the Masonic lodges were closed by order of the Government and the temple of the Free Masons in Budapest robbed by a band of Awakening Magyars, headed by the priest Stephen Zadravecz, who a few weeks later was appointed a bishop. Though Free Masonry is negligible in Bulgaria, one of the first governmental acts of Tsankoff was an order to close the lodges and suspend the activity of "secret societies." When Mussolini came to power he immediately announced his determination to break the hold of the Free Masons. Free Masonry, however, was too powerful and influential in Italy to be dissolved without any plausible reason. So Mussolini waited until his Fascist police had invented the charge that Zambelli had plotted an attempt on the Dic-

tator's life with the help of the Free Masons; now the activity of the lodges is paralyzed in Italy also. In Spain, where lodges were never permitted to exist freely, the Directorate is today persecuting those few who are suspected of practicing the "ancient and royal art of Free Masonry."

Free Masonry in Europe is different from Free Masonry in America. While in America the organization is little more than a mutual-benefit institution, in which politics are strictly excluded, the ancient traditions of European Masonry demand that members of the fraternity should be concerned with public questions as well. The lodges carry on charitable work on the same generous scale as those in America. But Masonry in Europe holds that the evolution of mankind cannot be promoted by good works alone. Europe's Free Masons are men of public spirit with a belief in freedom. They have always fought oppression and injustice in every form. The conviction that Free Masonry is not only a charitable enterprise but also a philosophy brought politics into the European lodges at an early period. The French encyclopedists, spiritual fore-runners of the French Revolution, were Masons, and the social theories of Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert were discussed in the French lodges. It is now known that the Turkish Revolution, engineered by the "Young Turks," was started by political and philosophical discussions in the Masonic lodges in Saloniki and Constantinople. The political battle which dominated French politics for a decade, the separation of church and state, was fought out by men who were active Free Masons. Long before the war, when Hungary was governed by the families of the old oligarchy, all serious social problems were discussed in the Hungarian lodges. The representative men of Italian liberalism came from the ranks of Free Masonry.

It is easy to understand why the European champions of oppression sensed political enemies in the Free Masons. Free Masons were playing politics, the reactionaries argued, and it was intolerable that politics should be played in secret societies. The Free Masons, on the other hand, upheld their right to fight for justice and the welfare of mankind. Was it politics, they asked, when the Italian Masons demanded that innocent men should not be murdered because of their political opinions? Was it politics when certain Hungarian lodges discussed the question whether a man who is good enough to die for the fatherland should not be considered good enough to go to the polls and express his opinion? Was it politics when the Young Turks discussed in the lodges how they could help the masses who were starving to death, oppressed by a privileged class who did not care whether the man on the street had his daily bread or not?

The European dictatorships charge the Masons with being internationalists. It is strange that this charge should be made by those politicians who have perfected a system of standardized international oppression, who are preaching the international brotherhood of dictatorship, and who have all made a secret agreement to shelter the fugitive murderers of their neighbors. The assassins of Matthias Erzberger have found an asylum in Admiral Horthy's Hungary, the perpetrator of a bomb attempt in Hungary was placed under the protection of the Milan Fascio, and the country which Signor Mussolini is said to have chosen as his future home in case of a successful counter-revolution is Primo de Rivera's Spain.

Germany and Austria Today

By GERHARD LUETKENS

THE general outlook in the two Middle European countries is better than appears from the outside. There is, of course, no prosperity yet in any field, either economic or social; the masses are struggling under heavy burdens. Nevertheless, during the last few years Germany has succeeded in laying the foundations of a more stable economic life. Its most important basis, the stabilization of the mark, has proved firm and to be depended upon. In the field of international financial obligations, the Dawes plan affords the security necessary for intelligent planning, though it will still involve problems for the economic future of the world. Finally, we may consider the years 1924-1925 as the starting point of an eventual economic and political pacification of the leading European countries—a pacification which has expressed itself so far in the Locarno treaties. As for Austria, the same result has been achieved by the activities of the League of Nations.

Having entered the period of financial stabilization, Germany finds herself at the height of an economic crisis, resulting from the abnormal conditions of the last twelve years. During the hubbub of the inflation period, when everybody went mad in the effort to get rid of paper money and acquire real values instead, a great many industrial establishments were enlarged or kept working which afterward were really worth nothing at all. Now, the clouds having disappeared, German industry finds itself standing on a heap of economically worthless plants and establishments. A complete and often painful reorganization must take place.

Certain salient features of the present economic situation in Middle Europe stand out: First, the home market has shrunk. The purchasing power of the impoverished population has diminished enormously; the years of the inflation deprived large numbers of the population of all their savings, afflicting especially the so-called middle class. Furthermore, the reduction of territory through the cession of vast areas forced upon Germany and Austria by the Peace Treaties resulted in serious economic difficulties. In this respect the case of Austria is, of course, much worse than that of Germany.

Second, there is a lack of modern technical and administrative methods in German industry. The Dawes report was wrong in supposing that German industrialists had managed to keep their enterprises up-to-date. Almost all industries are in need of thorough reorganization. It has proved necessary to close a great many plants because their various industrial branches were overstocked. Moreover, modern technical development, especially the growing use of oil, electricity, brown-coal, and the automobile, has shifted industrial production into entirely new fields. All such equipment and reorganized methods, necessary to meet the exigencies of the modern economic development, are, of course, very costly. A similar situation is to be found in the agrarian field; here the crisis is aggravated by the existence of an agricultural crisis all over the world. German and Austrian agriculture must adapt themselves to new ways of production and new market conditions.

Third, Germany no longer has a capital surplus as

she had before the war. Since the capital necessary for the development of her industries is enormous, there can be no doubt that the influx of foreign capital must continue for many years to come. Saving activities at home, already beginning on small scale, will not be extensive enough to cover the amount necessary. There will also be the necessity of investing capital in the interest of Germany's transportation system which is not able to meet modern demands. The automobilization of the country is not less inevitable than the building of great water-ways already begun. Capital investment will also be needed for more social purposes, especially to meet the tremendous shortage of housing in Middle Europe.

Fourth, as the only answer to this necessary importation of capital, Middle Europe will have to increase the exportation of manufactured articles or to lower the importation of foreign goods. The demands of the Dawes plan make this even more essential.

To sum up: The home market as well as Germany's buying capacity are much reduced. The necessary methods of cheaper production are not yet built up. On the other hand, in order to fulfil international obligations and to help their unemployed masses, Germany and Austria are forced to increase their exports, while simultaneously there is need for importing foreign capital.

Fortunately, there are already indications that this crisis will lead to a more healthy state of affairs. The influx of foreign capital has been large, coming mostly from the United States. However, it is important to realize that the amount of this capital is relatively small compared with Germany's productive power. According to recent estimates, Germany has an annual national income of something like sixty billion marks, while the amount lent to her up to the end of 1925 is estimated at about three and one-half billions.

The reorganization of industry at large is on the way and has, to a certain extent, been accomplished in Germany as well as Austria. Nearly all the concerns and establishments built up during the inflation period have broken down (Stinnes, the Rheinhandels group, Castiglioni). On the other hand, an ever-growing number of industrial amalgamations, both national and international, have come into being during the last year. Concentration often results in the closing of the less productive works in order to raise the economic efficiency of the whole industry concerned. This evolution tends to substitute the horizontal form of combination for the so-called "vertical trust" of Stinnes fame, which grew out of conditions of inflation. Very often, the new combinations have been made possible only by foreign loans.

Among the most important of these industrial amalgamations is the fusion of the large chemical industry of Germany and the Westphalian Montantrust. A great many international combinations and agreements, in which Germany has taken part, are intended to regulate and unify the European or even the world market. There are agreements between the Westinghouse Company and the Siemens-Schuckert concern; Dynamite A. G., Köln-Rottweil

A. G. with the Nobel Trust Company of London and the American DuPont powder company; Motorenwerke Mannheim and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and many others. Prior even to the government pacts of Locarno, French, Luxemburg, and German basic industries began to discuss a convention not yet concluded to deal with the industrial situation on both sides of the Rhine.

The crisis having begun, credit became a question of life and death. Therefore the banking institutions, at least in their capacity of intermediaries between foreign capital and home industry, got ahead of the industrial forces. This development implies industrial progress, since financial interests, unaffected by any sentimental regard for the weak and unfit, always side with the most efficient establishments. At the head of the banking system the Reichsbank has regained its power as manager of not only the currency but of the whole credit and money system, as well. Thus, it has succeeded in setting up a sort of economic dictatorship which is likely in some degree to outlast the present crisis.

In spite of the present industrial slump, the Reich and all the public communities have managed to keep their budgets balanced. The German Government has even been able to reduce the tax burden for the coming year. Political as well as financial stabilization has enabled the authorities to counteract somewhat the slackening industrial life by providing, for example, export credits and emergency work for the unemployed. In this connection there is worth mentioning one of the most interesting features of today's economic life in Middle Europe. Corporations owned either fully or partly by state or local government have gained strength and influence both in banking and industry. They may be able to help in reorganizing business conditions and in protecting, at least to a certain degree, the lower levels of the population.

However hopefully one may regard the final outcome of the crisis Middle Europe is going through, the situation at the moment is quite desperate for those directly afflicted. Besides the impoverished classes, labor, skilled and unskilled, is especially hard hit. In Germany at least two millions are at the present time out of work and obliged to live on insufficient benefits. It is not yet possible to answer the question whether the Dawes plan will, as Mr. Keynes believes, doom labor to bear the brunt of the economic pressure or whether thorough industrial reorganization will suffice to hold prices down and thus make exports possible. But this latter possibility can only take place if economic developments follow the course indicated above.

At any rate, the problem of reparation payments remains to be solved. There is no doubt that the German Government will be able to collect the annuities. But no experience is at hand to indicate the effect of these payments pouring out into the world market. At least one may say that the mechanism of transfer will block any possibility of a blow from the outside to upset the recovering economic life of Middle Europe. Austria's outlook, unhappily, is not as bright. Her state territory is so small, her agricultural basis so limited that in the long run it seems hard to imagine how she will be able to support a population of six and one-half millions at a decent standard of living. There are, however, signs that even Austria is on the way toward overcoming the crisis of stabilization.

The more industrial understandings are developed between national industries across the borders, the larger the

market will become and the sooner the whole world will achieve its former prosperity; for in modern times there can be no lasting prosperity for one country unless there is economic health for all.

In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's young but learned friends is in the throes of an old and bitter struggle, one which every man must make at some period in his life. His manhood is crying loudly for a beard. Now, the Drifter feels genuine sympathy for his friend, for he can remember his own youthful suffering over this same question. He recalls how, after several mornings of hesitation, he resolutely went forth one day unshaven—and another day—and another. For ten days he held out; but when one of his most admired feminine friends—it was in the Drifter's susceptible days—said earnestly that she liked beards, she really did like them, but she honestly thought they were not becoming to his peculiar style of beauty, the Drifter slunk homeward, not yet beaten but much weakened. It was hard to give up his dream, especially after he had already won through the first terrible days of having his far from distinguished but hitherto inoffensive face look like a burnt-off timber tract. Finally, after unhappy hours before a mirror, he called it a no-decision bout—and kept a mustache, along with a certain bitterness which yet remains.

* * * * *

AND the Drifter's father before him fought the old fight, and won—only to lose in the end. He remembers well the day when he, the Drifter, at the age of seven, started up the path at evening to meet his adored father, and ran wildly back to his mother's arms, sobbing with fright at the man with the clean face who looked vaguely like father but surely couldn't be he. There are many obstacles to be got over before youth attains to manliness—the derby hat, spats, a cane, black cigars. But none of these is so painful as this matter of a beard. The Drifter, never having faced the issue squarely, as he has just confessed, is still upset by the question. He eyes every full-bearded chin with an envy unbecoming to one of his years. He is not at all sure he will not follow his young friend into the assumption of this dignity. For the young man, scholar that he is, has gone neither to his friends nor to his wife, but to the ancients, for authority on the saneness of his desire. He quotes first Tertullian, who asks: "Will God be pleased with him who applies the razor to himself, and completely changes his features; who, with no respect for his face . . . makes it as like as possible to Saturn and Isis and Bacchus?" And he follows this up with an even more conclusive statement by Clement of Alexandria: "The hair is to be cut short, but the beard allowed to grow. It may be trimmed in places, notably the mustache, but not to the skin, and the hair on the chin must be allowed to grow full length. The mustache, which is dirtied in eating, is to be cut round, not by the razor, for that were ungentle, but by a pair of cropping scissors. But the hair on the chin is not to be disturbed, as it gives no trouble, and lends to the face dignity and paternal terror." On such unanswerable authority, even though the Drifter has no occasion to employ "paternal terror," he is inclined to pay his face a long withheld respect, and, incidentally, acquire the dignity he has always longed for.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Nation's Prize Poem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading for about the twentieth time Babette Deutsch's prize-winning poem I have to shout to somebody who will listen. It seemed to me the finest thing I have ever seen *The Nation* print. I got so excited about it that I immediately called up anybody who would listen to me.

Just why I should pick on you I don't know, but after disagreeing frequently with *The Nation's* selections I think it might interest you to know that even a newspaper roughneck can "dance in the street," if properly inspired.

Cleveland, Ohio, February 9

GENE COHN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Babette Deutsch's poem in *The Nation* at the public library, and ask you to drop my name from your free list, as you kindly notified me you had placed it there.

The poem has profoundly shocked me. I do not wish to be driven to suicide by such sentiments. This poem in my opinion nullifies all the good you do.

New York, February 8

MARGARET R. BRADSHAW

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is edifying to read in your columns that "The pleasure of reading a very good poem is equaled only by that of reading a very bad one." It is particularly edifying after the unparalleled opportunities your two last poetry contests have given the public of reading very bad poems. No doubt, in your confessed love for bad poems, you have absent-mindedly forgotten the existence of poems of the other type. Or is it that the 3,000 poems contributed for your recent contest were all as deplorably poor as the prize winner? Even in this day of poor verse, it is impossible to believe that three thousand effusions so hopelessly strained and artificial have been written. I would not suggest, of course, that *The Nation* is going so far as to follow in literature the policy against which it fulminates, the "yellow press" policy of appealing to a taste for the glaring and the meretricious. Far rather would I believe that *The Nation* prize poems have a sort of fourth-dimensional merit, a shining transcendent beauty visible to the editorial eyes but cruelly concealed from the gaze of mere poetry lovers.

New York, February 8

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

(By Telegraph)

EXCITED CONGRATULATIONS YOUR DISCRIMINATING JUDGMENT PRIZE POEM WE LOVE IT.

SARA BARD FIELD

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

San Francisco, February 11

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not writing this letter now because of the poem which won the prize this year, since it was quite in keeping with the preferences shown by your judges in other years, and neither particularly better nor worse than what you commonly give us under the name of poetry. Your judges may be right, and our understanding and preferences with respect to such literary expression may be wrong. I am sufficiently familiar with literary criticism to be well aware of much that can be said from the technical viewpoint both for and against the verse forms and the methods of rhythmic expression in general to which you run.

But *The Nation* is not primarily a literary journal, though it has much of admirable and desirable literary character. It is first of all, and most of all to the great majority of those of us who appreciate it in high degree, a great liberal journal, and it seems to many of us hardly less than a public calamity that it

does not have a vastly wider reading and general appreciation. As it is, *The Nation* has a standing and influence far beyond its circulation, and so emphatically is its power manifest that even its enemies compliment it with a measure of attention the number of its subscribers could hardly claim.

The body of *The Nation's* articles command the respectful attention of multitudes who do not altogether agree with them, besides eliciting the warm appreciation of many who, like myself, hold much more radical views. But *The Nation's* poetry, outside of certain small circles of highbrow literati, or would-be modernists in literature, evokes only amusement or contempt. Whereas *The Nation* is often quoted as to its informative articles and paragraphic comments on world affairs, I do not recall a single instance of ever seeing in a labor paper, or any other organ of general circulation, a single line of *The Nation's* verse. I have myself made passing public reference by way of test of the popular reaction to your verse, with some care not to betray my own feeling too openly, only to be met by guffaws of laughter obviously heavily charged with derision and contempt, and that from an audience which buys *The Nation* in its halls and meetings and is emphatically appreciative of *The Nation* otherwise. Also I have taken a sonnet, from an ordinary issue of *The Nation*, and have passed it around to people who came into our office, choosing individuals of more than ordinary liberalism and intelligence, only to find that not one of them could make head or tail of it, or efficit any intelligent idea from it. Your verse is so much waste of paper to a vast body of your readers, and to many of them it is a tragic waste of a great opportunity.

It is not that we are asking you to give us "Ella Wheeler Wilcox chocolate eclairs," to use the expression of a leading minister on this coast, whose expression in my opinion failed to do justice to Mrs. Wilcox's verse. Nor are we asking *The Nation* to deal out to us Edgar A. Guest or Walt Mason verse, though these also are immeasurably to be preferred in my opinion to the "talking in unknown tongues" of which *The Nation* is, poetically considered, so fond. What we do ask is that *The Nation* shall function for us in the realm of verse with some of the common sense and virile intellectualism which it shows in its work as a whole, and shall cease to fall for the literary faddisms of certain esoteric coteries in New York City, Boston, and Chicago.

Los Angeles, February 12

ROBERT WHITAKER

Wanted: Barroom Ballads

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The cohorts of prohibition have many sins to carry upon their shoulders. Not only have they ruined the quality of our available liquor, but from a literary point of view they have closed up an institution that was one of the few fertile sources of our indigenous American folk songs. Outside of certain cowboy ballads and the mythical exploits of the lumbermen's hero, John Bunyan—both products of frontier conditions—the only place where the white American male gave vent to his pent-up emotions was in the old-time barroom.

The old sagas born of good liquor and the need to express everything that was suppressed at all other times and places are rapidly being forgotten. This applies not only to the legends of the barroom, but is also particularly true of the songs and verse by the expeditionary forces in France.

Occasionally such an adage as "the need produces the man" becomes true. In this instance two perspicacious young gentlemen from the provinces have leaped into the breach. They are gathering together for limited and careful distribution among the "illuminati" all the old-time barroom and army favorites without any Comstockian omissions.

We have to date gleaned the following gems, with many more in the offing: "Franky and Johnny," "Lydia Pinkham," "Rollicking John Came Home One Night," "Lill," "Ring Dang Doo," "Lulu," "Larry Turn the Crank" series, "The Old Sport,"

"In Movile," "Down the Lehigh Valley," "Christmas in the Harem," "Speech of the Hon. Cassius M. Johnson before the Arkansas House of Representatives," Eugene Field's "Diabetic Dog," Mark Twain's "Fireside Conversation of Queen Elizabeth," and many others too numerous to mention.

We, however, are writing to *The Nation* to notify your readers that our versions of many of the songs are incomplete or incorrect. We are requesting that they send us any material that they possess. Typewriting costs will be gladly paid on all such offerings.

We are particularly anxious to obtain all the verses of "Hinky Dinky Parley Vous," especially the non-parlor versions, and also the numerous unpublished American Flying Corps songs. With the hope that your readers will send offerings to Alan N. Steyne, 164 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y., we are sincerely,

ALAN N. STEYNE
HUBERT CANFIELD

Rochester, N. Y., January 28

A Call to Perth Amboy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a number of years I was a fairly steady reader of *The Nation* and kindred literature. Then I became so steeped in commercialism that I hardly read anything, and of all the modes of starvation that is the most stunting. Now I've come out of the coma and am reading again; to say the least, it feels good to be convalescing.

But I'm not yet satisfied; I'm anxious to get together with others for periodical discussion of questions of the day, if there now are, or can be assembled, such others in or near Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The writer would be glad to hear from anyone interested.

Perth Amboy, N. J., December 23

G. M. GARSSON

Freedom of the Seas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the discussion over Ambassador Pages's life, letters, and work, the following paragraph from Lord Birkenhead's "America Revisited" is of interest:

And suddenly [when America went into the war] Washington completely forgot about the freedom of the seas; for I can state with considerable knowledge (I was attorney general at the time and responsible for the Crown cases in prize) that the activities of the united fleets upon relevant matters were not very obviously distinguishable from the earlier activities of the British fleet. P. xiv.

Seattle, Washington, December 10

E. McM.

Czecho-Slovakia and German Music

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the old Austro-Hungarian regime the Germans of the present Czecho-Slovak territory, about 3,500,000 in number, supported, in their days of prosperity, the celebrated School of Music in the Bohemian capital of Prague. This School of Music, which treated the German and Czech nationalities on a footing of parity, giving instruction in both languages, was nationalized and converted to purely Czech uses by the newly established Czech Government in 1919.

To make up for their cultural loss the Germans, though impoverished by war, depreciation of their money, and agrarian confiscations, founded in 1920 the German Academy for Music and Dramatic Art in Prague, with express governmental approval. As a set-off to the confiscation of 1919 the Government pledged itself to pay the new foundation an annual subsidy of 300,000 Czech crowns. This subsidy was paid until 1925, and then reduced to 100,000 crowns—a governmental defection which

threw the straitened finances of the school into ruin. Meantime, the new institution had achieved fame, not only in Czecho-Slovakia but far beyond its bounds, as a main European center of musical and dramatic culture. It is unable, at present, to meet its obligations, and is threatened with extinction, unless the music lovers of foreign parts come to its aid.

This renowned art center appeals to American music lovers to make haste in coming to the rescue of a prospective victim of the nationalist policies of the Czech Republic. Contributions may be mailed to the writer, II, Krakauergasse 21, Prague, or to the German Academy for Music and Dramatic Art, II, Vladislavova 23, Prague.

Prague, February 6 SENATOR DR. WILHELM MEDINGER

Solomon Said—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Knowing Solomon very well, I asked him and he said:

"The preacher heard a voice in the wind and was frightened. He reported the words of the voice and called it Science.

"The poet heard a voice in his heart and saw a vision there, and what he heard was music and what he saw was beauty. He called the story Love.

"The boy called Bad didn't like the preacher and thought the poet was a sissy, so he smoked a pipe behind the barn, saying: 'I'll educate myself.'

"That Boy's intelligence is going to get the best of him. Watch out, *Nation*," said Solomon.

Balboa, California, January 15

Bo Ho

Cotton and Research

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In regard to the article by Nell Battle Lewis, *The University of North Carolina Gets Its Orders*, in *The Nation* for February 3: The university did not ask permission to make the study; it asked the cooperation and official backing of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association. The manufacturers' Association did not say the university could not make the study; it said it did not wish to cooperate and did not think the study necessary. The university did not lie down and "stay put," but is proceeding with the study in modified form.

The Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina asked the Cotton Manufacturers' Association "to cooperate in the following ways":

A. To suggest men and mills that will be willing and able to give, or allow representatives of the institute to collect from their records, data which are not officially available in other ways, and to officially introduce the representatives of the institute to these men for those purposes.

B. To allow the institute to submit findings to the secretary of the association and, through his recommendation, to mill men best qualified to comment on the various topics. While the representatives of the institute cannot guarantee to agree in every instance to interpretations suggested by these men, they do engage to see that in event of disagreement as to interpretation the discussion shall present both sides.

In conversation with the secretary and with various mill men, Section A was interpreted to mean that, even when introduced by the association, the individual mill was free to refuse to go into the fairly elaborate scheme of cooperation that was contemplated.

Although the institute and the university regretted the fact that the association did not see fit officially to back the study in this way it is hard to see that they did not have the right to do so, as the university said at the time.

Chapel Hill, N. C., February 25

HARRIET L. HERRING

Books and Music

Home Song

By CLAUDE McKAY

Oh breezes blowing on the red hill-top
By tall fox-tails,
Where through dry twigs and leaves and grasses hop
The dull-brown quails!

Is there no magic floating in the air
To bring to me
A breath of you, when I am homesick here
Across the sea?

Oh black boys holding on the cricket ground
A penny race!
What other black boy frisking round and round,
Plays in my place?

When picnic days come with their yearly thrills
In warm December,
The boy in me romps with you in the hills—
Remember!
Paris, 1925.

First Glance

THAT branch of literature which deals with true and famous criminal cases suffers, so far as I can see, no ups and downs of favor. The audience may be a limited one, but it is remarkably constant, and I fancy that a publisher never has erred by bringing out a book which raked the coals of an old murder mystery. Familiar as the facts may be, almost any new arrangement of them will achieve some of the principal virtues of fiction; and the facts themselves will have once more the virtue of intimate history. The mass of mankind is doubtless engrossed all of the time in speculation upon the good life and the serene. A certain incorrigible minority, however, will always be stopping to hear about those who digress into the bad life and the violent.

Arthur Machen's latest book, "The Canning Wonder" (Knopf: \$3.50), brings back an old mystery which, as it happens, involved no crimes greater than perjury and theft, although one person came very near to being hanged and the whole of England talked of little else for a year. On the first of January, 1753, Elizabeth Canning, a London servant girl, disappeared as she was returning from a New Year's call and was not seen until twenty-eight days later, when she came to her mother's house in a distressful condition. The story she told to explain her disappearance was that two ruffians had beaten her and dragged her to a house ten miles out of London; that a woman of the house, upon being told by Elizabeth that she would never "go their way," had cut the stays from her body and pushed her into a room; and that she remained a prisoner there until she escaped from a window and walked home. The two ruffians were never found, but when Elizabeth was taken to the house of Susannah Wells ten miles out of London she identified an old gipsy, Mary Squires, as the woman who had stolen her stays and "Mother" Wells herself as the

keeper of the place where she had been. The attempts to prove this story true took the case into many courts. Mary Squires, sentenced at first to hang, was released when witnesses established that she had been in another part of England upon the night in question. But Elizabeth persisted in her tale, which Justice Henry Fielding among many others believed. Mr. Machen, who goes over the whole ground skilfully if garrulously, is convinced that Elizabeth was "an infernal liar." So was the final court, which found her guilty of perjury and shipped her to Connecticut, where she married a Quaker and died in 1773. If she did lie, where had she actually been and what had happened to her? That is the mystery of Elizabeth Canning, and doubtless it will never be solved. Those who find Mr. Machen too harsh may read Fielding's pamphlet on the case, or at least Professor Cross's summary of it in his "History of Henry Fielding."

In "The Overbury Mystery" (Scribner's: \$5) Judge Edward Abbott Parry tricks out, rather too unctuously in the uniform of fiction, the celebrated case of Sir Thomas Overbury, who in the time of James I died unaccountably in the Tower of London. Persons high and low, among them the Earl and Countess of Somerset, were suspected of a plot, and several convictions were secured by Chief Justice Coke and Sir Francis Bacon. But the truth is still unknown—Judge Parry romantically insisted that it died with the court physician in 1655.

More satisfactory than either of these padded volumes I find "The Trial of Ronald True," edited by Donald Carswell for the excellent series called *Notable British Trials* (London: William Hodge and Company: \$3.50). In 1922 Ronald True, an insane aviator, murdered Gertrude Yates, or "Olive Young." Here is the fascinating evidence which was given in court, and here is no commentary other than an expert introduction and summary equaled for interest by nothing I know of in equal space. Whatever distinction can be made between fiction and fact will be clear to whoever reads Mr. Carswell's volume.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Spark of Europe's Explosion

The Serajevo Crime. By M. Edith Durham. London: Allen and Unwin. 7/6.

IN his "Twenty-five Years" Lord Grey begins the last chapter of the first volume with the words: "The world will presumably never be told all that was behind the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand. Probably there is not, and never was, any one person who knew all that there was to know."

I agree that these statements may still be true. Even the Bolshevik disclosures of Russia's secret diplomacy before the war have not yet definitely proved that the Czarist ministers were cognizant of the murder-plot beforehand, and even Miss Durham's book does not definitely prove that Pachich and the rest of the Serbian Government were aware of its actual details. But her book throws a new light—a terrible flood of light—upon the ghastly event that was the immediate occasion of the European war at a moment when the ultimate causes of war appeared to be smoothed over and the sky seemed comparatively clear.

Everyone who knows the Balkans knows Miss Durham as a woman of extraordinary courage and intimate acquaintance with Balkan politics and intrigues. Her special knowledge is of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Albania. Owing to her

friendship for the Albanians, among whom she lived for so many years and whose interests she so faithfully served, I have heard her works criticized as being prejudiced in their favor. No prejudice in favor of the Albanians would ever surprise me, for they are the most likable and trustworthy of the Balkan races; but in this book the case of Albania hardly comes in, and the country is hardly mentioned. All that can be said is that the Serbs are the persistent enemies of the Albanians on their north and east frontiers, just as the Greeks are on the south. Otherwise, the subject of the volume has nothing whatever to do with Albania. It is an attempt to unravel the atrocious intrigue that led to the Serajevo murders—an intrigue in which leading Serbs, if not the Serbian Government, were deeply implicated.

People who have never lived in the Balkans can hardly realize the intensity of the nationalist or race hatred prevailing among the different little nations there. One might say that in 1914 (the year with which the book is concerned) Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Albanians, and Montenegrins hated one another with a virulence surpassing their hatred of the Turks, whom two years before they had by combination succeeded in almost expelling from the peninsula. I would add the Rumanians except that they have always claimed not to belong to the Balkans at all, though their behavior in 1913 might be called more Balkan than the Balkans in its greed and meanness. But after the second Balkan War (1913), when the Greeks and Serbs had combined to crush their former allies, the Bulgarians, who had done most of the work in defeating the Turks the year before, the Serbian self-confidence was so wildly elevated that the Serb leaders began to intrigue for that "Greater Serbia" which had been the dream of the race at least since the Treaty of Berlin thirty-five years earlier. The obstacle was Austria, for more than half of "Greater Serbia" was in Austria's hands as a definite possession since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. And the representative of Austria was the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the enlightened heir to the empire, who had married a Slav wife and purposed allaying the hostility of the Slav populations by creating a Slav kingdom added to Austria-Hungary in a triune empire. If that were done, what would become of the Greater Serbian dream? Obviously the Archduke must die, and the murder of princes and kings had become almost traditional in Serbian politics. It was only eleven years since a band of officers had atrociously butchered their own king and queen, and there were earlier precedents.

Miss Durham has set herself to trace the plot that accomplished this new Serbian murder, which was to cause the death of so many millions of young men, the ruin of so many thousands of innocent families, and the enormous taxation under which all Europe suffers, besides creating a Serbia great beyond the fondest hopes of the assassins and their accomplices. For by far the greater part of her evidence she depends upon Serbian sources, to which her knowledge of the Serbian language gives her access. Her chief authorities are the "Murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand" (1923), by Professor Stanovjević, professor of history in Belgrade University; "Die Habsburger und die Südslavenfrage," by Hermann Wendel, described as "violently anti-Austrian," and so violently in favor of the Serbs; an article in *Krv Slovenstva* (1924), by Ljuba Jovanovich, who was Minister of Education in the Pachich Government at the outbreak of the war, and is still a leading Serbian politician; and the evidence at a trial for high treason held at Saloniki (1917) upon ten Serbs, nearly all officers. The charges against these officers had no direct connection with the Archduke's murder, but the character and action of many engaged in that plot were revealed, and Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijević, of the General Staff, was executed with others, his pardon being refused by the Serbian Government on the ground that "he had organized the Serajevo murders."

Of these authorities I think the reminiscences of Ljuba Jovanovich are the most important and conclusive. The man

is absolutely frank, and feels no shame in stating that Pachich and he himself knew perfectly well beforehand that the murder was to be effected on a certain day and by certain youths who had crossed the Serbian frontier into Bosnia for the purpose. A fortnight or three weeks before the murder Pachich, as Prime Minister, told Ljuba and others of the cabinet that "certain persons were preparing to go to Serajevo to kill Franz Ferdinand, who was to go there to be solemnly received on Vidovdan" (the commemoration of the utter defeat of the Serbs by the Turks in the Middle Ages). It was agreed to order the frontier guards to forbid the youths to cross, but the guards, who themselves belonged to "the Organization" (the Black Hand), had already let them through, and though Pachich had at least a fortnight to give warning to Vienna, and might have done so by telephone in a minute, he let the matter rest. It is true that the Serbian Minister in Vienna did, "on his own initiative," warn another minister there to dissuade the Archduke from the visit to Serajevo, but the warning was concerned with quite a different kind of plot—the possibility that some soldier at the proposed review might fire ball cartridge instead of blank. Ljuba then describes how, on the fatal day when the news of the murder came to him by telephone, "even though I knew what was being prepared there, nevertheless I felt, as I held the receiver, as though someone had dealt me an unexpected blow." The unexpected does happen, but so, in this case, did the expected.

Miss Durham traces with minute care the complicated threads of the plot as arranged by its agents, who were all members of the "Union or Death" (Black Hand) Society, meeting in Belgrade. The chief conspirators were the Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijević, of the General Staff, mentioned above, who actually designed the means for accomplishing the murder; Jan Hosich, a leader of Serbian "Komitadjes," or bands; and Milan Ciganovich, a Serbian railway official, who supplied the three actual murderers with bombs and revolvers for the deed, remaining himself in Belgrade or hidden in the neighborhood, as the Austrians well knew when they demanded that Austrians should be present at the inquiries in Serbia after the murder—the very point on which their ultimatum was refused, thus leading directly to the war. The man is supposed still to be living, having been spirited away by the Serbian authorities to America under a false passport. The three Bosnian boys who actually committed the crime were chosen as tuberculous and likely to die soon in any case, as in fact, after being sentenced to imprisonment for life, they have since done.

Many other threads in the vile intrigue are followed in Miss Durham's book, many are suggested, and the cumulative evidence of Serbian guilt is irresistible. Ljuba writes: "The Serbs believed that they were so well supported that Austria would not dare to move." But Miss Durham adds the significant comment that if England had then known what we may all know now "not a volunteer in England would have been found to fight for the murderers."

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Portrait of a Warrior by Himself

Aus meiner Dienstzeit, 1906-1918. Von Feldmarschall Conrad. Fünfter Band. Wien: Rikola Verlag.

WHILE drafting the fifth and final volume of his bulky memoirs Field Marshal Conrad, chief military adviser of Francis Joseph and his hapless successor, must have had a strong presentiment of approaching death; for the volume is a comprehensive summary of all previous arguments, a retrospect and clarification of all that went before. The author objects to the characterization of his monumental work as a *pièce justificative*, and technically he is in the right. As a soldier he had always urged offensive tactics, on the principle that an attack is the best defense. As an historian he sticks to the same principle—his memoirs are an unending attack upon his fellow-workers, colleagues, and superiors, the diplo-

mats, parliamentarians, and war ministers of the Dual Monarchy and the strategists of the German allies. He prides himself upon his "true Germanism," yet his savage polemics do not stop at the boundary line of comradely loyalty—he broadly hints regret at the loyalty of Austria to Germany during the World War and chides the war lords of moribund Germany for having called the allied monarchy "a cadaver." To compel posterity to read his long-drawn-out polemics he resorts to an ingenious device; he sandwiches his aggressive arguments between a welter of more or less important documents and factual revelations that are certain to be consulted by future historians.

If Conrad's work be in substance a piece of self-defense, it is unsuccessful. Close scrutiny confirms the plausible presumption that in many instances Conrad himself was an accomplice or first promoter of the crimes he denounces in others. Thus he tiresomely reiterates that the statesmen of the Central Powers had bungled the diplomatic preparation of the World War so badly as to make victory well-nigh impossible. That was Conrad's well-pondered opinion in the summer of 1914. Did he make a serious attempt, on the strength of his better insight, to dissuade the Emperor and his ministers from going to war? Nothing of the kind. We have his own word for it that immediately after the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, in the closing week of June, 1914, he urged war against Serbia, fully conscious of the risk of a world conflagration. Right after receiving word of the event he entrained for Vienna and hastened to Berchtold, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to urge upon him the idea of going to war, to dispel his doubts, and to stiffen his backbone by resolute pressure. At the celebrated cabinet meeting of July 7 Conrad's expert opinion on the military prospects and chances of an impending World War prevailed upon all the ministers present with the exception of the skeptical Count Tisza. In those early July days Francis Joseph was rather doubtful as to Wilhelm's belligerent intentions, but Conrad soothed his sovereign's anxieties. When Wilhelm's definite assent to the great venture arrived in Vienna Conrad was jubilant over Francis Joseph's final resolve to go to war. From July 27 onward Conrad himself and the tools of the Field Marshal daily urged the German Government to resort to an ultimatum against Russia. When the ultimatum finally came, on the last day of July, Conrad felt that he had scored heavily. In his memoirs he expresses regret only over a few days lost in pacific negotiations.

Against the German army leaders Conrad levels the reproach that, in critical ventures dependent upon their preconcerted actions, they left him in the lurch. He refers repeatedly and bitterly to the dishonored war plan of a military convention agreed upon in 1909 among Austria, Hungary, and Germany. In the terms of that convention Germany bound herself, in the event of a war, to turn offensively against France at the very outset, to press a decisive move within six weeks from the inception of hostilities, and then, beginning with the fortieth day after mobilization, to reinforce the Austrian East front by a withdrawal of German troops from the West front so as to render possible an aggressive, victorious Russian campaign. Instead of the expected victory over the French, the Germans in the sixth week of their campaign sustained the defeat at the Marne. Disregarding the German reverses, Conrad kept on pressing the German army leaders for the promised reinforcements. In his memoirs he treats them as dishonest debtors, harping upon their default with the insistence of an exasperated creditor. Yet it was Conrad himself who had urged the military convention of 1909 upon the reluctant Moltke and finally had won him over by conceding the very proviso which his retrospective censures conveniently ignore—to wit, that the German reinforcements of the Austrian front in the East should be dependent upon a German victory in the West. In November, 1914, Conrad adjured the German military authorities to abandon the whole preconcerted war

plan, to restrict themselves to defensive tactics in the West, and to bring about a victorious decision of the entire war through a sweeping victory on the Eastern front. His braggart self-consciousness gives away his case. He stands revealed—on 4,000 pages of his own inditing—as a pioneer, prime mover, and whipper-in of a war which he characterizes as hopeless from the beginning and of a number of military and diplomatic moves which he censures forgetful of his own participation. As self-revelation and as important documents his five gigantic volumes are of historical value; as an *apologia pro vita sua* they are a failure.

HEINRICH KANNER

Entente Cordiale

France and the French. By Sisley Huddleston. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

ENGLAND was the first of the Allied countries to make an honest attempt at understanding her former foes; now she is tackling the task, which may prove more puzzling, of understanding her friends. For such a purpose the bitterness of Mr. Robert Dell has its drawbacks, while the ineffable self-complacency of M. Albert Feuillerat is even worse. The present book, well-informed, readable without being literary, and above all judicial, is exactly what we had been praying for.

The book is a veritable encyclopedia of France since the war. When I first glanced at the appalling tables of contents I half wished the author had left out the whole first book, Social and Intellectual. I thought he would have space only for platitudes in such chapters as Fostering Family Life, The Truth About the Frenchwoman, or Types of Town Dwellers; and barely room for lists of names in the sections devoted to literature, art, science, and philosophy. But even that first part is much better than I had thought possible. It suffers inevitably from excessive condensation. There are a few amusing slips, like the "estuary" of the Rhone, or this elaborate misquotation from Verlaine: "Prends-moi la littérature et tords-lui le cou!" Mr. Huddleston does not pose as an expert in such matters. This enables him, once in a while, to blurt out truths that professionals keep under triple lock. No student of philosophy would have dared to say that "On the whole, the influence of Victor Cousin is strongest, though the spiritualism of Bergson has impregnated modern philosophy." A harsh judgment, yet richly deserved.

But in the second book, Political and Economic, Mr. Huddleston is in his element. He passes in review the Constitution, Chamber and Senate, Foreign Policy, the Fighting Forces, Population and Immigration, Church and State, a Franco-German Trust, the Economic Revolution, Colonial Enterprise, France's Fortune and State Finances, Taxation Direct and Indirect, the Problem of Inflation, and Foreign Debts. In every one of these thirteen chapters he is excellent. We might suggest that, like all foreign critics, he overemphasizes ministerial instability. A change of cabinet has not at all the same significance in Paris that it has at Westminster. It is a mere readjustment of personalities and influences, a reshuffling of the old pack—with at least even chances that M. Aristide Briand will be found on top. The surface alone is agitated; the business of legislation and administration proceeds smoothly enough. Mr. Huddleston overestimates the purely nominal preeminence of the Minister of Justice (Keeper of the Seals), and he fails to indicate that under normal circumstances the Minister of the Interior is by far the more important. In describing the mode of votation in the Chambers he does not mention the curious fact that deputies can entrust to their friends their supply of little blue and white slips, signifying Aye and No, so that six hundred votes may be cast at a morning sitting with only fifty members in actual attendance.

On Foreign Policy, his very special field, Mr. Huddleston is particularly illuminating. One can heartily indorse his em-

phatic affirmation that, at the time of the armistice, the ordinary man or woman in France was neither cynical nor imperialist; nothing was wanted but a clean peace. Unfortunately, the leaders were not so simple-minded. "Of M. Clemenceau, it may frankly be said that he was cynical; of Mr. Lloyd George, it may be said that he had glimpses of the truth, but permitted himself to be swayed by the passions of the moment. Of Mr. Wilson, it is better to say nothing at all." So France found herself with two problems on her hands, neither of which could be in the least advanced by everlastingly harping on "our great and glorious victory": reparations and security.

In connection with the Interallied Debts Mr. Huddleston expounds very fairly the French doctrine of "the Common Cause." In spite of the "sacred egoism" evinced by Messrs. Clemenceau, Poincaré, and Millerand, that doctrine retains a great deal of truth; we should not have gone into the war at all if we did not believe in the common cause. But he introduces proper qualifications. The "cause" never affected all the Allies in exactly the same degree. France suffered more than we did, but she was saved from utter ruin by our free intervention. The debt question cannot be settled purely on a sentimental basis; but it would be wrong and unwise to eliminate sentiments and principles altogether from the terms of settlement. England is showing us an example of generosity—which ultimately will prove good business.

The book ends with the inevitable blare of trumpets and crash of cymbals, and the prophecy that France "is resolved to continue the march in her accustomed place in the Vanguard of Civilization." Mr. Huddleston, no doubt, has heard that fine phrase a hundred times at the end of Franco-British or Inter-Allied banquets. But, apart from this innocent touch of post-prandial rhetoric, he has made a strong case for his optimism. France is working as hard as ever, but with greater boldness, with vastly increased resources, with an equipment which, in many cases, is literally up to the minute. Among the major European nations she is the only one with a Government definitely committed to liberal ideas. After a long fit of Gallo-mania too many of us have relapsed into our old attitude of indifference and semi-hostility. If we want to be not merely fair but sympathetic to France, without sacrificing any of our principles, we could find no better guide and no better model than this book.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Books in Brief

Shakespeare der Mensch. Von Helene Richter. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. \$1.

In this interesting psychological study the attempt is made to reveal Shakespeare's personality from his works with a view to bringing about a closer contact between the poet and the modern reader. Great stress is laid upon Shakespeare's wonderful sense of stage effect—which is not limited to spontaneous flashes of ingenuity and occasional insight into theatrical possibilities but displays inexhaustible wealth of creative power. In the third chapter Woëfflin's categories are for the first time applied to the poet's plays, care being taken to show the great accuracy wherewith dramatic principles are adopted and carried through.

Collection Leurs amours. La Vie amoureuse d'Adrienne Lecouvreur. Par Cécile Sorel. Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

In the turgid Scribe-Legouvé play "Adrienne Lecouvreur" that sentimentally inclined actress is made to say, when congratulated on her unusually fine performance of "Phèdre" one evening: "I was suffering terribly that day, I was miserably unhappy. . . . One is not so fortunate every evening!" The actress-biographer of poor Adrienne quotes this self-conscious *mot* with the comment: "Here is the touch by which we recognize a superior soul." And we may add, in our turn: here is the key in which the entire volume is pitched, and here is the one

lesson we are expected to gain from the disordered life and the tragic death of a great actress who (in the reviewer's judgment, not Cécile Sorel's) seems to have inherited a touch of her father's derangement. To be a great artist you must lose your heart and your virtue to men who trample you under foot; and you must school yourself to gratitude for the trampling, remembering that if they had not been unconscionable brutes you could not have been a great artist.

Friedrich der Grosse. Von Reinhold Conrad Muschler. Leipzig: Verlag Fr. Wilh. Gronow.

The German novelist and historian Conrad Muschler, clinging bravely to Virgil's "forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit," reminds his sorely tried countrymen that the wisest and most successful ruler in another period of disorder was the German Frederick II. His biography is bare of apocryphal anecdote, and only mildly curious of those bloody chess games called battles. He is pleased with Frederick's indignant outburst at mention of Saint Louis: "Great lover of his people, to send them to be killed!" and he concerns himself almost entirely with the king's constructive labors. Documents appear at great length, the report of the physician in attendance during Frederick's last days, for example, filling more than fifty pages of a six-hundred-page book.

Die Mundharmonika. Erzählungen von Waldemar Bonsels. Leipzig: Koehler und Amelang.

Waldemar Bonsels wrote a child's story, "The Bee Maja," which has been translated into twenty languages and in his own country has gone into half a thousand editions. He is Germany's most widely read novelist, although his stories are bare of incident, are free from every trace of rhetoric, descriptive richness, boisterous humor, licentiousness, or any of the other obvious qualities or defects which usually spell popularity. They contain more than a trace of the slightly annoying, slightly sissified emotionalism which stamps most Germans—those hard, invincible barbarians who had the world cold with fright within the decade—and their author is so indifferent to plot, progress, or climax that it is hard to see why he started some of his formless sketches at all. It would be very easy to pick a hundred flaws in this collection of sad fragments; but what would not be so easy, having once read them carefully, would be to forget them. Waldemar Bonsels has two merits in such high degree as to rank him with the great literary creators. He knows the deep secrets of human souls; and he knows how to make his reader see with his mind's eye what the author has seen with the keen eyes of his body. The stories in this collection deal for the most part with events of the war, but their penetrating pathos is of all time.

Die Marine-Justiz-Morde von 1917 und die Admirals-Rebellion von 1918. Von Wilhelm Dittmann. Berlin: J. H. W. Dietz.

A minute investigation of the events that led to the revolutionary outbreak in the German navy in November, 1918. The importance of Dittmann's contribution lies in his conclusive proof that the activities of the Independent Socialist Party were not responsible for the disturbances of October, 1917, and the developments that followed, but that the peace agitation of the sailors was spontaneous—largely the result of undernourishment and the inexcusable conduct of many commanding officers. The tactics used in collecting evidence to prove that an "insidious peace propaganda" was being circulated by the crews of many battleships, the glaring injustice of the trials that followed, and the execution of two purported ringleaders all too clearly show the utter incapacity of those who conducted the investigation. From the evidence which Dittmann has brought together, taken largely from official documents, one must come to the conclusion that it was mainly the unwillingness of Admiral von Scheer and other commanding officers to assume a conciliatory attitude which resulted in deeply imbedding in the minds of the sailors the thought of actual mutiny.

Music

Marion Talley and Older

THAT Miss Marion Talley did not live up to all of the expectations held out by the press is not to be wondered at. Not even Patti herself, to whom Miss Talley has been likened, could have done so. That this nineteen-year-old star lived up to as many as she did is surprising, for more experienced artists than she have lost their voices as well as their heads in far lesser ordeals; and Miss Talley lost neither. Her voice proved to be very fresh and exquisite in its quality, and her head very level indeed. Only a tendency to tighten in the extreme heights betrayed any nervousness in the Gilda of her debut. That this tendency is not a habit she showed in the more difficult Lucia of her second performance. Throughout both performances she maintained a natural simplicity of manner that emphasized her youth very charmingly and that covered certain artistic deficiencies. Her faults are, in fact, faults of omission rather than of commission. Her trill needs perfecting, her fioratura work cleaner execution, her production itself more breath support; and musically and histrionically she needs to get into the skin of her roles. Whether or not she studies with a certain famous singing teacher here—a matter which seems to have exercised quite a few—is not so much to the point as that she studies. One can understand her hesitation in studying at all, as her natural instrument is rare and delicate, and there are but too many singing teachers "famous for their reputations" only. But the press and Metropolitan have put Miss Talley in a dangerously high position—a position so high that only steady progress in her voice and art can keep her there.

After an absence of nine years from the Metropolitan stage, Schumann-Heink returned to sing Erda in "Das Rheingold." By a stroke of irony the prima donna of sixty-five followed on the heels of the prima donna of nineteen. Here, too, was a singer whom nature had endowed with a great voice, but here was one whom fortune had not favored so young. The roles she had glorified on this stage she had had to learn over a two-burner gas stove while she cooked her children's meals. The voice she had brought to such perfection had been brought there, to use her own words, by "Work! Work—and no methods!" Next year will mark the fifty years she has been before the public; but it was her performance in "Rheingold" last week that marked the miracle of those years. For her voice, though impaired in the heights, still rolled out, rich and controlled. And her art worked its old magic. As Erda she did not appear until the close of the performance, and until she did both Valhalla and Nibelheim had grown very tiresome—looking more and more like pasteboard, and their inhabitants like bewigged and painted lay figures of flesh and blood. Then the veiled figure of Erda rose from the earth, shrouded in the mystery of earth, and the miracle happened. The pasteboard turned to rocks, the lay figures to gods and goddesses. Wagner had returned to the theater and illusion to the stage. One was seeing and hearing opera as it used to be given at the Metropolitan.

It is a far cry from the days when Julia Culp introduced "Deep River" and, with it, the singing of spirituals to the concert stage. Since then Roland Hayes has developed this singing to its highest concert perfection, shorn of the concert tricks with which Culp had obscured it. And in the meantime Paul Robeson and J. Rosamund Johnson have dared to bring the "revival" element into this singing by introducing the responses. Robeson, with his beautiful voice, comes nearest perhaps to the standards set by Hayes, because, although he has not the concert training and experience of the latter, he has that dignity, simplicity, and sincerity which form the basis of Hayes's art. Johnson, however, has taken one step further toward church and camp-meeting by developing this religious fervor into a sort of ecstasy. It seems a logical trend as well as a graphic phase of this—for

us—new art. He has made one mistake, however, and that is to place Negro secular songs side by side. Their sentimentality becomes unbearably cheap next to the beauty and sincerity of sentiment found in the spirituals. The latter need no "relief," nor Mr. Johnson any apology for giving them.

"Skyscrapers," the new ballet by John Alden Carpenter and Robert Edmond Jones which the Metropolitan presented recently, proved to be an experiment so vital that many have looked upon it as the birth of an American choreography. A free fantasy on American life in its aspects of work and play, introducing the masses at work in the form of laborers putting up giant structures of steel and at play in the form of a conventionalized Coney Island, it has proved an excellent vehicle for bringing in solo dancers from Broadway, Negro singers from Harlem, paraphrases on certain remarkable features of our genius for the dance, and the jazz rhythms of the "modern" orchestra. With the magic given only to artists Messrs. Carpenter and Jones have been able to present the garishness of this life with beauty and distinction. With the results they have achieved, a new trail has been clearly blazed for the American composer and scenic artist.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

THEATER

Ibsen's "GHOSTS" with Actors' Theatre cast, including Lucile Watson, Jose Ruben, Edward Fielding, Hortense Alden, J. M. Kerrigan; staged by Dudley Digges; at Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" for special mats. only Thursday and Friday, 2:30, at Comedy Theatre. Actors' Theatre cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Cathern, Frank Conroy and Dudley Digges.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand St. Drydock 7516

Announces that beginning March 23, 1926, it will become the first theatre of the present day to maintain a permanent professional company in a repertoire of dramatic and lyric productions.

BEGINNING MARCH 16, FOR ONE WEEK—MAT. on SAT. A Triple Musical Bill including: A BURMESE PWE (with music by Henry Eichheim), A HAYDN OPERA-Bouffe, A CHINESE FANTASY (with music by A. Avshalomoff).

AFTER MAR. 23 THE DYBBUK THE TRIPLE BILL
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Friday, Saturday and Sunday Even-
Evenings and Wednesday Matinee. ings and Saturday Matinee.

MAYFAIR JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK
Theatre, 44th St., E. of Bway. Phone Bryant 2181
by SEAN O'CASEY
Evenings 8:30 with AUGUSTIN DUNCAN
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LECTURES

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. and 2nd Ave.
DEBATE:—"Have the English or the French Made the Greater Contributions to Literature?"
JOHN COWPER POWYS vs. WILL DURANT
March 27, 1926, 8.15 P. M.
Tickets 75c and 50c, at 244 East 14th Street

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL 14th St. 2nd Ave.
Mar. 24, 8:30 p.m.: WILL DURANT on "The Evolution of the State"—first of 7 lectures on "Political Philosophy."
Mar. 28, 5 p.m.: WILL DURANT on "Baudelaire"—first of 4 lectures on "Recent French Poetry."
Admission 25c. Send name to 244 E. 14th St. for syllabus.

THIS SUNDAY NIGHT—8 O'CLOCK
FLOYD DELL
ON "LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION."
WORKERS' SCHOOL FORUM

108 East 14th Street Admission 25 cents.
Sunday, March 28—Louis Lozowick, "Art and Revolution."

International Relations Section

“The Trees of Peace”

AN encouraging development of active peace sentiment is described in the following communication from Lida Gustav Heymann of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, German section:

At the time of the Ruhr occupation, when the question of reparations served the chauvinists of France and Germany as a pretext for bringing hatred in both camps to the boiling-point, the women of the German section of our league resolved upon an act of voluntary reparation. They planned the building of a town hall somewhere in the vicinity of war-blasted Lille. In the midst of villages burned down, acres blighted, and trees destroyed a town hall built by Germans was to rise, as a witness for generations yet unborn of a German-French reconciliation. The youth of our nation and its toiling masses enthusiastically hailed our idea. Penniless women gave their trinkets and many their last dollar. Then came the inflation, the money collected turned worthless in our hands, the economic crisis in Germany brought the masses to the verge of starvation—our work, for the time being, was undone, and dull despair took hold of our souls. When the French section of our league heard of our frustrated plans and of our plight a response came in a spirit akin to our own. The French section, too, felt an impulse to make reparation in the form of relief for those suffering from the German famine and military oppression. French women, interceding with the French authorities, procured many alleviations for the German masses. They gave money, food, and clothes to needy families, they nursed starving children back to health, they initiated an exchange of letters between German and French families, a correspondence which, in many instances, is carried on to this day. Thus they brought about understanding, compromise, reconciliation.

In those days we decided that the good-will of the German section must somehow be translated into action. But how? The tree-lover who has seen that part of northern France which was withered by the World War will never forget the sad spectacle of many thousands of trees riddled and rendered lifeless by projectiles. There they stand like an army of ghosts, stretching their sapless, leafless branches to heaven, mute witnesses of the curse of war, an indictment of human destructiveness preserved for future generations.

The German section of the league spread the call for trees all over the fatherland. Give trees, we urged, trees to be planted in northern France, to take the place of those destroyed and to bear witness to future generations of good-will among erstwhile foes. Let the desire for reparation overcome the impulses of hatred and revenge. The nation has heeded our call. On January 29, 1926, the sixtieth birthday of Romain Rolland, the first instalment of our tree fund was turned over to the French section, and notification sent to the author. He wrote to the secretary of the German section, Gertrud Baer:

Of all the letters I received these days none has moved me more than the one you addressed to me in the name of the German section of your league. A birthday present more beautiful than the planting of those trees cannot be conceived. I read your letter on the 29th to a little group of French and foreign visitors assembled around me, and they all shared my heartfelt emotion. Pray, transmit my cordial thanks to the generous givers. May their fraternal act call forth a wave of sympathy throughout France for a pacifist Germany. I confidently hope that the century-old struggle between the two nations is over now, and that the current of events will enforce a lasting union. I am by no means blind to the perils of the future, but I see them elsewhere. Each day has its own burden and its task—we shall acquit ourselves well in our day if we succeed in reconciling the two great nations of the West.

On February 12 three representatives of the German section—Frida Perlen, Gertrud Baer, and Lida Gustava Heymann—were received by the mayor of Arras, a member of the Socialist-Radical Party, one delegate of the Conservative, and one of the Social Democratic Party. The women told the story of their aims and efforts in the direction of rebuilding and reparation. They stressed the fact that only sympathetic understanding as expressed in action could restore true peace and amity between the two nations, and requested acceptance of their gift of trees as a first token of the new spirit. The mayor expressed cordial gratitude to the representatives of the German section. He informed them that the trees, in the fall of the current year, will be planted in a plain adjacent to the workmen's quarters of the town, so as to give shade to a children's nursery, a milk depot, and other social institutions in process of erection. French children, he added, will be told in their early youth that the trees overshadowing their play are the gift of German women, as a tender of peace and amity after a cruel war. He concluded: “They will be named the Trees of Peace.”

A little later a large number of newspapermen appeared, representing the press of Arras, of the Department of Pas de Calais, and of northern France in general. The mayor told them of our mission, and we gratefully informed them of the relief action of the French section during the Ruhr occupation. The next morning the French dailies carried the news of Franco-German cooperative helpfulness into every nook and corner of France. Much hatred was stilled, and better sentiments encouraged everywhere. May this manifestation of unity become a commonplace in the life of European nations, guarding them against the specter of renewed mutual carnage!

Uncovering the Hungarian Bank-Note Scandal

WE print below a confidential and hitherto unpublished report, slightly condensed, on the Hungarian counterfeiting scandal. It was received by the Neutral News Exchange, a European bureau for the preparation and distribution between the various countries of articles on current public events. For obvious reasons the identity of the author of the report cannot be made public.

Since the end of the war hundreds of Hungarian boys and girls have been going every year to Holland for an “eating and drinking cure” which the good-hearted, wealthy Dutch population offers the children of the poorer classes of the countries of Central Europe. Among the youngsters who in the spring of 1924 left for Holland was Istvan Kovacs, a boy of eight years, son of Kaspar Kovacs, the valet de chambre of Prince Windischgraetz. He was taken in by the cashier of a bank in Amsterdam, who became fond of the child and kept him more than a year. When he finally returned to Hungary his foster-parents could not forget him and last fall they went to Sarospatak, where the castle of Prince Windischgraetz is situated, to see the child. A month later, toward the end of November, after their return to Holland, the cashier received a registered letter Istvan's father containing six 1,000-franc notes and a letter in which Mr. Kovacs requested him to change the inclosed money at his bank for Dutch florins. The cashier, who knew from the boy that his father, although in the service of a prince, was not wealthy, did not hesitate and by return mail sent Kovacs the equivalent of 852 Dutch florins for the French bills.

That the bank-notes were new was no reason why the cashier should have suspected their genuineness. The Banque de France was just issuing new notes and every day some of them were sold to the bank. In the evening, however, when he made the

balance and sorted the cash, he noticed to his amazement that six of the 1,000-franc notes were larger than the others. He examined them closer; they were forged. Who had presented them? Several people had presented 1,000-franc notes, old and new. Suddenly he recalled the six notes from Istvan's father. Had he presented the counterfeits himself? There was no reason to suppose that this was the case. Therefore he simply reported the discovery to his superior without mentioning his own possible part in the affair. The director of the bank informed the Banque de France of the incident, submitting the falsified bills as a clue for the French police.

MORE FALSIFIED BANK-NOTES

On the morning of December 15 Chief Inspector Brackhoff of the Netherlandish Central Office for Forgery Affairs in Amsterdam had a long talk with the Hungarian Minister to Holland. A policeman had just brought a letter from a certain Colonel Jankovich, who on the preceding day had been arrested at the Hague for attempting to sell falsified bank-notes and who was now asking the minister to effect his release. Jankovich also requested him to forward an attached letter to one Marsovszky, who would take over a trunk left by Jankovich in an Amsterdam hotel. A telephoned inquiry at the police station at the Hague revealed details about the arrest that led both Brackhoff and the Hungarian minister to doubt the innocence of Jankovich. It was determined that the trunk should be brought by two of Brackhoff's officers to the legation. There it was opened and found to contain two packages of forged 1,000-franc notes—altogether about 7,500 pieces. There could be no more doubt about the case, and Marsovszky and another Hungarian were promptly put under arrest.

Neither Colonel Jankovich nor his compatriots were ready to make a complete avowal of the origin of the bank-notes. They merely alleged that they had been acting for a certain political purpose. On the third day, however, the situation assumed another aspect upon the arrival of representatives of the Banque de France notified by Inspector Brackhoff of the catch. They had brought with them the counterfeits which the Dutch Bank had sent in a fortnight before and, comparing them with those of Colonel Jankovich, they ascertained that they were of exactly the same fabrication.

The evidence grew. Inspector Brackhoff promptly looked through the books of the bank, the cashier was questioned and confessed that he had himself changed six 1,000-franc notes received from the father of his Hungarian foster-child, who was in the service of Prince Windischgraetz. Moreover, the French officials were in possession of a list of persons who, they asserted, were Jankovich's accomplices. At their head stood the name of Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz. When the list was shown to the Colonel, he was for some minutes out of countenance. He made contradictory statements and finally revealed that he was connected with leading Hungarian politicians and that his passport as well as the trunk with the falsified bank-notes had been handed to him by the president of the Hungarian state police, Dr. Emerich Nadosy, himself.

Colonel Aristide Jankovich, former commander-in-chief of the Budapest army corps, is a brother-in-law of Hungary's present Minister of National Defense, Count Karoly Csaky. He is wealthy, owning, besides a palace in Budapest, several large estates in the province, and plays a leading role in society.

Georg Marsovszky, artillery captain, was at first aide-de-camp of Vice-Regent Horthy. Later, in the year 1922, he became private secretary of Gömbös, the leader of the extreme Hungarian nationalists, and then was appointed district administrator. As general secretary of Gömbös's party he occupies a prominent position in Hungarian public life. Moreover, he is a close friend of Archduke Albrecht's, a prominent aspirant to the Hungarian throne.

THE ECHO IN BUDAPEST

A menacing atmosphere lay upon Budapest during the first days after the occurrences in Holland. While the left opposi-

tion press published fantastic reports from their correspondents in the Hague and Amsterdam, the papers of the government parties tried to pass the entire affair over in silence and, when more detailed accounts arrived which could not be ignored, attempted to disavow them.

"It is quite obvious," wrote the *Szóvat*, organ of the extreme Hungarian Nationalist Party, "that there is again a perfidious defamation at work. To assume that men like Colonel Jankovich and Marsovszky could take part in a forgery is a sheer impossibility. Marsovszky was until his departure one of our contributors. This is enough to prove his innocence." Similar pleas were made by the other national papers. Therefore, the public was startled when one day *Uj Nemzedek*, a government paper, commented on the imprisonment of Jankovich and Marsovszky in a long article filled with terms like adventurers, swindlers, and sharpers, risking for mere covetousness the repute of their country. "Finally," it concluded, "the Government has determined to do what all patriots have long demanded: to enforce order with an iron hand."

Immediately the city looked as if it were on the eve of a war. Groups of excited, gesticulating people blocked the pavements. The names Nadosy, Windischgraetz, and also Horthy and Bethlen were to be heard, and when they were uttered people made sure that none of the military patrols, marching through the streets, was in the neighborhood.

It was a hard task for the police of Budapest to act as the "iron hand" of the Government. What could they do when it was obvious that their highest superior had a finger in the pie? In addition the instructions they got were so general and vague that a successful investigation was impossible. On the receipt of an official report from the public prosecutor in Amsterdam of the arrest of the three Hungarians, the houses of these gentlemen as well as the lodging of Kaspar Kovacs, the valet de chambre of Prince Windischgraetz, were searched—evidently too late and therefore without result. An inquiry at the various banks of Budapest produced a counterfeit 1,000-franc note which turned out to be like the others. The clue was followed and led again to Kaspar Kovacs, who was now put under preventive custody. But this was all.

Even a detachment of forty French police officers and detectives arriving a few days later was no more successful. Not knowing the language of the country the Frenchmen were entirely dependent on the help of their Hungarian colleagues, who did not seem to be particularly anxious to promote their efforts to clear up the case. An energetic protest by the French Minister in Budapest, M. Clinchant, against the maneuvers of the Hungarian police and an intimation that Hungary's French credit was at stake finally gave things a new turn. On proposal of the Council of Ministers Police President Emerich Nadosy was suspended from duty and taken up for disciplinary investigation.

Now the inquiry made quick progress. In a short time both the place where the forgery was carried through and the persons directly involved in it were ascertained.

In the course of a couple of days the number of those arrested rose to twenty. Besides Kaspar Kovacs and Police President Emerich Nadosy the following men were taken: Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz; Desider Raba, his secretary; Joseph Szörtsey, vice-president of the Nationalistic Union of Hungary; Ladislaus Gerö, chief of the technical department of the Cartographic Institute; General Hajts, former head of the Cartographic Institute; Colonel Kurecz, present head of the Cartographic Institute, and about fifteen lower employees of that office. Bishop Zadravec, whose arrest seemed for a while unavoidable, was in the last moment saved from prison by a government order based upon insufficient evidence of his direct partnership in the crime.

According to the material gathered during the trial the course of events has been this:

In the fall of 1923 Prince Windischgraetz, the official head of the forgery, had the first talks with Nadosy and with Hajts,

then head of the Cartographic Institute, regarding a wholesale fabrication of foreign bank-notes for "patriotic" purposes. Windischgraetz's proposal was accepted and all three men agreed upon the French 1,000-franc note. This was done for several reasons: France, whose will had deprived Hungary of two-thirds of her former territory through the peace treaty of Trianon, was to be paid out partly by a further inflation of the French currency, partly by discrediting the most easily negotiable French bank-note on the international market; a country struggling with the financial difficulties that beset France was expected to make no great fuss, should it discover the falsification, in order to avoid a further deterioration of its money abroad; the French 1,000-franc note was easily counterfeited.

By chance Gerö knew of a suitable machine which was bought and removed in closed boxes into one of the cellar-rooms of the Hungarian Cartographic Printing Office, where it was put up by Hajts's most reliable and discreet workers. At this moment the stern face of Bishop Zadavec appears for a moment among the conspirators. For some of the workers assert that, before emptying the cases, they were put under oath by the bishop never to divulge what they would "do, see, or hear in the place."

Ladislaus Gerö, chief of the technical department of the Cartographic Institute, recommended by General Hajts as Hungary's best cartographer, made the clichés, and manufactured the paper for the "note issue," because it had been impossible to get suitable material ready for use. It is interesting to note that, according to representatives of the Banque de France, the ingenious official invented on that occasion—without realizing it—a new method of great practical value for the manufacture of bank-note paper.

The printing of the first set was finished toward the middle of September, 1925, at which time 30,000 notes were ready. Of this number, however, only 20,000 were actually kept. The rest were destroyed for various imperfections detected at a careful examination. The good pieces were sorted and brought in a trunk to the castle of Prince Windischgraetz in Sarospatok.

THE SIX THOUSAND FRANCS OF KASPAR KOVACS

There it happened that Kaspar Kovacs, finding the heavy case unlocked, curiously peeped in and saw the bank-notes. Confused by the sight of the money, he grasped four bills lying on top to "look at them closer"—when Prince Windischgraetz unexpectedly reentered the room. Noticing Kovacs bent over the open trunk with a few notes in his hand he rushed forward in a sudden outburst of anger. But quickly gaining his self-control he said: "Kaspar, I know you are not in easy circumstances. Here, take these other two bank-notes and keep what you have, but never tell anybody who gave you the money." With these words he took out two more pieces and handed them to the servant.

The program for placing the forged bank-notes had been worked out by Desider Raba, secretary to Prince Windischgraetz. Amsterdam, the Hague, Hamburg, Christiania, Stockholm, and Milan were the towns to be tried at first. But Jankovich and Marsovszky were trapped and so was a certain Edmund Olchvary, who had been sent to Hamburg. The counterfeit bank-notes in Budapest and abroad which had not been seized by the police were burned, the clichés smelted, and the machines dismantled, partly destroyed, and sold as old iron. The plot which, as it now appears, required an investment of more than one and a half billion Hungarian crowns, had come to nothing.

In view of the social position of the persons involved and the attitude of other leading Hungarians toward the bank-note affair, one gains the impression that the forgery was not the plot of a gang of swindlers acting for merely selfish interests, but that it had other superpersonal purposes. The arrested forgers all belonged to the extreme right wing of the Hungarian Nationalists, backing a demand for a restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty and the integrity of the old Hungarian kingdom. The words of the Nationalist Deputy Ulain, "And what of Pitt,

NEW YORK'S FIRST LABOR BANK THE AMALGAMATED MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM



Safety for your funds and special service for your needs are the two essential things which The Amalgamated Bank is able to offer YOU.

The growth of the First Labor Bank in New York is due solely to the fact that it has been able to assure to its depositors these two things.

The increase in its resources from \$500,000 when it opened less than three years ago to nearly

\$7,000,000 NOW

is the best proof it can offer that it is performing the services for which it was founded.

Whether you use the **FOUR PER CENT INTEREST DEPARTMENT** or use a checking account with the Bank all its special services are at your disposal.

We invite the readers of *The Nation* to visit its quarters and let its officers show you what it has to offer.

The Travel Department —of the—

BANK IS WELL EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL THE FACILITIES FOR TRAVEL: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

Amalgamated Bank

11-15 Union Square, N. Y.

who deluged Europe with falsified francs to help his country?", say more than all the heated attempts to prove that the affair is of no political significance.

A semi-official news dispatch from Paris states that the French authorities are completely informed about the political background of the bank-note swindle. Its purpose, it says, was to provide money for a great coup d'état aiming at the proclamation of the Hapsburg Archduke Albrecht, King of Hungary.* Prince Windischgraetz, Albrecht's most intimate friend and adviser, had been intrusted with the organization of the overthrow and above all with the task of procuring the necessary funds. Since money for such an adventure could not be raised in a normal way, the Prince determined to forge foreign bank-notes. On the day when a quarter of the counterfeit notes were to have been placed the revolutionary troops under Gömbös were expected to be occupying the city of Budapest, and under their protection Albrecht would have been crowned in St. Stephen Cathedral by Bishop Zadravec. Any serious resistance was not to be feared, as the most important civil and military authorities had been won for the plan. Horthy, Hungary's present Vice-Regent, would have become King Albrecht's commander-in-chief; Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, Premier; Gömbös, Minister of War; the leader of the extreme Nationalists, Eckhardt, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Deputy Ulain, Minister of Justice; the director of the public Post-Office Savings-Banks, Baros, who is said to have lent financial help to the forgers, Minister of Finance; and Bishop Zadravec, Minister of Education.

Hungary's present Premier, Bethlen, the same source asserts, knew of the activities of Archduke Albrecht's adherents, though not of the forgery plot. He did not see any possibility of preventive measures, until the bank-note affair offered him an opportunity to proceed against them. Nevertheless his threat that he would "enforce order with an iron hand" soon sank into oblivion and today Bethlen, seeing Hungary's foreign prestige in the scales and the danger of a coup d'état removed, is doing his utmost—just like the plotters—to deny the political significance of the bank-note swindle.

* This story is told in an article by Emery Déri in *The Nation* for February 3, 1926.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and "Tolerance."

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

JAMES FUCHS wrote "Why Matteotti Had to Die" in *The Nation* for July 30, 1924.

EMERY DERI is a Hungarian journalist now living in New York. He has served as correspondent for Budapest newspapers in most of the European capitals.

BERHART LUETKENS is the author of "German Foreign Politics Since 1879."

HENRY W. NEVINSON is the author of "New Changes and New Chances."

HEINRICH KANNER is a historian and the former editor of the *Vienna Zeit*.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of "The Napoleonic Legend" and "Beyond Hatred."

CLAUDE MCKAY is a Negro poet who is living at present in France.



A Brilliant Biography In the New Manner



EDGAR ALLAN POE

by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dramatic Critic of The Nation

"The most intelligent and convincing account of Poe ever written. . . Full of shrewd observation and plausible speculation."—*H. L. Mencken*.

"He has argued with a delicacy and an insight and a firmness of grasp which it will be difficult for any unprejudiced person to resist."

—*Carl Van Doren*.

\$3.00 Everywhere

ALFRED A. KNOFF New York 730 FIFTH AVENUE
In Canada from the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto



THE SHOALS of HONOUR

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

BASIL, by his Continental education, has been bred for elegant leisure. He lives by his social gifts, among richer relatives, and comes perilously near going on the rocks of dishonour. But he is very much alive, as are those around him, in this acute novel of modern life in and around New York.

Price, \$2.00.

Published March 18 by

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, New York

MORE NEW BOOK BARGAINS

(At 50% reduction or less)
Refund made for any books not satisfactory

THE FABRIC OF EUROPE

Harold Stannard. A dispassionately critical survey of European Politics. (\$3.50) Our Price \$1.75

POLITICS AND PROGRESS

Ramsay Muir. (\$2.50) Our Price .75

HANDBOOK OF PUBLIC INTERNATIONAL LAW

T. J. Lawrence, M.A. (\$1.50) Our Price 1.75

OUTLINES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

From the 17th Century to the World War. (Robinson and Beard) (\$1.98) Our Price \$0.98

A B C's OF DISARMAMENT, and THE PACIFIC PROBLEMS

Arthur Bullard. (\$1.25) Our Price \$0.49

WHEN ISRAEL IS KING

Brothers Tharaud. An account of the Jews in Europe, especially Austria. (\$2.00) Our Price \$0.90

DECADENCE OF EUROPE

Francesco Nitti. (\$3.00) Our Price .98

TREND OF HISTORY

W. K. Wallace. The History of the past century, and political events. (\$3.50) Our Price \$1.50

LENIN

Leon Trotsky. (\$2.50) Our Price 1.50

Send for our bargain book catalogues

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, 832 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C.

(Add 5% extra for postage)

THE NEW MASSES

OUR first number, the May issue, will be on the news-stands April 20th. The NEW MASSES will be a radical magazine of art and literature. It will publish poems, stories, satirical and serious drawings, book reviews, articles and sketches.

Its executive board consists of

Egmont Arens, Maurice Becker, Helen Black, John Dos Passos, Robert Dunn, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, Michael Gold, William Gropper, Paxton Hibben, Freda Kirchwey, Louis Lozowick, James Rorty, John Sloan, Rex Stout, Art Young, Robert L. Leslie.

Its contributing editors are:

Sherwood Anderson, Cornelia Barns, Carleton Beals, Van Wyck Brooks, Howard Brubaker, Stuart Chase, Glenn Coleman, Miguel Covarrubias, Stuart Davis, Adolph Dehn, Floyd Dell, Max Eastman, Waldo Frank, Al Frueh, Arturo Giovanitti, Susan Glaspell, H. J. Glintenkamp, John Howard Lawson, Claud McKay, Lewis Mumford, Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice, Lola Ridge, Boardman Robinson, Rita Romilly, Carl Ruggles, Carl Sandburg, Upton Sinclair, Jean Toomer, Louis Untermeyer, Mary Heaton Vorse, Eric Walrond, Walter F. White, Edmund Wilson, Jr., Charles W. Wood, Robert Wolf and Genevieve Taggart.

The first number will contain *articles* by Robert Dunn, Mary Heaton Vorse, Bishop Brown, McAlister Coleman and Scott Nearing; *stories* by Floyd Dell, Babette Deutsch, William Carlos Williams, Nathan Asch and others; *poems* by Robinson Jeffers, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, George Sterling, James Rorty and others; *drawings and cartoons* by Hugo Gellert, William Gropper, Art Young, Stuart Davis, Adolph Dehn, Al Frueh, Boardman Robinson, Wanda Gag and others.

The subscription price is \$2.00 a year

Subscribe NOW! send subscriptions to

NEW MASSES

39 West 8th St.,

New York, N. Y.

Summer Time!



Camps, hotels, summer homes, boarding houses, —and those who seek such accommodations Those who have an apartment they wish to rent Those who want to rent an apartment we recommend placing an advertisement in the classified section of *The Nation*, as the best means of bringing the right person and the right place together. Rates on request. Address Dept. C. care of *The Nation*.

German Books

Trans. from German

Books in English on Germany

German Trans. of English Books

W. BEYER, INC.

259 Fifth Ave.

New York

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

RUSSIAN ~ RECONSTRUCTION FARMS, Inc.

AN experimental agricultural station established in southeastern Russia, a direct result of famine relief work, to educate the Russian peasants in Modern American Farming Methods. Additional funds are needed for equipment now being sent over.

Our new Facts Folder sent upon request.

Send Contributions to **STUART CHASE**, Treas.
Room 1027, 156 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

"THE GREATEST AMERICAN NOVEL OF OUR GENERATION."

—Joseph Wood Krutch, *The Nation*



THEODORE DREISER'S

First Novel Since 1915

An American Tragedy

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY is the Mt. Everest of American fiction, and it is one of the high hills in all the fiction of the world." —John Macy, Author of the *Story of the World's Literature*.

"Makes the performances of most of his rivals and successors look like capering accomplishments of rabbits and squirrels." —Stuart Sherman,

N. Y. Herald Tribune.

3rd large edition, 2 vols. boxed \$5.00



An American Tragedy
The "Genius" - Moods
The Titan - The Financier
A Book About Myself

THEODORE DREISER

Sister Carrie - Twelve Men
Jennie Gerhardt - A Hoosier
Holiday - The Color of a
Great City - Free and
Other Stories - Plays of
the Natural and Super-
natural - Hey Rub A Dub Dub
The Hand of the Potter

BONI & LIVERIGHT

GOOD BOOKS

ALL OF MR. DREISER'S works are published under the Boni & Liveright imprint. A twenty-eight page brochure, containing essays by Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken and Edgar Lee Masters and descriptions of all of Mr. Dreiser's books, is just off the press. Send for a copy.



BONI & LIVERIGHT
61 W. 48th St., N. Y.

Send a copy of your brochure on Theodore Dreiser to

Name _____

Address _____

N.



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

accept
nothing but

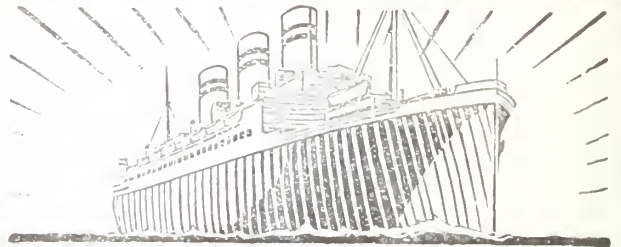
Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

Across the Atlantic



GERMANY-IRELAND-FRANCE-ENGLAND

THE Joint Service of the United American Lines and Hamburg-American Line maintains a splendid fleet of steamers sailing between American and European ports: The RESOLUTE and RELIANCE, renowned cruising ships, exceedingly popular with summer tourists to Europe — the DEUTSCHLAND, ALBERT BALLIN and HAMBURG (new), famous for their steadiness, even in the heaviest seas—the CLEVELAND, WESTPHALIA and THURINGIA, popular one-class cabin boats, The traveller enjoys that outstanding quality of service and food which has been famous for seventy-five years. The accommodations are spacious and attractive. A crossing on one of these steamers is always a memorable occasion.

Program of personally conducted European tours sent on request.

UNITED AMERICAN LINES

(HARRIMAN LINE)

Joint Service with

HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

51 Broadway, New York

131 State St., Boston

574 Market St., San Francisco

177 North Michigan Ave., Chicago

230 South 15th St., Philadelphia

or local steamship and tourist agents

Announcement

Chairmen of Entertainment Committees:

BEFORE MAKING FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR SOCIAL AFFAIR, DINNER, DANCE, SMOKER, OR SUPPER DANCE, SEE OUR BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS. CHARGES NOT HIGHER THAN ELSEWHERE.

FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT

200 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THEODORE KEMM, Managing Owner

GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907

A Pilgrimage to Europe

A CAREFULLY selected group of educators, editors, ministers and men in public life will make a study of the present situation in Europe during the coming summer. The party will sail on the Cunarder Berengaria on June 23. The entire trip will cost about \$700.00 second class, or \$550.00 third class.

Lectures are held on the voyage over for preparation and background, and each morning in London, Paris, Berlin and Geneva. During the last five years similar parties have heard lectures in London from such writers as Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton, Tawney, Laski, Cole and Sidney Webb; political leaders like Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Cecil, Lord Haldane, and other members of parliament of all political parties; employers like Seebohm Rowntree; labor leaders like Arthur Henderson and Robert Smillie, etc. A week-end is spent in Oxford as guests of the University.

The meetings this year will be held in Paris, June 30 to July 5; Toynbee Hall, London, July 7 to 22, under a committee composed of the Warden of Toynbee, Sir William Beveridge, head of the London School of Economics, and Lord Astor. Afternoons and evenings are devoted to sightseeing.

From July 25 to 31 the party will be in Berlin, where Chief Justice Simons, Professor Julius Richter of the University of Berlin and Dr. Arnold Wolfers are arranging the program. Last year the party met President Hindenburg, Chancellor Luther, ex-chancellor Michaelis, Chief Justice Simons, and representative leaders of capital and labor and of the principal parties of the Reichstag.

On August 15 to 21 the Geneva Institute of International Relations makes a thorough study of the League of Nations.

Applications for membership in the party should be made early to the committee.

SHERWOOD EDDY, 347 Madison Ave., New York City

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1926

No. 3169

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	329
EDITORIALS:	
The League Unveiled.....	332
Low Wages, High Profits.....	333
Samoa—"Our Sole Despotism".....	334
A Sartorial Issue.....	334
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	335
CANTON—HOPE OF CHINA. By Lewis S. Gannett.....	336
MUSSOLINI BETRAYS HIMSELF. By James Murphy.....	338
THE FARMER HAS LOST HIS CLUB. By Frank Kent.....	340
JOURNALISTIC JAZZ. By Silas Bent.....	341
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By The Drifter.....	342
CORRESPONDENCE	343
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
Encounter. By Louise Townsend Nicholl.....	344
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	344
Popular Biology. By H. M. Parshley.....	344
Prescott's Letters. By Hartley Alexander.....	345
Brindled Poems. By Babette Deutsch.....	346
Europe for Beginners. By Sidney R. Packard.....	346
Books in Brief.....	347
Drama: A Dublin Success. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	348
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Clergy or the Constitution.....	350

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has dealt a blow to those advocates of the World Court who maintain that it has nothing to do with the League, beyond the fact that it was created by the League and its judges are selected by the League, in calling a meeting of the nations at Geneva on September 1 to consider the reservations made by the United States to its acceptance of World Court membership. It is no wonder that Senator Reed jumped to his feet in the Senate and said:

We ratified the protocol on the assumption it was divorced from the League, but the fact that the League is now inviting us to discuss the reservations proves that this court never was anything but a League of Nations Court. . . . We are now to be asked to sit down outside of the League and confer with the gentlemen inside of the League with reference to whether we will accept the jurisdiction of the Court created, set, managed, and controlled by the gentlemen inside the League.

Naturally he called upon his colleagues to undo the "sorry day's work" that they did when they voted us into the World Court. The Administration, too, is reported as much "stirred" by the League's action. It had expected to negotiate independently with each of the forty-eight signatory countries, but it had never any desire to have the League simplify matters by asking all the nations to meet under its auspices and decide whether they would or would not accept our terms. Should the League collapse next autumn, this particular court will, of course, fall with it.

"L OUD CHEERING, hand-clapping, and stamping of feet by more than 800 spectators marked the adoption by the City Council tonight of a race-segregation ordinance," we are told in dispatches from Indianapolis of March 16. The local legislature of this Northern city thus fixed districts in which colored persons might establish residence and forbade white people to reside in colored districts. In other words, the Council has voted to establish a ghetto on American soil and it has gone further than most of the cities that have taken similar action by ordering white people to keep out of the Negro zones. This action serves a useful purpose in calling attention once more to the national character of the Negro problem and to the fact that it has got to be fought out in the North as well as the South. As for the ordinance itself, we have reason to hope that it will soon be smashed by the Supreme Court of the United States. For there is likely to be handed down by that court any day a decision in the segregation cases which have already been argued before it by Moorfield Storey and a group of distinguished lawyers. We cannot believe that this body will consent to the establishment of a ghetto in America. If it does we are in for the same old fight that has gone on in Europe over the Jewish ghettos, and the result here will be the same—the final sweeping out of this utterly medieval device which does complete violence to everything which America stands for. There can be no other permanent solution of the question.

THE BATTLE ROYAL for the water-power sites of the republic goes grimly on. On the one side is the wayfaring man in whom, through the person of his government, is vested—or was vested—the rights to sources of electrical and mechanical energy. On the other side are the great power corporations, rapidly merging into one gigantic power trust, who covet these sites for profitable exploitation. Governor Smith is trying desperately to hold Niagara for the benefit of the people. Meanwhile the Senate votes to turn over Muscle Shoals to the power trust. For Muscle Shoals the wayfaring man, through his government, has already paid \$156,000,000. There stands the greatest dam in the world completed and ready to serve him. But the private power interests are moving heaven and earth to prevent any such service. They are scared to death that Muscle Shoals may prove another Ontario hydro-electric development. It has already cost them a pretty penny in publicity to keep Ontario covered with muddy lies, and they blanch at the thought of having to do the same thing for Muscle Shoals—if indeed they could do it at all. With the plant all built and paid for, it is no technical problem at all for the United States Government to produce—if not distribute—great quantities of electric power at an embarrassingly low cost. Nor would the Government seek to pad its cost sheets by the application of the higher metaphysics to the valuation of physical assets. At all hazards, then, Muscle Shoals must be prevented from furnishing a horrible example to the wayfaring man. A horrible example, be it understood, from the power trust's point of view. But perhaps the interests of the people are entitled to some consideration also.

IN OUR DISCUSSION of the Interstate Commerce Commission's disapproval of the proposed merger of the Van Sweringen roads, we made, like most commentators, the statement that the commission approved of the plan as a transportation project but vetoed it for financial reasons. It now appears that the first press reports were misleading, and that this was the opinion of only three of the eight commissioners who participated in the decision. Of the other opinions, we quote two: Mr. Eastman, chairman of the commission, expressing his view and that of Commissioner McManamy said: "Nor am I in accord with the finding that from a transportation standpoint the 'proposed acquisitions of control are in the public interest.' In my judgment the evidence falls short of establishing that fact." Commissioner Aitchison, with whom Commissioner Campbell agreed, went farther than Mr. Eastman and Mr. McManamy. The following is from his concurring opinion: "But from the transportation standpoint I would find that the present record establishes that it is not in the public interest that the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Hocking Valley should be taken with the other railroads involved under common control by the new Nickel Plate Company." Many students of the opinions are now convinced that it is far from the fact to suppose that mere changes in the financial plans will result in the approval of this merger. There are eleven members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and with four of them on record as above it is not likely that a new proposal for justice to the minority stockholders will meet with prompt acceptance by the commission.

THE LIFTING of the blockade of the port of Tientsin, by the Chinese authorities in submission to the ultimatum of the foreign Powers, has removed the possibility of serious trouble as a result of the Taku forts firing upon two Japanese destroyers. But the affair will have its consequences none the less in the increased bitterness which follows every intervention by the foreign Powers, especially as Chinese opinion holds the Japanese to be the aggressors. In this case the Powers acted in accord with the Treaty of 1901, now obsolete, which gave them the right to keep open the Pei River. Apparently the American Government nearly associated itself with this action. In one of his admirable dispatches from China, Thomas F. Millard declared that the decision would establish "a precedent as indicating the attitude of America toward the whole set of existing treaties which steadily and constantly are breaking up." He also declared that the result of such action would only be to sustain "the selfish motives of certain Powers." It is most gratifying to know that a group of ten missionaries, representing the Rockefeller Foundation, the Peking Union Medical College, Yenching University, and the Presbyterian and Methodist missionary bodies, called upon the American Minister, Mr. MacMurray, on March 17, and protested against our participation in the proposed action of foreign naval forces. Such a participation, they declared, "would violate the spirit of friendly cooperation in the efforts of the Chinese to solve their own problems, and would constitute a departure from the traditional American policy of friendship for China."

THE TRIAL OF AMERIGO DUMINI and four other Fascists for the kidnapping and murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti has been, up to the time of going to press, as inconclusive as Mussolini, if he permitted him-

self to be interested, might wish. Dumini's defense is that he had intended only to kidnap Matteotti, and that the Deputy inconveniently died on his hands. The court examined the motor car used in the kidnapping for the bloodstains of which the defense has offered no explanation, and then sat back to listen obediently to unflattering descriptions of Matteotti's political character. Judge Danza protested, to be sure, at the irrelevancy of evidence that Matteotti was a dangerous enemy to the country, but though his protests met with sharp retorts from Farinacci, the Fascist leader who is acting as counsel for the defense, the judge's amiable temper was not sufficiently ruffled even to prevent him from exchanging compliments with the defense counsel. Unfortunately, Cesare Rossi's widely heralded "revelations" have proved equally inconclusive. Was it for this he made his thrilling escape into France, that he might use the newspapers for descriptions of Mussolini that are lyrical with hate, and for the reiterated self-justifications of an uneasy conscience? Of course there are charges, thirty-seven of them, to be exact, but they are hastily piled up, not even in the order of their importance, and left with their toppling weight unsupported by a single stick of evidence. What Rossi's empty revelations lack, readers of *The Nation* may find on another page of this issue, in a continuation of the series of articles on Mussolini by James Murphy.

ITALY'S DICTATOR says nothing either to the trial at Chieti or to the revelations proceeding from Paris, but the Fascist press says for him that he is interested in neither. He meanwhile amuses himself with devising new muzzles for newspapers in the form of permissions from prefects and procurators-general, and with flourishing his Big Stick at radical Italians in this country who have dared to criticize him even at a distance of several thousand miles. Carlo Tresca, the editor of *Il Martello* in New York, Vincenzo Vacirca of *Il Nuovo Mondo*, and others are the objects of proceedings in Rome to deprive them of citizenship and confiscate their property in Italy. Another ring of the Italian circus is the trial, presently to begin, of Senator Lucchini for publishing in his criminological review, the *Rivista Penale*, the full text of the Premier's recent oratorical attack on Germany apropos of South Tyrol. The aged Senator found the speech a "fine subject" for criminological study. But the indiscriminate printing of Il Duce's speeches is probably not quite so foolhardy as the indiscriminate printing of his photographs. A Fascist paper of Milan was recently sequestered by the Prefect for printing pictures of Mussolini which, though intended by the editor to do honor to the Premier, instead betrayed the fact that the strong man is sick and suffering.

IMPROBABLE as it admittedly is that the plebiscite in Tacna-Arica will ever be held, or, if held, that it will settle the dispute between Chile and Peru, the suggestion that Bolivia buy the territory seems a good one. A plebiscite might settle the fate of the disputed territory, but it would not allay the ill-feeling that has existed between the claimants during forty years of controversy, and which has grown in these months of endless preparation for a settlement by vote. It is hard to see what purpose the strip of sand will serve for either Chile or Peru, unless it be national pride. Bolivia, on the other hand, would gain the port of Arica and an outlet to the sea for which she

has yearned since she lost Antofagasta to Chile. No official announcement has yet been made. In the meantime, the machinery for the plebiscite has still to be set in motion. The registration, which was to have begun on March 15, had been postponed, as we went to press, until March 27, at the demand of the Peruvian representative, who made charges of violence on the part of the Chileans. There is no guaranty that either of the claimants will not withdraw at any stage, and render useless the entire effort. There is no apparent reason why both Chile and Peru should not welcome an offer from Bolivia as an opportunity to exchange the uncertain value of their troublesome claims for the certain value of dollars.

THE METROPOLITAN Life Insurance Company has made concrete its proposals for assisting Governor Smith's housing measure for New York State. Mr. Stabler, comptroller of the company, has laid the plan before the Joint Judiciary Committee at Albany. His testimony followed a particularly sordid exhibition by the embattled realtors, who sought to maintain their sacred right to control a situation which they have proved themselves utterly incompetent to handle. Mr. Stabler answered them in these words: "Let them say what they will about some of these houses in Manhattan; the conditions are inexpressibly horrible. You would not put an animal to live in some of these places. Some of these who have testified think that because they exist, they must always exist. For God's sake, gentlemen [to the committee], do not take that attitude. You can do a greater service to the city than was done by the Tenement House Law. All the real-estate people objected to that at the time it was passed." We like Mr. Stabler's passion even better than we do his plan—which is a good one. It is this spirit, and only this spirit, which can rescue the slum dweller from his unspeakable hovels and from the vultures which prey upon him there. Meanwhile the Metropolitan stands ready to put \$50,000,000 into Governor Smith's measure.

THE JUDICIAL WEAKENING of laws of the Clayton act type has discouraged the pursuit by labor organizations of positive rights and immunities through legislation. The validation of the provision for jury trial in contempt cases where the contempt is also a crime has, on the other hand, aroused hope of further relief. In support of an effort in that direction to be made in the New York Legislature, Henry T. Hunt, formerly a member of the Railway Labor Board, has submitted a brief for a law under which an injunction against a labor organization, if opposed, could not be issued unless a jury upon evidence, instead of a judge upon affidavits, should find that facts existed making it proper. Such a remedy would fall short of cutting all the roots of the abuse of injunctions in labor cases. But, as Mr. Hunt points out, the courts of New York have stated the abstract legal principles of this subject with comparative open-mindedness. The just grievances of labor against legal principles seem less than those against the anti-labor bias of a good many judges as triers of fact and the zeal of lawyers in drawing affidavits which discolor truth. Of course it will be objected that jury trials take time—that the theoretically "irreparable" injuries to employers which are supposed to justify injunctions might sometimes be fully accomplished before a jury trial could be completed. But what of the genuinely irreparable in-

juries to working people which result from wrongly granted injunctions? The injunction is historically an "extraordinary" remedy. An employer entitled to an injunction is usually better able to stand the consequence of a slight delay than is a labor union to stand those of an over-facile issuance of the writ.

A JUDGE IN MISSISSIPPI recently surprised and perturbed the press of that section by forbidding it to print the evidence in a murder trial on the ground that it was likely to prejudice the verdict. Such action is unusual in this country, although in England the press is greatly restricted in what it may print during a trial. Probably the judge's contention is inconsistent with and impracticable to impose upon American journalism, but there is much more to be said for it than for the action of jurists in trying to stifle criticism of a verdict or judicial decision after it has been rendered. Anyhow the New Orleans newspapers, although threatened with punishment for contempt, reported the trial in the usual way and we have not yet heard of any action against them. The New York *World* commends their independence, contrasting it with the cowardice of Mississippi educators in permitting lately the passage of an anti-evolution bill without a fight. We join in praising the New Orleans newspapers for upholding the traditional rights of the American press in regard to court trials, but we suggest that they dodged their responsibility in regard to the anti-evolution law almost as generally as did the teachers. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, the most important newspaper in the region, indicated mild dissent but signally failed to put up any vigorous opposition to the bill.

A MOST INTERESTING journalistic figure, Edward W. Scripps, died on his yacht in Monrovia Bay, of apoplexy, on March 12, and his body was consigned to the ocean three days later. Four years ago Mr. Scripps turned over to his son, Robert P. Scripps, in association with Roy W. Howard, no less than twenty-three newspapers he had owned besides giving six to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. James G. Scripps. He was the founder of the United Press Association, which has been built up into a tremendously important and valuable news service, and of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, which serves many hundreds of newspapers, as well as of the Science Service, the object of which is to give to the public reliable news of scientific progress. This was an extraordinary achievement for a man who started off in the historic American manner with small means and only a public-school education. But he came of a newspaper family, he had extraordinary ability and industry, and, moreover, he was averse to notoriety and self-advertisement, so that few people have realized either his achievements or the kind of man he was. Indeed, he was probably less well known than any man in American journalism who has achieved great success. Above all, Mr. Scripps was of a distinctly liberal cast of mind, and while his newspapers do not always represent the best in American journalism, and frequently stoop to conquer in their respective fields, they are usually liberal and progressive, and so is the United Press. For this reason Mr. Scripps deserved well of the public and of the country which he deserted four years ago to wander about the waters of the earth on his yacht, without any member of his family on the vessel, and with every preparation made to have his body buried at sea should his end come while abroad—as it actually did.

The League Unveiled

A GAIN has the League of Nations revealed its inability to grapple with an important issue; this time so spectacularly that even its ardent champions are abashed. When the League kept silent in the face of the Ruhr outrage, defaulted on the opium issue, ran away from the Mosul question, and abdicated its functions when Mussolini murdered defenseless orphans in Corfu, we heard apologies and excuses without end. The League was young; give it a chance. By turning over the Corfu incident to the Council of Ambassadors the League's Council showed, we were told, great skill in avoiding an issue which might have disrupted the organization, an issue the ambassadors could handle as well. Thus ran the excuses. Now even the *New York Times* admits that it is "vain to deny" that the Geneva fiasco is a blow "to the prestige of the League." We are even spared the familiar poppycock that if the United States had been in the League this would not have happened. True, the *Times* comforts itself with the thought that all will be well in September when the Council will be reformed and Germany triumphantly admitted, and it gleefully declares that at least this proves that the League is not a superstate since the vote of one minor Power upset the program.

Out of that hope and that assertion the advocates of the League may get what comfort they can. The fact remains that the spectacle at Geneva was as humiliating as it was disgusting—and alarming. For here was deliberate trickery; here was evidence that Europe has learned nothing whatever from the alleged war to end war; here was the breaking of faith by England and France and Italy because, having made secret agreements at Locarno, they found themselves unable to deliver the goods or did not wish to when the time came. No sensible person can believe that Brazil out of mere incarnate devilry of its own, out of wanton selfishness, put the League on the rocks. Had that been the case the welkin would have rung with denunciations of Brazil, and rightly so. Instead, there is hardly a word of castigation—merely a hasty creating of a committee to suggest some way of reconstituting the Council when the September meeting takes place. Brazil's action was actually welcome for the delay it created. Even the most anti-German correspondents admit that Germany acted correctly. The truth is that there was a deliberate effort to recreate the old, deadly European balance of power and that the chief Allies, after publicly declaring their purpose to put Germany into the League, found themselves unable to do so because of private commitments by their envoys, one of whom, Austen Chamberlain, was at once disavowed by public opinion at home. Again, we have the confession of the correctness of the opposition's constantly voiced contention that, as long as the Council is organized as it is, it is useless to expect the League radically to reform itself or be the instrument of anything but the will of France, or England, or the Franco-Balkan group of states. Finally, as Gilbert Murray has written to the *London Times*, the League abdicated. There was no public meeting of the Council and no meeting whatsoever of the Assembly. As he puts it: "The League ceased to function while particular groups of Powers met and struggled and bargained in secret."

We have not the least desire to say we told you so. We are too aghast at the sordid spectacle of the same old kind

of diplomacy which led Europe to disaster; at the vision of nationalism run wild which all the European correspondents of the great dailies have presented to us. For the nationalism the League is doubtless not to blame. Yet it is the very state of mind which the League was supposed to exorcise. What the correspondents have cabled has been more than confirmed by the unprecedentedly frank statements published from the White House as to the reports given to the President by Ambassador Houghton and Minister Gibson, who were specially summoned from Europe to discuss the situation. They are reported to have set forth that the League "is no longer a world league, but a European council which is in process of splitting into two camps and destined to lapse into impotency." It is further declared that the Powers neither wish to disarm nor to have the United States in their councils, and that each faction "is seeking to use this country as a catspaw to pull its own particular chestnuts out of the fire." As for disarmament, the report avers that the proposals are but "gestures to forestall the demands of Germany that the agreement embodied in the Treaty of Versailles for general disarmament be undertaken as soon as Germany is in the League." These diplomats are even indirectly quoted as saying that the present governments of Europe "are thinking only of national prestige and imperialist ambition, and of setting up combinations and alliances which will be able to face any other combination or alliance which an opposing group of nations may propose." Is there anything in this to encourage Americans to enter the League?

But, we hear it said, are you not then abandoning all hope for Europe; are you not presenting merely a picture of a Europe once more armed to the teeth and headed for destruction; are you not yielding the ground to every militarist in the United States? We cannot deny that this news from Europe will hearten every American militarist. Senator Reed even goes so far as to declare that if the American people understood it they would be drilling in every county in the land—a ridiculous absurdity. But we are not discouraged by all this because the situation has not fundamentally changed. *The Nation* has said from the day the Treaty of Versailles was published that there could be no peace in Europe until that infamous document was done away with, and it has opposed both the League and the World Court for the adequate reason that both of them kept alive the spirit of militarism and of making war which is at the bottom of all the mess in Europe. We have never faltered in our belief that the world was divided into two camps the day that the treaty was signed, and that until a new social spirit comes there will be little hope for a rapid advancement of mankind, however great the encouragement of a Locarno. We are now inclined to think that the revelation of what the League is, the unveiling of its inwardness which we are just beholding, will do more good than harm if it ends the agitation for our entrance into the League and compels us to face the facts to decide whither we are heading, and to work out a foreign policy which shall not be based on force or be the excuse for army and navy, but shall be founded upon the historic American doctrine of keeping out of entangling alliances and political commitments. Let us keep to ourselves politically.

Low Wages, High Profits

THE strike in Passaic has spread to Washington. Secretary of Labor Davis has listened to a committee of the strikers and has proposed a settlement which involves an immediate return to work pending arbitration proceedings, in which the Secretary will pick the third member of the arbitration committee. The strikers have the proposal under consideration, but it is by no means sure that they will accept it as it stands. This kind of arbitration, as the anthracite miners learned to their bitter cost in 1920, is not always as fair as it appears on the surface.

Meanwhile it may not be out of order to look into the financial affairs of the chief company involved in the controversy, since the principles at stake are of nation-wide application and crop up in numerous other industrial conflicts. The facts and figures which follow are taken from the reports of the Standard Statistics Company. The Botany Consolidated Mills was incorporated on March 21, 1924, under the laws of Delaware. Its function is mainly that of a holding company. It has acquired 99 per cent of the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills in Passaic, the assets and business of the Garfield Worsted Mills in Garfield, New Jersey, and large interests in two German textile groups, Kammgarnspinnerei-Stohr and Company and the Elberfelder Textilwerke, controlling some thirty affiliated companies in Germany, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Latvia, and Holland. The foreign companies are engaged in spinning and weaving woolen fabrics, ribbons, tapes, and laces. They employ, all told, about 11,000 workers. The New Jersey companies constitute complete units for the manufacture of dress goods, cloakings, and worsted yarns.

When the holding company—christened the Botany Consolidated Mills—was organized, it proceeded to issue some \$10,000,000 of 6½ per cent bonds. The bonds were sold by Blair and Company at 96½, and with the proceeds the holding company bought the assets and business of the Garfield Mills and part of the stock of the Botany Mills. The holding company also issued 100,000 shares of "Class A" 8 per cent participating preferred stock, with a par value of \$50 a share, and 479,000 shares of common stock without par value. The Class A stock was sold by Blair and Company at 46½ to 48 per share; the proceeds were used to obtain an interest in the two German groups and also to make additional payments for the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills. Of the common stock, 461,187 shares were given in final payment for the Botany Worsted Mills stock, and 18,000 shares to hold options in the foreign companies. Thus a total of 479,187 common has been issued.

From the facts as given it would appear that the 1924 merger was initiated by the stockholders of the Botany Worsted Mills—probably the few large holders, as there seems to be a certain "minority interest" to reckon with. These majority holders, one suspects, organized the holding company, putting up their stock as security during the preliminary financing—apparently about 34,000 shares of the old Botany Mills issue. The financing brought them roughly \$15,000,000 in cash—\$10,000,000 from the bond issue and \$5,000,000 from the sale of Class A stock. With this cash they purchased the Garfield Mills, lock, stock, and barrel, for a sum as yet unknown, loaned some \$4,000,000 to the foreign companies and secured an option for their

control, and paid an unknown but substantial balance to themselves for the surrender of their old stock to the new company. In addition, they distributed practically all of the common stock in the new company to themselves. Thus while they went into the deal with 34,000 shares, or thereabouts, of Botany Worsted Mills, they came out with a new operating company purchased outright (Garfield), important foreign holdings in thirty operating companies, a few millions in cash in pocket, and 479,000 new shares in the holding company. If this deduction is sound, it would appear that the 1924 merger was the familiar story of a shrewd reorganization whereby the accumulated surplus of a profitable operating company (in this case the Botany Worsted Mills) is made the subject for the cutting of a large melon in cash, accompanied by a tremendous inflation in the number of shares of common stock to a no-par basis. Thus the ratio of return on common can no longer be referred to a definite par basis, and any possible criticism for a high index of profitableness is avoided. Meanwhile, the outside investing public furnishes the cash for the reorganization, including the purchasing of new and valuable physical assets, by buying bonds and Class A stock, while the insiders keep the control and the bulk of whatever profits may be forthcoming.

The profits of the Botany Worsted Mills averaged \$3,160,212 per year for the seven years ended December 31, 1923. On the basis of 34,000 shares of stock outstanding in the old company, this would mean an average per year of \$93 per share. If the shares were \$100 par, the rate of earnings would be no less than 93 per cent. Small wonder that the shareholders desired to transfer their stock into a form which invited less criticism. Five or six dollars a share on 479,000 no-par certificates has a better appearance than 93 per cent on 34,000 shares of \$100 par—though the total in cash received is identical.

The profits of the holding company since the merger are reported as follows:

	Balance of year 1924	5 months to June 1, 1925
Net income.....	\$1,731,298	\$433,507
Minority interest claim.....	281,988
Dividends paid.....	200,000
Balance to surplus.....	\$1,449,310	\$233,507
Earnings per share		
Class A stock.....	\$6.43	\$2.12
Common stock.....	2.43	.46

The last reported balance sheet of the holding company, June 1, 1925, shows tangible assets of \$51,766,000, liabilities of \$22,957,000, and a net worth, or stockholders' equity of \$28,809,000. Current assets are \$27,000,000 while current liabilities are only \$12,000,000—an excess of over two for one. Meanwhile surplus, or the total value of the no-par common stock, is no less than \$23,809,000—or about \$49 a share. Obviously this is a strong balance sheet.

When the strikers go into conference with their employers, they should bear these facts in mind as contrasted with the low wages of the workers. The workers should demand that the finances of their employers be fully revealed in any discussion of wages.

Samoa—"Our Sole Despotism"

THE New York *Times* of March 14 contained an indictment of the government of American Samoa which we hope will lead to the congressional investigation demanded by the author, Lorrin A. Thurston, publisher of the *Honolulu Advertiser*. The headline writer of the *Times* gave the article the colorful title, *Our Sole Despotism, Beautiful Samoa*. Presumably he is unaware that we are maintaining an almost similar and equally despotic system of government in Guam and the Virgin Islands, not to speak of administering the affairs of the supposedly independent republic of Haiti by the armed forces of the Marine Corps.

Mr. Thurston went to Samoa last December, he writes, with nothing in mind except to make a collection of shells. "But no sooner did I arrive than there was thrust upon my attention from several responsible sources such astounding statements of fact that I felt that a decent regard for human rights, and for the reputation of the American people and Government, required some investigation and action." Had Mr. Thurston read the issues of *The Nation* for March 15 and April 12, 1922—where Samoa's story was set forth in detail—he would have been less surprised, but we trust no less disturbed, by what he learned. Mr. Thurston was struck first by the fact that we had no valid title to administer Samoa at all, and next by his discovery that our government there was vested in a single naval officer with practically unlimited powers.

For example, only two years ago last fall the Governor of Samoa caused the trial of a Samoan for murder. The trial was by a court of three, consisting of one naval officer, one American civilian, and one native Samoan, not one of whom had any legal training. After a trial lasting less than a week a verdict of guilty was rendered and the defendant sentenced to be hanged!

Defendant's attorney, who had been appointed by the Governor, immediately gave notice of appeal.

"Samoa law does not provide for an appeal," said the Governor. "Who are you going to appeal to?"

"To the President of the United States!" replied the attorney.

"You're too late," replied the Governor. "We are going to hang defendant this afternoon!" And hang him they did—by the neck until he was dead.

Mr. Thurston goes on to say of this instance of drumhead justice:

I saw an affidavit on file that the Governor admitted that the evidence at the trial was "all lies," but said that the decision was based on a statement made by the defendant to one of the judges prior to the trial—which statement was not presented at the trial and never came to the knowledge of the defendant's attorney. . . . And this execution was of a citizen of an independent government, over which the United States Congress has never extended jurisdiction and where we have no right except under the unauthorized "executive order" of the President.

Congress ought to send the navy back to sea, where it belongs, and establish civilian government not only for Samoa but also for our other possessions ruled by a naval autocracy: Guam and the Virgin Islands. Congress now has a bill before it to set up civilian government in the Virgin Islands, discussed in our issue of March 17 [page 273]. Let's pass this bill and then get on to similar action for Guam and Samoa.

A Sartorial Issue

ON a small scale the elements of an all-round revolution were contained in the recent misunderstanding between St. John's College at Fordham and Washington Square College of New York University. On one side were tradition, aristocracy, masculine exclusiveness—on the other, feminism and a sturdy resistance to useless and expensive conventions. Doubtless the Fordham boys had no idea of assuming a leisure-class pose. Possibly the New York University students were unconscious revolutionaries. If so, all the more significant was the contrast.

For four or five months the freshman debating team of each college had been preparing for a debate to be held at Fordham. Suddenly the meeting was canceled by the Fordham team. Two reasons were given: the New York University team had on it a young woman; the New York University team declined to put on dress suits. "Fordham," said the dean of St. John's College, "absolutely requires all visiting debating teams to wear formal dress, and an old custom of the university bars women debaters from our platform." The New York University team declined to hire dress suits or to fire the young woman; so the debate was off.

Could the lines of a perfect revolution be more clearly drawn? Of course, there was the old-fashioned liberal pacifist who attempted to find a moderate solution. When Fordham made known its regulations regarding costume, the students at Washington Square College flatly refused to don dress suits. What had dress suits to do with intellectual advancement? Professor Williamson, instructor in public speaking at New York University, attempted to mediate. He suggested the academic cap-and-gown as a possible substitute for tails and a hard shirt—a substitute which would, moreover, drape the male and female alike and produce an effect of dignified uniformity. If the dress suit was a symbol of elegance and dignity, the gown and mortarboard stood for intellect and culture. But before this idea could be seriously considered, even before Professor Williamson could suggest other uniform and bi-sexual costumes such as pajamas, one-piece bathing suits, or yellow slickers, Fordham announced its final condition: no female could appear on its platform as a debater, no matter how she might be disguised. Liberalism and pacifism collapsed. The New York University team refused to oust its girl member—who is counted among the best orators of either sex in the college—diplomatic relations were broken off, and now the two institutions won't speak, at least they won't do so on the platform.

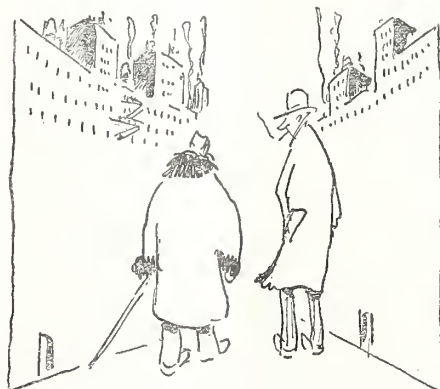
Freshmen boys strutting about in the quaint garb of formal, leisure-class middle-age and refusing to debate in their own hall with boys in ordinary clothes—or girls in any clothes whatsoever: this, we maintain, is a pitiful and ludicrous sight. True courtesy, and the decent conventions of hospitality are grievously wounded. Substantial values are subordinated to artificiality and extravagance. Humor is vanquished. And young boys are turned smug and pompous.

To be sure the revolution remains unfought. Neither side yielded and compromise failed. Fordham's young aristocrats will doubtless continue to cherish their traditions, press their dress trousers under the mattress, and condescend to the other sex. New York University will, we hope, stick to its belligerent ideals—and its own clothes.

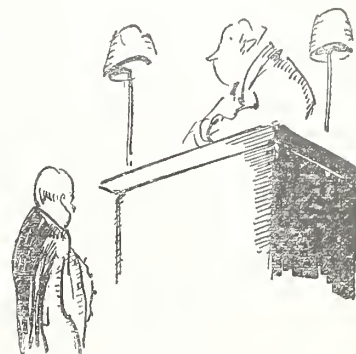
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



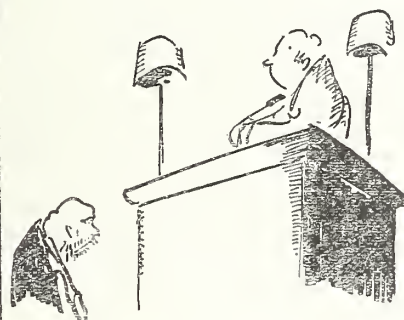
"AH, MY DEAR FELLOW, you mistake us. You newspapermen are always writing that we of the judiciary are out of touch with the realities of life.



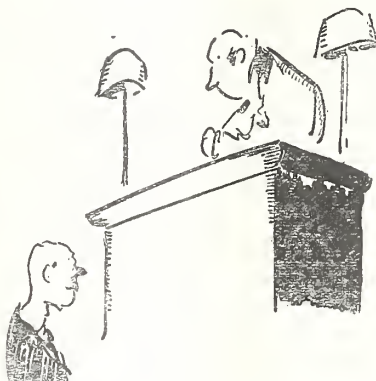
"Now come with me and watch me in court. You will then see that we judges still have a heart. . . .



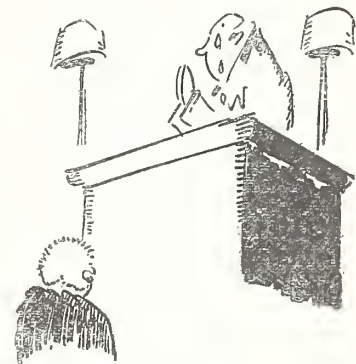
"First case. You wrecked that bank because you had lost money in speculation? Too bad. I suppose Wall Street was really to blame. . . . One month in jail.



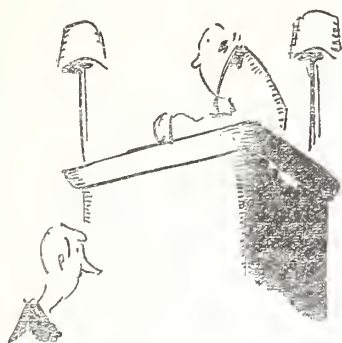
"Second case. Ah, my friend, we have met before. The charge is burglary in the first degree. But this time you killed only one policeman. I'm sorry but I must give you six months.



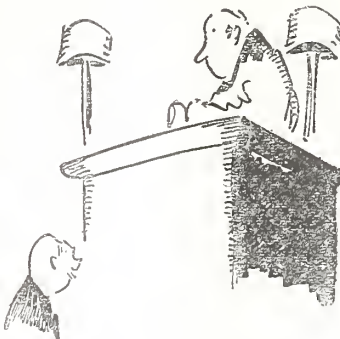
"Third case. You confess that you were incapacitated. But you say it was the fault of the gin. Yes, yes, those bootleggers nowadays are terrible. But I must punish you. A week on the island.



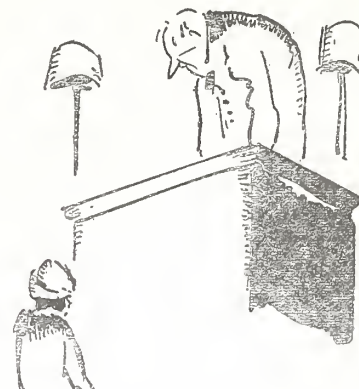
"Next case, please. That is very sad indeed! You robbed the store and shot the jeweler to get bread for the wife and the kiddies. And I am sure they were very, very hungry. Case dismissed. Next.



"You took part in the fur robbery. But you have a wife and seventeen children to support and you spent your childhood in a school for backward children? How terrible. And this is only your sixth offense. But I must warn you. . . .



"Poor man. You say you only set fire to those tenements to see the pretty little fire-engines. Well, I love them myself. But the law is the law. In view of the small loss of life I shall give you three days hard labor. Next.



"Eh, what? You were picketing? There was a strike and you undertook to dissuade honest hard-working Americans from going to their daily task? It is incredible, such wickedness in one so young. Ninety days in jail!"

Canton—Hope of China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Canton, February 11, 1926



Seal of the Canton-Hongkong Strike Committee of the All-China Labor Federation. (Original in red.)

"IN Peking you will see the past of China; in Shanghai, the present; in Canton, the future," Harry Ward told me before I came to the East. It is true. Canton is, in a real sense, the pulsing heart of China which drives the fresh red blood back into the primitive interior and out into the foreign-ruled treaty ports.

At Swatow, in the north of Canton province, I saw a powerful British cruiser floating silent with her guns trained on the flat city. She had ammunition enough behind those guns to blow the little one-storied houses to bits and heap their ancient tiles high in the narrow streets—but she could not make the poverty-stricken people buy British goods, unload British cargoes, or cook or sew or make beds for British subjects. All the science and might and money of the British Empire was helpless before the united national will of those Chinese.

Canton has been pecking at the British Empire for nearly seven months. Gradually the British Empire has become aware that what seemed a mosquito has poison in its bite. Hongkong, the greatest port in the East, is a parasite upon Canton, and when Canton turned against Hongkong, Hongkong paled. In 1924 Hongkong's harbor averaged 210 vessels a day. When Canton began to strike against Hongkong, and the Hongkong Chinese joined, Hongkong's shipping dropped to 34 vessels a day. Real-estate values shrank; they have been cut in half. Hundreds of little firms failed. The share values of the great British banks, the strongest financial institutions in the East, like the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, dropped more than a hundred points. In six months British shipping at Canton fell from nearly three million tons in 1924 to a third of a million in 1925. To save Hongkong the British Government at London voted a loan of three million pounds sterling. That may not be enough; the strike is still on. Canton is giving the British Empire a hint of what is coming if it attempts to cling to what it has stolen from China.

In the dormitory in Canton where a hundred striking tailors from Hongkong live is a large poster labeled "Crimes of the British in China," which reads:

1. Opium smuggling; spreading the opium evil.
2. Seizure of Hongkong; encroachment on Tibet.
3. Establishment, by force, of foreign concessions and settlements; creation of mixed court.
4. The British were the first to force China to recognize foreign consular jurisdiction.

5. They forced indemnities upon China and seized the customs control.

6. They fastened upon China a fixed customs tariff detrimental to Chinese industry.

7. They oppress the Hongkong and Shameen workers.

8. They shot down the patriotic students and citizens of Shanghai, Canton, and Hankow.

I am not arguing the historic precision of that tabulation; I cite it as a symptom. Beside it are pasted photographs of the victims of the "Shakee massacre" on June 23, when British machine-guns killed fifty-two Chinese and wounded 117 more.

Shameen, the British settlement in Canton, is like a deserted army camp. Unwatered, its palms have withered; its grass has not been cut nor its gardens weeded since June. A few lonely individuals walk through it, their footsteps resounding as in Wall Street on Sunday. The great lobby of the Hotel Victoria, once Canton's chief hostelry, is set with chairs for scores, but is totally empty. Barbed wire six feet deep surrounds the island; sand-bag fortifications with loopholes for machine-guns guard the bridges and fill the gaps between the buildings. The Standard Oil and the Asiatic Petroleum shut down their plants last April in ill-considered protest against a government stamp-tax, and have sullenly watched California independents and Russian oil win their market from them; their offices are deserted. The British consul sits in his magnificent office all day, without Chinese servants, with no business to do and no visitors to call upon him. Once a day the British steamer comes up from Hongkong, carrying mail and food for the exiles on Shameen. It is not allowed to berth at the wharf; it anchors in mid-stream, watched by armed picket-boats of the Canton-Hongkong Strike Committee, who see to it that no contraband, human or otherwise, gets ashore. Foreigners may land where they will—the theory seems to be that without employees they are futile and harmless; Chinese may not go to or come from Hongkong without a permit from the strikers; and British goods, except for use on Shameen, are contraband.

"I don't see why this strike should not continue until next Christmas," the British consul said to me. Neither do I, unless a different type of British official supplants him—a new type capable of considering without a shudder the thought of letting Chinese live on Hongkong's peak and vote for members of Hongkong's council. The Chinese are learning—particularly in Canton—that by boycott they can hurt the proud foreigners more than the foreigners can hurt them. They still have many scores to settle.

The particular present trouble in Canton dates back to the "Shakee massacre," which the British call the "attack on Shameen"; and the Shakee affair had its roots in decades of Chinese history. "They call us revolutionary!" said one Cantonese. "In our forefathers' day the foreigners threw Chinese overboard because they burned down the foreign factories. Now that they've massacred the Chinese we don't retaliate in blood. Perhaps we ought to." Shameen itself was built during one of the opium wars, when the British occupied and ruled Canton. Chinese, to the present

day, may not sit on the Shameen benches, walk along the Shameen bund, or tie their sampans to the Shameen landing-stages. Until a few years ago Chinese might not enter Shameen through the same gate as white foreigners. These things rankle and are remembered. Coolies do not forget when they are kicked or cuffed. A British officer in Swatow harbor gave an unsympathetic explanation of the boycott there. "The chief Red here," he said, "the guy what stands on the dock and kicks the British cargoes out—he used to be No. 1 man at the Taiku Club. Some bloody bloke must have got tight some night and given him a kick in the rear that he still remembers." The officer thought it a joke; it may have been painfully true. And if Canton is the future of China, it means something. A great many Chinese have been kicked in the rear by foreigners, inebriated and otherwise.

Englishmen—and some of the treaty-port Americans—call the Cantonese "Reds." It is a convenient way to discredit an inconvenient group. But the Cantonese are, in certain significant ways, "Red." The boycott is maintained primarily by a working-class organization rather than by intellectuals and students. Note that these strikers come from Hongkong, and that Hongkong and Shanghai are the two centers of working-class consciousness in China today—two cities governed by the British and dominated by British capital. The British complain of Russian propaganda among the Chinese workers, but their own factories and factory methods are doing more to strengthen working-class consciousness in China than all the propaganda agents Russia could export in a hundred years. Not the Russians but the British made this strike. Canton is an interesting study for would-be investors who like gunboats to accompany their dollars.

Russian influence indubitably exists in Canton. Nearly three years ago, discouraged with the Westerners, Sun Yat-sen invited Soviet Russians to help him in the southern province. Michael Borodin was the first to answer the call. Sun's real conversion to the Russians dates from that December day in 1923 when British, American, French, Italian, Japanese, and Portuguese gunboats appeared before Canton to deny his right to take the surplus customs receipts which the British commissioner-general was sending to help maintain his Peking enemies. Today there are thirty or forty Russians in the service of the Canton Government. Most of them are aides to Chang Kai-shek at the Whampoa Military Academy; one is adviser to the Canton navy; one is helping revise the chaotic system of multifarious taxation. "They've been a force for honesty and efficiency," said a responsible American in Canton. "The trouble is, they are Russians. If they were British or Americans we would not object." I did not find one American or Englishman in Canton who had ever met or tried to meet Borodin or had taken the trouble to attempt to verify any of the wild stories they told about him.

The young men who are governing Canton turn to Borodin for advice; they believe that his counsel has proved disinterested and good. "We have no fear of Russia in South China," said C. C. Wu, the mayor of Canton, who is regarded as a moderate. "Why should we? She has no trade interests here, and no surplus capital to invest. She has renounced all special privileges, and has no dangerous friends; all the imperialist nations are her enemies. It is to her interest today to have China strong, united, and independent—not a tool which the West can turn against

her. That is our interest too. Communism is impossible in China today; it need not even be feared. Ten years hence, when the unequal treaties are abolished, who knows? We may fight Russia then—about Mongolia or about communism. Today, we help each other."

Sun Yat-sen trusted Russia and trusted Borodin—that is enough for most of the Cantonese, who venerate their dead leader as the Russians venerate Lenin. "Chung Shan's" picture—they call him "Middle Mountain"—has the place of honor in every hall in Canton; I should not be surprised to see lighted candles and joss-sticks burning before it. Chang Kai-shek, the general in charge of the Whampoa army, is the only one of the Canton leaders who has ever been to Moscow—and the foreigners, with that curious faith in military men which seems universal among Western exiles in the East, look to him as a possible counter-balance to the Russians. He himself boasts not of his military victories but of his long devotion to Sun Yat-sen. The Chinese will not speak ill of the Russians. Wang Ching-wei, the rosy-cheeked, enthusiastic, boyish chief of the Government, has a respect for Borodin which is the more striking because Borodin has to talk to Wang through an interpreter. T. V. Soong, the young Harvard graduate who is Minister of Finance and manager of the government bank, turns naturally to him, and Borodin calls Soong "a man in a million." Chan Kung-po, the new president of Kwangtung University, is planning to send two hundred and fifty Cantonese boys and girls (another of Canton's futuristic ideas is that women may amount to something too) to Moscow each year; he thinks a year in Russia will help them more than his own years at Columbia helped him. "Russia's problems are more like China's," he says.

Borodin himself does not think highly of the training given Chinese students in America. "They lose touch with China," he said. "Go to the Commercial Press in Shanghai—it is the work of returned students. Ask for a book on the agrarian situation in China. They haven't got it. Ask for a book on labor conditions. None exists. But they have translations of lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. That's what the returned students do; they translate America into Chinese.

"China needs self-study, self-criticism, and an economic background. She has depended too much on other countries. That is why this struggle against imperialism is so important. Abolition of the unequal treaties will throw the responsibility for the chaos in China on China. Today the Chinese who ought to bear the responsibility for conditions here follow the line of least resistance. When a Chinese makes a little money he takes it to the foreign concession; if there were no concessions he would have to make his own country safe.

"Every bandit who turns into a militarist chief in China can hire enough returned students to equip a government. Most of them use the training you give them wherever it will bring the highest price. We are trying in Canton to work out a new kind of honesty—to have an army full of soldiers who know and care what they are fighting for, so that, even if a general should sell out, the rank and file would not follow him. And I believe the students who come back from Russia will have a new and finer spirit." I was reminded of what Chang Kai-shek had said: "We trust the Russians because they have higher moral standards."

On January 1 the Second National Congress of the Kuomintang opened at Canton with a great demonstration on the East Parade Ground. The vast crowd wept when Wang Ching-wei told them of Dr. Sun's long struggle for democracy and freedom in China; it cheered when he dreamed of the future. The Whampoa soldiers and the strike pickets strode by—unmistakable soldiers, marching well, if with queer straw footgear and conical straw hats. Thousands of Chinese workmen trooped behind, carrying whole forests of flags—blue and red and white and yellow flags; the red South China flag with the white Kuomintang sun in the blue corner; old-fashioned embroidered banners in many colors—thousands and thousands of workmen on

holiday, and thousands and thousands of schoolboys and schoolgirls; Chinese lions with tremendous dragon heads; Chinese bands with whining fifes, strange drums, and smashing cymbals; and Western military bands. The long lines snaked back and forth across the parade-ground like a football crowd, then poured out into the broad streets that are the pride of the city. Celebrating what? The fourteenth anniversary of the overthrow of the Manchus; the spirit of Dr. Sun; the new sense of solidarity and responsibility among the workers; six months' successful defiance of the British Empire; the existence of a truly Chinese government in Canton; the spread of the Kuomintang throughout the country—the future of China!

Mussolini Betrays Himself

By JAMES MURPHY

France, March 1

IN the columns of *The Nation* I have already made some rather serious statements in regard to Signor Mussolini's attitude toward the deeds of violence that have been committed by his followers. Readers have written to ask for the direct or circumstantial proofs which warrant these statements.

An event which occurred in France on February 19 affords an occasion for answering the question. On that date the body of a young Italian writer of great promise was laid temporarily to rest in the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. His name was Pietro Gobetti. On the day of the interment some organs of the French press—*Le Quotidien*, for instance—created a sensation by publishing the text of a telegram sent on one occasion by Mussolini to the Prefect of Turin in regard to this same Gobetti. I have the original in Mussolini's own handwriting on the table before me, and I am forwarding a photograph of the document for verification by *The Nation*. The telegram reads:

MINISTERO	TELEGRAMMA
DELLI	IN PARTENZA
AFFARI ESTERI. INDIRIZZATO }	PREFETTO
A }	
	TORINO

(Testo) Mi si riferisce che noto gobetti sia stato recentemente parigi e che oggi sia sicilia Stop Prego informarmi e vigilare per rendere nuovamente difficile vita questo insulso oppositore governo e fascismo.

MUSSOLINI

The translation is as follows:

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
PREFECT
TURIN

I am told that the well-known Gobetti was recently in Paris and that he is now in Sicily Stop Please inform me and see that you render life still more difficult for this insipid opposer of the Government and Fascism.

MUSSOLINI

What is the meaning of this message? In the first place it must be remembered that in each province the Prefect is the chief executive representing the Government. He has supreme control over the police force and generally over the local administrative institutions of the state. The Premier of Italy directly commands the Prefect of Turin to "render life still more difficult" for a certain Gobetti. The phrase "rendere la vita difficile" is known to be one of

the cryptic euphemisms employed in Fascist orders to murder. Of that we have sufficient proof in the Finzi and Rossi documents revealed in connection with the Matteotti case. But even if we had not already known that this was the significance of the Fascist phrase, the circumstances alone in this case would prove it. Gobetti's home and offices had been already sacked and plundered by the Fascist police. He himself had been cudgeled almost to death so that he had been in bed for weeks. He was not a strong man physically and he suffered from heart trouble—of which he eventually died. In January, 1924, Mussolini sent the above telegram ordering "life to be made *still more difficult*"—"nuovamente difficile"—for Gobetti. They had already brought him to death's door.

Who was Gobetti, and what had he done to bring upon his head the wrath of the Dictator? Dr. Pietro Gobetti was a young writer only twenty-three years old when the above telegram was dispatched. He had never taken any active part in politics. He was a literary man and a student of political philosophy. He edited a literary and political review of liberal tendencies. He was no more of a subversive protagonist against the regime than Mr. Massingham of the *London Nation* or Dr. Courtney of the *Fortnightly Review* might have been considered in England. And his review was certainly of a much more theoretical and detached character than the *New York Nation*. He carried on a publishing business and gave to the public the writings of such constitutionalist authors as ex-Premier Nitti, Don Luigi Sturzo, Signor Amendola, Signor Einaudi, and others.

Gobetti was lucky enough to have been warned of the murderous intentions of the local authorities, and he took the necessary precautions. Not having succeeded in putting his purpose into effect by the use of the dagger and revolver, Mussolini had a decree issued last January which finally prohibited Gobetti from publishing any book in Italy, even though it might have been "The Imitation of Christ." Thus banned and outlawed, Gobetti went to Paris some weeks ago, and died in a hospital of a heart attack following the worries and the persecutions to which he had been subjected. So that Benito Mussolini succeeded at last in having the orders of his telegram carried into effect.

It would be superfluous to moralize here on the iniquity of the whole incident. Imagine Premier Baldwin ordering the Chief of Scotland Yard to have the editor of the *Times*

murdered simply because the London *Times* is at present of a Liberal tone and Baldwin is a Conservative. Or imagine President Coolidge ordering the Governor of New York State to have the local police "render life still more difficult" (in the Fascist sense) for the editor of *The Nation*.

The telegram printed here is only one example of a long series of Mussolini manuscripts which are now in the hands of political refugees beyond the Italian frontier. Personally I have examined over two hundred of these incriminating missives. They show Mussolini to be what he practically admitted himself to be in the Parliament on January 3, 1925, the ringleader of a criminal gang. He is shown in these writings as his own *agent provocateur*. Through anonymous articles written by his own hand and published in the Fascist press, he prepares the terrain for subsequent Fascist attacks. He orders Fascist meetings to take place in one city after another, and he himself writes the resolutions which are to be passed. These resolutions call for the suppression of political opponents, and declare to the Government that the local Fascists will take the law into their own hands if the Government does not act. I have in my hands the text of a resolution which was adopted at a Fascist meeting in Milan in 1924. It breathes out fire and destruction on the enemies of Fascism, declares that the local Fascists can no longer bear the burden of legal restraint, and calls upon the Government to crush its political opponents by force of reprisals. This document comes from the hand of the same Mussolini who, during that January, 1924, after the first attack on Amendola, was proclaiming in the Italian Parliament that all Fascist deeds of violence were execrated by him.

Another incriminating manuscript shows Mussolini's connection with the attack made on Cesare Forni on March 12, 1924, in Milan. A day or so previous Giunta, Secretary of the Fascist Party, had written a circular in which he ordered that "life be made impossible" (Mussolini's favorite phrase) for Cesare Forni. The day following the attack on Forni an editorial was published, both in the *Impero* and the *Popolo d'Italia*. It was entitled *Chi Tradisce Perisce* (The Traitor Must Die). The "traitor" in this case means whoever abandons Fascism. The article was a defense of the attack on Forni, and regretted the fact that the attackers had not gone further. It was written by Mussolini himself. The long manuscript of the article is now in France, and has been examined by the present writer.

Another series of outrages, in which Mussolini is shown by his own handwriting to have been the principal agent, were the lootings and burnings, bludgeonings and murders which took place in Milan and the neighborhood immediately after the elections of April, 1924. Mussolini came to Milan on election day to vote the Fascist ticket. But in Milan the Fascists obtained only a minority of the votes. Enraged to the point of insanity, the Dictator ordered out the torch and the petrol can, the bomb and the dagger, for use against his political opponents. The principal objects of these attacks were not the Socialists but the Catholic Peoples Party. Cooperatives were destroyed, stocks were looted, workmen's clubs were burned to the ground, political adherents of the Peoples Party were bludgeoned wholesale, and one or two deaths occurred. The Archbishop of Milan and the Catholic Association implored the Prefect to order the terror to cease, but the Prefect declared that he was powerless against superior orders. Mussolini was in Milan.

On or about April 9 Mussolini left the city, but he had failed to countermand the orders. A popular uprising was imminent, so the Prefect followed and caught up with Mussolini at Parma. Then Mussolini agreed to call off the dogs of war. During the horrors a leading article appeared in the *Popolo d'Italia* at Milan justifying what was taking place. The article was written by Mussolini himself. We have the original document in his own handwriting. It is interesting to note that at the same time he sent two telegrams officially to the local clergy denouncing what had happened. But more was to come. The Pope sent half-a-million francs to relieve the distress caused by the Fascists in the Milan neighborhood. Immediately a communiqué was anonymously sent to all the newspapers by the Volta Agency in Rome. The communiqué was a veiled protest against the action of the Vatican, and contained personally insulting references to the Pope. The communiqué was also written by Mussolini.

Another occasion of a similar kind, in which Mussolini is clearly shown to have been an active party to deeds of violence and destruction against the Catholic Party, was the attack in Pisa in the winter of 1924-25. Two or three murders took place, the offices of the Catholic newspapers were burned, the Catholic clubs and cooperatives were looted and destroyed, while the police looked on as uninterested spectators. On that occasion Cardinal Maffi, the famous Archbishop of Pisa, telegraphed to Rome the following comment on what was taking place: "As a bishop I weep; as an Italian I am disgraced." Following this Mussolini sent the following telegram to the Prefects of Florence and Pisa. Naturally it was a secret message, but we have the manuscript of it in the Dictator's own hand. It runs as follows:

To the Prefects of Florence and Pisa:

In view of the unfavorable repercussion of the Vatican arising from the recent anti-Catholic incidents, it will be well for the local directors of the Facists Provincial Federation to visit the headquarters of the Archbishop and present official expressions of regret and renewed declarations of high respect which Fascism has for the Catholic religion.

MUSSOLINI

Note the reason why the apology is to be made: not because the Premier disapproved of what had happened, but "in view of the unfavorable repercussion at the Vatican."

There are more than two hundred and fifty of such documentary testimonials now in safe hands outside the Italian frontier. Mussolini is not in the habit of dictating to a stenographer. He always has pen in hand, and he writes the original drafts of all sorts of communications which he wishes to make. He transfers these drafts to his secretaries to have them typewritten. The secretaries in many cases have preserved them for purposes of self-defense, knowing Mussolini's practice of making his collaborators the scapegoats of his own crimes, as happened in the case of Rossi. Some of Mussolini's secretaries are now in exile, as are also some of the prefects to whom criminal instructions were sent from headquarters. It is natural that they should have brought with them mementos of their period in the service of the Dictator. Mussolini entertains the Italian public by posing as Machiavelli II; but who could imagine the great Florentine allowing incriminating manuscripts by the hundreds to get into the hands of secretaries whom he employed in his confidential correspondence?

This is the second of a series of articles by James Murphy, showing the inner workings of the Fascist dictatorship.

The Farmer Has Lost His Club

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., March 20

IN American politics any sizable disgruntled element that swings a club can get action from Congress. If it has no club to swing it gets no action. Those two things are politically axiomatic.

The reason why at this session nothing will be done for the distressed farmers of the West, why they have, in fact, been kicked in the face and told to run along and be good, is because they have lost their club. And without their club the Administration isn't a bit frightened. The cold truth is the Western farmers are a mere noise in this Congress. They are no longer a power. In former sessions they got action because they swung a club. They could and did organize in House and Senate what was known as the Farm Bloc, combining West with South in sufficient numbers and with enough zeal not only to hold the balance of power but actually to dominate both bodies. In the Sixty-seventh Congress control was completely in the hands of Farm Bloc leaders and nothing went through that was not indorsed by them. They were the cocks of the legislative walk. The President of the United States had to ask them for help in getting through measures not remotely connected with agriculture.

And then in the next session their power vanished. The Farm Bloc melted in the hands of its leaders. The cement that held it together softened and it ceased to be a factor. It was a surprising thing. Flushed with their success at the previous session managers of the Farm Bloc appeared ready to take charge—and found that their situation had simply oozed away. There were various contributing causes, none wholly satisfactory. Partly it was because the farmer got so much legislation in so short a time that all of it could not be digested and his appetite became cloyed. Partly it was due to changes in legislative leaders, partly to increased wisdom in the ways of evasion on the part of members of Congress, and partly to improved farm conditions with which legislation had nothing to do. Partly, too, the tie was loosened by the general prosperity and the great conservative and reactionary tide that swept the country and is still rolling.

At the beginning of this session a distressing condition in the corn belt caused an earnest effort to revive the power of the farm alliance. Meetings were called, conferences held, representatives from the farming States rushed West for instructions, radical demands were made, a program evolved to which the Administration, scared at first by the furore, waved the white flag and seemed about to yield. Representatives came back to Washington determined to get what they wanted or pull down the pillars. They had fire in their eyes and hot resolution in their hearts. There isn't any doubt that the little group of Coolidge advisers trembled as they listened. Nor is there any doubt that the President and his Secretary of Agriculture were prepared to trim and straddle and surrender. It seemed at first that these fellows really swung a club, but that was before administration leaders had fully sized the situation up. When they did they stiffened. Now with the session half over the farmers face the fact that their proposals will not go through. Further, they will not even be considered. The Administration

is frankly opposed to them. Hoover wins again. Whereupon there arises a howl of extreme pain. They threaten to form a new political alliance with the South that will wrest control from the Republican Party. They shout that they will ruin Mr. Coolidge and his Administration.

But the threats fail to frighten anybody. Three years ago they would have produced more or less of a political panic—but not now. At the opening of the session and before the Mellon tax bill and the World Court proposal got by they might have produced results—but not now. Now they merely produce a laugh. Nothing more. The club is no longer there and the astute party managers here know it if the Western farm leaders do not.

As for an amalgamation of radical West with radical South in a hard and fast political combination, that is a joke. The reason is that radicalism has departed from the South. Judged by its representatives in the Senate the South is as conservative a section as the country has. Southern Senators no longer respond to the call of the wild. Industrial prosperity has spread in the South. Republican capitalists from the North have built plants all over the place. Mr. Mellon's Aluminum Corporation has established small cities in three Southern States. These days representatives in Congress from the South have other things to interest them besides the wrongs of the farmers. A yearning after the flesh pots of the Federal Treasury is almost universal among them. In North Carolina there is a great demand for a branch of the Federal Reserve bank at Charlotte. The whole State has its heart centered on that and its heart's desire, I am told, will be realized. In two other States of the South there is an insistent and wide-spread sentiment for Federal appropriations that will permit the establishment within their borders of great national parks. In Florida and other Gulf States the tremendous real-estate boom, the inrush of new money and new people have created a new political feeling not nearly as partisanly Democratic and nothing like as progressive as before. All over the South capital and industry compel a share of the political consideration formerly devoted exclusively to agricultural interests. It is not that Southern Senators are false to the farmer but that developments in their States no longer leave him the sole dominant factor. The big idea of dropping everything else and rushing into an agricultural combination along radical lines with the Western wheat and corn-growing States no longer appeals with the old force. There are other things to consider—the question, for instance, of these national parks and reserve banks. Every Southern Senator is still a friend of the farmer. He will tell the world he is, but in these days the conservatism of the East appeals more to the South than the progressiveness of the West. No better evidence of this could possibly be given than the roll calls this session—for example, on taxes, on Muscle Shoals, on almost everything.

Southern Senators are now just as conservative as New England Republicans. There is little difference between them—between, for instance, Simmons of North Carolina and Butler of Massachusetts. The radicals or liberals or progressives—whatever you choose to call them—are all in the West, and they have lost their club.

Journalistic Jazz

By SILAS BENT

ONLY a small fraction of the news can be photographed. Nearly all news of real consequence is far beyond reach of the lens. It is impossible to photograph reparations, or tax reduction, or extra-territorial rights in China. This is why the illustrated tabloid can never be a newspaper, whatever it may call itself. It is based upon the falsity that news generally can be pictured, and pretends to report the day's happenings through the camera.

It is true that, although reparations cannot be photographed, it is possible to print a picture of the agent general of reparations. If tax reduction won't pose, President Coolidge may be snapped while he is discussing the glorious possibility of lower levies in the upper brackets. If extraterritoriality be too tenuous, our marines may be caught barracking in a university building from which Chinese students have been ejected. But these pictures are not news. They are personalities. They are "features." They bear at best somewhat the same relation to news as a Sunday supplement article to a story hot from the anvil of events.

Now all newspapers, blanket or tabloid, conservative or sensational, distort to some extent the account of the world's doings. They do it by playing up a feature. Their emphasis upon the most startling or most important or most bizarre fact throws a high light upon every happening they chronicle; and so, whether the account be sketchy or as full as time will permit, the thing presented to the reader is in effect inaccurate. By its very nature news is easy to caricature; at its best it is impressionistic. Completeness is not one of its attributes. Presented full-length, with a developed background and a detailed foreground, it ceases to be news; it becomes a treatise. It must be featured to some extent, or it is no longer itself.

No newspaper man blushes on account of this, or needs to. It is his business to "pack a wallop." It is the "punch" he sells. This is as inescapably a part of the news technic as brushwork is a part of Rembrandt's technic. This it is that makes headlines more interesting than the stories beneath them; for headlines are statements of the features in stories.

But even conceding that one-twentieth of the daily grist of news can be photographed, which is a liberal estimate, what is a paper to do which lays its chief emphasis on the daily grist of picture features? It must print illustrations on its first page, which is its show window. It cannot handle the real news in that way, day after day. Therefore it twists current happenings to its own medium. Perspective is completely lost. A divorce action cannot be photographed, for instance, but the fair correspondent can; and so we find a sample banner line across page one, in huge type of the sort real newspapers reserve for Presidential elections: Wife Cites Luxury Love Nest. The picture of the female charged with occupying the love nest is there; the story is on the third page, and deals with persons you never heard of. Girl bandits and beauty-contest winners and pugilists and mothers of triplets have achieved thus a new distinction, an enviable eminence. Scandal, murder mysteries, violence, and shapely ladies of

the chorus lend themselves readily to this sort of featuring; and by a happy coincidence they are the very things which interest the kind of mind which cares most for pictures. For the photograph is easier to read than nonpareil. The tabloids appeal to those who find pictures within their grasp. Picture-features are a throw-back to the intelligence which communicated by means of ideographs, before the alphabet was invented. They are comprehensible to the most numerous audience, the lowest mental common denominator. They enter the consciousness over the lowest threshold.

To attract and please such readers, nearly anything is permissible. The restraints effective elsewhere go by the board. For in the real newspaper, asking for the attention of a more sophisticated audience, practice and common sense dictate certain limits. Liveliness is expected, but it can be overdone. Too much of it is certain to provoke remonstrance, and perhaps too much of it is one reason why we hear so often that you can never believe anything you see in the newspapers. The tendency of intelligent papers is clearly away from it. If they do no more, they clothe their sensational headlines in staid and respectable type, like a merry widow in her weeds. Just as the over-lively baseball, with too much rubber beneath its leather skin, has disgusted the ardent baseball fan, so too many sensational news home-runs bring boos from the Old Subscriber.

The status of the illustrated tabloids might be established inversely merely by consulting their advertising pages. Are you bald or gray? Here you will find a marvelous specific. Are you looking for ten-dollars-down suburban lots? Here's the "dope" about them. Poison ivy remedies and patented relief from many a malady seek their places in these columns. Rouge, permanent waves, depilatories, roach poisons, cornpads, radio accessories, face creams have their mart in the picture papers.

As for the tabloid format, it is an inspiration, nothing less. We may suppose that, once the publisher hit upon pictures as easier to look at than type, he sought for a vehicle easier to handle than the monstrous blanket newspaper which has somehow fastened itself upon an uncomplaining public. Years before the illustrated dailies appeared it was clear that the so-called tabloid form, half the blanket size, must come in the newspaper world. Colonel George Harvey said so some twenty years ago; which indicates that, whatever his shortcomings as an ambassador at the Court of St. James's, he was gifted with some foresight as a newspaper man. How the ungainly sheet now inflicted upon us grew from five to six to seven and then to eight columns in width has never been satisfactorily explained. It is a proper subject for research in some of our schools of journalism. It is utterly unregardful of the reader's comfort. It is inconvenient to handle even in the arm-chair at home, and in the subway or on the elevated railway, or in a crowded trolley car, where most newspapers are read, it is next to impossible.

Many newspaper owners saw this long ago. They knew, some of them must have known, that the so-called

tabloid format was in great favor abroad, and that in New York at least, with its huge foreign population, a little initiative would bring it into favor here. But even when they were publishing dying sheets, they lacked the courage for the venture. It meant scrapping part of the existing plant; it meant, moreover, reeducating hidebound advertisers to a new scale of space and rates. A string of papers was established outside New York which, being housed in new plants, was put into the more convenient size even before the picture tabloids made their appearance; and these papers are not to be lumped with the newcomers. But with most of the press, now that the small format has been appropriated conspicuously by this prankish and irresponsible illegitimate child of journalism, the change is likely to be longer delayed. It will not come, perhaps, until the indignant reader finally loses patience, and refuses to buy the paper which prints acres of advertisements with reams of piffle merely to carry them, thereby despoiling our forests and imposing upon the good nature of the very audience which makes the golden advertisement possible.

The advertiser, although I do not believe he is able to cause the suppression of news disagreeable to him personally, is able as a class to get a great deal printed in which he has no direct interest and which has no proper place in a newspaper. He is responsible for the tedious unedited police stories and endless "A. P." yarns which draw their weary length through our daily and Sunday papers. He is responsible because he demands that the amount of "reading matter" shall be in a certain proportion to the volume of advertising. Let us concede one virtue to the tabloid.

The picture paper is easy to handle in a jammed subway. It is easy to read and in so far as possible predigested. It is strong on patriotism, piety, and prurience. Its editorials flaunt the star-spangled banner in a fashion to shame Mr. Cohan; they breathe religion. Its "news" columns offer the pleasant shock of violence, disaster, and immorality. Its fiction offers, to those who will linger twenty minutes, an escape from realities. The emotions to which the tabloid appeals are primary, the instincts it satisfies are primitive.

It was the pictures in these new sheets, however, which went straight to the heart of the illiterate. They captured a new host of readers, and have not cut in seriously on the circulations of the more responsible "diurnal press," as Casper Yost calls it. An examination of the circulation figures in Ayer's Newspaper Directory as of the year 1920 (which gives 1919 figures, when the tabloids were just taking firm root) and of 1925, shows these results in New York City:

	1920		1925	
	Daily	Sunday	Daily	Sunday
<i>American</i>	301,420	930,233	299,931	1,090,440
<i>Times</i>	267,587	546,728	347,149	576,321
<i>Tribune</i> *	118,386	108,999	270,159	316,585
<i>World</i>	330,320	561,592	314,687	387,912

The New York *World*, which is the property of the Pulitzer estate, and William Randolph Hearst's daily New York *American* show a falling off in circulation since the advent of the tabloids; and it is a little surprising to find that the *World* has suffered more seriously, from this or some other cause, than the *American*. The *Tribune*'s merger with the *Herald* throws its figures somewhat out

* The *Tribune* has been merged with the *Herald*, and taken over its circulation during this period.

of kilter. The *Times*, usually regarded as the most conservative of the daily newspapers not devoted specifically to business interests, shows something more than a normal growth.

Certainly the losses sustained by the *World* and the *American* cannot account for the combined distribution of the tabloids, now more than a million and a quarter strong. This new circulation was waiting, ready to be taken unto himself by any publisher who wanted that kind, and was crafty enough, or mentally close enough kin to it, to give it what it wanted. What it wanted was pictures and pabulum, not news. It was a coincidence that news features offered an endless wall on which to hang the pictures. There they hang, a "chilling, thrilling, killing" gallery.

In the Driftway

THERE is no room for a poor Drifter in the lower end of Manhattan by day. The pigmy people and the giant buildings jostle and bump him on his way, and all but crowd him off that narrow strip of land into New York Bay. In the late dusk, however, he ventures bravely forth, for then the subways have swallowed the people and carried them roaring away, and the buildings sit back on their haunches and meditate with vacant eyes. The Drifter wandered recently through such a gray-blue evening, rejoicing in the unreality of the great stone husks which are so formidable by daylight. Turning east, he found himself in the glitter of Second Avenue. The sudden gaiety dazzled him as a sudden light dazzles eyes that have been in the dark, and he let himself be swept by a flurry of jabbering humanity into a theater.

* * * * *

SO the Drifter saw his first Yiddish play, but not his last; he was fascinated by his inability to determine whether the audience or the actors were on the stage. For when there was weeping to be done, and there frequently was, the weeping was even more audible from behind than from before. The audience cooperated even in the speaking of lines. Once in a pathetic scene between the comedian and his erstwhile beloved, the lady asked sadly, "Are you happy?" "Happy," replied the man of comedy. "How can I be when I still—" But he got no further, before a tearful voice from the audience, intelligible to the Drifter in spite of his meager equipment of poor German, finished the line for him, "When I still love you?" And only the Drifter, it seems, was surprised, for it was only the Drifter's head which swung round to see the owner of the voice, a lady whose generous proportions overflowed her seat, and whose generous tears saturated her large handkerchief. And while the Drifter watched, entranced, an audible sigh rose from the billowy depths and was echoed in innumerable surrounding bosoms. The capacious lady was completely unconscious of the others, as they of her. She was lost in the play; its illusion was her only reality.

* * * * *

A CERTAIN critic once accused the Broadway audience of doing more acting than the actors. This audience, the Drifter found, goes further, demanding—and getting—such acting as pleases its exacting taste. For the Yiddish actors measure their success, not by applause nor by the dicta of the critics, but by that very sighing and weeping, for which they cock their ears even at their greatest histri-

onic heights. The Drifter overheard a tragedienne famed for her tears, both qualitatively and quantitatively, acknowledge congratulations on the success of a scene. Her voice oozed satisfaction as she said, "Yes, did you hear them sob?" But they will not sob for nothing. They have come to the theater to see life, and the acting must be such as will warm the cockles of their hearts with recognition. So it comes about that the playwright is relegated to the role of the mere mechanic who so manipulates wires and contacts as to form a plot, while the acting is of such ungarnished realism as the Drifter nowhere else has seen.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Anti-Saloon League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read the article in *The Nation* of February 24 by W. G. Clugston under the heading The Anti-Saloon League's Lost Virtue. It is not quite clear whether in publishing this article it is your purpose to give support to the Britten resolution of investigation or whether it is meant to be a general attack on the Anti-Saloon League movement. Do you really think that the wording of the heading given this article has any sort of justification when the article in question deals almost exclusively with the Kansas situation? Has the entire editorial fraternity "lost virtue" because, forsooth, an editor here and there goes wrong and has to go to prison?

Now, as to the article itself which you have seen fit to dignify by publication in your columns. Its first sentence is "The Anti-Saloon League has been put in the ditch with another blowout." This is a sweeping declaration that is little short of libelous, but whether libelous or not it does not lend value to any publication to judge an entire movement and to impugn the honor of multitudes of worthy workers and supporters because it is charged that a unit of the organization somewhere has gone astray.

In the second sentence of Mr. Clugston's article there is an imputation against the present Anti-Saloon League organization in the State of New York that borders close to the line of libel. By failing to discriminate between former and present administrations of the New York State League both *The Nation* and Mr. Clugston have offended a large constituency.

I make no defense of the Kansas situation which has been cited, except that certain of the accusations appearing in the article in question have no foundation in fact. To the extent that the Kansas League has gone wrong, its constituency can and will clean house to the last corner. I condemn in terms more direct than either *The Nation* or Mr. Clugston can possibly use whatever of wrong may have existed there or elsewhere. But neither *The Nation* nor its contributors are serving the interests of the general public in wanting unbiased information, when they fail to make the clear distinctions on this or any other question which I have indicated above.

New York, March 5

S. E. NICHOLSON,

Secretary Anti-Saloon League of America

Who Can Help?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing a book on the work of William Dunlap as a painter. If any of the readers of *The Nation* can inform me as to the location of oil portraits or miniatures (either publicly or privately owned) made by this early American artist, I shall be most grateful to them.

House R, Douglass Campus,

New Brunswick, N. J., February 22

O. S. COAD

Atlanta's Negro Barbers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial on The Rising Tide of Prejudice interested me partly for its grave subject and partly because I was until recently a citizen of Atlanta. Your account of the Common Council's attempt to put Atlanta Negro barbers out of business was correct so far as it went and sufficiently disturbing inasmuch as so far the unpleasant facts could not be denied; but it gave only the first chapter in the story.

Following the hostile vote of the common council came Chapter 2—protests from the city Chamber of Commerce, the Council of Churches, and newspapers. Chapter 3 was reconsideration by the common council. Chapter 4 was a revised ordinance, not forbidding white men to visit Negro barber shops but forbidding white women to do so and white children under fourteen years of age. So far as women are concerned, the amended ordinance is only a gesture, since they do not now go to Negro barber shops. Chapter 5 was the Chamber of Commerce's decision to support a test of the ordinance by injunction. Chapter 6, the latest chapter published, is an offer by three of the best law firms in the city to attack the constitutionality of the ordinance, free of cost, at the trial.

New Haven, Connecticut, March 10 FRANK R. SHIPMAN

Working Hours for Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have seen little discussion in *The Nation* concerning the forty-eight-hour law for women in industry. I see, however, from the newspapers that the Woman's Party is again up to its mischief.

I have worked for twelve years in factories and know from hard struggling experience that every hour wrested from the boss, no matter by what means, is a godsend to a working woman. It is a deplorable fact but, nevertheless, true that women do not as readily organize into unions as men do. We used to work from 9 a. m. until 10 p. m., or any old hours on Saturday, and were so fatigued on Sunday that our holiday was spoiled for us. Then an inspector found his way to our place (it was a retail millinery establishment) and informed the boss that ten hours was the maximum a woman may work a day. The boss resented this intrusion into his affairs, but we were dismissed at 9 p. m. on that Saturday. We were so happy we felt like kissing every legislator. No one but a woman who never herself worked in industry would be opposed to shortening a woman's hours of toil.

New York, February 25

LENA RICHMAN

That South American Flight

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The real motive that lies behind the Spanish aviators' flight to South America is the desire on the part of the Spanish Government to divert the people's attention from the disgraceful internal situation of the country, and also to pave the way for Alfonso's carefully planned and long-deferred trip to South America with Primo de Rivera. The so-called ties between Spain and her liberated colonies of America, which you mention in your editorial note commenting on the subject [February 10, page 127], are as loose today as they were one hundred years ago. A mere transatlantic flight accomplished by those who not so long ago bombarded defenseless Rifian towns and villages from the air (Franco's brother is the commander of the notorious Spanish Foreign Legion) cannot establish any permanent and binding ties between archaic and monarchical Spain and her young republican daughters beyond the sea.

New York, February 4

JOAN DEL PLÀ

Books and Plays

Encounter

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Let life flow on and over me
Wave after wave,
Its cold, black waters cover me;
I can be brave.

I see the water rise to make
A rushing hill,
And know the course that they will take;
I can be still.

I am afraid, afraid to drown,
But more afraid of fear;
I need not give as I go down
A cry to hear.

There is no reason in the sea's
Unreasonable riot;
But I can meet it as I please,
I can be quiet.

First Glance

"**L**ATER DAYS," by W. H. Davies (Doran: \$2), has nothing like the narrative possibilities of "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," to which it is a sort of sequel. Whereas the earlier book could take Mr. Davies through poverty and vagabondage to sudden success as a poet, this one, opening on the spectacle of his comparative comfort, can only show him continuing to live and enjoy himself. But in its way it is quite as interesting as its predecessor, for which Bernard Shaw, the creator of Mr. Davies's earliest fame as a poet, wrote a somewhat perplexed introduction. Mr. Shaw was disarmed, I remember, by the coolness and simplicity with which the tramp had told his tale. The same qualities are here, though now they are more abundant and more accented; and they are everywhere in the poetry of the author. If one could explain their presence one could explain how a man who never seems to be saying very much is continually saying something one cannot forget.

The trouble is that simplicity, especially when, as in the case of Mr. Davies, it is connected with a gift for poetry and a sense of humor, is a complicated quality. It is the result of a number of processes run rapidly together, and it is most certainly not an indication of ignorance. With Mr. Davies, who gets his naivete from his irony and a great deal of his irony from his naivete, it leads to amusing ends. The principal subject matter of the present volume is the series of conversations which Mr. Davies has had with British authors and artists—de la Mare, Shaw, Hudson, Conrad, Maefield, Hodgson, Bennett, Beerbohm, Sickert, Epstein, Rothenstein, Bone, and John—encountered since his rise to prominence. "It will be seen," he says with some concern toward the close, "that I have not disliked anyone who is to be found in this book, and everything I say is without malice." The caution comes too late. I am willing to be-

lieve Mr. Davies innocent of malice, but I cannot agree that his writing is so. It is in the nature of his art that he should see clearly and speak sharply, and he could no more have ended the account of his visit to the courtly Conrad without admitting that he tried later to read Conrad's books, and failed, than he could finish a poem about a bird without making it evident that this was a particular bird he saw, and that no one else had ever seen it in just this way.

So with another visit. "De la Mare asked me how I wrote my poems. This being a plain and simple question, I began in this way—'First, an idea comes to me.' But I had no sooner said this than de la Mare asked quickly—'What do you mean by "An idea comes to you"?' The reader will understand my confusion in trying to explain a thing that was so obvious." At least three things are implied here that are not expressed—impatience with Mr. de la Mare for asking so many questions (this Mr. Davies had expressed earlier); a sudden awareness that the poetic process was not so simple as Mr. Davies had been used to assuming (though still it was hardly worth discussion); and a suspicion that Mr. de la Mare did not get his own ideas quickly or easily (and doubted whether anyone else did). All this is implied for me at any rate. That is why I call the simplicity of Mr. Davies an intricate thing. That is why I call his little book an important one—and why I did not think it was when I first read it.

MARK VAN DOREN

Popular Biology

The New Age of Faith. By John Langdon-Davies. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE popularization of science seems to be a parlous and thankless task, one more than likely to bring its performers down to sorrow and contumely. This is due in part to the difficulties inherent in making technical and always uncompleted studies comprehensible to morondom, but more especially to the unavoidable clashing of whatever conclusions may be arrived at with the nonsensical but powerful prejudices of the beneficiaries. Thus Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, and A. E. Wiggam are accused of pandering to the upper and conservative classes, while Bernard Shaw, Henry Fairfield Osborn, and John Langdon-Davies are visibly motivated by their preoccupations respectively with socialism, Christianity, and labor. The work of the mediator between science and the people is conditioned by the fact that, far from being impartial, he is usually a shining intensification of the group-mind of his particular audience.

Mr. Langdon-Davies has had Oxford training in anthropology and psychology, he has been a labor candidate, and he is a popular lecturer on many subjects. In "The New Age of Faith" his mission is to show that scientific optimism is out of tune with post-war pessimism in England; that the Nordic myth is a myth and its prophets lying panderers to race prejudice; that eugenics is nonsense and its prophets lying panderers to class prejudice; that fundamentalism and anti-science do injury to true religion, whatever that is; and that the real, the true, the plain facts of modern science, applicable to these high matters, may be set forth in seventy-five pages. This is an exalted mission and an ambitious scheme. How is it carried out?

First of all, Mr. Langdon-Davies is an excellent writer, full of wit and felicitous phrases; his book is eminently entertaining. Even Mr. Wiggam, slowly recovering from the contusions,

abrasions, and fractures administered by our author, cannot fail to be cheered by the imaginary conversation between himself as eugenic inquisitor and the sainted Elizabeth Tuttle, with the Devil commenting aside. Lothrop Stoddard, even more severely slugged, will probably be less easily compensated, while Bryan, let us hope, will address himself earnestly to his beaker of milk and honey, oblivious of a mundane work in which there is no comfort for him at all.

It is my opinion that in the first section of the book, devoted to viewing with alarm, the author exaggerates the necessity for scientific pessimism, and gives, unintentionally, the false impression that science has nothing more to offer toward human improvement than a dubious eugenics. This leaves out of account, for one thing, the distinct possibility that scientific ethics may do more and cannot do less for man's happiness than religious morality has done. The author's point here is that we must see to it that humanity is influenced by real and not by falsified science. And so to an attack, sparkling and often convincing, on the "race fiends" exemplified by Lothrop Stoddard and the "heredity fiends" represented by A. E. Wiggam.

It so happens that I have had occasion to review both of these gentlemen, and my conclusion was that Mr. Wiggam is, on the whole, reliable, while Mr. Stoddard is not. Practically all biologists and anthropologists are agreed as to the latter, so let us leave him and look a little into the fiendishness of Mr. Wiggam.

It must be understood in the first place that faith in eugenics is a personal matter, like faith in voodooism. Mr. Wiggam has more faith than I have and he expresses it more exuberantly than the bare facts necessarily demand. I have more faith in scientific ethics than has Dr. Stratton, and I express it as persuasively as I can. Such preachment, I take it, is neither scientific nor unscientific, and the proper question for critics is this: What sort of facts are presented to support the propaganda? In his attack on Mr. Wiggam's scientific accuracy, I think Langdon-Davies fails on the whole. For he can do no more than concentrate on a few weaknesses, like the slighted immoralities of Elizabeth Tuttle (already exploited by Clarence Darrow) and the sentimentality of the "New Decalogue" (long since denounced by myself and others), and hold up to ill-supported scorn such by no means unfounded aphorisms as "The slums are made by slum people, not slum people by the slums." And the while he neglects to mention that most of Mr. Wiggam's direct statements of fact are based on the findings of modern genetics. In brief, it hurts Mr. Langdon-Davies's prejudices to face the biological fact of individual variation in innate capacity and its obvious corollary in the matter of social gradation. Of the many points that might be taken up in detail, space permits no more than bare mention of a few. We already forbid mating among the worst human types. How far up can this be carried? Mr. Wiggam is sound on the race question, asserting as he does the lack of exact measurement. The fixity of the chromosomes (barring mutation) is an argument for eugenics, since increasing environmental complexity will eventually outrun an average capacity which varies about a fixed norm. The breeding of better types, whatever the number and correlation of hereditary factors and characteristics involved, is bound to produce on the average better offspring, which is all that Mr. Wiggam or anyone else maintains.

Mr. Langdon-Davies's last chapters present a good, if very brief, survey of what (in small part) biology has to say on evolution and sociological problems. His belief in the preponderating influence of the great masses of common men—as opposed to the influence of forceful individuals—and his faith in the superior power of environment are comprehensible coming from one of his sympathies; but these opinions have no peculiarly firm basis in scientific fact. I shall not call them pseudo-scientific or fiendish—simply non-scientific, emotional, propagandistic.

H. M. PARSHLEY

Prescott's Letters

The Correspondence of William Hickling Prescott: 1833 to 1847.

Edited by Roger Wolcott. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50.

THE charm of correspondence when, like Prescott's, it happens to be correspondence with a charm lies surely most of all in its simple and unassuming contemporaneity. It is less affected than history, more artless than memoirs, and far more honest than the publicity which gets into news and proceedings; and because of these virtues it gives us perhaps our most competent images of the men and manners of times gone by. Certainly the Prescott letters have such a character, partly because of the variety and range of their contacts, partly by the native flavor of their thought and style—as it were introducing us *con amore* into the gracious society of men and women now grown ghostly, men and women who seem to us delightfully genuine in spite of their artifice, doubtless because they were unaware of it just as we are mainly unaware of our own.

The historian was a man of genial fame in the period covered by the letters, and these show that he quite deserved it. By disposition he was a man of the world, that is, of the polite and humane world, but by the chance of a tempered fate, his near-blindness, he was compelled for the most part to associate with this world at second remove. Perhaps it was this which gave us his histories, as surely it had much to do with the fulness, in expression as in quantity, of his correspondence—largely done by aid of the noctograph, which must have whiled away many an hour of dark seclusion.

One is tempted, also, to accredit in part to Prescott's disability the quite splendidly generous assistance which he received in his work from scholarly strangers in many lands. Doubtless the difficulties under which he worked, as also the manliness with which he faced them, added a touch of the heroic to his personality which the romantic spirit of his time was quick to acclaim—yes, and exaggerate, for we find a humorous turn in a letter from Edward Everett, then minister to Great Britain, to the effect that "Sir John Hobhouse last Saturday evening insisted upon it: you were as blind as a mole, and being a quiet man I was obliged to let him have his way." But whether aided by this or by the sole fame of his talents, the letters show the Yankee historian receiving the ungrudging and constant assistance of Americans and foreigners alike in his quest of materials for his histories. Almost the sole exception was Mignet, the French historian, who refused to Prescott's loyal friend and aid, the Comte Adolphe de Circourt, permission to make extracts from a manuscript diary of Charles V. From other sources aid was more than free, and not only from American diplomats abroad but especially from Don Pascual de Gayangos he received quite priceless help, while the Scottish wife of the Spanish minister to Mexico, Fanny Calderón de la Barca, served obviously as eyes for his vivid descriptions of that land.

It is entirely clear from the letters that Prescott was a highly conscientious literary historian—literary as distinguished from the more modern "scientific" recorders of the past. He was determined to found his work upon the best sources, and spent freely to obtain them; he was anxious that there should be no mere re-hash, but some new and unused foundation for each of his books; but there seems to have lain in his motive as much concern for the value of discoveries as embellishment as for their value as additional truth, and the idea of being exhaustive in the matter of sources did not enter his head (or at all events he was too wise to entertain it). For him, and for his generation, history is justified for the tale it has to tell, and the historian is quite the artist. Furthermore (it comes to us as a bit of a shock in these days of carload shipments) a book was in itself a work of art and an object of respect. Prescott was concerned about the quality of the paper and the

blackness of the ink as well as about the accuracy of the notes, and very much concerned that his pages should be adorned with the best obtainable engravings of the personages of note who justified them as history and letters. It is all a part of the glamor of the time, before the humanities had surrendered to the sciences and while romance was still dear with reality.

Doubtless the chief value of the letters will be for the historian (if he shall arise) who may find himself intrigued by the task of depicting the spirit of refinement as it was felt and lived in the genteel forties. There were still Yankees in those days, interesting to the Continent, grandly patronized by the British, and themselves looking rather askance at some of their compatriots, even the highest placed: "In the evening went to a soirée at the President's, a mean-looking individual enough, who gapes and chaws tobacco." The President in question was Polk, and Prescott adds that "Madame is much more of a President in air and conversation." Air and conversation, somehow, in a most excellent quality pervade the whole correspondence.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Brindled Poems

This Waking Hour. Poems by Leon Serabian Herald. Introduction by Zona Gale. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.75.

The waking hour is the gate
Through which flocks of thoughts
Scatter into the pasture.

THUS the opening of the lyric which gives this book its title. What manner of thoughts are these that come, skipping like rams, to graze upon the mountains? One would say that they were the flocks of Jacob's choosing, ring-straked with sad-colored memories and spotted with darkened hopes. Such Scriptural images come naturally to the mind after reading Mr. Herald's poems, wherein an Occidental sharpness of wit mingles curiously with an Oriental richness of fantasy. Nearly all the lyrics show the poet to be a mystic, a mystic strangely nurtured upon disaster and loneliness and despair. Nearly all show him reaching out, beyond the horrors of yesterday, the poverty of today, the dread blank that is tomorrow, toward some insubstantial, unapprehended reality which will clothe man again in the humanity he has so rudely put off.

This divinity he seeks is always an inward thing, as in the poem about the criminal who begged for punishment and was told by the people that his crime was not against them but against God, and who upon turning to God was told that the crime was not against Him but against the man's self:

The criminal again went his way crying.
He went away from where people dwell,
He went away from where God dwells,
He went far, far away and cried louder,
"O Myself, good Myself, Myself Son of God,
Wherever you are come unto me.
I have committed a crime,
Come, punish me."

There is something deeply moving in that quaint apostrophe.

Not all the poems strike so grave a note. The poet is a young Armenian who left his native village some thirteen years ago and who can never return to it. It has been wiped out. Several of the lyrics are charming remembrances of that lost village. Others are brief pointed images, like *Alley Wind* and *Stars*.

The section of the book called *At Love's Manger* contains some fine and delicate things. One of these, called *Too Soon*, reads like an old Eastern song such as E. Powys Mathers has rendered so felicitously into English.

The poet handles his words with the touch of a stranger to the language, and while this often results in freshness and vigor, and is the best safeguard against the cliché, it sometimes makes for involuntary humor. This is a fault which can be mended. A more serious matter is an apparent insensi-

tiveness to certain incongruities of image. Thus an otherwise lovely piece is spoiled by the lines:

The gentle Father, unused to chiding,
Bends his head low over the child's face
As if his eyes were tender breasts,
As if his tears were sweet milk.

The final poem, which is rhymed, is impossible from every point of view. But few first books are unexceptionable. Here is one that expresses a fine and vigilant spirit, the spirit of a man who is worth watching.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Europe for Beginners

History of Europe from the Reformation to the Present Day.
By Ferdinand Schevill. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
\$3.50.

THIS work has been ably performed, at times performed brilliantly. The viewpoint, skilfully and attractively set forth in the introductory chapter, is always comprehensive and always intelligent; the reasoning is clear and frequently stimulating. The arrangement of material approaches perfection. Several chapters, notably those entitled *European Civilization Toward the Middle of the Seventeenth Century* and *Political, Social, Economic, and Intellectual Currents Between 1648 and 1789*, are admirable. The chapter on the Renaissance and the section on the church in the chapter on the Middle Ages are perhaps not equaled at the present moment within similar compass.

But "this work is not a history of European civilization; it is and desires to be looked upon as a portal to such a history." Moreover, it "is avowedly a book for beginners." What profit will the beginner derive from fifteen pages devoted to the Middle Ages (a section of less than two pages discussing feudalism!)? Of what use is the illuminating and stimulating account of the Renaissance for the student for whom "primus inter pares" has to be translated? The author has done well with the two hundred-odd pages devoted to the period 1500-1648; the one hundred and twenty pages which deal with the period 1648-1789 are reasonably successful. But the three hundred pages assigned to Europe since 1789 contain a narrative not measurably different from several accounts now on the market. The chapters on the French Revolution and Napoleon are too long in proportion; probably no one will ever make them really brief. Other chapters are decidedly thin. The chapter on Great Britain is a masterpiece of condensation. But the chapters which discuss the industrial revolution and the scientific development of the nineteenth century are disappointing.

Nor is the author immune from more specific attack. A single brief mention of the Conciliar movement seems insufficient. One is dismayed to find so many pages devoted to the "divorce" of Henry VIII. The author could answer the majority of his own questions concerning the responsibility for the massacre of St. Bartholomew if he would but read Van Dyke's "Catherine de Médicis," published in 1922. There is no mention of Van Dyke in the list of references appended to this chapter. One also notes the omission of the names of Lord Acton and the author's own colleague, Professor Thompson. Indeed these lists of references seem to have been constructed in accordance with no fixed policy. The omission of recent and relevant titles is fairly frequent.

The book contains many striking bits of characterization and many apt phrases, but the reviewer must indicate his astonishment at the picture of Elizabeth as "old, childless and lonely." The statement by which the author attempts to indicate the paternal relationship between the late President Wilson and the League of Nations will be read at least twice by the most casual student. Perhaps this was the intention of the author.

SIDNEY R. PACKARD

Books in Brief

Labor Attitudes and Problems. By Willard E. Atkins and Harold D. Lasswell. Prentice-Hall, Inc. \$5.

This book represents a frank departure from the textbooks on labor problems heretofore available. The authors are interested not so much in unions, picketing, boycotts, political action, and kindred manifestations of the labor struggle as in promoting an understanding of the "attitudes" of the workers which produce these manifestations. They seek to explain the labor movement in terms of the aspirations and desires of the men and women who make up the working population. Approaching the problems of labor from this novel angle—beginning unconventionally with causes rather than with effects—they have produced what seems to be quite the most useful and stimulating textbook in its field. The major discussion is opened with a series of pictures—sketchy but adequate—of the workers in the great industries of coal, steel, clothing, agriculture, so that the student may see the workers in the very setting out of which the so-called "labor problems" arise. This scrutiny is supplemented by an historical outline of the evolution of our industrial age and a concise statement of the social problems it has brought the working class: unemployment, the wage system disability. The student is then ready for the authors' story of the struggle of the workers to improve their economic position through unionism, cooperation, and various forms of political and industrial action, opposed and limited by the counter-activities of the employers. A chapter on community control of industrial relations, either through public opinion or through legislation, concludes the book. The whole is calculated to curb the flair for vacuous generalization which the labor field seems to stimulate, not only in the tyro but even in those who have had many years of contact with these problems.

Mass Education for Workers. Brookwood Labor College. 50 cents.

The record of a conference by labor teachers on the methods of cultural mass education among the workers as against specialized training in trade unionism. The pamphlet is of popular interest.

The Roman Colonate, the Theories of its Origin. By Roth Clausen. Columbia University Press.

The greatest mystery of late Roman history is the ascription of the tenantry to the soil, which without any warning is referred to as an accomplished fact in Constantine's rescript of 332. Naturally every historian of Rome has tried to explain the origin of the custom, and we must be grateful to Dr. Clausen for his well-ordered survey of the unwieldy "literature" of the subject. His criticisms of the various theories are also useful, though not always penetrating. For instance, his review of Rostovtzeff's brilliant book on the Colonate does not even approach the debating ground; he seems not to have studied the conditions which produced the documents under discussion. His own brief reconstruction at the end, however, reveals good judgment in avoiding the enticements of inappropriate parallels from Egypt. Unfortunately at this point he has said little that was not already said thirty years ago.

Tales of the Long Bow. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

In "The Club of Queer Trades" and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" Mr. Chesterton was always trying to put a modern pig into an ancient poke, but always he had an astounding skill at telling a story. Herein he forms a club of eccentrics who prove the truth of ancient proverbs by eating hats made from cabbages and making pigs fly by putting them

in parachutes and managing white elephants by giving them to a man named White, and at last organizing an agrarian revolution and restoring the land to the peasants. Of late the mind of Mr. Chesterton has grown heavy and his dialectic has grown continuous and garrulous. His power of narrative has hardened to a process of irresponsible logic. He has lost his magics and spells and got all tangled up like a protesting blue-bottle caught in the evil spider's web of modern life.

Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas. By Zane Grey. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

A well-told tale, magnificently illustrated with a hundred lucky photographs of Mr. Grey's expedition to Southern waters after big sea-game. Better than all his invented stories put together.

The Philosophy of William James. Drawn from his own works. With an introduction by Horace M. Kallen. *H. M. S. Pinafore and Other Plays.* By W. S. Gilbert. *Jungle Peace.* By William Beebe. *Camille.* By Alexandre Dumas. *Poor White.* By Sherwood Anderson. *Wuthering Heights.* By Emily Bronte. The Modern Library Publishers. 95 cents each.

These latest volumes in the Modern Library are evidence that under its new management this series is to continue to be of signal value. The physical features—as, for instance, the leather used in the binding—are decidedly improved.

The Le Gallienne Book of American Verse. Edited with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

Running lightly from Freneau to Farrar, this new member of the Le Gallienne series of anthologies is on the whole well balanced; and certainly it is readable. Without at all doing justice to Mr. Robinson and a number of other modern poets, Mr. Le Gallienne is sufficiently aware of the importance of the field, for in his introduction he says: "Contemporary American poetry is at present the most vital and original being written in the English tongue. For the moment, at all events, it looks as though the future of English poetry is to be in America."

Modern German Poetry. Translated, with an Introduction, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Little Blue Book No. 775. Girard, Kansas: Haldeman-Julius Company. 5 cents.

Rarely has so much good modern poetry been purchasable for a nickel. Mr. Lewisohn, after an introduction in which he reiterates his well-known conviction that Germany during the past fifty years has made a unique and important contribution to the lyric poetry of the world, furnishes skilful and passionate versions of specimens from Nietzsche, von Liliencron, Holz, Dehmel, Hesse, von Hofmannsthal, Rilke, and Stefan George. An excellent introduction to an excellent subject.

Manito Masks. Dramatizations, with Music, of American Indian Spirit Legends. By Hartley Alexander. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Alexander's task, which he admits is an all but impossible one, is to "invent a form in which the charm of Indian lore may be translated into a poetic and dramatic idiom at once suitable to its native spirit and intelligible to our own." Previous attempts have generally resulted either in white man's jingle or in red man's jargon. Mr. Alexander is both a scholar and a poet; therefore he comes as near success, perhaps, as the difference between the two cultures involved will ever permit.

The Trial of Jesus. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Mr. Masefield's new verse-prose play tells an exciting story crudely.

Drama

A Dublin Success

EVERY now and then some work of art has the good fortune to be acclaimed for what it ought to be rather than for what it is. Some audience wants a particular thing said, a book or a play gives evidence of trying to say that thing, and the eagerness of the audience, supplying deficiencies out of its own imagination, gives to mere good intention the applause which rightfully belongs to accomplishment alone. Something of this sort, I think, must explain the fact that "Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair Theater), by the young Irish workman Sean O'Casey, was acclaimed in Dublin as a masterpiece, but seems when transplanted to New York only a rather bungling affair which though frequently amusing reveals the inexperienced hand of its author in its halting action and its frequent lapses into conventional theater. Behind it, as behind so much mediocre art, there lies no doubt the sincerest of feeling, and the author, it is easy to see, is passionately aware of the tragic irony of his people's predicament; but he lacks the art to give his perceptions any really forceful expression and his work will seem satisfying only to those who are so full of the things he has to say that they can project upon his work their own feelings.

Ireland, he wishes to tell us, is the eternal Pagliacci at whose antics the world laughs while the clown heart breaks. Paddy, the amiable ne'er-do-well who escapes with his song and his glass from the troubles which beset him, has won the contemptuous tribute of an amused smile and a patronizing affection, but he has forfeited the respect of those whom he entertains, and the very qualities which have contributed to make him a sympathetic comic figure have served to involve him deeper and deeper in misery. Even his idealism and his love of country, when they have not exhausted themselves in sentimental effusions, have turned to the fanaticism which sets brother to murder brother, and as a result that Emerald Isle, the very mention of which is enough to suggest the broadest of comedy, is actually sunk in squalor and drenched in blood. England has played the villain's part, but Ireland has played opposite in the fool's role, and all in all it is a sorry farce.

Such, I say, is the thing which the author has wished to communicate, and there are moments, like that at the end when the central character stumbles drunkenly into the wretched and empty home which his incompetence has brought to ruin, when the values inherent in the situation are fully realized; but these moments are few and the play as a whole, absurdly padded out with farcical scenes which have no place off the music hall stage, wobbles precariously instead of marching forward with the steady pace which tragedy demands. The fault lies primarily in the artistic immaturity of the author, who cannot, save in moments, actually say what he has to say and who is compelled constantly to fall back upon the tritest of situations and incidents when his powers fail him. Even the characters are, with one exception, half human and half puppet: Captain Boyle, an Irish Micawber with a deadly fear of work, is conceived forcefully and without relenting, and the gradual emergence of the impotent brutality which lies behind his blustering good fellowship is the finest thing in the piece; but none of the other characters is so real. Doubtless the rather uncertain tone which marks the production in spite of Augustin Duncan's admirable interpretation of the chief role has something to do with the fact that "Juno and the Paycock" seems less moving here than it did on its own soil; but the fault lies primarily, I think, in the play itself. There it borrowed virtue from its relevance to the tension in the audience itself; here it must depend upon its art alone, and that art does not seem to be quite sufficient.

"The Moon Is a Gong," the new play by John Dos Passos now playing at the Cherry Lane, must be added to the list of those failures which are doubly discouraging by virtue of the

fact that their authors had previously promised so much. Cast into the most extreme of expressionistic forms, and dealing with the revolt of youth against a machine civilization, it does little but go over familiar ground once more and seem only violent and noisy when it should be stirring. All its symbolic figures—the Publicity Man, the Jazz Boys, Death in the guise of a Doctor, and even the Sidewalk Astronomer—have appeared before; the symbols of the expressionistic drama, like all other symbols, wear thin very rapidly indeed. And as for plot, even chaos can be portrayed only once, for chaos—and this is its defect as a subject for art—is the same wherever you look at it. Helen Chandler adds no distinction to the acting.

At the Greenwich Village Theater "East Lynn" is being amusingly burlesqued in a production obviously inspired by the success which attended a similar treatment of "Fashion." The performance is genuinely amusing, but one cannot help feeling that in various respects the perennial old melodrama has not been given a fair chance, but is made to appear somewhat worse than it really is. "The Masque of Venice" (Mansfield Theater) is a quite entertaining English comedy dealing in the lightest of veins with the amorous adventures in Venice of a successful English author of hitherto blameless life, and its witty lines have the advantage of a genuinely literary polish.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

Ibsen's "GHOSTS" with Actors' Theatre cast, including Lucile Watson, Jose Ruben, Edward Fielding, Hortense Alden, J. M. Kerrigan; staged by Dudley Digges; at Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" for special mats. only Thursday and Friday, 2:30, at Comedy Theatre. Actors' Theatre cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy and Dudley Digges.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand Street
Tel. Drydock 7516
Repertoire for 5 Weeks Beginning Tues., March 23

Tues., Wed. and Thurs.
Eves. and Wed. Matinee.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee.

DYBBUK
English Version by Henry Alberg

THREE A Burmese Pwe
LYRIC A Haydn Opera-Bouffe
DRAMAS A Chinese Fantasy

MAYFAIR : **JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK**
Theatre, 44th St., E. of Bway. Phone Bryant 2181
Evenings 8:30 with **AUGUSTIN DUNCAN**
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LECTURES

SCOTT NEARING National Security League
opponent
will debate **J. Robert O'Brien**
on **RECOGNITION OF SOVIET RUSSIA**
FRANK P. WALSH, Chairman
Manhattan Opera House 315 West 34th Street
Sunday afternoon, March 28th, at 2:30
Reserved Seats: \$1.65, \$1.10, \$.83, \$.55
On Sale Now at: Manhattan Opera House, Box Office: Jimmie Higgins
Bookstore, 127 University Place
Auspices NEW MASSES, 39 W. 8th St., Tel. Stuy. 2104

The only New York Lecture Evening this Season on
The most Revolutionary Medical Discovery of the Age
Program:
"Dr. Abrams: The Man and His Work"
MR. ALEXANDER MARKY
Illustrated Lecture: DR. EUGENE UNDERHILL of Philadelphia
MEETING TO BE HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
EASTERN ELECTRONIC RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
In the Town Hall, 123 West 43rd Street (bet. Broadway & Sixth Avenue)
On MONDAY, MARCH 29th, 1926, at 8:30 p. m.
This meeting has been called in response to the growing interest in and demand for reliable information on the Abrams methods of diagnosis and treatment of disease. The E. R. A. (Electronic Reaction of Abrams) is increasingly engaging the interest and research efforts of advanced medical thinkers in Europe as well as in America.
ADMISSION FREE Questions and Answers

New Scribner Books

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, 1900-1904

By MARK SULLIVAN

The opening book in a group of four, a complete social history of "Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925." Mark Sullivan's observation has missed nothing of interest and significance. He has been as much interested in "Florodora" as in Wm. J. Bryan. Here are the theatre, sports, recreations, styles, business, songs, politics—everything that colored life in America at the turn of the century. *Profusely illustrated.* \$5.00



MARK SULLIVAN

F. Scott Fitzgerald's ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN

Owen Davis's stage version of Scott Fitzgerald's "Great Gatsby" is now one of the successes of the New York theatre. The mature artist who wrote that book is evident in these stories, which are as entertaining as they are poignant. \$2.00

Arthur Train's THE BLIND GODDESS

Everybody knew that Arthur Train could write a compelling novel about the law. It is a startling revelation of the methods of criminal justice, but it is first of all a colorful, eventful, and swift-moving story. \$2.00

L. H. Myers's THE CLIO A Novel

"The Clio" is a brilliant, enticing, witty, and profound work. His thought is so fascinating and profound, and has such resource behind it, that it is a continuous delight.—*The Nation and Athenaeum.* \$2.00



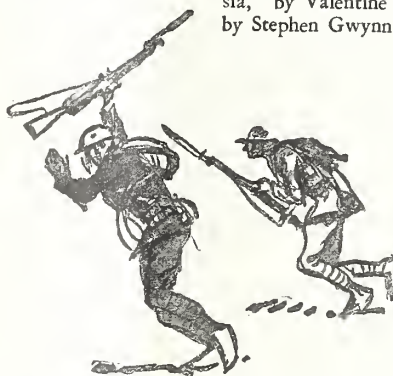
The bough of Spring is now fluttering with

Ring Lardner's THE LOVE NEST And Other Stories

Nine new stories done in Ring Lardner's incomparable manner. \$1.75

INDIA [The Modern World] By Sir Valentine Chirol

An authoritative volume. Other books in the "Modern World Series" already published are "Germany," by G. P. Gooch; "Norway," by G. Gathorne Hardy; "Russia," by Valentine O'Hara and N. Makeef; and "Ireland," by Stephen Gwynn. *Each volume, \$3.00*



FIX BAYONETS!

By John W. Thomason, Jr.
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps.

This is one of those books that make a publisher say to himself—however much he may have grumbled at various times—"There is no business like the publishing business!" The extraordinary text and pictures are both by the same man. \$3.50

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE

By Allen Johnson, *Professor of American History, Yale University*

A concrete and extremely interesting discussion of the methods of collecting historical evidence, of doubting and sifting it, of criticising and proving it. \$2.00

PLAYS, SIXTH SERIES By John Galsworthy

Combining in one volume "Old English," "The Show," "The Forest." \$2.50

CRITICAL WOODCUTS By Stuart Sherman

An unusual book of critical essays, by a critic on whom the eyes of literary America are centred. *Illustrated with woodcuts by BERTRAND ZADIG.* \$2.50

THE MEADOWS By John C. Van Dyke

"Familiar Studies of the Commonplace" the author styles this charming survey of the simple beauties of the low-lying landscape. \$2.00

THE PORTRAIT OF ZÉLIDE By Geoffrey Scott

Dr. Joseph Collins, after surveying the entire field of contemporary biography, calls this "the best fictional biography that has been published in English." \$3.75

CONFESSIONS OF A CAPITALIST By Sir E. J. P. Benn

An economic study with an individual flavor. Now being translated into Norwegian, Dutch, German, and French. \$5.00

MYSTERY CITIES By Thomas Gann

Exploration of ancient Maya cities in British Honduras. *Illustrated.* \$5.00

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH By Sisley Huddleston

An up-to-the-minute study of contemporary France by a close observer. \$3.00

LUCKY SAM McCARVER By Sidney Howard

An interesting experiment in dramatic biography, seen in New York last fall. \$2.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

The Clergy or the Constitution

WE print below the text of a public proclamation issued by the Constituent Association of Mexico, an organization of members of the Constituent Assembly of 1917, and signed by seventy signers of the constitution.

The course followed by the Mexican clergy throughout history has always been considered by our legislators as prejudicial to the stability of our institutions. From 1821 to 1867 the clergy fought for the establishment of oligarchical governments in which the three privileged classes, namely, the clergy, the army, and the landholders, as masters of the nation's destiny, would allow the first-named to assume actual control of the political life of Mexico. History has shown that such systems have involved nations in the most serious of upheavals and resulted in ruthless oppression—burning the wings of thought in the flames of the Inquisition, as one of our great orators expressed it. The appalling ruin of the great kingdom responsible for the discovery of America, which early in the sixteenth century was the foremost nation in the world, was due to Philip II's policy of upholding and disseminating Catholicism by war and tyranny.

Whenever politics and religion have been combined, nations have met with disaster, such as paved the way for the philosophic and anarchistic reaction of the eighteenth century which left the ideal of personal liberty forever stamped on the human mind.

In Mexico, the clergy has fought every government that has come into power. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna personifies the corrupt activities of a group which has dodged responsibility by using religion as a shield and has refused to recognize anything worthy of respect in human aspirations or social interests which did not bow down before its occult and irresponsible power.

The Pope refused to recognize Mexico's independence, thereby encouraging social unrest and sowing the seed of subsequent political revolts. Our government was denied the patronage which had been granted years before to Napoleon, who obtained it by force. Mexico was plunged into civil war, involving us in tremendous sacrifices and great national danger, in order to maintain the mortgages on church property. But when, after the war with Spain, the American Government demanded the sale of church property in the Philippines, its superior force was recognized and there was no opposition. In Mexico the clergy ignored the same law which was so meekly accepted in other countries. Such matters have no bearing upon the uprightness of the Catholic dogma or the moral standards of society, but relate to the material gratifications which the clergy has attempted to obtain by taking advantage of a people's good faith.

Financed by the unscrupulous commercialism which is trying to exploit the credulity of a people who cannot distinguish between religion and political intrigue, a group of reactionary writers has been carrying on a rabid campaign in the daily press. Without any apparent premeditation, but in reality profiting by this campaign, the clergy desired to bring Mexico under the bloody banner of religious struggles. To prevent this the supremacy of civil power had been established in the Reform Laws of 1859. Four principles of the constitution of 1917 have been picked out for ridicule and have formed the point of attack in proclaiming the rebellion of the clergy. This is an attempt to inject into a disturbing religious problem questions relating to civil rule, and to give the impression that Mexico is 100 years behind civilized nations where religious cults are held to definite limits, and beyond which the civil power exercises repressive action over them.

The articles of the constitution which are now absorbing the attention of the rebellious clergy are: Article 3, on instruction; Article 5, on the sacrifice of personal liberty; Article 27, on

property; and Article 130, on the supremacy of civil power.

Article 3 of the constitution has excited the wrath of the politically ambitious clergy, because by this article it is deprived of a weapon of propaganda against national institutions. No one can deny that it used its schools for this purpose, and that, by taking advantage of national history and civics classes, it planted the seed of discord and hatred in young minds, thus preventing the fusion of all the minds of the nation in a supreme spiritual unity. The clergy must not teach in Mexico, because when it had this privilege it ignobly perverted the crystal current of child mentality into the polluted pools of intolerance and religious persecution.

It is, furthermore, untrue that the work of the clergy in its schools is indispensable for the cultural life of the nation; the clergy, before the revolution, never had schools which were comparable numerically to the public schools of that period. And moreover, the schools known as Catholic were most inadequate, and their standards were much lower than those of the public schools. Their teachers were poorly paid—evident victims of the deplorable work which was demanded of them. The methods of teaching in the clerical schools were antiquated. . . . And as for the schools for poor children, how many were maintained by the clergy in 1910? No one who has gone into the problem thoroughly and who has studied the country at that period will deny the following facts:

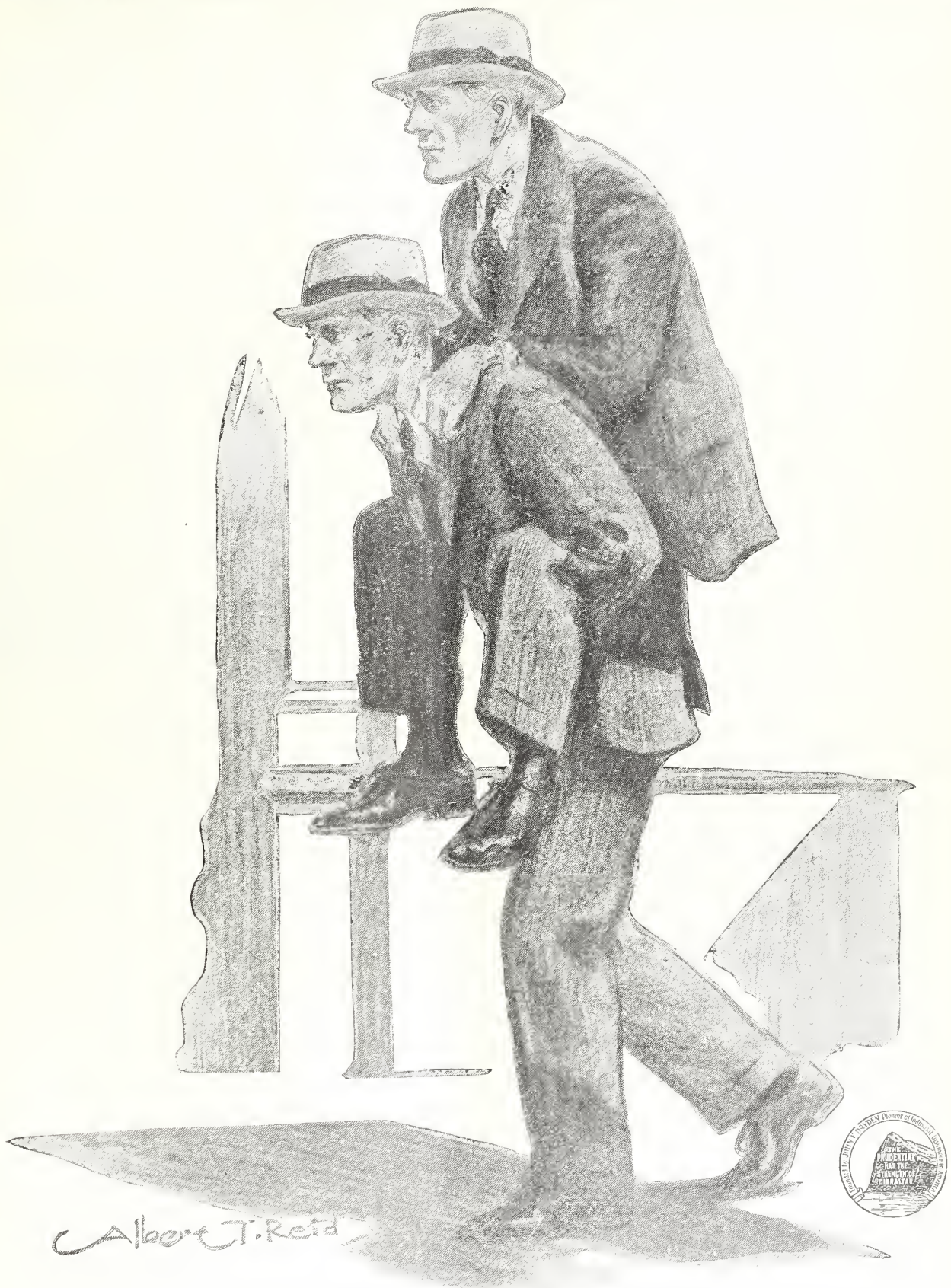
1. The Catholic schools were so few in number that they were confined to a minority of the states; there were none on the seacoast or boundaries.

2. Where clerical schools did exist there were fewer of them than of the public schools, and at no time did the number reach one-fifth of the public schools.

3. The technical efficiency of the clerical institutions was almost nil in comparison with that of the public schools, whether owing to the methods of the clerical schools, their lack of equipment, the inadequacy of buildings, or because of the scarcity of teachers and funds needed for their salaries. . . .

It is not, then, their ambition to educate the young which is behind the opposition of the clergy to Article 3 of the Constitution, but the reconquest of a political weapon, because their schools, inadequate as they were, enabled them to carry on their opposition to civil authority, and to range themselves as one against another.

If we mention the clerical schools for the children of the well-to-do, we shall see that although they were not so inadequate as the schools for poor children, yet they had no importance from the standpoint of culture, but did have disadvantages which we shall enumerate. Generally established in the thickly populated centers, they were devoted to the education of children whom fortune had favored, and were run by Jesuits, Marists, Teresians, and other religious bodies imported from abroad under the protection of the tolerant dictatorship. It was not unusual, therefore, for these schools to be constantly revealing the national tendency of their leaders, and as a result the children were taught to pray in French, abolishing the mother tongue in prayer; they were taught to judge the international conflicts of Mexico with other countries from the national view of their teachers, and it was not uncommon to find children who regarded the French invasion of Mexico through the eyes of the French invaders. Even more serious, however, is the social sediment left us by these schools that the Mexican clergy is so anxious to conserve—a sediment which may be considered the most terrible and damaging result of the 1917 Constitution, because the idle young people who squander their heritage or put it into mortgages, and who are utterly ignorant of the problems of the nation and who in the hour of crisis hold back like cowards or enlist in foreign ranks, are the legitimate children, the inevitable offspring of the clerical schools. The United States uses its



*Are you going to carry yourself at sixty
or have The Prudential Insurance Company do it?*

Prudential Insurance Co. of America

©

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*, HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

schools to Americanize the foreign population; we, before Article 3 of the Constitution went into effect, had schools in which the Mexican was being alienized.

Out of date, to the point of appearing archaic, is the debate on the sacrifice of individual liberty which has been aroused by all this clerical agitation. The clergy has resurrected an old problem that was solved in 1859 and has not been attacked for more than half a century, suddenly raising it to a plane of primary importance.

Ever since colonial times there have been representatives of New Spain going to the King, begging him to refuse to authorize the establishment of more convents, because even in early periods people had some idea of the drawbacks of such institutions. Economic life was affected by the fact that more than half the landed property of the whole nation was owned by the church; family life suffered from the segregation of its members behind the walls of the cloisters, where loved ones were buried alive; and even the individual conception of life was affected by the existence of such large numbers of idle and unproductive persons.

The modern idea of the active, productive, and industrious life which we so need to learn and to practice, would find a mortal enemy in that haven for the hereditary defects of the race which the convents would soon become. How shameful that there should be anyone who wish to revive what people were attempting to abolish 200 years ago! A little more, and they will be asking civil coercion for ecclesiastical voting, and requesting the government to imprison and discipline farmers who do not pay their tithes. Another "income tax"!

Perhaps they will even ask that liberty of the press be suspended for the same reason that Virrey Venegas gave for suspending it in 1813: "In the little time that liberty of the press has been established, there has been the most scandalous abuse . . . things have been printed that are positively disrespectful!"

During the Porfirist dictatorship the clergy did not protest against the execution of the laws relating to nationalization of church property. It feared that the claw of despotism was hidden beneath the white glove of conciliation.

Fear has always been responsible for gestures of submission on the part of the clergy. Religion had its martyrs, but this clerical agitation is the depraved form of religious opinion; it is ambition for power—the aftermath of evangelical humility.

An attack is being made on Article 27 of the constitution, which prohibits the clergy from holding landed property, and the motto now is less delicate than a year ago, when it was: Religion and Laws. Law dignifies the individual and is a step in social progress which should be maintained. But now the motto is: Religion and Money. How far we are from Assisi! What an insult to the wandering apostle who passed into history, perhaps to glory, with the nickname of poor man, Motolinia! And into what oblivion have fallen the peace-bringing words which were first heard on a hill in Galilee: "Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth."

During half a century the clergy adjusted itself to a regime under which it was prohibited from holding landed property and which was established by the Constitution of 57. But now it has had to link this cause, won in Querétaro on June 19, 1867, with the rebellion of the oil interests and the foreign diplomatic pressure against the very same Article 27 of the present constitution. The clergy says to the oil men: "You are not alone in your attack on nationalism and sovereignty—we are rallying to your banner." . . .

Article 130 of the constitution, in addition to its confirmation of the Reform Laws, against which the clergy made no protest for fifty years, contains certain prohibitions aimed at preventing the formation of illegitimate interests by using the cloak of a religious creed to deceive the people.

SAVE \$2.50

by ordering together the two foremost weekly magazines in America—

THE NEW REPUBLIC and THE NATION

a year of both for \$7.50

Alternate Offers

SPECIAL FOR LADIES

also for gentlemen who may be interested in ladies—The New Republic for one year and "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," by John Erskine, a book that incites to mirth, pleasurable conversation, and profitable emulation of the methods of the adroit and exquisite Helen—both book and magazine

for \$6.60

SPECIAL FOR PARENTS

and for all interested in the new problems that confront parents—The New Republic for one year and "Concerning Parents," just off the press—both magazine and book

for \$5.25

Clip, sign, and mail this money-saving coupon


The New
REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

For the enclosed \$.....send me The New Republic for one year and (magazine or book)

.....

.....

Name

Street

CityState.....

N. 3-31-26

A Million Dollar Challenge!

Will Liberals Match It?

"CHURCHES SEEK SCHOOLS' AID TO TEACH RELIGION

A \$1,000,000 Endowment Fund is to be raised for the movement."—
N. Y. World, March 16, 1926.

Never has there been a more direct and definite challenge to liberals than this. Will they match it?

WE live in a momentous period of American history. Our government, founded as a secular state, is in danger of being dominated by the church.

Dogmas and superstitions that are being gradually discarded because of the increasing intelligence of the people are now to be introduced into the minds of the school children in an attempt to so warp them that they will never be able to think rationally after this process is completed! What cannot be accomplished by law is now to be attempted by money.

New York State is, at this very moment, the battleground of a bitter struggle. Shall the State remain politically free, or will it become a vassal of the church?

The FREETHINKERS' SOCIETY is fighting to keep the church and its bigotry out of every branch of our government, including the public school system.

Last year the FREETHINKERS' SOCIETY brought suit in Mt. Vernon to prevent the early dismissal of public school children for the purpose of receiving religious instruction, and were granted by Justice Seeger a permanent injunction restraining this practice. On February 13th, last, in the Supreme Court at Albany, arguments were heard by Justice Ellis J. Staley in the mandamus proceedings brought by the Society to compel the State Board of Education to obey the law as interpreted by Justice Seeger. Justice Staley asked that briefs be submitted and reserved decision.

Now a most brazen attempt is being made to accomplish by money what the Church could not win through subterfuge or through defiance of the law. *The New York World* has just printed a series of articles describing this crisis in American education. In the first article point was made of an offer by William E. Knox, President of the Bowery Savings Bank, of New York, to raise ONE MILLION DOLLARS to effect religious instruction in the public schools.

How will this million dollars be used? Certainly no school officials may be purchased with it. Certainly no effort dare be made to sway justice with it. But those who have watched the actions of wealthy individuals and corporations in the courts have an inkling of the sinister purpose of this million dollar offer. What can this money be used for except to obstruct justice, to prolong the action, to drag it out until a fund unequal to theirs is exhausted. Then, through sheer lack of money to carry on the case, *The cause of religious freedom will be lost!*

If we have appealed to you before, think how much more urgently we ask your aid now. One million dollars is to be dumped into the scales against us. It is for you and for all liberals to help balance the scales. We cannot hope to get one million dollars from one person, or ten, or a thousand. We can only hope that every person who believes in the principles of freethought, free speech, a public school system free of religious influences will count this Million Dollar Challenge as a personal affront—and contribute his or her share to our fund.

☐ If you wish to reduce religious intolerance, hatred and strife.

☐ If you deplore the use of public money for religious purposes.

☐ If you realize that liberty to follow the dictates of one's conscience is secure only where state and church are kept apart.

☐ If you wish to be a factor in maintaining the liberties we still enjoy.

Send us your contribution and help us to preserve that time-honored American principle of the Separation of Church and State.

Freethinkers Society of New York

1658 Broadway
New York City

What Freethought Is

Freethought teaches that conduct should be based on reason and knowledge. It knows nothing of divine guidance or interference. It regards happiness as man's proper aim, and utility as his moral guide.

Freethought affirms that Progress is possible only through Liberty, and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest freedom of thought and speech.

Freethought maintains that universal peace can be accomplished only by the eradication of religious and racial prejudice.

What Freethought Seeks to Do

Freethought seeks to dispel superstition; to spread education; to disestablish religion; to rationalize morality; to eradicate prejudice; to promote peace; to extend material well-being; and to realize the self-government of the people.

Freethinkers
Society of
New York
1658 Broadway
New York City

☐ I enclose \$..... as a contribution toward your fund for the prosecution of your present case in the Supreme Court of New York State to keep the public schools free of religious influences. I give the contribution with the understanding that any balance remaining will be used for the discovery and prosecution of similar cases throughout the United States.

☐ I wish to become a member of the Freethinkers Society of New York, for which I enclose the annual dues of \$3.00. Please send me your literature.

Name

Address

City

FREE—with each contribution and membership will be sent free a copy each of "Lincoln the Freethinker" and "Jefferson the Freethinker."

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

Let the Catholics exercise their rights freely, but as citizens, as members of one nation for whose development all beliefs are united; let them form political parties, but such parties, aiming at the conquest of state power, arousing men's passions, and acting in behalf of definite interests, should not under any conditions mislead the people by taking the name of a religion, to drag it down into the mire of sacrilege and simony.

To complete the evolution begun by the Reform Laws of 1859 with the separation of church and state, and to consolidate the supremacy of civil power in the political government of society, it was declared that the legal or collective entity of religious creeds was no longer recognized. (This applied not only to Catholics, but to all beliefs.) This attitude of the government resulted from the conviction that those guilty under laws relating to public worship, the enforcement of which is in the hands of the civil authorities, should not be protected by orders from superiors who, owing to their social position, consider themselves safe from prosecution, or because of their foreign residence believe that the Mexican authorities cannot take action against them.

For centuries history has borne testimony of a steady progress toward the emancipation of thought and toward the supremacy of civil power. Mexican reactionaries have not got it in their power to stem the tide of history.

The Constituent Association, having completed the task of presenting certain arguments in defense of the Constitution, which has been so slanderously attacked, expresses its approval of the vigorous steps taken by the Chief Executive in prosecuting those who are attempting to revive the religious-political struggles which in past times steeped the nation in blood.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind." His page of drawings appears every week in *The Nation*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is now on his way to Moscow from Peking.

JAMES MURPHY left Rome because of censorship of newspaper dispatches and is now writing from France. This is the second of a series of articles on the present political situation in Italy.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*, writes regularly to *The Nation* from Washington.

SILAS BENT writes on political and economic questions for magazines and newspapers.

H. M. PARSHLEY is professor of zoology at Smith College.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is the author of "Manito Masks, Dramatizations with Music of American Indian Spirit Legends." He is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the winner of *The Nation's* 1926 Poetry Contest. She is the author of two books of verse, "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD is professor of history at Smith College.

Spring Book Number
April 14



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

THE TRAINING SCHOOL for JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

A NEW series, each volume of which presents the significance of a great writer—poet, dramatist or novelist—for his country and age with an estimate of his relation to our own time.

On the publication of the first volume of the series

VOLTAIRE By RICHARD ALDINGTON

The New York Times said: "If all of them are as succinct and yet as satisfying as Mr. Aldington's 'Voltaire' they will be a set of volumes to possess and cherish."

GOGOL **PUSHKIN**

By JANKO LAVRIN By PRINCE D. S. MIRSKY
are now ready and equally valuable. Each vol. \$2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., New York

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c.

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1926 No. 3170

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	355
EDITORIALS:	
Our War Claims Against Britain.....	358
Speaking of Crime.....	359
Franz Kneisel	360
The White House Fraud.....	361
THE WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN. By Hendrik van Loon.....	362
PARIS STYLES IN SHIRTS. By Ida Treat.....	363
BRIAND'S FAILURE. By Robert Dell.....	365
THE PULLMAN PEON: A STUDY IN INDUSTRIAL RACE EXPLOI- TATION. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	367
THE PLIGHT OF THE FARMER. By Smith W. Brookhart.....	369
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	369
CORRESPONDENCE	370
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
Poems. By Whittaker Chambers.....	370
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	370
The World-View of Modern Science. By Sterling P. Lamprecht.....	371
The Quick and the Dead. By Johan J. Smertenko.....	372
Morality and Choice. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	372
Proportional Representation. By David Ralph Hertz.....	373
Books in Brief.....	374
Drama: Silver Lining. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	376
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Haiti Misruled.....	380
The Haitian Council of State.....	

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 33 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE TREASURY has done well to cooperate with Representative Mills of New York in a bill to settle at once all war claims between the United States and its citizens and Germany. It is a great gain to have our Government thus upholding the sanctity of private property in war time and agreeing that any other attitude would violate our historic policy. According to the bill, immediate payment will be made to American citizens for damages validated by the Mixed Claims Commission. The method will be to issue Treasury bonds for the amount required, Germany in due course to reimburse our Government, which will agree to return at once the remainder of the seized German property now held by the Alien Property Custodian and to compensate damaged German nationals for property and patents destroyed or seized, to an amount not exceeding \$100,000,000. The Acting Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Winston, puts the matter well:

We have taken the property of private citizens and used it for our own purposes. The relief from their own Government is inadequate. We have enjoyed the benefit and we ought to pay. This does not mean the creation of a new moral obligation on the part of the United States, but simply the recognition of what we owe and the payment of fair compensation for property taken by the United States from others.

Now it is to be hoped Congress will act promptly. It will if it understands that most if not all of the money to be paid by us will stay here, that it will help greatly the pres-

ent depressed economic situation in Germany, and that it will redound greatly to our honor for all time.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S decision to abandon the farmer at this session of Congress has called forth a vigorous protest from Senator Borah. "If some action is not taken," he declares, "it will mean disaster next fall"—presumably to the Republican Party. Senator Brookhart seconds him and declares that there is not a State in the Union in which agriculture is making money. We print elsewhere in this issue Senator Brookhart's views in detail on this important question, with some of which we can agree, with others not. There is no doubt, however, as to the gravity of the situation. Naturally, the President, in accordance with his temperament, does not desire to bear the onus of drafting legislation unless he is compelled to. He knows the elections are coming and he would rather trust to luck than to commit himself to schemes which might be of dubious value and would surely be denounced in some quarters as socialistic. Senator Jones, of Washington, takes refuge in the statement that there can be no legislation because the farmers are not agreed among themselves; as to this, we stand with Senator Brookhart that that does not relieve Congress of the necessity of doing something to relieve the present stringency. Of course, in our judgment, there can be no fundamental help for the farmer until the tariff is abolished, Europe restored, and relations with Russia resumed. But the farmer is right in growling when he sees himself compelled to pay tribute to the privileged classes who have that government aid in the fixing of their profits which is denied to him.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has undoubtedly won an important political victory in obtaining the confirmation of Thomas F. Woodlock as Interstate Commerce Commissioner after the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce had rejected the nomination. Only twenty-five Senators finally voted against him. Curiously enough, the controlling Senate machine refused to allow it to become known how the various Senators voted. Against this Senators Pittman, Norris, Borah, and others protested, Mr. Norris saying that this was the most important nomination which had come before the Senate this season; and yet they were not allowed to tell their constituents what position they took. What is even more significant is the fact that until the President announced that henceforth he would take geographical conditions carefully into account in making appointments to the commission, Mr. Woodlock was defeated. Among those who swung over was Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, who had voted against Mr. Woodlock not because of personal objections but because Pennsylvania had been neglected in the matter of appointments to this and other important governmental bodies. That was a poor excuse for opposing Mr. Woodlock, but it was a still poorer excuse that the Senator gave for changing his position. It has been carefully denied by him and others that there was any deal with the White House, but that something happened and that that something originated in the White House cannot be questioned.

THE OIL SCANDALS of the Harding Administration still hang fire in the courts as high-priced attorneys exhaust the boundless technicalities and delays of our legal procedure in an effort to protect their clients until public interest wanes and the effort to obtain justice for the government and the public grows correspondingly weaker. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia decided on March 22 to allow special appeals in the conspiracy charges against Edward L. Doheny and Albert B. Fall. This means that the decision of a lower court overruling demurrers by Messrs. Doheny and Fall will be reviewed. Also the United States Supreme Court has announced that it will pass upon Doheny's Elk Hills oil lease and the projected oil base in Hawaii. The lease was canceled by a United States District Court in Los Angeles and this action was later upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco. The lawyers for Messrs. Doheny and Fall are not to be blamed for resorting to every device in behalf of their clients, and probably the various judges concerned are following the law to the best of their ability. But law which permits such deviousness and dawdling is an incentive to crime and a mountain in the path of justice.

OUR STRONG-ARM GOVERNMENT of Haiti will further perpetuate its rule on April 12, according to present prospects, by permitting Louis Borno to re-elect himself to the presidency for another four years. According to the constitution which we ourselves imposed upon Haiti after our illegal invasion and occupation, a President should be elected by the Haitian Senate and House, sitting as a National Assembly, every fourth year. But there is no National Assembly to sit because no legislative elections have been permitted in Haiti since the United States undertook to spread liberty and civilization there with the rifles of the Marine Corps. Puppet-President Borno was first elected in 1922 by the Council of State, a body to which temporary legislative functions (but no elective power) had been given by the Washington-made constitution. This Council of State, intended to be temporary but continued indefinitely because it is under the thumb of the Marine Corps and Mr. Borno, will on April 12 go through the illegal farce of again electing a President. In our International Relations Section this week we print a statement on Haiti which was read to the Senate lately by Senator King. This statement contains some recent information in regard to the shameful character of our bayonet rule in the republic. It recites, among other things, that twenty-seven journalists have been imprisoned in the last three years in the effort to reconcile the Haitian press to our rule of freedom and benevolence.

SUPPORT FOR THE BILL now before Congress to give civilian government to the Virgin Islands ought to increase in consequence of the latest antics of the navy-appointed judge there. The capers of George Washington Williams would be the making of a musical comedy on Broadway, but as the judge of the highest resort in the Virgin Islands he is rather a sorry joke. Our readers are aware that Rothschild Francis, editor of the *Emancipator* of St. Thomas, was some time ago convicted by Judge Williams, without a jury, of libeling a local policeman in a newspaper article. When later Mr. Francis criticized this verdict editorially, he was sentenced by Judge Williams for contempt of court. In our issue of March 17 we noted that

the United States Court of Appeals in Philadelphia had overthrown the conviction for libel but had upheld the sentence for contempt. Now we learn that Mr. Francis has again been charged with contempt of court by Judge Williams for printing without comment the report of the American Civil Liberties Union on the Philadelphia decisions. The friends of decent and democratic government for the Virgin Islands ought to present Judge Williams with a purse for the way in which he is revealing the possibilities of the present naval government for czarism and folly.

WHEN ANDRÉ TARDIEU, staunch henchman of Poincaré, was elected to Parliament some weeks ago from a district in eastern France, conservative newspapers in the United States hailed the event as a happy sign of a return to "sanity and security" among the French. What will they say now to the news that the Communists won the two seats in the Chamber of Deputies for which the second district of Paris voted on March 28? The first election, two weeks previous, had been indecisive, the Nationalists casting 47,000 votes, the Communists 37,000, and the Radicals and Socialists some 30,000. In the final election the Radicals and Socialists voted with the Communists, and the candidates of the latter, Albert Fournier and Jacques Duclos, won by about 63,000 to 61,500 votes. The second district of Paris, although it includes the financial and business heart of the city, is a working-class residence section. It would be as unwise to predict a radical rising in France on the basis of this election as a conservative tendency because of Tardieu's victory. It does seem, though, as Ida Treat points out in an article on page 362 of this issue, that voters are edging over either toward the extreme Right or the far Left. In this connection may be noted the recent change in the editorial policy of the weekly *Clarté*.

CLARTÉ HAS TURNED to the left. After a stormy and precarious career as a liberal pacifist weekly it has espoused the cause of the French Communists and has changed its title to *La Guerre Civile*. The history of this magazine is in many ways a narrative of conditions in post-war Europe, and the new turn in its life is significant of the difficulty of a midway position in French intellectual life. *Clarté* was founded in 1919 and during its early months was regarded as one of the few rays of light and tolerance issuing from France. Its direction was attributed chiefly to Henri Barbusse, but if we are to accept the story as set forth in the December-January issue by Marcel Fourrier, Barbusse ceased to be interested in the magazine when he found it impossible to use it as an organ of the international intellectual groups that he was trying to organize. Latterly *Clarté* has found it harder and harder to live or find a place for itself. Just as in politics sentiment in France seems to be swinging away from the Center and toward the Right or the Left, so in journalism; and *Clarté*, founded to preach pacifism, has become a propagandist for Moscow and direct action.

THE SIDE-SHOW at Chieti has ended with an appropriate climax in the sentence of the five Fascists accused of murdering Matteotti. Two of the men were acquitted. The other three, including Dumini, the leader of the kidnapping party, were convicted of murder—qualified as "unintentional"—and sentenced to something less

than six years' imprisonment. This sentence was thereupon pared down by some manner of judicial mathematics, involving the time spent in jail awaiting trial, with the result that the men convicted of murder will serve seventy days. The Government has admittedly won a victory, although the cheering of the spectators when the sentence was pronounced was promptly silenced by the president of the court. His instructions evidently were to keep politics out of the trial, but Deputy Farinacci, the Fascist secretary who acted as chief counsel for the defense, used the prisoners' devotion and Matteotti's opposition to Fascism for all those irrelevant but powerful arguments were worth. The result was an expert piece of tampering with the machinery of justice whose only flaw is its obviousness to the entire world.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE in the daily press of Ivy L. Lee's sending out of letters favoring the recognition of Soviet Russia because he directed those letters to prominent men of the type of Elihu Root and because he happens to be the publicity representative of the Standard Oil Company, the Rockefellers personally, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Those who have opposed the recognition of Russia warn us once more against changing our present policy, while those in favor seem to see in Mr. Lee's interest in the question proof that big business now desires diplomatic relations with the Soviets. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lee says he made the inquiries on his own account and represented none of his clients in so doing. Even so, his action is noteworthy. He is a man of affairs, closely in touch with the biggest business enterprises in the country. That he should feel himself free to ask men of prominence whether the time has not come to recognize Moscow is in itself encouraging. He wishes to know why America cannot do what all the other great countries of the earth have done and whether, since it will eventually be necessary to take this action, it would not be wise to do it now. The Russian Government is the most stable in Europe today. It has given the lie to the semi-official utterances made public when Mr. Hughes was Secretary of State to the effect that the government was tottering. We do not deny that the question of propaganda is a difficult one, and that the Russians have no hesitation in utilizing a foreign embassy for proselyting. The question is whether we have faith in the soundness of our institutions or not. If they can be rocked by Communist propaganda, there must be something wrong.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER of big business is once more illustrated by the news of the formation of a group for the control of the steel-rail market of the world. The Germans are given the credit of having started this movement, and their steel overlords have been joined by those of France, England, Belgium, and Luxembourg. It is denied that the United States is to participate. A chief incentive has been the overproduction of steel rails by 30 per cent. Under the agreement, all export business is to be scientifically distributed among the participants in exact proportion to their producing capacity. French metallurgic circles are reported to be particularly happy over the arrangement on the ground that it will stabilize business and prevent cutthroat competition, especially with Germany. It is, of course, nothing new; there were steel combines and international armament trusts long before the war, and they did their share in precipitating it—for the trust was always stirring up one country to increase its navy by propaganda

to show that somebody else was threatening to attack it. The managers of this combination do not want people to talk of a United States of Europe, nor of wiping out international boundaries and thus helping to do away with armies and navies.

IN MAY, 1923, a fine of \$200 each was imposed upon the producer of the play "The God of Vengeance" and upon Rudolph Schildkraut, the chief performer. For several reasons the incident was one of the most disgraceful in the recent history of official attempts to curry favor with bumptious fanatics. The play was a moving tragedy of serious intent and gravely moral effect, the persons concerned in its production were honorably known in their profession, and they were, moreover, given no opportunity adequately to defend themselves. The text of the play was not allowed as evidence, the testimony of reputable critics who had seen the performance was declared inadmissible, and the conviction was upon evidence furnished by two detectives alone. Harry Weinberger, counsel for the defense, carried the case to the Court of Appeals, which ordered a new trial on the ground that competent evidence had been rejected. Now, nearly three years after the original conviction, the Court of General Sessions of New York has dismissed the indictment. Doubtless something has been gained, for a precedent has been established against basing such trials upon the testimony of police officers only and ruling out other evidence, but it must be remembered that in this as in previous cases the vindicated defendants have suffered grave financial and other damages. Incidentally we hope that the group of producers, including Arthur Hopkins, William Harris, Jr., Daniel Frohman, and Lee Shubert, who expressed publicly their approval of the conviction, are properly ashamed of themselves.

THE CREATION of the American Professional Football League may be welcomed from other viewpoints than those of its proponents. Their undertaking is perhaps in itself nothing more than any other intelligent business enterprise which endeavors to supply a popular commodity to sections of the public hitherto debarred from it. But the indirect influence upon conditions in our colleges and universities is an important consideration. College football has been an academic scandal for the last two decades, absorbing the time and interest of the student body to the detriment of intellectual pursuits, developing an unhealthy spirit of competition and vulgar advertising, and leading in almost every institution to disguised professionalism with its attendant evils of venality, hypocrisy, and lying. If the new league prospers and maintains its program of not permitting college students upon its teams, certain changes would seem to be inevitable. Those youths gifted in the ways of football but apparently devoid of other talent who now go to college as the only means of attaining their athletic aim may henceforward be largely drawn into the more tempting and profitable professional field. College football would then slowly but surely decline into the relatively innocuous position of college baseball. In the distance one may dimly discern a future in which the football coach will no longer be more respected than the university president or the most eminent members of his faculty. The colleges may yet be saved for educational purposes through the efficacy of the American Professional Football League.

Our War Claims Against Britain

IT is becoming daily more clear that the United States made untold sacrifices in entering the European War. Our intervention made possible not only the abandonment of American political traditions of a century and of the most distinctive contributions of the United States to the development of international law and relations but by enabling other countries to write the Treaty of Versailles it has plunged Europe into a chaos from which there seems little sign of rescue. The latest evidence of the truth of this conclusion is the attitude of the British press toward Senator Borah's resolution to bring about the adjudication of the claims against Great Britain and France, based on the serious violations of international law and of neutral rights committed during the period between August, 1914, and April, 1917.

For generations we had stood as the traditional defender of neutral rights against the unlimited violence and illegality of belligerents. We had officially justified our intervention in the war on the theory that our claims against Germany were of a nature which required immediate vindication by force of arms, whereas our claims against the Allies, being of a pecuniary nature, would tolerate delay in settlement until the end of the war. Such a settlement was expressly promised by Secretary Lansing in justification of our entry into the war against one belligerent as against the other in defense of American neutral rights.*

But the British press is wrong in believing that the demand for the settlement of our claims, growing out of a violation of international law and American neutral rights, is a hostile act. Senator Borah, who has demonstrated his desire for the promotion of reason against force on many occasions, merely seeks, we take it, to restore to a chaotic world the reign of law in international relations, and no Englishman or American interested in the substitution of law for force should object to the submission of these claims to the determination of an international court, to be decided according to the rules of international law. To be consistent and logical, we Americans must also submit to such adjudication the claims of any neutral who may have suffered through our own adoption of the illegal measures by which the Allies conducted their blockade against neutral and enemy countries alike.

It will be recalled that during the war the United States, with ample justification in law and precedent, charged England with unlawfully enlarging the lists of contraband, until everything usable by a human being was therein included; with making foodstuffs contraband early in the war, notwithstanding the practically uniform view of England herself, expressed most forcibly by Lord Salisbury, that foodstuffs could be considered contraband only if they were actually and demonstrably destined for the enemy's forces; with seizing and detaining our ships and allowing them to traverse the seas by British permission only, instead of being visited and searched on the high seas, as international law demanded; with gross abuse of the doctrine of continuous voyage by stopping non-contraband,

as well as other cargoes, destined to neutral ports, a shipment which was legally privileged; with issuing Orders in Council binding on British prize courts which condemned our ships under a perversion of all previously recognized rules of international law; with instituting so-called measures of blockade, characterized by Sir Samuel Evans as "a journalistic blockade," which were denounced by our Government as "illegal and indefensible"—at which time also it was announced that the United States would devote the energies of America to the vindication of neutral rights; with the abuse of the American neutral flag by its unauthorized use on British vessels; with stopping the American mails and confiscating them from ships illegally detained; with instituting a blacklist, which was more energetically denounced by the British colonies than by the United States.

Great Britain and France were able to stall off vigorous action by the United States because of many different considerations; among others may be mentioned Ambassador Page's efforts, a preposterous propaganda as to the holiness of the Allied cause and the unholiness of the cause of the Central Powers, the alleged atrocities of the Central Powers, and numerous other efforts, until the United States was gradually browbeaten into a temporary tolerance of the British practices against the reservation of our future right to claim indemnities. Germany protested that we were not impartial in the enforcement of neutral rights, and that while we tolerated British violations, which compelled Germany to exert reprisals, we held Germany to the strict letter of the law, although never before had it been held applicable to a new instrument like submarines. Lansing's reply that our tolerance of British violations had no relation to our non-tolerance of German violations was legally, morally, and politically wrong. Finally we entered the war, a fact which the British press now asserts estops us by condonation from presenting any claims.

"You did precisely as we did after you entered the war, and therefore you cannot hold us accountable for similar acts," is the contention of the British press. If it is a correct one, then those who grossly violated international law will escape all accountability for their misdeeds—all, whether American, French, Italian, or anybody else. It is a close question we admit, but it seems to us that the law ought to be vindicated. At the same time we sincerely wish it might be done in a way that would not arouse further antagonism in Great Britain to the United States, just now again being fanned into flame by the remarks attributed to Ambassador Houghton and the statements in Parliament of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Snowden that England is condemned for generations to pay us \$500,000 a day.

For the British press to refer to our Civil War precedents as a basis for the English measures is neither fair nor sound, legally or morally. Shipping Confederate uniforms and cannon to the Island of Nassau is quite different from shipping foodstuffs to countries like Denmark and Holland. Moreover, the decisions of our prize courts were submitted to international arbitration under the British-American treaty of May 8, 1871, and the decisions of our Supreme Court were reversed in six cases. We are now

* Colonel House wrote to Woodrow Wilson on July 17, 1915 (Vol. II, p. 22, of his "Papers"): "Sight is lost of the fact that England will be called to an accounting for any infringement of our property rights at sea, as soon as Germany has been reckoned with for the more serious offense of killing Americans and other non-combatants."

asking of Britain only what we were then willing to concede.

At the same time we have no desire to see this country actually demand any payments from Great Britain for claims decided in our favor. We think the cases ought to be adjudicated in the interest of the maintenance and development of international law, but we would not press Great Britain for a penny beyond her present heavy debt payments. The United States Government should cancel its own claims, after adjudication; damages to private parties, if paid at all, should come out of our own Treasury.

Speaking of Crime—

ALL the signs are for a heavy crop in 1926 of inquiries and reports on crime. Most of them, we fear, will be futile and some will be definitely mischievous. That there has been an unfortunate increase in crime in this country in recent years—especially of robbery and burglary—is too evident to demand statistical demonstration. Precisely for this reason popular passions have been moved, old prejudices have been invoked, and a good deal of primeval savagery has been revived in the effort to cope with the problems presented.

The subject is certainly worthy of inquiry and report, but such effort needs to be technical and limited in order not to do more harm than good. We can see no possible advantage, for instance, in investigations into "the cause of crime." Crime is an artificially determined thing, varying in different ages and countries; its essence, and still more its causes, are matters of opinion rather than of fact. In an argument on the cause of crime one person will blame the World War and another Soviet Russia; one will find against capitalist exploitation and another against radical propaganda; one will pillory the "foreign element" and another the lack of parental care. It is possible to make a hundred guesses and two hundred recommendations, but none of them is likely to get us anywhere.

Almost as futile as inquiries into "the cause of crime" are proposals of new laws to deal with it. Existing criminal law is not perfect, but it has worked tolerably well in the past and probably can be made to work now if properly administered. Administration, indeed, seems to be the hopeful point of attack at the present time. More efficient police work, and surer, quicker, less complicated justice in our courts—those seem to be the directions which our inquiries and reports ought to take. Indeed the report of such an inquiry has just been laid before the New York Legislature. While not agreeing with all the recommendations made, we regard the report as a good instance of practical recommendations within a specific and limited field. Instead of pious resolutions in favor of better education and more home care, the committee makes various suggestions for the simplification of court procedure, which is admittedly too complicated and time-consuming. Among other things it proposes the abolition of the rule that the fact that a defendant does not take the stand cannot be used against him. This would be a drastic change in our methods, but it is in line with common sense and with European practice.

One of the dangers of the present passion to "do something about crime" is that we may injure the parole system which is one of the few constructive and civilized steps

that have been taken in recent years. Doubtless here again there are opportunities for improved administration, but it would be a tragedy if the popular outcry for harsher measures against criminals should set back the general principle of parole instead of imprisonment where at all practicable. So far as we have any evidence, harsh punishments rarely deter men from crime and still more rarely prove a cure to the criminal. And just as there is danger to the parole system in the present outcry to "do something about crime," so there is to the movement against capital punishment which has been making slow headway for many years. As a matter of fact, the general abolition of the death penalty would be one of the best means of getting rid of many of our most scandalous instances of delayed and thwarted justice. The truth is that few civilized men any longer believe in the death penalty even though they say and sincerely think that they do. There is an actual hesitation in the minds of jurymen which leads them to quibble and evade in the face of evidence that would be sufficient in other circumstances, while a similar attitude on the part of the public at large leads it to tolerate an amount of hocus-pocus in murder trials which it would not permit if there were no death penalty in the background.

If the agitation over the crime wave leads us back to the Middle Ages in a desire for what we call "punishment," it will be a calamity and a stop to progress. Only as we conceive of the criminal as an abnormal and unfortunate human being, and treat him as such, can we regard ourselves as even on the road to eliminating him.

Franz Kneisel

A GREAT musician, to whom musical America owes a permanent debt of gratitude, died in New York on March 26. Franz Kneisel became concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1885 when only twenty years of age. He had a career as a soloist before him, but the formation of a string quartet with him as first violin gradually led him into the path in which he attained the greatest heights ever reached in this country or in Europe. By 1903 he resigned from the orchestra to devote all his time to his quartet. He and his associates were doubtful whether they could obtain sufficient popular support to earn a comfortable living. Take the plunge they did, however, with all that it implied of endless labor, hard and trying travel, and the slow building up of an understanding clientele in one city after another.

Never have artists taken their work more seriously nor set themselves higher ideals. They knew that there were almost no existing standards by which their achievements could be judged; that only a few Americans were familiar with European attainments in the chamber-music field. Yet they aimed for the goal of perfection. All summer long, while others rested, they rehearsed, rehearsed, rehearsed. In winter drills were interrupted only by giving lessons to eke out slender incomes and by their concerts. Kneisel was a master of style and detail; he seemed never to be satisfied. Sometimes they rehearsed a piece for three or four years, then let it lie for a couple of years before they began to rehearse for a year again before finally producing it.

Their reward came, for they trained their audiences as they trained themselves; the elite of the music world

attended their recitals. The quartet changed as the years passed, but the backbone, Kneisel, and his superb lieutenant, Louis Svecenski, remained. When it went abroad the critics ranked the quartet with those of Joachim and Hellmesberger, with the Bohemian and the Brussels players. Paris thrilled to them; so did London and Berlin. By that time the American critics usually wrote that the Kneisels had played the night before "in their inimitable style which is beyond criticism."

In all of this Franz Kneisel was the inspiring genius. Eminently fitted to be an interpreter of the old masters, he lacked, if anything, only the fiery passion of the Hungarian or the Spaniard. A born teacher, his pupils felt it a privilege to work for him; his associates yielded his preeminence as a matter of course. Always he was modesty itself. No great man ever blew his trumpet less, or less consciously sought public approval. One day out of a clear sky he announced the end of the quartet. Indignant friends compelled him to go on by demonstrations of affection, their display of loyalty, their estimates of his achievements—but not for long. In 1917 he stopped in the fulness of his powers; no one was able to say that his skill had begun to weaken or age to tell. So he returned to his old love, teaching, as the preeminent head of the instrumental department of the Institute of Musical Art. Today innumerable pupils cherish his memory and agree with Frank Damrosch that here is one man whose place cannot be filled. That Franz Kneisel lifted the entire level of musical taste in this country by his unselfish and devoted exposition of one of the noblest forms of musical art no one can question.

The White House Fraud

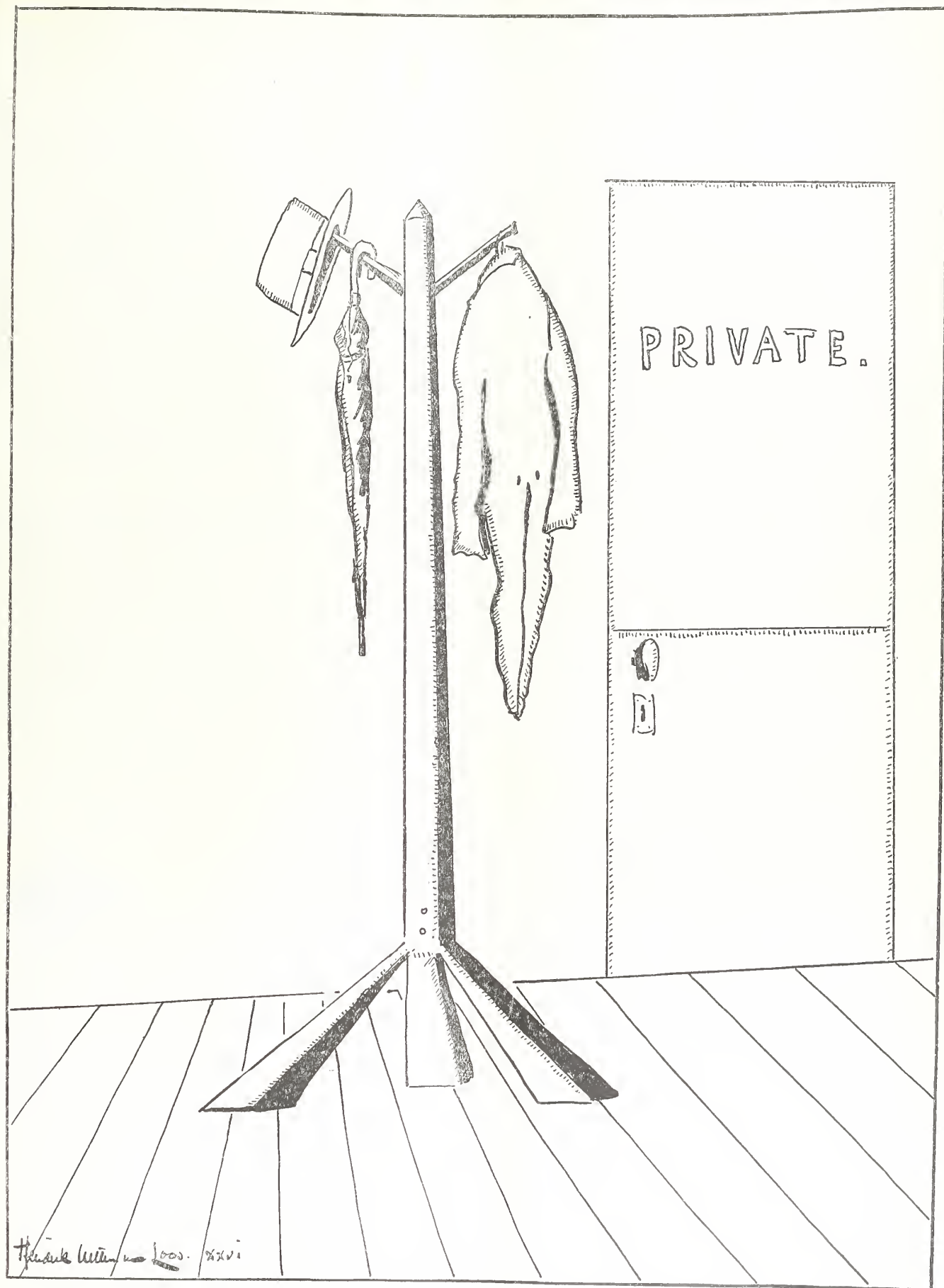
WE refer, of course, to President Coolidge's habit of meeting the Washington newspapermen twice a week and answering their questions, while compelling the correspondents not to quote his replies to their questions but to refer to him only as "the White House spokesman." Our objections to this procedure are many. It is unmanly and undignified for the President of the United States to hide behind a camouflage which everybody in journalistic and official circles and multitudes outside know to be the flimsy disguise it is. It is bad for the President because it enables him to take a position and then to lie out of it, just as Mr. Coolidge did in the case of Ambassador Jusserand's comments upon the French debt situation. In the morning Mr. Coolidge as "the White House spokesman" severely criticized the Ambassador; in the afternoon he disavowed the statements made by that fictitious person, declaring that he had not made them. The stenographic reports showing that he had, two correspondents, Arthur Sinnott of the Newark *Evening News* and Henry Suydam of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, defended their honor as reporters by telling the facts and quoting the official record against Mr. Coolidge, since which time the minutes are no longer accessible to newspapermen. Finally, it is unworthy of a President to make any statements for which he is not willing to take full and open responsibility.

This bad custom has now come to the front again because of the furore created on both sides of the Atlantic by the pessimistic statements as to conditions in Europe recently credited to Ambassador Houghton. Senator Reed

of Missouri took this occasion to denounce the absurd and unethical "White House spokesman" practice which, as we have said, now deceives no intelligent and informed reader. The facts seem to be that Ambassador Houghton, who, as Charles Michelson points out in the *New York World*, is an experienced diplomat not accustomed to rash statements, did meet the Washington reporters. There can be no question, therefore, that this interview was undertaken with the full knowledge and consent of both the President and the Secretary of State. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that Mr. Houghton was told by those officials just what to say and how vigorously to say it. It is an open secret in Washington that when the Ambassador went to London he carried with him the authority of some high personages to keep his public speaking in England within limits. It is, therefore, all the more inconceivable that Mr. Houghton could have been so blunt and forthright of his own motion. If proof were needed of this it would lie in the fact that his statements have not been expressly disavowed by the White House. It may be, of course, that the reporters exaggerated in their interpretation of Mr. Houghton's statements, but that is hardly likely, since he faced fifty of the most experienced correspondents in the country.

Now we do not, like some others, look upon this as proof of a foul conspiracy to take us out of the disarmament conference and to sabotage the League. The League is sabotaging itself rapidly enough and the disarmament conference is teetering so as to make more than questionable the good that it may be able to accomplish. As for the facts set forth by Mr. Houghton, black as they are, they seem to us well within the truth; we have been consistently saying the same thing in *The Nation* and fortifying our opinions with facts and documents. Even the British press, on second thought, has conceded the general correctness of the Ambassador's views so far as the rest of Europe is concerned. What has hurt them is his alleged statement that the only purpose of the Allied Powers in getting us into the disarmament conference or the League is to exploit us. It is, of course, quite possible that the bluntness of the remarks credited to him will make the Ambassador's position in London uncomfortable, but if that proves to be the case the responsibility is surely not his.

We sincerely hope that it will prove to be, as some of the daily press declare, a tempest in a teapot; that will make it possible for him to resume his position and to be as useful as heretofore. What is vital, however, is this question of official approach to the press. When such statements are made, and the official making the utterances does not personally vouch for them, that procedure is, in our judgment, open to the charge of being government propaganda hidden under a cloak. We know enough about Ambassador Houghton to believe that he would very much prefer to put his name to any statement that he makes and to assume the consequences thereof. That ought to be the rule for all such communications, whether from the President or from the least important official in Washington whose interviews the press will carry. The present custom is not only disgraceful to the Executive; it also reflects upon the newspaper profession. The editors and owners of the great dailies ought to unite in refusing to take these communiqués when accredited to some supposedly unknown spokesman. A dozen of the leading newspapers by seceding from the President's conferences could break up this iniquitous practice in a week.



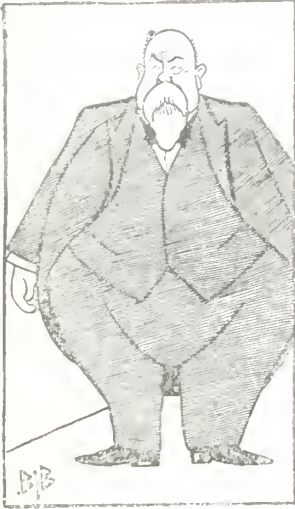
The White House Spokesman

Paris Styles in Shirts

By IDA TREAT

Paris, March 1

THE present season takes a traditional interest in haberdashery. A very special interest, now that political opinions no longer find their expression in a flower or a flag but are worn literally next the skin. 1789 contented itself with a cap—breeches or their absence being after all merely a figure of speech. The Bolshevik wore a leather jacket, when he could get one. And in Western Europe today the political shirt is a symbol and a slogan.



From *l'Ere nouvelle* (Paris)
Senator Henry Chéron

France goes in for colors. Black is discarded. Even the reactionary Right has somewhat tempered its enthusiasm for Mussolini since the declaration of the *Impero*. Then, too, black is still too suggestive of the Internationale Noire for a country at bottom profoundly anticlerical. Fascism—the French brand—has adopted horizon-blue, “color of victory.” Blue shirts and red. The red are less

openly in evidence. To be sure, scarlet bands of Italian exiles occasionally enliven Communist meetings with the strains of “Bandiera Rossa”; and on Thursdays and Sundays files of crimson-clad *pupilles* march through the streets of the “red” suburbs, piping a lusty:

Rev-o-lu-tion . . . pour que la terre
Soit un séjour . . . é-ga-li-taire!

But such demonstrations are local and sporadic. Whereas the blue shirts of the Fascists, less discreet, may be bought at any counter.

“Fascism or Communism, *il faut choisir!*” proclaims the *Liberté*. “Communism or Fascism, *tout est là!*” declaim the Communists in the Chamber. Both agree that it is time for the reign of “terrible old men” to come to an end. The graybeards and their methods have gone bankrupt. Today the young must take a hand.

From every direction comes the evidence that young France is thinking politically. Not since 1920 has there been such effervescence. French political organizations spring up overnight; old groups and new have launched forth in intense recruiting campaigns. The young intellectuals set the pace. Beginning at the extreme Right, we find the monarchists particularly active—grouped about the old leaders, Daudet, Maurras, and Bainville, with their daily, *l'Action Française*, the Camelots du Roy, faithful to the tradition of dictator—and—king. Next comes the newly founded Faisceau with Georges Valois, “renegade” Camelot, and Philippe Barrès, son of Maurice Barrès. These are the real blue-shirts. Rumor has it that they are financed by petroleum millions. In any event, they have founded a daily paper, the *Nouveau Siècle*, and are flooding the

country with posters and tracts. With them march the chiefs of the literary movement that was “young” ten years ago. Jean Cocteau, elderly adolescent, is said to have renounced temporarily the white frock of the Dominicans for a militant blue shirt. Close allies of the Faisceau, the Jeunesses Patriotes—organized during the days that followed the transfer of the ashes of Jaurès to the Panthéon—claim today sixty thousand members. They, too, have their organ, *Le National*, and demand a “dictatorship of order, over and above a parliamentarism that is powerless and rotten.” The Jeunesses Catholiques reflect the spirit of the day. They have launched a widespread campaign against “liberalism,” source of all evils, and have set out to “reconquer France from the hands of the pagans.” All these groups have a pseudo-military formation—with centuries, sections, brigades, or the like; with officers, discipline, and—according to rumor and with probably some truth—arms.

On the other side of the barricade, equal activity. The Center—Ligue des Jeunes Republicains, Ligue des Etudiants Anti-Fascistes, and others—is less buoyantly aggressive. Theirs is a policy of defense—defense of the democracy. They have taken their cue from the Government. Then come the red shirts. The Super-Realists, representing a young literature of the day, have come out strong for revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. With Aragon, Breton, and Soupault in the lead, they have swept the old Clarté group overboard and have founded in place of the review *Clarté* a new organ with the suggestive title *La Guerre Civile*.

Red shirts and blue. The conflict is still in the initial stage, noisily verbal, to the tune of articles, speeches, posters, and tracts. As for the Government, the official attitude is that neither Fascism nor Communism is yet to be taken seriously. The government of the Bloc des Gauches has recovered from its moment of panic when the Painlevé Ministry fell. Its representatives point with irony to the burlesque battles between leaders of the Faisceau and the *Action Française*—turbulent but bloodless conflicts between blue shirts and Camelots du Roy. They insist that the *National* and the *Nouveau Siècle* have already cost millions, and that both organs are read by their adversaries alone. They assert that Fascism in France has neither leaders nor troops. As for the red shirts, they maintain that the Communist Party has lost half its members during the past year, and that the C. G. T. U., the revolutionary unions, are everywhere dwindling. As for the army, Communists claim that nine-tenths of the officers are openly Fascist. Fascists pretend that the ranks are permeated with red propaganda.



From *l'Ere nouvelle* (Paris)
M. André Tardieu, representing the Right

In the face of both assertions the Government shakes an incredulous head. The Minister of War in the former Painlevé Ministry is currently supposed to have lost his portfolio because he took one of those same assertions—with respect to the military government of Paris—too seriously. In the Chamber the interpellations on the spread of Fascism in France have been postponed *sine die*.

However, there is another aspect to the question. The actual organization of Fascism is one thing, the spirit of Fascism another. And there can be no doubt that the spirit—the demand for drastic action and for swift and categorical solutions—is abroad in the land. This is true among the very men who last May carried the Bloc des Gauches to power. For with respect to shirts, the vast and solid petty middle class of France—the *petits rentiers*, the *petits commerçants*, the thousands of state employees and functionaries—are face to face with the prospect of soon having no shirt at all. Prices soar, the franc drops, taxes increase, incomes diminish, and salaries remain stationary. The 3 per cent government bond has dropped from one hundred francs gold in 1914 to 49.40 paper today. The 5 per cent war bonds have followed the same descending curve. A few weeks ago saw the manifestation in the Place de la Concorde of state employees—that usually docile class—for higher salaries and the sliding scale of wages. The threatened tax-on-payments has stirred the wrath of wholesale dealers and middlemen. There is talk of a tax-strike. Then, too, there is that unpopular war in Morocco and Syria.

The attitude of the middle-class Frenchman toward that old pet of his—the Parliament—is particularly symptomatic. France, that most parliamentary of countries, is rapidly turning anti-parliamentarian. The confusion of the recent financial discussion at the Chamber—the conflict between the Government and the financial commission—has created a painful impression among the most enthusiastic supporters of the Bloc des Gauches. They no longer quote

with delight the *bons mots* of their favorite leaders. On every hand one hears complaints and criticism. Even Briand comes in for his share. That consummate virtuoso of politics, they say, is failing, is no longer equal to the task. Again and again one hears the same reflection: if Parliament is powerless to arrive at a solution of the financial crisis, then it is time for a dictator! The name of the old Tiger—too old today to intervene—is on many a lip.

Never has the situation been more favorable for the development of extremist propaganda. While the red shirts gain in popularity with the masses, the middle class, still hostile to the idea of revolution, drifts more easily toward Fascism. And organized Fascism has been quick to take advantage of the situation. It has adopted nearly all the slogans of the Left—anti-parliamentarism, anti-taxes, salary-in-gold, etc.

"We speak particularly to the workers, the employees, the technicians, the functionaries, the combatants," reads one of the tracts edited by the Faisceau. "We engage the battle, openly, boldly against the bourgeois—radical, liberal, conservative—who tremble before the politicians and the international financial interests. We invite all who produce to join our ranks." "It is not to be tolerated," continues another, "that the prosperity of a few should be built on the misery of those who possess less and who labor more." Or again: "The first thing to accomplish is the protection of the worker. Those who make up the hard-working masses must not be condemned to labor forever without a guaranty for their savings."

Fascism has set out to conquer the middle classes. Its chances of success, given the restlessness and discontent of the country at large, are perhaps greater than the Government—officially at least—seems to anticipate. So that, to return to the question of haberdashery, there seem many reasons to prognosticate that horizon-blue will be increasingly worn this summer and that clothes in general will have a certain military cut.

Briand's Failure

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, March 12

BRIAND has just repeated the operation that he performed in November, 1910—that of resigning to get rid of one or two embarrassing colleagues and returning to office with a patched-up Cabinet. His reconstructed Government of 1910 lasted just four months and most people in Paris think that the present reconstruction will not have a longer life, but political prophecy is exceptionally dangerous in France. For my part I am content to say that, however long the new Government may last, its formation only makes the political confusion worse confounded and gives no hope of a solution of the financial problem.

I have never shared the opinion now so general in Europe that Briand is a great statesman. He is an extremely wily and astute diplomatist, but that is another matter. His conception of parliamentary strategy has always been to throw all the parties into confusion and play them off against one another in the hope of getting a scratch majority now of one combination, now of another, and he has always paid more attention to parliamentary

manipulation than to the real solution of political problems. Having no definite political principles and very little principle of any kind, he pursues a hand-to-mouth policy and, when one line of policy fails, he tries another, perhaps the opposite. In this and his disregard for anything but the immediate future he resembles Lloyd George.

Lucien Romier, the editor of the *Figaro*, who is one of the most objective French journalists, said with truth yesterday that a Briand Cabinet is never anything but a Briand Cabinet, that is to say, it has no definite political tendency. It is constructed on the policy of including representatives of as many groups as possible, without any regard to their respective capacities for the posts that they occupy. This system embarrasses all the groups, which shrink from opposing a Government including their own members and dislike the inclusion of the others. It is, in fact, as Romier said, a system of "hostages." Never perhaps has Briand shown so cynical a disregard of the public welfare as on this occasion. The outstanding issue in internal politics is the financial question, and the new Gov-

ernment includes Malvy and Lamoureux, who have been until now respectively president and "reporter" of the Finance Committee of the Chamber. One would naturally suppose that one of them would have become Minister of Finance. Malvy, it is true, has not shown any particular capacity in financial matters, but Lamoureux has. Briand, however, merely to placate the Center and the Right, chooses as Minister of Finance Raoul Péret, formerly president of the Chamber, who has no qualifications at all for the post. Even the *Temps*, which disagrees with Lamoureux on financial policy, is surprised at the choice.

During Briand's premiership from July, 1909, to March, 1911, he completed the work that his predecessor as Prime Minister, Clemenceau, had begun—that of dividing the forces of the Left and breaking up the Radical Party. But whereas Clemenceau had begun it unintentionally by his authoritative temper and dictatorial methods, Briand completed it intentionally on the principle already mentioned. He has now once more broken up the Radical Party and undermined its discipline. Malvy and Lamoureux, both Radicals, have accepted office in the reconstructed Cabinet without consulting their party, which has tolerated their lack of discipline. From any point of view this is to be regretted, for what France needs is a genuine party system, which can be based only on party discipline. Once more Briand has shown himself to be a factor of confusion in politics.

Of course Briand on this occasion was thinking more of foreign than of domestic policy. His one aim was to get back to Geneva as soon as possible. He would have preferred to return there simply as Foreign Minister, but nobody else was eager to form a government and Herriot, when asked, very wisely declined. Briand had made a grave miscalculation when he prolonged the financial debates by dilatory methods so that the crucial question of the tax on payments came up only on the eve of the session of the League of Nations. He undoubtedly thought that the Chamber would not dare to precipitate a ministerial crisis in the circumstances. He was mistaken and the mistake put him in an awkward position. He then had to choose between abandoning Geneva and patching up any sort of government at the shortest possible notice.

It is primarily Briand's own fault that there was a ministerial crisis. The Chamber has been blamed for its impotence in financial matters, but Briand is far more to blame. What parliament in the world could be expected to produce a budget when the government had no definite policy and left members to their own devices? On financial questions even more than on any others it is the business of a government to take the initiative—to have a policy and stick to it. For some reason, Briand determined to govern with the Left, except on financial questions. Perhaps the reason was that he feared a conflict with the Senate, which would almost certainly have rejected the financial policy of the Left. Yet that policy was the right one. Both Maynard Keynes and Lucien Romier—editor of a paper of the Right—have agreed that no new taxation is needed in France and that all that is necessary is to reform the assessment and collection of the income tax, which ought to yield at its existing rates five or six times as much as it yields at present. Briand appointed in succession two finance ministers—Loucheur and Doumer—who refused to accept the policy of the Left. To conciliate Doumer, the Radicals and Socialists consented to vote addi-

tional indirect taxation to meet immediate necessities. Doumer, however, would not hear of a compulsory declaration, which alone will make the income tax a reality, and made it plain that he did not wish to make the income tax a reality. He opposed most of the proposals of the Finance Committee of the Chamber, but Briand would not allow him to pledge the Government to stand or fall by its own proposals. The Chamber, left to its own devices, rejected most of the chief proposals both of the Government and the Finance Committee, being naturally unwilling to incur the unpopularity involved in voting new taxation when the Government refused to take the responsibility. Briand's calculation was that the Senate would restore the government proposals, including the unpopular tax on payments, and that he would then be able to force them through the Chamber with the help of the Right on the eve of the Geneva meeting. Naturally, the Right refused to save him from his own supporters and joined with the Socialists, Communists, and a minority of the Radicals against the tax on payments. The latter, by the way, was a most vexatious measure, involving as it did a stamp on every transaction. The protests against it of retail traders led to their exemption from it, but in its original form it would have obliged small shopkeepers and street hawkers to give an invoice with a stamp for everything they sold!

The result of Briand's too-clever-by-half tactics is that after weeks wasted on discussion France is still without a budget and the financial problem as far from solution as ever. Péret is not likely to solve it. He apparently proposes to return to the system of veiled inflation to which Caillaux vainly tried to put a stop. The law that Caillaux got passed, preventing any addition to the amount of national-defense bonds, has long since been repealed and now Péret is appealing to the French public to subscribe to as many of these bonds as possible. They are, it will be remembered, repayable in one, three, six, or twelve months, at the option of the purchaser, and the great majority of them are at one or three months. Naturally, since they bear interest, business men prefer them to depreciating bank-notes and they are habitually used as currency. They are issued in unlimited quantities, according to the demand, so that the Treasury has no control over their amount and, as they are indefinitely renewable, never knows how many will be renewed or presented for repayment at any moment. It is amazing that any Finance Minister should propose to continue this system after the experience of the last two years. At any moment the banks and other larger holders of national-defense bonds can have the Government at their mercy by suddenly refusing to renew the bonds or threatening to refuse. It was a concerted movement of this kind that brought the Herriot Government down, after it had falsified the accounts of the Bank of France and borrowed from the bank in excess of the legal limit to repay the national-defense bonds presented.

Of the stabilization of the franc Péret says not a word. On the contrary, he is convinced that all will be well if the budget is balanced. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the budget can never be balanced until the franc is stabilized. Of the seven finance ministers that France has had during the last twelve months he is without any doubt the most incompetent. His appointment is another example of the levity with which Briand has treated the financial question since he became Prime Min-

ister. It is not surprising that Caillaux declined the offer of the Ministry of Finance in the reconstructed Cabinet. He at least takes financial questions seriously. It will no doubt eventually be necessary to return to him and he will be able then to make his own terms. I shall not be surprised if he is the next Prime Minister.

Although, as I have said, Briand is a diplomatist of exceptional astuteness, it cannot be said that he has been more successful in foreign than in domestic policy. He is primarily responsible for the present scandal at Geneva, which is making the League of Nations a laughing-stock. The guileless Austen Chamberlain has also a great responsibility. Again Briand has been too clever by half. He hoped, when he signed the Treaty of Locarno, to nullify

it in fact by packing the Council with French satellites. He thought that, if the consent of England could be obtained, that would be enough, and Chamberlain undoubtedly led him to believe that England would consent. Indeed, but for the almost unanimous outburst of English public opinion against the Franco-Polish intrigue, Chamberlain would probably have had his way with his Government. Briand reckoned without the firm stand of Germany and Sweden, which has checkmated him. Nevertheless the fact remains that he was prepared to ruin the League of Nations to further imaginary French interests and that he, like his predecessors at the Quai d'Orsay, fails to recognize that the real interest of France is loyal and whole-hearted cooperation with England and Germany.

The Pullman Peon

A Study in Industrial Race Exploitation

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE Pullman Company does not furnish transportation. Your railroad ticket pays your fare. Your Pullman ticket pays for two things only, for rent and service. The Pullman Company is a rapid-transit hotel organization. It rents seats and cots; also cabins and private cars. It provides a smoker and a public washroom. It serves no food. All the tricks which in the last decade have transmogrified the stationary hotel into an artificial community cannot be sold under locomotion. In their stead the Pullman Company offers the vigilant and artful service of the colored porter. Porter, house-man, janitor, and valet, he is the genius of the gentle art of travelers' comfort. He is chosen with great care, for his skill is all the Pullman Company sells. But for his skill you would save the rent—in the day coach.

The company has a patent monopoly over our entire railroad system. It extends into Canada and Mexico. Its directorate is neatly interlocked with those of the principal carriers. Its conductors get \$100 a month less than train conductors. Its army of office workers is one of the worst paid in the country. The Pullman cars and the major part of their upkeep are supplied by a profitable subsidiary, the Pullman Car and Manufacturing Corporation, all of whose stock is held in the Pullman Company treasury. The public pays the company's railroad tax with each ticket. All these and many other happy factors integrate the Pullman Company into one of the best-paying hotel properties in the world. Some of its leases are, indeed, fabulous. The "Dresher," a parlor car which makes four daily one-way trips between New York and Philadelphia, is so crowded that its smoking-space is usually also rented. Its thirty-six seats bring in 75 cents a spot, four times a day. Allowing for the occasional vacancies, for the usual \$934.75 for depreciation, and for the surcharge to the carrier, the "Dresher" is about 200 per cent more profitable than a suite of equal floor space at the Ritz-Carlton. Of course, the Dreshers help to raise the profits from more provincial runs.

The gross revenue of the Pullman Company during the last fiscal year was \$90,318,319; from the sleeping-car service alone \$83,927,749. Its net profits were \$15,771,976; from the sleeping-car service alone \$12,631,103. Yet Presi-

dent Carry tells the world that the Pullman Company makes "less than 5 per cent on a fair value of the properties." This feat in fiscal magic he achieves by omitting the dividends from the manufacturing subsidiary; by hiding in the non-itemized mazes of almost \$66,000,000 for "operating expenses" exorbitant high-official salaries; and by assessing the company's properties (*among which he does not forget to list the manufacturing subsidiary*) at over \$195,000,000, most of which was fertilized by constant inundation of fictitious security issues. If all the dividends paid out on water since the company's organization had been invested in a trust fund at 4 per cent compound interest, this fund would now amount to about \$160,000,000, every cent of which was paid out at the expense of the sleeping public and at an unconscionable wage exploitation. Such a trust fund would now yield in annual increments from interests and dividends enough to cut Pullman charges by 10 per cent at *twice* its present pay roll.

On the board of directors, which controls the stock, are represented the House of Morgan; the financial, industrial, public utility, and insurance interests which cluster about the First National Bank of New York and the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank; and the Marshall Field, Vanderbilt, and Pullman families. The board consists of twelve directors, among whom are Messrs. J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker Senior and Junior, Harold S. Vanderbilt, John J. Mitchell, and Robert T. Lincoln, son of the Great Emancipator by birth but representative of the Pullman family by marriage.

These twelve apostles of the Pullman Service are anxious to serve you day and night—through "George"; so vigilant is their vicarious service at a humble "less than 5 per cent" that when "George" leaves Boston on a 23-hour run to Chicago they permit themselves—in his person—only three hours sleep, if Upper No. 1 is free. Otherwise he must steal a nap in the smoker, at the mercy of your bell. When "George" takes his car from New York to Key West on a return trip of 105 hours he enjoys a total of twelve hours' sleep. During the night he must shine your shoes—with his own polish. If you have any complaints against him he is summoned for investigation—on his own time.

The porter who leaves New York for Washington at 12:30 a. m., has to start converting the car into a dormitory five hours earlier. *For these five hours of preparatory time he receives no pay.* His minimum wage is 26 cents an hour. By indenturing him into this forced labor the company robs him of \$1.30 on every trip; of \$15.60 every month; of \$187.20 annually; or of about 22 per cent of his yearly wage of \$870, which is in any case \$1,218 below the minimum American family budget as computed by the Federal Government. But frequently the company generously puts the porter "in charge" of the car. Then he performs the conductor's duties for an additional \$10 a month. The conductor's minimum wage is \$155 a month. By this device alone the company saves millions every year.

After the war the minimum and majority wage of the porter was \$60 a month. The full increase granted by the War Labor Board was never paid. To meet his growing disaffection the company established the Plan of Employee Representation, over and above the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association. The plan called for a "conference" for March, 1924. The conference conferred essentially the present work rules. It raised the minimum wage, affecting over 60 per cent of the men, to \$67.50 a month. The rest of the scale was graduated up to \$77.50 for those over fifteen years in the service. This scale once more exploited the popular fiction that the porter enjoys a handsome revenue from tips. A crack porter on a run, which is as rare as a general's commission in the army, may earn in tips as much as \$35 a month. But the mean calculable average from tips on a standard car fluctuates around \$19 a month, which the porter usually has to spend on his lay-overs away from home. Besides, the company has given such wide publicity to the lump sums of its purely nominal increases to the porters in 1924 and 1926 that in each instance the customary tip has materially decreased.

Until last March a porter had to cover 11,000 miles a month—or almost 400 hours—before he received even the 18 cents an hour which he now gets for delayed arrivals. Late arrivals really only shorten his rest, for he must make his next train in time. He is always subject to the sudden curse of "doubling" (taking on a special run), which cheats him of his lay-over and usually throws him out of his regular route at a final wage loss. In fact, the regulations about delayed arrivals, lay-overs, doubling, mileage computations, and seniority rights (which mere transfer invalidates) are so full of petty jokers that neither intensity nor length of service bears a really fixed relation either to pay or status. The brutal fact is that the Pullman Company exploits the *race* of the porter. The relative position of the white Pullman conductor and the sinister game in race prejudice with which the company is fighting the union movement of the porters amply prove this charge.

II

On June 25, 1925, three porters of long and faithful service, Roy Lancaster, A. L. Totten, and W. H. Des Verney, invited A. Philip Randolph, the editor of the *Messenger*, to talk things over. These four men formed there and then the nucleus of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Its prime aim is company recognition. Its formulated demands are for pathetically humble improvements in wages and conditions.

Randolph was chosen as the leader. He is beyond the direct vengeance of the company. He has advocated for

many years the organization of colored labor. The *Messenger* was a ready means as an organ of expression. And Randolph has a compelling platform figure. Tall, handsome, somewhat aloof, immaculate, he has that rare gift of oratory which wins through cumulative persuasion, until there seemingly is no escape from his conclusions. Facts, figures, and conditions are built up into a limpid irrefutableness with extraordinary power to arouse bitter indignation against those whom he attacks without the slightest innuendo. And his delivery is not merely simple enough to reach the untutored mind but eloquent with an entirely implicit and shrewd thoughtfulness on the whole tragic range of race and labor. Lancaster, the secretary-treasurer of the union, is a born promoter. Happy, tireless, political, he is probably the best-known figure among the porters. Many militant yet realistic years in the service have developed his intimate knowledge of its technique into second nature. The least and latest grievance of the youngest porter in the furthest run somehow reaches him, and is immediately organized into the struggle. Together these two men form a most effective team, so effective that within seven short months they have organized a little over 5,000 of the 12,000 porters, of whom almost 4,000 are now "paid up"—secretly, of course. Totten, Des Verney, and Frank Crosswaith, the three organizers, are usually out in the field, living examples of what a complete disregard to personal danger might accomplish in organizing the unorganized.

By the fall of 1925 the Pullman counter-attack was in full swing. For subtle slander and devious corruption it is difficult to match its tactics in the annals of industrial struggle. There is no racial fear or prejudice or malice at either the white or the black end which the company has not been playing against the middle—furtively, meanly, unconscionably. Mr. James Keeley, for many years the managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and now the editor of the *Pullman News*, has been flooding the country with releases, imputing to the brotherhood Communist support and tendencies by all kinds of specious connections; rattling the old skeleton of "social equality" for Southern consumption; frightening the porters with the supposed negrophobia of organized labor. Colored papers, even in Jim Crow territory, began to display large ads on the luxuries of Pullman travel, with immediate results in their editorial and news columns. "Race leaders" from all over the country went to Washington, by company arrangement, to a conference on the problem of segregation only to indict this movement incidentally. Total Immersion bishops warned their flocks against it. "Loyal" Uncle Tom porters did their bit among the brethren. The service became infested with stool pigeons and frame-ups. A few Filipinos were hired as a reminder of an ample labor market. The complicated work rules began to be manipulated for the persecution of those suspected of union sympathy, though the company-union plan theoretically admits the right of union membership. Mr. Perry Howard, a colored politician from Mississippi and a Special United States Attorney General, found time to slip over on the company pay roll. More than thirty years have passed since the Pullman Company broke the great American Railway Union strike. It has forgotten nothing. And it has refined its knowledge a good deal.

Finally the company called for a conference under the Plan of Employee Representation last March. Such vir-

tual company agencies of small porters' locals as Columbus and Grand Rapids were duly "represented," while the large Pennsylvania system was not. Even so, of the eighteen delegates two refused to sign the final agreement and four signed under protest. The work rules remained practically the same. Wages were raised 8 per cent, *which amounts to just about half the interest on the company's net surplus*.

The likely abolition of the Railroad Labor Board by the Parker-Watson bill required a change of tactics by the brotherhood. Instead of looking to the Railroad Labor Board for recognition, it is looking more to the sixteen railroad unions. The A. F. of L. unions have expressed their sympathy; the train-service brotherhoods even more strongly. To what extent they will consider themselves their black brother's keeper in a crisis remains to be seen. The segregated nature of the Pullman Service removes it from the field of labor politics, and the personal popularity of "George" among the train crews is by no means a negligible factor. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is giving the union its active support. Even the National Urban League, which sublimates the old Uncle Tom psychology into "scientific" social work,

is favorable. Progressive Negro leaders appreciate that this is really the first significant attempt to organize the colored worker—on a job whose very picturesqueness, popularity, and ubiquitousness render it strategic. And one may hope that such attempts may also bring home to them that it is at least as important to worry about the submerged working masses of the colored race as it is about New Negro tenors and novelists, whose genius after all speaks for itself and is now in danger of developing an intellectual class bereft of all contact or sympathy with the black worker.

That the Pullman porter, with the rest of colored labor, will have to travel the road to unionism in a chain gang—of this I have little doubt. To prophesy his easy victory against one of the worst dragons in modern industrialism is romantic. But the chances are that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters will hang on. Indeed, its greatest asset is the raw deal which keeps its rank and file continuously bruised. As in the early days of the railroad brotherhoods and later in the shop crafts, it is the very desperateness of the struggle which is likely to keep the porter in a mood in which a series of defeats makes organization the more certain.

The Plight of the Farmer

By SMITH W. BROOKHART

IN the last five years more than a million farmers have become bankrupt, and the value of farm property has decreased by twenty or twenty-five billions of dollars. The value of other property in the United States has increased during the same time. Occasionally figures are published showing an increase in the return on the farms as compared with the preceding year. Such increases, however, have not been enough to cover the deficit in agriculture. Farmers have more and more gone into debt each year. The causes of this are permanent. The condition itself is permanent. These causes lie for the most part in discrimination against agriculture in the laws that have been enacted for the benefit and protection of other lines of business.

In transportation there is an enormous discrimination against agriculture. The farmer must pay freight to get his product to the market. On the other hand, when he buys things that he needs, the freight is included in their price. In 1920 the new railroad law by its machinery fixed a value in round numbers of nineteen billion dollars upon the railroads of the United States. At the time this was done the market values of all their securities, representing their entire value, was twelve billion dollars or less. The law further fixed a return on all this excessive value, first of 6 per cent and then of 5¾ per cent. At the time this was done, and during the ten-year period from 1912 to 1922, the average wealth increase of the United States was only about 5½ per cent a year; therefore this rate of return was in excess of the power of the American people to produce and far in excess of the power of the farmers to produce at the prices which they received. In addition to this discrimination in capitalization there is an enormous discrimination in the profits of the subsidiary companies in the railroads. These companies furnish coal, steel, and

equipment, and whatever the railroad may need, and they charge a profit two or three times greater than the power of the American people to produce wealth. When they push these profits above the average line of 5½ per cent, something else in the great American industrial pool must be reduced below that line, and the biggest burden has fallen upon agriculture. In 1923 1,750,000 workers on the railroads and twenty billions of capital at their inflated value produced a gross return of over six and a quarter billion dollars. In the same year 11,000,000 workers and sixty billions of capital in agriculture produced a gross return of only twelve and one-third billion dollars.

In the matter of credit the laws of the United States and the States have given to a commercial banking system a monopoly of deposits and short-time loans. There are some cooperative credit unions, but the law limits their functions and makes them mere societies of thrift for the feeble, and reduces them to feeders of the commercial banking system. Over these banks is placed the great Federal Reserve which federates them all together into one system under one control. In this the farmers are forced to deposit their savings, and even in hard times these savings amount to a vast sum. The banking system never lends anything like the full amount of these savings back to the farmers. They are used to back every other form of enterprise. During the last year four billion dollars of call loans at one time were loaned to the New York Stock Exchange. A large portion of this was farmers' money sent in by banks from all over the country. The stock brokers were compelled to pay from 6 to 12 per cent for bank loans. The bulletin of the National City Bank of New York shows that the net earnings of the national banks upon their capital, surplus, and undivided profits were 8.34 per cent—and that in spite of the fact that many

little banks in the agricultural districts failed. This is another enormous discrimination against agriculture. Long-time credits have been relieved to some extent by the Federal Land Bank, but even in that the rates are still too high.

We next find the laws of our country providing a protective tariff for many of our great industries. Such industries are allowed to fix the price of their product at the factory. This price is protected from all form of competition. In the matter of farm products there is a surplus which sells abroad. Its price is fixed in the competitive market of the world and cabled back to the marketing agencies of the United States, where the domestic price is fixed accordingly. Therefore the farmer must buy in a protected market and must sell in the competitive markets of the world. In 1923 forty billions of capital were invested in manufactures in the United States and a little less than 9,000,000 workers manned the factories, but they produced a gross product of sixty billion dollars in value. We have already seen that sixty billions of capital and 11,000,000 workers in agriculture produced only twelve and one-third billions gross value. In manufacturing it is said that thirty-four billions of these sixty billions were in raw materials. Such may be the fact, but one manufacturer's finished product is the next manufacturer's raw material and of course he sells it at a profit; therefore in this thirty-four billions were many duplications of this kind, and every time a profit was added. It is probable that there were four or five billion dollars of profits in this sum, and maybe more. Subtracting thirty-four billions and odd millions from the total production, we still have twenty-five billions—representing the increase in value of the raw material in the process of manufacture. Labor received only eleven billions of this. If we forget the profits in raw material and take the twenty-five billions as the gross product of manufacturing, it is still more than twice as much as agriculture with only two-thirds the capital and about three-fourths the number of workers. These figures prove beyond possible doubt the enormous discrimination against agriculture in favor of manufactured articles protected by the tariff and by patents.

Upon all public utilities and upon the railroads we have by law established an excessive and exorbitant rate of return. There is probably no public utility in the country that is allowed less than 6 per cent, and they run up to 8 per cent and even higher. These concerns are the most stable business enterprises in our country, and their return is the most secure. The cost of these utilities is indirectly added to the cost of production in nearly every business except agriculture. Agriculture has no power to add anything.

The laws of the States also provide for the organization of corporations. These great economic units are creatures of the law. They have no existence but for the law. Through the combination of capital these units have a great advantage. It gives them economic power to collect profits from the community, including agriculture, in excess of what they could do operating as individuals. Agriculture must pay these profits, but it has no power to increase the cost of its own product to meet this extra demand. The Adamson law protects railroad labor in a very substantial degree, and the immigration laws protect all labor in the same way.

It may be that all these discriminations are economically unsound and should be abolished, but the great em-

ployers of the country will not support such a claim. In fact, they are all defended to the utmost by financial institutions of every kind. If, however, it is proposed to do something for agriculture by extending to the farmer some of these special advantages, at once every financial interest is out with a tomahawk condemning any such suggestion as economically unsound. In the days of feudalism the farmers were bound to the soil as slaves. The first reformers who sought to break their chains were denounced as standing for something economically unsound. When humanitarians sought to correct the working conditions of labor by law, their ideas were attacked as economically unsound. A distinguished United States Senator has said that 90 per cent of the business enterprises in the United States ultimately fail. Another put the statement in the *Congressional Record* that 96 per cent of them fail. I have never seen a statement that put the estimate below 80 per cent. Does it not seem that our own competitive economic structure may itself be "economically unsound," tested by the accepted standards of soundness? So far as I am concerned the argument is useless. The farmers are entitled to a system of laws that will raise agriculture to the same artificial level as all these other great industries. The only alternative would be to wipe out the laws that have given these discriminations. We have lived on this artificial basis under law so long that to wipe them out would, I think, mean universal disaster, and I think nobody in America would seriously advocate such a proposition.* I therefore say with confidence that the farmer must be given the advantages that were long ago given to other industries and to some extent to labor.

The specific method suggested by the farmers is the organization of an export corporation with sufficient government capital, perhaps \$1,500,000,000, to handle all of the exportable surplus of agriculture. Permission would be given to the cooperative organizations to subscribe stock in this corporation exactly as was done in the Federal Land Banks. When enough stock is subscribed the Government would be paid its investment as has already been done in the land banks. The corporation would be founded upon the interstate and foreign-commerce clauses of the Constitution and would be permanent in character. It would bid cost of production plus a 5 per cent profit for the average of agricultural products. The tariff would then protect the price level. The corporation would have left on its hands the surplus which averages from 8 to 12 per cent of all agricultural production. It is about half of the cotton crop and about 20 per cent of wheat, but the average is as above stated. This surplus would then be disposed of in the competitive markets of the world. One agency would handle it all. One agency would do better than many agencies, as they are now competing with each other in selling and beating down the price. There might, however, be a loss on this surplus. If so, it would be paid by a trade-dividend assessment or tax on all of the production in each product. This plan is denounced as price-fixing, but the railroad law is not only a price-fixing scheme but a value-fixing scheme as well. The tariff laws are price-fixing because they enable private concerns to fix their price at their own factories. The patent laws are a price-

* Senator Brookhart is mistaken here. Besides *The Nation* large numbers of publications and people are opposed to all privilege and favor the removal of all artificial barriers without fear of any unfavorable consequences.—EDITOR THE NATION.

fixing scheme with no limit whatsoever. This agricultural scheme is much more sound because it limits price to cost of production and a 5 per cent profit. Nobody will deny this is just in these days of gigantic profits.

In the Driftway

"LABOR will have its reward!" one of the Drifter's associates announced joyously. "The builders and carpenters have received a voluntary increase in wages from their employers. And did you know that women linotypers receive the same wage as the men, and the wage is a fair one?" The Drifter tried to echo his friend's enthusiasm, but his mind's eye was contemplating a disturbing vision. He saw, first, rows of flying fingers swiftly setting up words in type, and then he saw other fingers pounding out those words on a typewriter, now with feverish haste, now slowly and with long, nervous pauses. The Drifter wondered which set of fingers held the robust pay envelope at the end of the week. But it was mere perversity to wonder, for the Drifter knows—as who doesn't?—that the fingers that pound the typewriter, when they are not holding a small cold rejection slip, cling to no fat pay envelope, but a slender check. The Drifter would not be one to say that he who builds with words is worthier than he who builds with bricks. There is, of course, the immemorial argument that the artist's highest reward is the joy of creation. It is usually an artist who arrogantly makes this point, forgetting that he has the same material needs as a carpenter, and other needs less material, none of which can be filled by paying any coin but that of the realm. Nor can the most devoted teacher exist simply on the joys of teaching, contrary opinions of college trustees notwithstanding.

* * * * *

THE ailment seems to be a case of financial undernourishment, for which the carpenters and the linotypers long ago prescribed unionization. This is a simple tonic, it seems, and the recent success of the playwrights with a dose of it proves that it need not cause indigestion among the intellectual workers of the world. The Drifter would like to see a picket line led by his old professors, filing around the campus as they did in the academic procession which accompanied him on his last journey toward a scroll of parchment. He is sure they would be just as stately and dignified on a picket line. They might even wear their academic gowns, and carry signs which read, "WE WEAR OUR GOWNS BECAUSE WE CANNOT AFFORD NEW SUITS." Such a use of the academic robe would not reduce its dignity. It would be, in fact, a return to the original purpose of the gown. In the Middle Ages teaching was no more profitable a profession than it is now, and the learned doctors adopted gowns to cover their rags, and to distinguish them from their equally ragged students. The hood which in these days serves merely to display the distinctive colors of various degrees was originally dedicated to the more vital function of carrying the learned man's lunch. The Drifter sees no reason why these things should not return to their true dignity of usefulness. The medieval doctor faced the fact that he was ragged, and remedied it. His descendant seems unable to face the fact of his raggedness, or, if he does, he covers it only with a robe of pride, which must at best be a chilly thing.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Eton College—Another View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me, as an old Etonian, to make a few remarks in reply to a letter by Mr. Edgar Summerton in your paper of January 24, last, published under the heading Eton, a School for "Poor Boys."

Eton College was not founded by "some grateful native of long ago," as Mr. Summerton states, but by King Henry VI of England.

King Henry VI founded Eton College for the sons of poor clergymen and in the constitution it is clearly laid down that there shall be seventy scholars. It also states that sons of noblemen may be taught in the college, as long as they do not become a financial encumbrance upon the college and as long as they are willing and able to pay their own expenses.

I disagree with Mr. Summerton's statement that "there has never been in the school a single poor-boy inhabitant of Eton." I know of one tradesman whose son was in college during my own time at Eton, and I have a distinct recollection of his visiting his parents' place of business with the full knowledge and approval of the college authorities.

In conclusion may I refer Mr. Summerton to the admirable book entitled "Eton College, 1440-1910," by Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte, K. C. B., published by Macmillan, which describes very fully the whole history of the famous school.

Geneva, February 4

ROGER M. B. MICHOLLS

The "Natives" of India

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

"When a tiger kills a man it is ferocity, but when a man kills a tiger it is bravery." How funny!—G. B. S.

Will you kindly allow me to lay a protest before the "thinking" public of this country against the use of the word "natives" when referring to people of the so-called backward nations like India, Egypt, and others? Thus Professor I. B. Cross of the University of California while referring to the people of India in his book "Domestic and Foreign Exchange" calls them "the natives of India." Somehow the word "natives" has an extremely distasteful odor when applied to one of the subject nations in the British Empire. When referring to the now living people do we ever say "the natives" of America or England or Canada? I hope, therefore, that at least well-meaning Americans will not follow blindly the example of our English rulers who have to allude to us with the connotative word "natives" in order to justify their undemocratic rule.

Iowa City, Iowa, January 1

VISHNU V. OAK

California Geniuses

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial note on the California "child geniuses" in the issue of December 30 was not worthy of you. You might have ascertained what the idea really is, namely, to "intelligence test" some children, pick out about the top half of 1 per cent, and examine them with an eye to discovering what they are really like. We have up to this time virtually no accurate knowledge of any but physical characteristics of even average children; this experiment will be an attempt to watch the progress of children admittedly superior, although not necessarily "geniuses," and to develop these children freely and without the handicap of being educated in the midst of more mediocre children.

Palo Alto, Cal., January 26

RAYMOND R. WILLOUGHBY

Books and Plays

Poems

By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

I

Fruit of the pear—among the leaves
Wind lifts, the stiff dark spray of leaves,
Disclosing the hung red cheek of pear,
Last fruit the denuding autumn leaves—

Solidly sways, too firm to fall—
Reserved last plenitude of fall.
Leaves and the fruit will drop together;
But these dark leaves, before they fall,

Enrich to bloody growth apart,
Until beneath one frost leaves part
From stems and, blackened, drop. The fruit,
Too, darkened in the bitten part,

Falls with a dull thud to the ground
Successive days. Where heels have ground
The pears to pulp late bees and yellow
Wasps fly fiercely: some are drowned.

II

As I go to hunt my job
I see the frozen-tipped leaves of the horse-radishes
Swerve, duck, and bob;
And the jolly cabbages
Squat regimented,
Set down in lines and cultivated
In the midst of the fields—
In lines of blue and green,
With strips beyond of flat black
Earth, between the rows of red
Bud-cabbages, squat in the sun;
And, in a spiral of wind, a spiral of birds
Evolving songless overhead.

First Glance

“CRITICAL WOODCUTS,” by Stuart Sherman (Scribner’s: \$2.50), is one of the most interesting of the five subtle volumes which this critic, who is at once so responsible and so sensitive, has devoted to contemporary literature. But it is not the best. The best is still, I think, the first. “On Contemporary Literature,” which was supremely subtle and sensitive, had the advantage in addition of being responsible to an authority that could be defined. I admit the difficulty now of anyone’s defining that authority in other terms than those the book used. But at any rate Mr. Sherman was working within limits imposed by an intellectual tradition, an established point of view, a past; and what he said got its great power from the presence of these limits, which in turn any reader of the essays could recognize and—if necessary—discount. Both the limitation and the strength of Mr. Sherman lay then in the fact that the authority which he served led him to deny the vitality of contemporary literature. The test he put upon this literature—its usefulness to the good life—was not a

valid one for criticism, I think. Yet in its negative results it was highly interesting, and for one who disagreed with Mr. Sherman the value of the literature as literature stood out thereafter in particularly bold relief. In the very act of denying his authors Mr. Sherman dignified them, even exalted them.

Now he is disposed to accept his contemporaries. And let me hasten to agree with his introductory claim that he has the right thus to change his mind. One who possesses so attractive a mind has not only the right but also the obligation to change it whenever he grows tired of using it in a given way. Mr. Sherman accepts his contemporaries—these new ones—because he finds vitality in them, and he succeeds in the search because he has abandoned any too narrow notion of what the good life—his criterion now as before—consists in. “The important change of which I am conscious,” he says, “is in the intensity of my conviction that no man should state very emphatically what ‘the good life’ is until he has found it. . . . The wise critic attempts on all possible occasions to keep his theoretical and didactic mouth shut and all his other faculties open, here, there, and everywhere, for all the reports and rumors of positive charm and joy in things and people, as the most indubitable tokens that they are participators in some degree of that ‘good life’ which he is seeking. . . . I have learned that patient search usually discovers some refreshing virtue wherever there has been any unusual display of energy. . . . ‘Where there is life there is hope,’ and where there is power there is virtue.” Essays follow celebrating with all of Mr. Sherman’s old eloquence the power, and hence for him the virtue, of Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Ben Hecht, Llewelyn Powys, and Brigham Young—to name merely those whom he might once have found distasteful. Something, however, is lacking. The new field is as yet too broad for its mower, whose swaths are nervous and somewhat zigzag. There was more vitality in Mr. Sherman’s denial of life than there is—so far—in his acceptance of it. Accepting life, like accepting the universe, does very well for a starter, since it removes a certain kind of barren prejudice; but it is only a starter, and if one continues merely to approve of authors because they approve of life one will soon have little to say. Mr. Sherman is not so pungent as he has been or as he will be. The question of life disposed of, he will now go on to literature; and whatever he does with that will be worth while.

MARK VAN DOREN

The World-View of Modern Science

The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science.

By Edwin Arthur Burtt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

Science and the Modern World. By Alfred North Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

“PHILOSOPHY is the attempt to remove the veil which philosophers have cast over the world.” So wrote a college student on a recent examination paper. And the answer was not wholly at fault. Sometimes the veil has been gracious drapery which but enhanced the beauty of the form of the world. At other times it has been like the ugly burlap with which a statue is swathed until the gala day of its dedication, and so has needed to be entirely removed if the world was to be truly enjoyed. These two books will do much to get rid of the obscuring philosophies with which we have too frequently

been cursed. Because they return to the methodology and basic conceptions of modern science they have a freshness of contact with living ideas and a sense of realities which make them illuminating and timely.

Mr. Burt's book is largely historical in nature. It is devoted to the great period of scientific development from Copernicus to Newton. The seventeenth century is, in Mr. Whitehead's happy phrase, "the century of genius," a century which furnished European races with many of the fundamental ideas that have been our intellectual capital ever since. The period begins about the middle of the sixteenth century with the work of Copernicus and reaches its culmination in Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia" in 1687. Mr. Burt traces better than any one has previously done the story of this scientific adventure—the desire of the leading thinkers to build a world-view which would meet the demands of human reason for a thoroughly intelligible formula for all cosmic processes, the respect shown to the empirical data of ordinary human experience, the influence of religion and faith in Divine Providence. The outcome, however, led to the subordination of other things to the desire for total and comprehensive formulae congenial to human reason. Hence only the mathematical properties of our world remained as part of the objective structure of the cosmos and whatever did not lend itself to mathematical formulation was relegated to a subjective and ineffective status. In Mr. Burt's words:

The world that people had thought themselves living in—a world rich with color and sound, redolent with fragrance, filled with gladness, love, and beauty, speaking everywhere of purposive harmony and creative ideals—was crowded now into minute corners in the brains of scattered organic beings. The really important world outside was a world hard, cold, colorless, silent, and dead; a world of quantity, a world of mathematically computable motions in mechanical regularity. The world of qualities as immediately perceived by man became just a curious and quite minor effect of that infinite machine beyond.

Thus man became a prisoner in a world of physical forces. And when later centuries ignored the theological principles upon which all the scientists down through Newton based their thought, this mechanical world became an alien and a hostile world. Ideals became pious but futile wishes, and the laws of matter alone availed.

With a brilliance of penetrating scientific competence joined to broad insight into the values of poetry and art, Mr. Whitehead carries on the story of the development of science to our own day. In his book the criticism which Mr. Burt often brings into his historical study becomes the main theme. The artificial clarity of the eighteenth century, the aesthetic urgency of the romantic reaction, the nineteenth-century formulation of sweeping laws concerning matter, energy, and evolution, and finally the contemporary controversies over relativity and the quantum theory are all alike made contributory to Mr. Whitehead's own thesis. This thesis is that the formulae of science are abstractions, that the particular abstractions adopted in the past history of science are neither irreformable nor unalterable, and that abstractions can in no case be taken as a substitute for the full reality of daily life. The exclusion of the facts of mind from the mechanical world of materialistic science was justified as a technique, since it simplified the setting within which some problems had to be solved. But it led to the supposition of a realm of mind apart from the material world and this, at first regarded as able to act upon the material world, became at last the impotent spectator of changes it could neither guide nor avoid. Thus by taking the useful and legitimate abstractions of science as veritable cosmic forces, a pseudo-scientific philosophy arose. The conceptions of this mistaken philosophy became the "common sense" of the succeeding centuries and lasted on as the fixed and uncriticized ideas of most thinking men. Thus there is

a general danger inherent in modern science. Its methodological procedure is exclusive and intolerant, and rightly so. It fixes attention on a definite group of abstractions, neglects everything else, and elicits every scrap of information and theory which is relevant to what it has retained. This method is triumphant, provided that the triumph is within limits. The neglect of these limits leads to disastrous oversights.

Mr. Whitehead would build up a new philosophy by combining the new physics of the relativity theory with the psychology which was first effectively suggested by William James. The unit-fact of philosophical analysis is the organism. Mind is found already at work in the world, or rather each mind is at work in its own world. The order of nature is the locus of the activity and development of organisms. Description of nature from the point of view of only one organism would be an arbitrary matter; but attempts to describe nature from some point of view other than that of organisms would give us sheer fiction (e.g., the absolute space and absolute time of the classic physics). All points of view are relative, but all are real. Thus we got a pluralism from which we cannot escape into one absolute final point of view. But we should rejoice in the pluralism; for thus we are assured the reality of each concrete situation upon which the varied values of human life depend.

STERLING P. LAMPRECHT

The Quick and the Dead

Harper Prize Short Stories. With an Introduction by Bliss Perry. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Bring! Bring! By Conrad Aiken. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

Collected Stories and Tales. By Fitz-James O'Brien. Edited, with an Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

IF that man from Mars were really a superior intellect, he would draw some illuminating conclusions on reading the Harper short stories after the O'Brien volume. He would deduce that in the intervening sixty years there must have been a Maupassant and an O. Henry, but he would never guess the existence of a Chekhov or a Freud; he would suspect our enlarged boundaries, but he would not be conscious of our heterogeneous population; he would learn of new dialects and new customs, but he would be astounded by the seeming sameness of our ideals and purposes; he would surmise the passing of the puritan, but not the coming of the hedonist. And he would sum up his impressions in the statement: "This people and the writers who seek to make it articulate have lived longer, not more deeply; they have had interesting experiences, not moving crises; they have learned tricks, not truths."

For these Harper stories—whether the trite Redbone and the silly sentimentality of Alice Brown or the effective excursions into the unusual by Charles Caldwell Dobie and the scintillating, sophisticated, and distinguished A Captain Out of Etruria by A. R. Leach—are at their best but improvements on the models of O'Brien, differing in no vital character. I find them interesting and amusing, but I do not find them reflecting the few essential changes in our civilization.

The fact becomes more obvious in a comparison of these stories with the work of Conrad Aiken. Mr. Aiken communicates all that mental and spiritual ferment which is of our time. Both form and content spell out the elements that distinguish this age of self-realization from the state of innocence in which O'Brien set down his mild but florid imaginings. I do not mean there is that jargon in his stories by means of which our pseudo-scientists make every ancient commonplace seem a new discovery; I simply mean that, whether in his horror story or in his paean to domesticity, whether in describing a flirtation, a murder, or the afternoon of a child, Mr. Aiken's writing presupposes a twentieth-century intelligence and so-

phistication; I mean that what is fascinating reading today would have been almost unintelligible fifty years ago.

Though not the only American to achieve this contemporaneity in the short-story form, for there are in varying degree Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, and now the brilliant Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Aiken seems to have done so most effectively as well as most naturally. His glittering tales exercise that magic of the ancient mariner because they, too, however extraordinary in theme, are congruous expressions of our life and pertinent studies of our malaise of soul.

O'Brien's stories serve very well as a measuring rod, but they have little value in themselves. Certainly Edward O'Brien's introduction places too heavy a handicap on this work since, after his enthusiastic discussion of its merits, the reader will find anything short of Poe's tales a disappointing anti-climax.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Morality and Choice

Moral Philosophy. By Warner Fite. The Dial Press. \$4.

UNDER a somewhat forbidding title the author of this engaging volume returns with a fresh and personal enthusiasm to the original problem of philosophy, which is, I take it, neither the theory of knowledge nor the nature of logic but the art of life; and he begins his discussion with a definition of morality which is, essentially, an artist's definition. Taking his cue from the quotation upon his title page—"The unexamined life is not fit for human living"—he slips from under the upraised hand of those who would deny that morality has any existence aside from *mores* by first admitting all they have to say: No objective standards of conduct exist, there is no act which is in itself either right or wrong; and thus with one admission are destroyed all those systems which would make morality consist in any duty to do or to refrain from doing either this or that. Yet the fact remains that man, however emancipated from any code of conduct, is a moral animal because he lives his life consciously; in this consciousness of the meaning of his acts, in this power of his to consider one line of conduct in contradistinction to another, is the essence of morality, which has at its core not the idea of duty but the idea of choice. The function of moral philosophy is not to prescribe a course of conduct but to constitute a criticism of life, and the chief function of such criticism is, like the chief function of literary criticism, not to pronounce judgments but to illuminate the thing criticized by making more clear its tendency and its relationships. The good life is not the life led thus or so but the life which is in the highest degree conscious of itself as life and which is most aware of the choices which it has made.

Obviously those who long to rehabilitate in one form or another the idea of a moral standard will get but cold comfort from Mr. Fite, and he has no intention of offering them solace. All of the Christian philosophies which in their modern form stem from Kant and all of the non-Christian ones which are based upon utilitarianism rest upon the conception of an imperative, whether that imperative get its sanction from the will of God, the dictates of reason, or the duty of securing the greatest happiness for the greatest number; and the validity of all these imperatives has in one way or another, so Mr. Fite would confess, been successfully questioned. The idea of duty is an idea for which no solid foundation can be found, since the right of a "greatest number" to command is as completely hypothetical as the existence of a God who has definitely legislated. But if man has been cut off from all possibility of guidance from without there remains within the possibility of making a choice, and to live morally is merely to exercise in full consciousness the possibility of that choice. Man differs from the animals not because he is conscious of an imperative but because he alone of all the animals knows that he is an animal, and he is leading the best, that is to say the

most human life, when he is developing to the full all the possibilities of consciousness which are implied in the fact that he can not only be a thing but also know what it means to be that thing.

Arrived at this point one may, I think, logically proceed in one of two directions. Certainly the way lies open to that nihilistic attitude which has found its gentlest, suavest, and yet most devastating utterance in the famous sentence of Renan: "The world is a spectacle which the good God has arranged for his own amusement; let us contribute to the design of the great stage director by making it as vivid and as varied as possible." But it is not this way which Mr. Fite has chosen to take. Instead he has argued with urbanity and with humor that for him at least the spectacle of life is richest when it is viewed from the standpoint of one who remains in an Epicurian calm, while other and less reflective persons pursue a thoughtless variety of experience. No Nietzschean participation in the vehement tragedy of life, no stoical pursuit of grandeur and elevation, but the thoughtful repose of the garden represents the highest good which man, essentially a reflective animal capable of magnifying his goods by memory and imagination, is capable of attaining; and it is the one which the clearest-eyed wisdom would choose. Let us, in the words of Pater, choose every moment the most exquisite passion which the world has to offer; but let us not fail to heed Pater's own warning: "only be sure that it is a passion—that it does yield you the fruit of a quickened and multiplied consciousness." If we do heed this warning we shall find that more is lost than is gained in the violent indulgence of random passions. The world in all its vividness and variety is before us, but it is never realized to its full save by those who are in no obvious and outward sense themselves too vivid or too violent.

If this seems in itself to come perilously close to a dogma it is not as a dogma but as a personal confession that Mr. Fite, I think, intends it. His book, ranging freely over the history of philosophy and lingering most gladly upon those philosophers who like Plato and Pater and Santayana are artists also, serves its best purpose in giving to that vague but popular phrase "Life is not a science but an art" a more definite meaning. The meaning is that moral rules—rules, that is to say, for leading a good life—are no more possible than rules for writing a good book, for a life like a book must be judged by the extent to which it accomplishes its purpose, whatever that purpose may be; and an inferior life like an inferior book is merely one which does not know where it is going. Mr. Fite's thoroughly urbane and interesting book states the claim for life as an art and indicates how that art, in one of its forms at least, may be practiced.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Proportional Representation

Proportional Representation. Its Dangers and Defects. By George Horwill. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 6/.

AS a hangover from utilitarianism we still speculate upon the problem: Who shall be represented in a representative government? Inspired by John Stuart Mill, critics lament that popular government is a lying phrase when parliaments reflect only the majority will. Analysis may have shown that public opinion is a mere euphemism for public prejudice, yet men stubbornly fret to give it expression. Hence, to guarantee the minority a share in government, resort is had to an electoral device of the nineteenth century. That device is a mathematical extravaganza dubbed Proportional Representation or P. R., which is contrived to insure for each group that number of representatives rightfully belonging to it by reason of numerical strength. Thus, theory has it, the legislative body comes to reflect a cross-section of the component groups which contribute to public opinion. Elections under this system were held recently in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and other American

cities where advocates of the manager plan of government hold that the legislative body must represent such cross-sections before the plan will work successfully.

Great Britain also is having an agitation to introduce P. R. into parliamentary elections, and the present volume appears to be propaganda in opposition. Making use of a scholarship turned partisan's handmaid, the author mates statistics with false assumptions to produce conclusions not infrequently plausible. Like most kindred discussions his work suffers from the intellectualist inheritance which exaggerates the importance of political devices. As a result P. R. becomes a bugbear which, in order to undermine government with instability and ineffectiveness, fosters and exploits many small parties. To prove that the contrivance itself is the cause of parliamentary helplessness Mr. Horwill cites the numerous parties that have arisen in France, Sweden, Belgium, and Switzerland since the use of P. R. was begun in those countries. Forgotten are the national and racial antagonisms, the stress of economic conditions, and the turmoil of the late war in this effort to prove that a political creation is really a creator.

With equal speciousness Mr. Horwill attacks the assumption that every minority group of significant size should have its voice in legislation. To him a parliament is a place for action, valuable only when free from all that delays or hinders—a conception presently current with a certain Vice-President of the United States. While he differs from Mr. Dawes in conceding rights, functions, and even value to minorities, he insists that a legislative body is not a talk-shop for obstructive particularists. Their purposes can as well be served elsewhere. Thus he would have minorities proselytize, but not upon a battlefield. Here, however, perverted practices have led to a misconception of the function of debate. Collective wisdom through discussion should temper, mellow, and enrich legislation. Even majority self-interest should recognize a belligerent minority as the most effective safeguard against its own intoxication. The only other mediums for public expression seem to be the press and the forum, and neither is within the easy reach of smaller groups.

Yet the volume is not without value. At a time when fear too frequently obscures political thought the author cautions against that fear which inspires P. R. enthusiasm, the fear of the majority. Concerning the sponsors of the plan, he warns that radicals and reactionaries alike favor it only when they are in the minority, and oppose it vigorously at other times. The weaknesses of the book belong to every work which harps upon machinery for registering opinion in utter forgetfulness of how that opinion comes into being.

DAVID RALPH HERTZ

Books in Brief

Rejuvenation and the Prolongation of Human Efficiency. By Paul Kammerer. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Rejuvenation. By Norman Haire. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

The Internal Secretions of the Sex Glands. By Alexander Lipschutz. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. \$6.

The origin of the "rejuvenation" theory lies in the work of Frenchmen like Claude Bernard and Brown-Séquard, Germans like Mehring and Minkowski, and Englishmen like Bayliss and Starling, who demonstrated not only the existence of ductless or endocrine glands but also their extraordinary importance. Interested readers possessing no knowledge of the story would do well to commence with Mr. Kammerer. This charming and versatile biologist can tell a story and tell it well. Dr. Haire's product is somewhat too technical for the layman, and perhaps not enough so for the physician; but he writes with knowledge of the subject. The rejuvena-

tion problem as such receives little attention from Lipschutz (who is professor of physiology at Dorpat University), but, on the other hand, he discusses critically and exhaustively all that is known about the internal secretions of the sex glands in all groups of multicellular animals. This work will be treasured by zoologists, physiologists, psychologists, and students of eugenics.

Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama. By H. Dugdale Sykes. Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

The studies gathered here are all reprints from various periodicals and are already known to scholars. They deal with the problem of the authorship of a considerable number of sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century plays. The papers of most interest to the reader who is not a specialist are those on the much-mooted question of "Timon of Athens" and on the authorship of "Appius and Virginia"—which, it will be remembered, Rupert Brooke took from the canon of John Webster's plays and ascribed to Thomas Heywood and which Mr. Sykes now vindicates as Webster's. Mr. Sykes employs the same methods of literary "connoisseurship" as does the exceedingly prolific and suggestive Mr. J. M. Robertson, but he employs the tests of vocabulary, style, ideas, and the like more cautiously and, having a better sense of the validity of evidence, is not so easily led astray into the fields of improbable conjecture and rash assumption.

Poems. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. \$3 each.

Verse Plays. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

Prose Plays. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

Mr. Masefield has never before appeared in so dignified and beautiful a dress. The poetry is here complete, and all of the plays are here except "The Trial of Jesus." A definitive edition of Mr. Masefield would, of course, include many additional volumes of prose, and it is to be hoped that three or four of these will find places in the next collection.

The Story of a Novel and Other Stories. By Maxim Gorki. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

Whatever Maxim Gorki writes brings its own power of an invincible fascination. His autobiography is in many ways even more enthralling than his stories of the oppressed, but both could be born only in the brain of Maxim the Bitter. He may not possess the stature of Tolstoi and Dostoevski, but he is a relief after the adolescent melancholy of Turgenev, and his rude force is like a wind from the North. "The Story of a Novel" is a fantasy filled with an ingenious humor. The other three stories in the present collection have his accustomed air of reality and distinction. Gorki no longer writes directly of the oppressed, but he is none the less to be read.

The Monroe Doctrine: Its Importance in the International Life of the States of the New World. By Alejandro Alvarez. Oxford University Press. \$3.

A distinguished Chilean here puts the Monroe Doctrine in its place. Hitherto the most inclusive case-record available was by a German, Herbert Kraus. Mr. Alvarez has compiled an invaluable source-book, furnishing the documents in each case where the Monroe Doctrine has been brought into play, a summary of the instances in which it was neglected, records of its early days, and the most pertinent speeches and articles of recent years by North and South American publicists—from Olney's day to Hughes's. The Monroe Doctrine emerges as a rather sprawling amoeba, occasionally shrinking but more often enlarging and reaching out in new directions.

Unveiled. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

In any prolonged contest between people's theories and their affections, the theories usually are compelled to give way in the end. Mrs. Seymour's novel shows how disastrous may

be the results when they do not. Her central characters cling to ideals which are abstractly admirable, but which leave no room for the adjustments which life makes necessary. Fine relationships go to pieces, and lives are tragically wasted. The author handles an intricate theme with understanding, if somewhat diffusely.

Der Grosse Maggid und Seine Nachfolge. Das Verborgene Licht. Von Martin Buber. Frankfurt am Main: Literarische Anstalt Rütten and Loening.

The weighty words of Dow Bär von Mesritch, disciple of Rabbi Baalschem, the eighteenth-century founder of the sect of Oriental Jews called Chassidists, are here collected by Martin Buber, as he did earlier for the philosophy of Baalschem himself. The collection strikes a Gentile as a curious hodge-podge of profound truth, wire-drawing subtlety, and naive absurdity. Chassidism, esoteric, austere, and generous, is full of virtue and charm, even where it strains hardest for a phrase. "Rabbi Kosnitz spoke of God in prayer: Lord of the World, I pray that thou mayest redeem Israel. But if thou wilt not, then redeem the Gentiles!"

Letters to Katie. By Sir Edward Burne-Jones. London: Macmillan and Company. 10/6.

A most delightful series of letters to a little girl from a famous painter, illustrated with drawings that reveal in the artist an unexpected vein of delicate nonsense. The letters are worthy of Lewis Carroll, the pictures are worthy of the text, and the combination is sure to be irresistible both to young women of Katie's age and to persons much older and wiser.

The Early History of Bengal. By the late F. J. Monahan. Oxford University Press. \$5.

This is a lucid and scholarly account of Bengal (and to some extent of the neighboring province of Bihar) during the Maurya Period closely following the invasion of Alexander the Great in 327 B.C. The greater part of the book deals with the social organization in the light of native and classical sources, and there are valuable chapters on the inscriptions of the Emperor Asoka and on the art of the period.

J. Ramsay MacDonald (1923-1925). By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

An intimate and devoted friend of England's first Labor Prime Minister here carries the life story begun in an earlier volume through Ramsay MacDonald's term of office. The book is in a sense the official history of a great adventure, understanding all and forgiving everything.

A Bibliography of Samuel Johnson. By William Prideaux Courtney and David Nichol Smith. A Reissue of the Edition of 1915. Illustrated with Facsimiles. Oxford University Press. \$10.

The numerous facsimiles of title-pages added to this edition of a standard bibliography are done in the best Oxford Press manner; which is to say, in the best manner.

Drama Silver Lining

AMONG the more esoteric prophets of the newest drama there is a great to-do about harlequinades and puppet shows. Hypnotized by the resounding name of the *Commedia dell'arte*, they assure us that the solution of all our artistic problems will be found when Sganarelle and Columbine are reintroduced into our *dramatis personae*, and they are bent upon sending us back to the Guignol in search of our lost youth. Realism is dead, literature is dead, the actor is dead, the theater is dead; and

nearly everything else, if we are to believe what they say, is either dead or dying. But something or other—simplicity, childishness, illusion, or convention—is ready to spring into a glorious new birth if only we will pay more attention to marionettes or recapture the naivete of the past. Now, to all this I have no theoretical or dogmatic objection, but I have yet to see any concrete example of the newest art which was not essentially infantile. The best plays of all our recent seasons have invariably been composed of that literature which is said to have no place in the theater, informed by that appetite for essential reality which is said to have no relation to art, and performed by those actors who are soon to be banished from the stage. Moribund perhaps all these things are; but that which is said to be about to replace them is not yet born and there is no good pretending that it is.

Take, for example, "The Chief Thing," which the Theater Guild has had translated from the Russian of Nicolas Evreinov, and is now presenting as its latest offering. Here is a play which manages to get your Harlequin in. Here is much insistence upon "the theater of life" which is said to be "really the same thing as any other theater." And here is a solemn preface about the drama's offering an escape from life and about that love for humanity which requires "a benevolent theatricalization of life." And yet, stripped of its solemn hocus-pocus, there remains but an infantile fable about an eccentric messiah who hires a band of actors to fool a group of lonely souls to the top of their bent with sham friendship and sham love and who merely ducks and runs when the inevitable debacle comes. Considered as trivial farce it is at moments amusing enough; given as it is one of the smoothest, most consistent, and best of Guild performances, it serves to pass an entertaining evening; but offered as it is offered with an esoteric air it is pitifully inconsequential, and its feeble optimism is about as relevant to the tragedies of which it pretends to dispose as are the drivellings of our own Pollyanna school. To the Barries in England and the Evreinovs in Russia a world only too conscious of its sufferings has a right to say: If you have no more than such sorry make-believes to offer then leave us at least the dignity of our tragic story. The problems of the world are not solved so easily as that; the evil goes deeper than your philosophy dreams, and not so will we be put off. A little kindness and a little generosity, the handshake of the optimist, and the fatuous smile of the tuppenny messiah will not resolve the discords of life; we are not children to be solaced with a lollypop. The obdurate heart does not melt when the *deus ex machina* appears, there are clouds which the sun does not break through, and there are conflicts, eternal and profound, which no good-will can resolve. To that we are resigned and we can, perhaps, bear it with equanimity if we face with resolution the fact that it is so; but in frivolous denial there is no comfort to be found, and the jingle of fool's bells is an insult to the dignity of suffering. Comfort us if you can, but do not tell us that our suffering is a joke, for we know only too well how real it is; a delusion that does not delude is the most inconsequential of mockeries.

Undoubtedly, then, they order these things better in Russia. When one is a tired business man one says simply "I go to the theater to be amused"; but when one is a weary Muscovite one says instead "Love for humanity requires a benevolent theatricalization of life." And the advantage is obvious, for if one is an American one's play is produced by Ann Nichols, but if one is a Russian the Theater Guild takes it over.

At the Neighborhood Playhouse is now being presented the annual offering of dancing *divertissements* consisting, this year, of a pantomime impression of Burma by Miss Irene Lewisohn, a Chinese Fantasy, staged according to the traditions of the Chinese theater by Carroll Lunt, and an adaptation of Haydn's one-act opera "The Apothecary." Each has a charm of its own, for there is a strange grotesque beauty in the first, a rococo charm in the second, and a droll humor in the third. As always, the performance is well worth the trip to Grand Street.

For the revival of Strindberg's "Easter" (Comedy Theater) no very satisfactory reason can be advanced, for a popular success is out of the question, and this queer play with its unconvincing solution of an unconvincing situation belongs rather among the curiosities than among the masterpieces of the modern drama. In the history of Strindberg's own mind its fantastic assent to the dogmas of Christian mysticism doubtless plays an important part, for it is the outcome of that strange conflict between rational pessimism and conventional piety which sets him apart from his fellow-moderns; but all its premises and its conclusions seem strangely remote from contemporary preoccupations.

"Devils" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) is a direct and obvious melodrama reminiscent in tone and purpose of "Rain," but lacking that play's theatrical effectiveness. Considered as art it is far too obvious to call for comment, but it has a certain interest to the social historian, for it is one of the things which serve to reveal the hatred and fear of the metropolis on the part of fundamentalist backwoods. New York is as afraid of the fervor of the rural South as the rural South is afraid of the wickedness of the great city. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □

—A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION—

THE CHIEF THING

A Comedy by NICOLAS EVREINOFF

Translated by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randale

GUILD THEATRE, W. 52nd St. Evs. 8.30
Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2.30

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand Street Tel. Drydock 7516

Repertoire for THE NEXT 4 WEEKS

Tues., Wed. and Thurs.
Eves. and Wed. Matinee.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee.

THE DYBBUK
English Version by Henry Alsberg

THREE A Burmese Pwe
LYRIC A Haydn Opera-Bouffe
DRAMAS A Chinese Fantasy

□ L E C T U R E S □

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION IN EUROPE

A lecture by MRS. BEATRICE ENSOR

Editor of the "New Era"

Chairman, International Conference on Progressive Education,
Heidelberg, 1925.

Community Church Auditorium—Park Ave. and 34th St.

Wednesday evening, April 7, at 8:15.

Prof. Harry Allen Overstreet, presiding. Admission: 75c.

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. 2nd Ave.

announces the following new courses:

Course 19. **The New Knowledge**: a modern symposium.
Thursdays 8:30 p. m. Sg. adm. 35c.

Apr. 8: "The New Frontiers of Knowledge";

Jesse Lee Bennett.

Apr. 15: "Relativity, the Electronic Theory, and Exact Thinking"; Count Alfred Korzybski.

Apr. 22: "Man and Society"; Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe.

Apr. 29: "The 'Science' of Sociology"; Dr. Jos. K. Hart.

May 6: "The Tragedy of Intellectual Waste, and the Scientific Diffusion of Knowledge"; Stuart Chase.

Course 20. **The Sex Life of Woman**. 1. Evolution of sex; structure and function of the reproductive system; influence of the ductless glands on sexual character. 2. The nature of the sex impulse; the sexual cycle in woman; the hygiene of sex. 3. Love and marriage; the biology and psychology of love; the present problems of marriage. 4. Eugenics; heredity and environment. 5. Parenthood; the expectant mother; care during pregnancy; sterility and fertility; birth control. **Hannah M. Stone, M.D.**, Clinical Director, Research Dept., American Birth Control League. Fridays 8:30 p. m., Apr. 16-May 14. Fee, \$1.00; sg. adm., 25c. Open to women only.

The John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton School of the Theatre and Dance

Offers a Spring Session of the Course in

PLAY WRITING

Conducted by

CHARLTON ANDREWS AND BERTRAM BLOCH

With Special Lectures by

M. L. MALEVINSKY
ARTHUR RICHMAN
DON MARQUIS
CHANNING POLLOCK

J. HARTLEY MANNERS
OLIVER HERFORD
LEE WILSON DODD
CHARLES RANN KENNEDY
AND OTHERS

The only school of the theatre in New York offering such a course in conjunction with its other courses which comprise: Drama, Dancing, Musical Comedy, Scenic and Costume Designing, Fencing, Diction, Pantomime, Opera Comique, Physical Training, etc.

The Course will include both Lectures and Private Conferences.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT	THE EXPOSITION PREPARATION
THE THEME ELEMENTS	SUSPENSE SURPRISE
PLOT FUNDAMENTALS THE COMPLICATION	CLIMAX AND DENOUEMENT PLACING A PLAY

The following subjects will be considered:

DEVICES AND CONVENTIONS	THE DIALOGUE
THE CHARACTERS	KINDS OF PLAYS
PLOT AND CHARACTER HARMONY	SELF CRITICISM

Students of this course will be privileged to attend rehearsals conducted by the directors of the dramatic course, including Mr. JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, ROBERT MILTON, FREDERICK STANHOPE, DAVID BURTON AND JAMES LIGHT. The most promising work of the class will be produced by students of the school before the entire student body.

ENROLL NOW. Department P, Anderson-Milton School,
128-130 East 58th Street, New York City. Phone: Plaza 4524.

*The Most Distinctive and Only School of Its Kind
in America*

MOST REMARKABLE CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Five Great Negro Stars

**Paul Robeson
and Lawrence Brown**

**Rosamond Johnson
and Taylor Gordon**

Alexander Gatewood

In Their Expositions of Negro Spirituals

THE TOWN HALL

April 16

TICKETS \$1 to \$5

BOXES \$50

8:30 P. M.

International Relations Section

Haiti Misruled

THE following memorandum was presented to the Senate of the United States by Perceval Thoby, former Haitian Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, in behalf of sixty-one committees of the Patriotic Union of Haiti. The document was read by Senator King, but its insertion in the *Congressional Record* was opposed and it was finally submitted to the Foreign Relations Committee. The full text follows:

The indictment of present conditions in the Haitian Republic falls under five main heads as follows:

1. Popular elections deferred in violation of the constitution, and election of the Haitian President by an unlawfully constituted Council of State.
2. Depreciation of Haitian currency and mal-administration of the national debt.
3. Changes in land laws depriving peasants of their land, and resulting in increased emigration of Haitian workers to Cuba and elsewhere.
4. Increase in prostitution and social evils owing to military occupation.
5. Secret and unlawful extension, from 10 to 20 years, of the treaty of 1915 between the United States and the Republic of Haiti.

On June 10, 1921, President Dartiguenave sent, through the Haitian Minister at Washington, a secret note to the United States Department of State stating that it was constitutionally time to hold the legislative election, and asking the United States Government to assist him in the election so that his candidates might triumph at the polls.

On September 2, 1921, the United States Secretary of State wrote to the Haitian Minister in Washington denying the request of President Dartiguenave, and stating that the United States Government could not consent to the holding of elections where the result would be determined otherwise than by the freely expressed will of the Haitian people; but on September 21, by order of the Secretary of State, the American Minister to Haiti sent direct to President Dartiguenave a note stating, after enumerating the reasons, that the Department of State did not think it necessary to recommend that the President issue the decree for holding the elections on January 10, 1922, and offered no objection to the President's decision not to convoke the elections, thus leaving it to the Council of State to elect the President. This step, supported by the United States Department of State, was unconstitutional, violating the new statute forced upon Haiti by the United States Government in 1918.

The Council of State is a temporary body organized by dictatorial decree in 1916, and appointed by the President of Haiti. According to the constitution in its transitory provision, Article D, the Council of State can act only temporarily for legislative purposes. There is no provision making that body permanent or empowering it to elect the President.

In a report to his Government dated April 4, 1921, Brigadier General Russell said of the Council of State: "It is my understanding that the Department of State has already stated that the functions of this body must be confined to legislative acts. . . ."

Power to elect the President lies entirely in the National Assembly, formed by the Senate and the House meeting together, according to Title III, Chapter I, Section III, Articles 40, 41, 42, 43, and 44 of the constitution. No legislative election took place January 10, 1922.

On April 10, 1922, fourteen members of the Council of State, meeting secretly at night, chose Mr. Borno as President.

The day before, a lawyer, Mr. George M. Leger, served papers on the Council of State, proving that Mr. Borno, being the son of an alien, was not eligible, according to Article 73 of the constitution.

Mr. Louis Borno is the son of a French citizen, Robert Borno. The latter was born at Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, French Colony, November 22, 1831, son of two French citizens, Louis Charles Borno and Angèle Rabatte. Robert Borno landed in Haiti with a French passport, June 8, 1840, and was registered under number 22 at the French Legation June 16, 1848. Also registered at the same legation were his sons, Lelio, Jules, Charles, Christian, and Camille. The French Legation, by courtesy certainly, has not mentioned the name of Louis Borno. But Mr. Louis Borno was born September 20, 1865, and his father, Robert, called also Eugène, became a Haitian citizen by naturalization on September 3, 1874, nine years after the birth of Mr. Louis Borno.

So there is no doubt that, when Mr. Louis Borno was born, his father was still a French citizen. The only living and youngest brother of Mr. Louis Borno, Camille, is registered at the French Legation in Haiti as a French citizen. All his nephews are French citizens except Leonce Borno, now Haitian consul in New York, and Paul Borno, the two having taken their Haitian citizenship papers in 1914 and 1920 respectively.

There is no controversy possible about the French nationality of the Borno family.

The farcical election of Mr. Louis Borno has been possible only through intrigues, corruption, and pressure. To win the High Commissioner's support, he agreed to ratify the secret and dead protocol of October 3, 1919, and to launch the \$40,000,000 loan in the United States. These facts have been divulged by Mr. Louis Etheart, his former Minister of Finance, in an interview published in a Port au Prince daily, the *Nouvelliste*, on January 29, 1926. Since May 15, 1922, Mr. Borno has exercised a dictatorship under the benevolent protection of General Russell, High Commissioner. By unconstitutional measures he has abrogated the laws guaranteeing the freedom of the press, the liberty of speech, and the right of meeting. Twenty-seven journalists have suffered imprisonment by him during these last three years. Mr. Jolibois and the present editor of the *Courrier-Haitien*, Mr. Blain, are still in prison without trial. The printing office of the *Courrier-Haitien* has been ransacked by direct orders of Mr. Borno.

Mr. Borno intends to get another four-year term. He expects to be chosen again by the unconstitutional Council of State. And to be sure of success, he appointed to the Council of State a certain number of his relatives, his former chiefs of staff, his former secretaries and cabinet ministers. So, if the United States Government allows that body to usurp again the functions of the National Assembly, Mr. Borno will elect himself next month, April 12.

In order to prevent all elections, and nullify the people's votes, he modified the electoral law. Though handicapped, the people tried to vote on the constitutional date, January 10, this year. The morning of election day, in Port au Prince, the voting places were closed and guarded by the police and a marine officer called Lieutenant Beale. A candidate for the mayoralty, Mr. Windsor Bellegarde made an appeal to the dean of the Court of First Instance and the latter issued an ordinance, to be executed without delay, ordering that the doors of the voting places be open and the election held. The Chief of the Constabulary, an American officer, refused to obey the peremptory order of the court. In the afternoon the voters were brutally dispersed and beaten by Beale and his policemen. All over the country the Government acted in the same way. In the town of Leogane the constables fired on the voters, wounding several of them dangerously.

No representatives and no senators were elected and taxation is going on in Haiti without representation.

What is Wrong with America? And What is to Be Done?

FOR years the readers of our books have begged for a short and easy answer to these questions. We now offer:

LETTERS TO JUDD

An American Workingman

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Judd is an old carpenter who has worked on our place, a typical, old-fashioned American. We have written him a series of nineteen letters, telling those elementary facts which our ruling classes are trying to keep hidden from the people. Why is there poverty in the richest country in the world? Why, in America for the past thirty-five years have the rich been growing richer and the poor poorer? This book shows exactly what the rich have done to bring this about, and exactly what the poor will have to do to change it. It explains unemployment and hard times, the money system, inflation, stock watering and manipulation, the tariff and the trusts. It studies the world situation, explaining the wars we have had, and showing how the present system is preparing new ones. It discusses Russia and the revolution—in short, everything the average man or woman needs to know about affairs at home and abroad, and all in plain, everyday language. A 100% American book, intended for 100% American readers. Thirty years' study has gone into it, also thirty years of learning how to write.

We have cited only government and Wall Street authorities, and have spared no pains to get it right, hoping for a ten-strike—one of those events in our political history such as Paine's "The Crisis," and Helper's "The Impending Crisis," and George's "Progress and Poverty." James Fuchs writes: "Your 'Letters to Judd' are a vast improvement upon any previous efforts at heart to heart talks with the man in the street. They are *much* more lucid and informative than Blatchford's 'Merrie England.'" We are issuing the book in two editions, one cloth bound, to enable our friends to help pay the cost: price \$1, post paid; second, pamphlet form, to be distributed, price ten copies for \$1. Order both.

The latest news from the Sinclair publishing business: Under our Loan Plan you may invest \$10 in our enterprise, and receive a certificate redeemable at any time on 30 days' notice; and meantime, once each year, you may order \$5 worth of our books for \$2.50. That is 25% interest per year on your money; and it enables us to keep our books in print.

We have received from our German publishers, the Malik Verlag of Berlin, five stately volumes, the "Collected Novels of Upton Sinclair." From Gossizdat, the State Publishing House of Moscow, we have a list of various editions of our books which have been issued in Soviet Russia; counting, not new printings, but separate publications under different titles, there is a total of sixty-nine. Michael Gold, recently returned from Russia, writes: "The sort of people who in America know Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan, in Russia know Upton Sinclair." We are advised by the Japanese translator of "The Jungle" that the book has just been issued, but the government compelled the publisher to recall all copies, and cut out the last chapters, dealing with Socialism. The Japanese translation of "Mammonart" is about to appear. From Warsaw comes an offer from a large publishing house to issue twenty of our books in a cheap library, at .95 zloty per volume, about thirteen cents American. A Czechish publisher applies for all books not hitherto issued. We have a review of "Mammonart" which was broadcasted from the radio station of the Labour Party of Australia; also a letter from a Ukrainian writer, telling how our plays are being acted there, and our novels made into movies. We have established book-store agencies in London, India and South Africa, and we learn that readers are circulating our books in Java, Honduras, and Iceland. We await returns from the U. S. A.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California



1776

1926

A notable

biography

The LIFE and LETTERS of THOMAS JEFFERSON

by Francis W. Hirst

The first biography compatible with the greatness of the American rebel and statesman has been written by a famous English editor and publicist.

Gleanings from a sheaf of praise:

"Much better than anything in print."

—Saturday Review.

"An entertaining account."—N. Y. Sun.

"Done admirably."—N. Y. Evening Post.

"Well worth reading."—Boston Transcript.

"Scholarly and human."—N. Y. Times.

"A fine presentation."—Baltimore Sun.

"Able and comprehensive."—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

At all bookstores—\$6.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue

New York

INTELLECTUAL HONESTY

From the thousand and one trivial events of a busy world, THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY selects for you only the ones that are important.

These it presents with the proper perspective and without suppression or exaggeration of facts.

The Manchester Guardian WEEKLY

in other words, gives for the balanced mind the well balanced diet that is needed to keep alive your intellectual vitality.

Rounding out and completing the news is a selection of editorial opinions on important topics from The Manchester Guardian Daily written with fairness, frankness, and intellectual force.

The intelligent person and the busy person should read The Manchester Guardian Weekly for its discriminating skill in the selection of the world's important news and for that rarest of all qualities—intellectual honesty.

-----MAIL THIS COUPON-----

To The Manchester Guardian Weekly,
222 West 42nd Street,
New York City.

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England.

Name

Address

With the approval of the High Commissioner, Mr. Borno has just adopted an agrarian measure detrimental to the Haitian people's welfare. For more than a hundred years it has been Haitian policy to grant to the peasants small lots of the public land by concessions free of cost or by nine-year lease with a moderate rent paid to the state. It was an act of social justice. The chief agricultural products of Haiti pay heavy export duties and it is the peasants who bear the burden of these duties. Coffee pays an export duty of three dollars per hundred pounds. Mr. Borno raised the rent of the land and the peasants paid the rent. On January 29, 1926, in order to get rid of them, he established a new procedure for public utilities, expired leases, non-fulfilment of lease-contracts, etc. Under the new procedure the court is not permitted to grant to a tenant more than eight days to quit and forty days if the latter has built on the lot. The tenant has no right to oppose the procedure or to appeal to higher courts. The Administration is also forcing the peasants to produce their land titles. But most of these titles have been destroyed by damp, insects, fire, etc., and, according to the people's custom, a succession is settled, ordinarily, by family agreement, each one receiving his lot without any title. This is done to save the expenses of a settlement by notary or by the court. Now those who cannot produce their titles are expelled from their lots. Large tracts of government land are to be given to American companies to start rubber plantations in Haiti. The result will be that the peasants will emigrate in greater number. In 1924, 21,013 went to Cuba. Last year they numbered about 30,000. Large groups of families are crossing the Dominican border, deserting the plain of Cul-de-sac in the Port au Prince district. In the South, Archbishop Pichon had to sound the alarm. The plantations are without workers, everyone going to Cuba to earn from \$2 to \$4 a day. One hundred and fifty thousand peasants have already left Haiti, and these are its best workers.

With the depreciated gourde note, forced on Haiti, wages are too low. The gourde, fixed arbitrarily at 20 cents by the military order of Admiral Caperton, has been maintained at the same rate by Mr. Borno in transferring to the National City Bank of New York the Banque Nationale de la République d'Haiti.

Haiti has already redeemed its depreciated gourde and should have, as its legal tender, the United States currency. But the Banque Nationale d'Haiti, really the National City Bank of New York, with its monopoly in note issues, has put again in circulation the depreciated gourdes at 20 cents value American money. It is a horrible financial exploitation. The country is flooded with that depreciated paper. It lowers the standard of life of the Haitian people and affects principally the wages of the laborers.

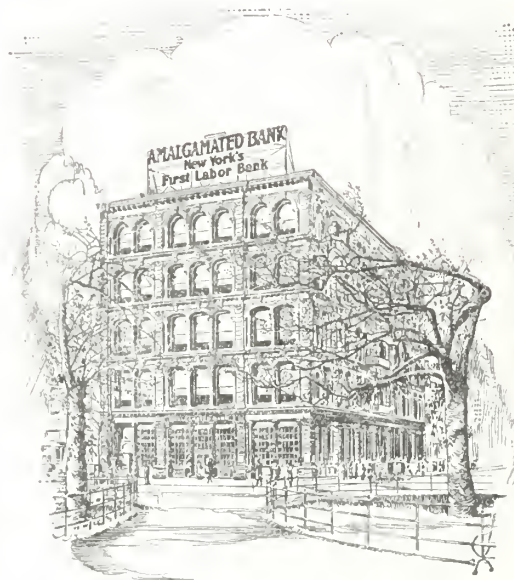
How can a man paid a gourde or a gourde and a half, say 20 or 30 cents a day, house, feed, dress himself and pay taxes? With the wasting of public funds in so-called public works and agricultural development taxes are continuously forced on the people.

Last year there was a wild panic in the commercial market, due to the new customs tariff elaborated by the Financial Adviser. The merchants hastened to import goods to avoid high duties. Because of general protest, the contemplated tariff was postponed. A considerable stock of goods is spoiling in store. Large import duties were collected and the American officials boasted the efficacy of their wise administration in Haiti. Now most of the importers cannot meet their commercial and banking obligations. Furthermore, Haiti is exposed to retaliation from other countries, particularly from France, the principal market of Haitian coffee. The prosperity of Haiti is the prosperity of the Americans who are drawing big salaries from the Haitian treasury.

In September, 1922, the total foreign debt of Haiti amounted to 87,023,425 francs, valued at the time \$6,971,874 American currency. Contracted in France, it would have been

\$1,000,000

Increase in the Resources of THE AMALGAMATED BANK Is the record of two months' growth



This growth has taken place since we moved into our new quarters with greatly increased facilities of service. Our total resources in the middle of March were

\$7,341,066

New York's First Labor Bank offers you SAFETY for the funds entrusted to its care and SPECIAL SERVICE for your needs.

It is those who have been served by the bank who are in a great measure responsible for its growth. They rightly feel that they are a part of this successful movement of the people to keep control of its financial resources.

Whether you have a checking account with the bank or use the FOUR PER CENT INTEREST DEPARTMENT all of its special services are at your disposal.

THE TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

—of the—

BANK IS EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL FACILITIES: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS' CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

AMALGAMATED BANK

Member Federal Reserve System

11-15 Union Square, New York

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

in its first issue carried the first of its *Americana*. This department, items from the American newspapers of the day—and by no means entirely from the rural press—is more enlightening on life as it appears to great numbers of our fellow countrymen than volumes of comment could ever be.

Comic, incongruous, bathetic, outright superstitious, *Americana* raised, month after month, whirlwinds of controversy. At the end of two years Mr. Knopf published

Americana 1925

a compilation of the best of these sidelights on American life. A great deal of new material has been added, and there is a preface by H. L. Mencken, the editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, in his best vein. Critics here and in England are over-joyed, indignant, grieved and uproariously amused.

Now we have published a special American Mercury Edition of *Americana 1925*. You want THE AMERICAN MERCURY, of course. *Americana 1925* is a literary curiosity now and as years go by it will become priceless.

Here is your chance to enter your subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY for a year and get *Americana 1925*, both for \$6.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY 730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY for one year, and send me a copy of *Americana 1925*. I enclose check or money order for \$6.

Name

Address

(Please print name and address plainly)

City and State.....

Canadian postage is 50c. additional; foreign \$1.

Nation—4-7-26

easily paid over without any other foreign loan. The internal obligations and claims, amounting at that time to about \$10,000,000, could have been reduced, consolidated, and settled by the delivery of government bonds, bearing a moderate interest of 5 per cent, according to Haitian precedents. But they wanted the financial subjection of Haiti to the United States. The actual administration, it is said, is planning for this year a new \$16,000,000 loan in the United States.

The exploitation of Haiti is the main cause of the sad misery of its masses and of the expatriation of its best workers.

A great moral wrong is also being done to Haiti. This is the rapid spread of prostitution, with its venereal diseases, inseparable from any military occupation. From the neighboring islands and across the Dominican border girls invade Port au Prince and Cape Haitian, lured by the dollars of the marines. Actually, there are in Port au Prince, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, 147 registered saloons and dancing places. All the dancing places are places of open prostitution. Before the American occupation such things did not exist.

The material as well as the moral welfare of Haiti demands the immediate abandonment of the present policy and the withdrawal of the occupation. The country has no voice in its affairs, and since 1917, when Colonel Smedley Butler brutally expelled from their seats the Representatives and the Senators, Haiti has had no constitutional representation. So in the meantime, without the consent of the Haitian people, secret agreements were signed with the American Government in the guise of a so-called additional act for the renewal of the Treaty of 1915, signed by Mr. Borno, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Bailly Blanchard, American Minister, on March 28, 1917. That additional act has never been ratified by the United States Senate and is a violation of Article 16 of the treaty.

The sixty-one committees of the Union Patriotique have intrusted me with a mission to lay these facts before you, in the hope that justice will be done to Haiti and that the Haitians will soon enjoy the privilege of a free and democratic election of their National Assembly.

Washington, March 5, 1926

P. THOBY

The Haitian Council of State

EIGHTEEN members of the Council of State which will elect a president for Haiti on April 12 were chosen last year by President Borno, and three were chosen three years ago. The following list, attached to Mr. Thoby's memorandum, shows the close connection of most of the members with Mr. Borno either as relatives or as political appointees:

Appointed last year

DIEUDONNE CHARLES, nephew of Mme Borno
PASQUIER, nephew of the first wife of Mr. Borno
GEN. SALGADO, his Chief of Staff (1st)
GEN. MARCEL PREZEAU, his Chief of Staff (2nd)
PLACIDE DAVID, his Secretary
AMILCAR DUVAL, his Under Secretary
CH. FOMBRUN, his Secretary of Interior
LOUIS PROPHETE, his Secretary of Agriculture
DR. LESCOUFLAIR, his Secretary of Public Instruction
EMMANUEL CAUVIN, his law partner
GEN. ALFRED MEMOURS, Haitian Chargé d'Affaires in Brussels
GEORGES GENTIL, Haitian Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin
PINCHINAT, a government attorney at St. Marc
EDMOND MONTAS, Chief Clerk of the Foreign Relations Department
DAMASE PIERRE-LOUIS, Chief Clerk (Interior Department)
DR. CALICE, a clerk (Interior Department)

DR. BEAUVOIR, Inspector General of Education
JOSEPH LANOUE, President of the Land Commission

Appointed three years ago

JAMES THOMAS,
ERNEST RIGAUD,
CHARLES ROUZIER, naturalized Haitian, after he deserted the French front, during the late war

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and "Tolerance."

IDA TREAT lives in Paris and sends occasional reports of events in France.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris. He was formerly with the *Manchester Guardian*.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG frequently writes for *The Nation* on labor subjects.

SMITH W. BROOKHART is a member of the United States Senate from Iowa, and has usually voted with what has been known as the farm bloc.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS is a young poet whose verse has previously appeared in *The Nation*.

STERLING P. LAMPRECHT is assistant professor of philosophy in the University of Illinois.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is at present lecturing on subjects having to do with literature and criticism.

DAVID RALPH HERTZ is a lawyer in Cleveland who has made a study of proportional representation.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH has recently published a psychological biography of Edgar Allan Poe.



**I'll never
move again**

By FITZHUGH GREEN

Illustrated by Don Herold

A surprising amount of good advice disguised as humorous essays.

\$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1926

No. 3171

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	381
EDITORIALS:	
Wet or Dry?.....	384
Perfumes of Geneva.....	385
Jacob Adler.....	385
The Autobiography of Youth.....	386
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	387
THE NAKEDNESS OF COLONEL HOUSE. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	388
THE ALIEN PROPERTY SCANDAL. By Edgar Mels.....	392
SAMOA: SHALL WE NAVALIZE OR CIVILIZE IT? By Madge A. Ripley.....	393
HOT AIR ABOUT THE POLE. By C. B. Allen.....	396
PINCHOT VS. PEPPER VS. VARE. By Frank R. Kent.....	398
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	399
CORRESPONDENCE.....	400
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Dictatorship in Greece. By Arthur E. E. Reade.....	402
Fascism in the Dodecanese. By Robert Byron.....	405
SPRING BOOK SECTION	
POEMS FROM DESERT INDIANS. By Frances Densmore.....	407
SANTO DOMINGO CORN DANCE. By Lynn Riggs.....	407
HENRY ADAMS: FIRST OF MODERNS. By T. K. Whipple.....	408
CAN AN ARTIST LIVE IN AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY? By Irwin Edman.....	409
FIRST GLANCE. By Mark Van Doren.....	411
BOOKS:	
The American Indian as Philosopher. By Hartley Alexander.....	412
American Heroes. By D. H. Lawrence.....	413
St. Elbert of the Heavenly Trust. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	414
Between the Winds. By Babette Deutsch.....	416
Complex Melancholy. By Allen Tate.....	416
Tallemant des Réaux. By R. F. Dibble.....	418
Narcissus. By H. M. Kallen.....	420
A Bulwark Against Barbarism. By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	421
The New History. By H. A. Overstreet.....	423
Books in Brief.....	424
DRAMA:	
Melodrama Up to Date. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	426
SOME NOTABLE SPRING BOOKS.....	428

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

REPRESENTATIVE MEYER JACOBSTEIN of Rochester, New York, is one of the few people in the country who have not forgotten there is such a thing as a coal question. As surely as day moves into night our present happy oblivion will be shortly superseded by more strikes, turmoil, and suffering unless something fundamental is done. Mr. Jacobstein sees the problem steadily and sees it whole. He has just told the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee that when the soft-coal union agreements expire in 1927 there is bound to be serious trouble unless steps are taken in advance to short-circuit it. He points out that the anthracite situation is far from settled; that the operators are now trying to unload a part of the cost of the recent strike on the public by refusing to grant the customary spring reduction of fifty cents a ton. Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, has joined him in this charge by estimating the total extra cost to anthracite consumers at \$75,000,000 annually. Mr. Jacobstein's

recommendations are specific and, in our opinion, sound. He proposes that the coal industry be declared a public utility; that a Coal Bureau be established by the federal Government to gather essential facts continuously and to make public reports at frequent intervals, especially regarding profits and prices; that legislation be enacted to promote better relations between operators and miners; and, finally, in case of emergency, that the President be authorized to take over and operate the mines. Declaring that Congress has delayed too long in coming to the rescue of a sick industry and a long-suffering public, he concludes: "The people will and should hold us responsible if we fail to enact coal legislation at this Congress." They should, Heaven knows, and one can only pray they will.

THE STRIKE in the woolen mills of Passaic, New Jersey, shows no sign of settlement. A committee of the strikers went to Washington. From the President they got nothing; from the Secretary of Labor they got a highly dubious offer of arbitration; from Senator La Follette they got a peppery Senate resolution which recites their grievances and calls for a thoroughgoing investigation by the federal Government. As a preliminary to acting on the resolution, Senator Edwards has come to New Jersey, where he has announced that under no circumstances will he have any dealings with Albert Weisbord, the leader of the strike; which is "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. If the gentlemen who represent the Government would do less shivering in their shoes over communism, and devote some intelligent interest to the specific grievances of the strikers—most of whom have no idea of what communism means—they might the sooner end an intolerable industrial situation.

MEANWHILE, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers send in two carloads of food to Passaic; the Bakers' Union gives four truckloads of bread (only to have the police arrest the drivers and confiscate one of the trucks), and the East Side Merchants' Association donates \$1,015 to the relief fund. Yet the *Textile Worker*, the official magazine of the United Textile Workers of America, runs half-page advertisements of the Botany Worsted Mills, Forstmann and Huffmann, and the Gera Mills—all concerns where employees are now out on strike—although the official position of the union, as expressed in an editorial, is that of sympathy for the strikers along with condemnation of their leaders. But if, as the editorial flatly states, "the uprising at Passaic, New Jersey, was the result of abuses and wage reductions," why collect money for advertisements from the men who are responsible for those abuses and wage reductions? There are more sinister things in the world than a left-wing leadership.

IS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE sending Carmi A. Thompson to the Philippines for the benefit of the Filipinos or for the good of Republican politics in Ohio? This is the question that Washington is asking, believing that Colonel Thompson is a superfluous figure in the campaign for governor and that Republican harmony might be promoted by his absence from the State. Colonel Thompson is

a friend of General Wood, and the popular expectation is that the report of conditions in the islands which he will bring back will be little more than a complimentary review of the existing American regime. Mr. Coolidge's action has led the Democrats to demand a bi-partisan investigating commission which may or may not eventuate. In any case there is, strictly speaking, only one thing to be investigated either by Colonel Thompson or a congressional commission. That is whether a "stable government" exists in the Philippines. If so, the United States is in honor bound to live up to the promise it made in passing the present governmental act for the islands, and grant them independence. No visions of rubber culture or commercial advantage can be allowed to obscure that simple fact.

THE DEBATES on the Italian debt agreement in the Senate reveal nothing except that the entire question remains, as it has been in the past, beyond the understanding and the statesmanship of official Washington. We criticized the agreement when it was negotiated by the Debt Commission [*The Nation*, November 15, page 585], but not because of the smallness of the promised payments. Probably Italy cannot pay more and certainly it ought not to promise to. The trouble with the agreement is that it has been put before the public dishonestly and has been coupled with private financing in such a way as to make the whole proceeding little short of a scandal. The agreement, even if carried out to the end of its sixty-two years (and no intelligent person believes that it will be), provides for the payment of only about a quarter of the entire principal and interest. Thus the arrangement is primarily a cancellation rather than a collection and should have been so put before the public. This would have helped our reputation in Europe and kept the record straight at home. But the agreement was put out from Washington as a fine business settlement, a good bargain for us and an indication to the world of the soundness of Italy's credit. And then, with the tacit approval of Washington, Wall Street floated a private loan to Italy the risk of which to the investing public was thus greatly minimized.

THE FACT THAT ITALY is at present under the thumb of an unscrupulous dictator has nothing to do with the debt settlement. It is for Italy to determine its government—not Washington. Our policy should be "Hands off," just as in Russia and Mexico. Nor can we see any possible gain in trying to exact more onerous terms of payment from Italy. When Senator Borah declares he would favor complete cancellation in return for disarmament (why didn't he say this several years ago when it might have done some good?) but that he believes leniency under present conditions serves to perpetuate militarism, he obviously thinks we are dealing with real instead of stage money. Our cancellation of the entire debt would not free a lira for militarism, because Italy has no sinking fund for the repayment of the sum and is not even carrying it on its books as an obligation. When Senator Smoot naively said the other day that this country would never get back its foreign loans until another world war shifted the money center from the United States to some other country, he said something that is truer than it is alarming. The fact is that this country doesn't want to get back its foreign loans, so far at least as they are private flotations; it wants to put out more. Its concern is merely for a safe and lib-

eral return of interest. The way to assure that is to face financial situations as they are, playing neither the Shylock nor the sentimentalist.

LEARNING IS THE LATEST transgressor against Fascism to incur the silencing action of the Big Stick. The traditional detachment of the academic is no protection when the Dictator's Cabinet suspects sedition hiding beneath his gown. Consequently the Italian academies of art and science are to be dissolved, in the order of their importance, the Academia dei Lincei being the first to disappear, followed by the Italian Society for Scientific Progress. Further, a government order within the past fortnight dispersed the Congress of Italian Professors of Philosophy held at the University of Milan. The professors had been debating for three days, all unconscious that three detectives were making shorthand notes for the Prefect of Police which would bring their problems in philosophy to a premature solution. Perhaps one of their problems was the logic of a man who one day boasts that he will build a Rome to surpass the Rome of the Age of Gold, and, the next, takes swift steps to suppress the descendants of that very intellectual activity which gilded the age. It is probable that after this gesture there will be little left to suppress, since Roberto Farinacci, Secretary General of the Fascist Party and Mussolini's prime suppressor, has finished his work and resigned his post. He is supplanted by the milder Agosto Turati, known as a labor organizer, whose function may be to try to bring into reality Mussolini's dream of a syndicalist state.

FRANCE HAS BALANCED its budget, theoretically at least, but the financial situation is not yet as reassuring as we would wish. It remains to be seen whether estimates on paper will stand the test of actual experience and, even more serious, whether the bill recently passed by the Chamber of Deputies will be allowed to remain. The bill was voted 227 to 103, but more than 250 deputies purposely absented themselves, so the scheme is obviously a minority measure. This is one reason, no doubt, why the passage of the bill in the Chamber of Deputies brought no improvement in the exchange value of the franc. After the action of the Chamber, the Senate struck out the provisions for government monopolies of oil and sugar which had been inserted largely to conciliate the Socialists. It is a striking proof of the power of what Woodrow Wilson called the "invisible government" that the oil monopoly had barely become a probability when Washington let loose a blare of propaganda against it. So tender is the Coolidge Administration toward the profits of the Standard Oil Company in France that Secretary Kellogg lost no time in cabling Ambassador Herrick to make "informal inquiries" of the French Government. It was carefully explained that it would be "without the province of the American Government" to make a "formal protest," but we succeeded just the same in meddling with something that was none of our business when powerful financial interests pulled the strings.

RUMANIA has its own "Ohio gang"—a group of political grafters who could instruct Harry Daugherty and his friends in the elementary principles of public corruption. Bratianu, lately Prime Minister and leader of the "Liberal" Party, has, either in office or out, owned and

operated the kingdom of Rumania ever since the peace. He and his friends control the state bank and through it the credit facilities of the entire country; they control Rumania's important industries—oil, minerals, forests, and fisheries; they control the king; and they control the national elections. They did not, it appears, control Prince Carol, who was known to have played with the idea of a drastic reform by means of a Fascist revolution; but Carol is now a mere private citizen, "Carol Caraiman." Nor did they control the municipal elections in February which went overwhelmingly against the Liberals in spite of the use of all the orthodox methods of coercion and repression. So Bratianu, whose term expired on March 22, hurried into being a new election law on the Italian model which was frankly designed to "restrict the effects of universal suffrage" and "maintain the old regime in control of the country."

HE WENT OUT of office, discredited, rejected, and yet fairly confident. For he knew his king. The Rumanian king may call any individual to form a cabinet regardless of his party strength. Instead of calling a representative of either important opposition party, the Nationalist or the Peasant, he has chosen as Premier M. Avarescu, who is regarded as Bratianu's tool and whose little People's Party has only five seats in the present Parliament. Upon Avarescu falls the task of holding elections within the next two months. With a new electoral law and a camouflage cabinet to work through, Bratianu has some reason for confidence. He may swing the elections and come back into power with an apparent majority. He may continue to control cabinet and king, banks and business, and to wreak his will on the country—until the inevitable crash comes. For Rumania's money under the Bratianu dictatorship has dropped to one-fiftieth of its original gold value; the national minorities and the peasants are in a state of violent ferment; the dynasty is unpopular; and the opposition, composed of the Bessarabian Peasants' Party and the Transylvanian Nationalists, holds a majority in the present Parliament. The next months may witness something more violent in Rumania than royal abdications and court intrigues.

ONCE MORE the New York *World* is making an attack upon a Southern convict system, this time in Alabama where the Attorney General has revealed the case of one convict done to death as a result of cruel and inhumane treatment, his body subsequently being filled with bichloride of mercury to make him appear a suicide. There are other cases reported of cruel and inhumane treatment, one man having his arms broken and many others being beaten in order to speed them up. No less than thirty-two cases of flogging are reported as occurring in 1925, although this form of punishment was "stopped" by the Governor in 1922. There is nothing surprising in this. These things will continue to happen just as long as the convict-leasing system remains and the State thinks it can make money out of the bodies and souls of those whom it convicts of violating its laws. It is of no importance whether the State made \$595,000 in 1925 or whether it will make \$1,000,000 in 1926; just as long as human beings have absolute control over the bodies of other human beings there will be torture, murder, and malfeasances without end. Precisely as there is no

system of human slavery that can be devised that will not be an unending atrocity, so there can be no penal slavery of the convict-gang type which will not remain a stench in the nostrils of all decent human beings. A good warden may turn up here and a fine one there; that will be merely accidental. The viciousness within the system will result in exposés at regular intervals—and nothing will be remedied until the whole abominable theory that a State shall make money out of its criminals, and allow other people to do so, is done away with.

PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART'S coming retirement from Harvard University will end an extraordinarily long career of forty-three years as a teacher of government and history. The list of his books, his historical achievements, and the numerous articles which have appeared from his pen in our magazines would take pages to recite. If it cannot be said that as an historical writer he has taken front rank, it is none the less true that he has enormously stimulated interest in American history, made easily accessible many sources, and given to his classes not only a picture of the times which he discussed, but pictures carefully related to the constitutional development of our country. At Harvard he has often been a liaison officer between that university and the Middle Western colleges in the territory from which Professor Hart himself came. He has, moreover, been one of those teachers who have felt it their patriotic duty to take an active part in the discussion of public questions and the solving thereof. *The Nation* has of late years often had to disagree with many of his judgments and his political and international positions. It does not believe that his views on the Great War have stood, or will stand, the test of time; there was too much of the passion of the enthusiast and too little of the critical judgment of the historian in them. But it gladly testifies to the sincerity and earnestness with which he has advocated his causes and his unquestioned desire to serve his country to the best of his unusual ability.

France and England have placed a ban on American jazz bands in order to protect the interests of native musicians.—Press item.

WE'VE got those International Blues,
Those International Blues;
We've gotta stay home—
No more Rome,
No more England or France for us,
No señoritas to dance for us.
That's the news:
Just like booze
In the land of the free,
No more blues
Can land oversea.
No jazz band
Any more
Can set foot on Europe's shore.
We're weepin', we're cryin',
It's very, very tryin';
We've done our best to please an' amuse,
For pennies an' marks an' crowns an' sous,
On strasses an' rues an' avenues,
But now they've shut us out like steel or shoes
—An' we've got those International Blues.

Wet or Dry?

THE worst foes of prohibition at this moment are among the forces of the Drys. They consist of those who are opposing the legitimate and growing movement to submit the liquor question to direct vote of the people through a national referendum, or by plebiscites in the various States, or both. This opposition is at once a denial of democratic procedure and a confession of the fear of defeat. If the issue is forced in this country, we predict not only the defeat of such opposition but widespread harm to the cause of prohibition in proportion to the stubbornness and extent to which democratic action is resisted by the Drys. The American electorate has a habit of swinging to extremes, and if sufficiently goaded by obstructive tactics on the part of misguided Dry politicians it is capable of visiting its vengeance upon the cause for which they stand with no reference whatever to its merits.

Americans generally—whatever their percentage of humidity—should realize that prohibition is now our major political issue. By one of those odd, illusive shifts in public opinion the demands of the Wets, which a year ago were little more than a joke, are now the most warmly and generally discussed question in the country. In our issue of March 24 we pointed out that in several of our most populous States the stage for the election of United States Senators next autumn had been so set already that the contests would turn largely or entirely on the liquor issue. This tendency has every evidence of spreading rapidly in the course of the next few months, so that the liquor question will be the paramount one in State and congressional elections next November and may not improbably turn the polling—which until lately had promised to be as dull as ditch-water—into one of the liveliest contests we have had in years. The major political parties are for the most part, of course, trying to keep from any declaration for or against prohibition, but individuals within them are seizing opportunities for advancement by personal avowals, and so great is the danger to solidarity in this tendency that astute leaders are beginning to see the advantage of removing the question from party politics by submitting it to the people direct as a special issue.

This, we believe, is precisely how the question ought to be treated. It is stupid and futile for spokesmen of the Drys to classify all those who are demanding a submission of the liquor question to popular vote as foes of prohibition, or to attempt to block the movement even if the contention is true. The facts are, as we see them, that a vast number of people who personally favor prohibition believe, nevertheless, that it ought not to be and cannot be forced upon an unwilling population. They recognize that in important and populous sections of the country the enforcement of the Volstead act has become such a farce and disgrace—such a source of corruption and crime—as to at least raise seriously the question of its modification. Drys who are intelligently devoted to the cause of temperance will, we think, welcome every possible direct test of public opinion as a guide to future action in this direction.

The original error in the prohibition campaign, as *The Nation* has pointed out before, is that the Drys refused to put the Eighteenth Amendment before the country in democratic fashion. There are two ways in which an amendment

to the Constitution may be acted upon by the States. One is by vote of the legislatures, the other by the decision of special conventions elected to pass upon that issue and no other. The second method is in effect, of course, a popular referendum. The first method complicates the issue with scores of others and is no accurate indication of popular sentiment whatever. Yet the second method was deliberately rejected by the Drys in favor of the first, and if now they are compelled to go back and fight the battle over again from the beginning they have only their opportunist and undemocratic tactics to thank for the fact. Above all, they have nothing to gain and possibly their whole cause—temporarily, at least—to lose by continuing to stand out against democratic action.

The Nation has no pet kind of referendum to advocate. We welcome any and all that would put the issue in a simple, honest way before the voters. The issue is an admirable one, if fairly presented, to put to a popular referendum. It is not complicated with technicalities nor abstruse principles. It is one upon which almost everybody has an opinion and is itching to express it. Senator Edge of New Jersey has lately introduced a bill into Congress which would provide for a national referendum on the Volstead act in November, 1928. We see no reason for delaying until 1928, but otherwise the idea is good. It is difficult to credit the sincerity of those who are raising the specter of unconstitutionality in connection with such a proceeding. When one considers that in 1917 we provided for a national registration in order to carry out the draft law, it is hard to see how the slight novelty proposed by Senator Edge for the elections of 1928 would not be within the province of Congress. Of course, the vote would have no binding effect upon that body, but it would provide just the factual basis that we need for legislation.

In spite of its reasonableness there is said to be no hope of the passage of the Edge measure at this session of Congress. Doubtless the prohibition issue has got to become hotter and more dangerous to party organization—and it will—before Congress takes such a step. Congressmen from districts known to be dry—and there are many of them—are still as afraid to vote for such a measure as to hold on to the proverbial hot potato; and this without regard to their personal convictions or habits, in regard to alcohol.

While waiting for Congress to act, however, there is a prospect that some States may hold individual referendums. In New York, for instance, where the Democratic Party is admittedly moist, the Republican politicians—in control of the Legislature and at first opposed to submitting the question to the people—have become frightened at the possible unhappy consequences in the fall elections and are grasping at a plebiscite as the best way to ward off trouble. As this issue of *The Nation* goes to press there is every prospect of the Legislature passing a bill, drafted by Elihu Root, providing for a referendum in the near future. At the same time it is announced by one of the leaders of the Drys that an attempt will be made to enjoin in the courts the carrying out of the proposed referendum. Should such obstructive tactics be successful, the Drys will pay for the folly a hundred times over unless human nature acts differently from what it has ever been known to heretofore.

Perfumes of Geneva

IT was to be expected that the Locarno pact would arouse unrestrained optimism among our leaders of opinion. So-called peace devices always do. Arbitration was for a time thought to constitute a panacea for war. George Harvey has never been accused of sentimental optimism, but in *Harper's Weekly* of December 11, 1909, in an editorial on The Progress of Peace he wrote: "The world is going well. The Prince of Peace is coming to His own." Two years later Mr. Taft published an article under the title "The Dawn of World Peace." The war came and went, teaching us nothing. The founding of the League of Nations provoked the most extravagant hopes. The Washington Disarmament Conference was heralded with wild enthusiasm; every signatory Power is spending more money on its navy now than it did before the conference. The organization of the World Court, with its dependence on the military oligarchy which gave it birth, has been lauded as a great contribution to peace. One is reminded of Carl Sandburg's lines:

They put up big wooden gods.
Then they burned the big wooden gods
And put up brass gods and
Changing their minds suddenly
Knocked down the brass gods and put up
A dough-faced god with gold ear-rings.
The poor muts, the pathetic slant heads,
They didn't know a little tin god
Is as good as anything in the line of gods,
Nor how a little tin god answers prayer
And makes rain and brings luck
The same as a big wooden god or a brass
Or a dough-face god with golden ear-rings.

What our leaders of opinion appear not to see as yet is that the abolition of the institution of war hinges on just one thing—international intention. The nations can never relegate war to the limbo of discarded institutions the while they deliberately permit it to retain its ancient legal sanctions and protections. Men keep shouting from the house-tops that war is a crime. It is not, of course, and you do not hear them demand that it be made one. They take care to keep from advocating that war be deinstitutionalized, and yet are confident that Mars cannot escape the newest flimsy trap that has been set for him. They busy themselves to awake the public mind and conscience to the evils of war, and never lift a finger to secure a basic law against war through which alone conviction and conscience can become effective. We impugn the insight and grasp and intellectual consistency of our international experts only to avoid impugning their sincerity. If the reader thinks we mis-state their attitude, let him go and listen to one of these "After the World Court—What?" speeches with which citizens are now favored.

One becomes extremely weary of the constantly paraded assumption that the nations can rid themselves of this cancer which a child can see requires surgical treatment, and at once, only after decades of experimenting with various absurd palliatives. This fashionable delusion that a long trial-and-error process is the inevitable preliminary to the ending of war and will inevitably end war without an actual forswearing of war on the part of the nations is presumed to be in keeping with the evolutionary hypothesis. Well, it is in keeping with Herbert Spencer's naive belief

in evolution as a steady and inevitable progression from low to high and bad to good. But Spencer's view is antedated. Ellsworth Faris, professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, has recently written as follows:

When applied to social and ethical problems . . . the facile generalizations of Herbert Spencer have one by one broken down under the increased strain of accumulated facts. . . . Progress as the specific achievement of a definite aim is one thing, while progress as a steady and progressive realization of the common good or happiness is another. . . . Progress is the process by means of which we control our own destinies and analyze our own problems, making our own plans and bringing them to pass where we can, in spite of the niggardliness of a step-motherly nature.

What does this mean as applied to the problem of abolishing war? It means that war cannot be dethroned through devices which are not seriously intended to dethrone it, no matter how long a stretch of time may be assumed for their operation. And it means, equally, that if we but bring our wills and brains and zeal to the task there is no reason whatever why we cannot abolish the institution of war in our generation, just as our fathers abolished the institution of slavery in their generation, and our grandfathers the institution of dueling in theirs.

Right at this point it is necessary to draw an important distinction. To outlaw war means to abolish this now lawful institution by smashing its legal props and branding it a crime. That the nations can accomplish this by a treaty agreement whenever they determine to do it is not open to question. Whether the destruction of war as a lawful institution can be counted on to end war as an international practice, and, if so, how so and how soon, are further questions. The point for the moment is that war cannot be abolished—nor any real step taken toward its abolition—without outlawing it. Until we will to do this all the perfumes of Geneva cannot wash out this damned spot.

Jacob Adler

JACOB ADLER died on March 31 at the age of seventy-three years; 50,000 of his devoted admirers came to pay him a last tribute at his funeral. Six years ago a stroke of paralysis put an end to his long career in the Yiddish theater, but the throngs which had come to cheer him upon the few occasions when his broken figure was to be seen upon the stage for a benefit performance testified to the fact that he was not forgotten. Essentially a lover of the dramatic gesture, it is said that he confided to a friend a few years ago his desire to have the biggest funeral which the East Side had ever seen; possibly his desire was gratified. For hours the sidewalks of Second Avenue were packed with thousands, in the theater where the ceremonies were held emissaries from Broadway joined his former associates in paying him tribute, and the whole of the quarter which for nearly forty years his performances had thrilled was given over to a demonstration emotional enough to have satisfied Adler's own highly emotional nature.

To his fellow Jews of New York City Adler was much more than a moving actor; he was a symbol of the emotional unity and the artistic expression which a group of exiles had been able to achieve in a foreign land. Himself a refugee from the Russian Czar, whose spies had reported that the plays dealing with Jewish life which he performed

in the Ghetto were the occasion of outbursts of racial feeling, he came to America in the eighties after a short stay in London, and found a hoard of expatriates whose emotional life was unorganized and who had not yet found any real home here. He soon became a dominating figure in the crude theater of the East Side, and he strove continually to make it a more adequate organ for the expression of the life of his people. In the nineties he first appeared in the plays of Gordin, who prepared the way for Sholom Asch and David Pinski, and he added Shakespeare as well as other classical dramatists to his repertory. More than any other single man he was responsible for the rapid development of the Yiddish stage in New York, and that stage was one of the most important factors in developing a self-conscious Jewish culture in America. He was for his people a symbol of their artistic effort, and it was the passing of that symbol which was so genuinely and universally mourned.

Physically and temperamentally Adler was fitted to become a popular idol. His temperament was fiery and his career tempestuous. He had many quarrels and he delighted in publicity, but he carried everything off with a grand gesture which appealed to the imagination of the populace. His ambition led him to undertake the most exalted roles, but he never lost touch with popular taste and his interpretations were sometimes sensational. Thus, for example, he made Shylock a proud and noble-hearted aristocrat who won a legitimate triumph over a traditional enemy, and in this and other interpretations he showed that he knew how to make a bold bid for the approval of his audience. A whole group of actors and actresses, including David Kessler and Bertha Kalich, grew up around him and so completely did he—the “Great Eagle”—become a legend that when two years ago he appeared at a benefit and found himself unable to speak the mere nodding of his head was enough to awaken an outburst from his admiring audience.

Judged by Occidental standards Adler was, perhaps, not a great actor. His playing was of an old-fashioned declamatory type and it was broadly emotional, but he was a handsome and magnetic person whose impulsive and extravagant temper, coupled with his striking figure and tremendous voice, made him extremely impressive. He was, moreover, thoroughly of his people, for he was born in Odessa and as a boy had toured southern Russia with a troupe of Jewish actors. To thousands of Jews to whom the New World was a forbidding wilderness he was a familiar voice in whom they heard expressed again the temperament and the traditions which they had left behind, and to the second generation he constituted not a memory but a promise, for he was not only a link with the past.

Through the stage which he had helped to establish, writers who were interpreting the life in the new country were given an opportunity for expression and Yiddish literature was encouraged. He was a pioneer who demonstrated that art could flourish among the exiles and that it need not be a foreign art. He boldly upheld the right of his own race to maintain and develop its own culture; he was a bulwark against that too rapid Americanization which so frequently meant a mere vulgarization; and if he was not great in any absolute artistic sense he played a great part. New York's East Side has produced no more picturesque figure than he.

The Autobiography of Youth

PERSONS have been heard to remark of late years that the urge to autobiography seems to be coming earlier and earlier in the careers of those who practice at all this fascinating form of literary and narrative art. When Harry Kemp published “Tramping on Life” in his late thirties there was not so much to be said, perhaps, because that book was at least disguised autobiography. But then Alfred Kreymborg in his early forties paused to review the life he had spent among “movements” in literature and music and painting; and murmurs here and there met “Troubadour” with a distinct challenge that its author prove his right to live over a life that in a sense was only getting under way. Sherwood Anderson's “A Story-Teller's Story,” done before the novelist was fifty, was tolerated in view of the fact that Mr. Anderson had already achieved a wide and solid fame—and yet one did hear the question asked how soon we should be seeing memoirs dictated out of the cradle. According to all this, it was objected, it must become the rule before long that men commence as authors with volumes of reminiscences.

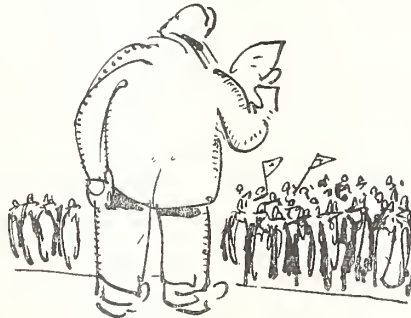
But that was the way Tolstoi began. “Childhood,” “Boyhood,” and “Youth” were his earliest works. He wrote them in his middle twenties—whether in the face of protest is now unknown. And the scandal is even older. Wordsworth conceived his autobiographical poem, “The Prelude,” around his thirtieth year, when he was still only slightly known and when he was by no means as sure of himself as he was later to be. Coleridge composed the “Biographia Litteraria” in his forties. Milton inserted in his prose pamphlets those famous autobiographical passages which are still the best record of his intellectual and spiritual progress when he was turning forty. Examples of the other thing are abundant, of course. Goethe, Franklin, Rousseau, Gibbon, Carlyle, and Ruskin produced their memoirs in late periods of their lives when there was a great deal to review and record. It is not strange that their cases have conventionally been taken to be typical.

But no one has ever enumerated the motives which lead to self-examination, and hence to autobiography. Instead of one there are, in fact, dozens—as many, possibly, as there are men. And certainly the motive of a Kemp, a Milton, a Wordsworth, a Kreymborg, an Anderson is as “typical” as that of a Goethe or a Gompers. The desire in such cases is not to speak of a life that is past but to impose upon the future some design whereby the life that is to be lived therein will become significant. The youth pauses on the threshold of maturity and takes stock of himself. He needs reassurance, perhaps; at any rate he wishes to know himself. A certain phase has just been finished; it is important to him; and if he is a genius, and has therefore compressed a great deal of sensation into a few years, he thinks he can make it important to others. Wordsworth, knowing himself to be a poet, but desiring to define to himself exactly how much of a poet and what kind he might eventually be, wrote “The Prelude” out of a distrust of his own powers—not, as certain contemporaries would have insisted had they seen the manuscript, out of conceit. And so on. The penalty thus invited is a serious one. The youth who has given his future to the world may live to find it unrealized and his autobiography a joke. But the risk he takes has been taken by great men.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



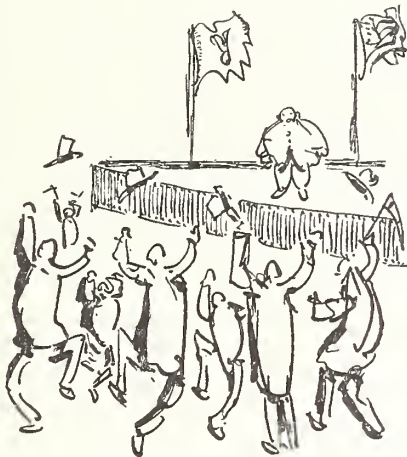
"Gentlemen, I shall be delighted to come to you as your athletic coach. I accept this high office because I want to help preserve the lofty ideals that now exist at our colleges."



"I shall uphold the tradition of clean, red-blooded sport—that greatest of all character builders—and shall see to it that in our games we maintain our lofty ambitions."



"But of course the laborer is worthy of his hire. And I shall have to insist upon an annual remuneration of \$50,000."



"Hooray for Bill!" . . . "Bill is all right!" . . . "Fifty thousand is not a cent too much!" . . . "Let us give him sixty thousand." . . . "Rah, rah, Bill!" etc., etc.

BUT



"Gentlemen, I shall be delighted to come to you as your professor of medicine. I accept this high office because I want to help preserve the lofty ideals that now exist at our colleges."



"I shall uphold the tradition of our noble profession and inspire the students with lofty ambitions."



"But of course I must keep alive. And I shall have to insist upon an annual remuneration of \$5,000."



"The low grafter!" . . . "Bolshevik!" . . . "Agitator!" . . . "Kill him!"

H. v. L.

The Nakedness of Colonel House

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"THE Intimate Papers of Colonel House,"* by the Colonel and his editor, Professor Charles Seymour of Yale, do more than tear the mask from the face of the most amazing character and the most interesting lesser personality of the Wilson Administrations. They strip him to the buff. No more extraordinary self-revelation can be found in the memoirs of statesmen and public men, and it is the more remarkable because of the unconsciousness of the revealing. What could have induced Colonel House thus to show his hand and to step out of the character of the man of silence and mystery which he played upon a world stage is not clear, unless it was that he felt the necessity of replying to the letters of Walter Page. To him the Colonel *has* replied, and in doing so he has demolished with a few rounds of grape the elaborate structure of glorification lately set up about the former Ambassador to Great Britain. But in so doing he has bared himself, retaining not even a fig-leaf, and the picture is not one to enchant in so far as his political activities are concerned. True this Texas comet, which suddenly shone in the diplomatic heavens and made its rapid and brilliant way through that celestial sphere, east a bright light while it traveled on its way. It did illumine the heavens; it did focus upon itself the attention of all astronomers and observers. But when it faded out it left the heavens exactly as they had been and thereby only accentuated the remoteness and the dulness of the professional statesman-stars across whose orbits the comet had flashed.

Beyond doubt here is an engaging personality. Shrewdness, the ability to draw others out, a tremendous power of sympathy and quick understanding, of eager friendliness, of apparent unselfishness, of profound interest in world problems—all of these combined, in addition to his personal attractiveness, to fit Colonel House for the role of king-maker and of king-director. As to this we have the testimony of Viscount Grey, who yielded on sight to the Colonel's charms. "It was not necessary to spend much time in putting our case to him. He had a way of saying 'I know it' in a tone and manner which carried conviction both of his sympathy with an understanding of what was said to him. . . . I found combined in him in a rare degree the qualities of wisdom and sympathy. In the stress of war it was at once a relief, a delight, and an advantage to be able to talk with him freely. His criticism or comment was valuable, his suggestions were fertile, and these were all conveyed with a sympathy that made it pleasant to listen to them." H. N. Brailsford adds this to the picture: "House had a way of impressing his personality with some unconscious magic on those with whom he talked. He seemed curiously modest. He talked very simply. One felt . . . his courtesy and sincerity." But this work has not proved him to have been entirely sincere or disinterested. It makes it clear that if he waved aside high public office, such as the Secretaryship of State, it was because he wished to be President or nothing—"nothing less than that would satisfy me . . ." he him-

self says. He obtained precisely what he wanted, namely, the position of the power behind the throne, and it flattered his vanity and caressed his ego far more than would have been the case had he accepted the Secretaryship of State and been held accountable by the country and the press for his official acts.

Public men, office-seekers, press men—whose editorials and dispatches he constantly dictated—came to him for aid, for news, for a thousand different things. He was errand boy, court chamberlain, buffer extraordinary, minister plenipotentiary, chief justice, writer of presidential notes, opinions, and speeches, chief of the secret service, the perfect counselor, and finally the self-appointed arbiter of the world's destiny. There is nothing like it in the political history of the United States, and nothing like it in the history of the modern world. Foreign diplomats took their orders from him—Spring-Rice came to House's heel when called like a well-trained setter (see Vol. I, p. 326). On one occasion, writes the Colonel to Wilson, "Spring-Rice wished to know if he was doing anything wrong or everything to please the State Department. It was rather a staggering question, and I had to tell him that some of his methods might be improved upon. *He promised to do better*" (italics mine). Even when so big a man as Franklin K. Lane wished to find out if he was doing well as a Cabinet official and pleasing the President he went not to the President but asked Colonel House. There can be no doubt that no other private citizen ever wielded greater power; and it, of course, could only have been wielded by a big and able man. This he did by the consent of the President, conscious and unconscious. It is safe to say that such an arrangement would have been tolerated by no other personality than that of Wilson, whose shyness, aloofness, and embarrassment in meeting people, as well as his laziness and procrastination, made him only too happy to have in Colonel House a friend who kept away hundreds of bores, saved the executive offices from conducting much correspondence that otherwise would have poured in upon it, and relieved him of endless labor.

There is no denying that in these volumes Colonel House and his editor, Professor Seymour, reveal constantly a very great satisfaction with the achievements of Edward M. House. To them it is not only an all but impeccable record but the most magnificent credited to any man among all the leaders of all the nations which were drawn into the war. Others might err—even President Wilson could blunder—but it is not often that Homer is allowed to nod. They are right in taking satisfaction in it, and the hidebound partisans of Woodrow Wilson are equally justified in gnashing their teeth over this record. They cannot deny that Colonel House helped to force Bryan upon the President, made up the Cabinet, and furnished ideas for it. It was the Colonel who, we now learn, originated all or a good part of that magnificent program of social and economic reform which made the first two years of Wilson's regime so brilliant in achievement. They cannot deny that when it came to foreign affairs House took the lead, that he conceived policy after policy, and that

Mr. Wilson accepted them and constantly wrote to him asking him for advice and aid as to how he should reply to a letter or a note or what policy he should institute or follow. Here is proof that House composed some of Wilson's most important speeches.

Besides the Cabinet officers, Colonel House chose the ambassadors—a sorry job he made of it, too—and actually notified them of their appointments and told them how they were to behave. The most amazing thing about it all is the way the Cabinet officers and the diplomats submitted to this government by an irresponsible individual. The Secretaries of State were apparently willing that they should be ignored and the public business conducted by Colonel House on secret instructions of which they were ignorant. Cabinet officers reported to him; they frequently could not communicate with the President or see him for weeks at a time—Lane alone was allowed to discuss with Wilson the Lusitania note before it was written, and that only over the telephone. The more the President lost faith in some of his Cabinet and his diplomats, and he lost that faith quickly in several cases, the more he was willing that Colonel House should take them off his hands. How Walter Page with any self-respect could have retained his position as Ambassador to Great Britain is beyond explanation; he must have been supremely dense not to have suspected that House was in London because the President, who often did not answer his letters, had no further use for him, and not to have insisted upon his resignation when he found that he could not take part with Colonel House in urging mediation upon the Allies.

Now, with all respect to both House and Wilson, the role assumed by Colonel House was one that could only result in disaster, as it finally did in the irrevocable break between the two men. This was due apparently to the feeling of the President that his Cardinal Wolsey had been faithless to his god in the White House, just as once before the relations between Colonel House and the President were summarily broken off—something not recorded in the volumes before us. Moreover, the position that House assumed compelled, I am inclined to think, insincerity and double-dealing, and more so as time went on. He became more and more Machiavellian. Thus, he claimed to be a pacifist—Professor Seymour even dares to say that this man who approved the slaughter of men, women, and children at Vera Cruz, the lawless invasion of Mexico by Pershing, and the murder of nearly three thousand Haitians under President Wilson's orders, "was himself, perhaps, the most sincere pacifist in America. . . ." (Vol. I, p. 21.) Well, if deceiving the pacifists who came to him in good faith and belief in his sincerity makes House a sincere pacifist, he is entitled to the credit. His real attitude he reveals when he boasts (Vol. II, p. 96) that he stirred up a controversy between a group of them "*as usual . . . which delights me.*"

Again, at the very time that he was making the pacifists believe that he was one of them he was working with General Wood in the interest of preparedness and plotting how he could bring the President over to all of General Wood's plans for armament. Similarly he was for ruthlessness in dealing with any disturbing elements in the country. He wanted Congress to give the President more power for the immediate deportation of "hyphenates," he consulted with chiefs of police as to how drastically disturbing elements should be handled if it came to dis-

order. "I urged Baker to use a firm hand in the event trouble should manifest itself in any way. I thought it was mistaken mercy to temporize with troubles of this sort"—in which attitude he again unanimously agreed with his friend the Kaiser and once more showed himself the "sincere pacifist." Subsequently he always appeared to sympathize with those who came to him protesting against the infringement of American rights and liberties after the outbreak of the war, and particularly against the maltreatment of conscientious objectors, and to regret those official excesses. It is impossible now to believe that he was not in thorough accord with what actually took place—to the nation's dishonor.

His job compelled him to be all things to all men, compelled him to toady, compelled him to play one group against another, the Germans against the English, the French against the British. It compelled him more and more to devious ways which he herein sets forth in complete nudity, as, for instance, when he proposed to the British Cabinet a plan to get the United States into the war on the side of the Allies through a set of terms phrased in such a way that the Germans would fall into a trap. If the Germans refused to bite, he, Edward M. House, an unofficial citizen of Texas, promised the British Government that the United States would enter the war on the side of the Allies!*

Here we have the most startling revelation of all. This official-unofficial intriguer had grown so great in his self-esteem and his power by 1916 that he did not hesitate to gamble with the lives of American citizens as if they were his pawns. He cites Gerard's indignation with the Kaiser for speaking of the German, Russian, and English people as if they "were so many pawns upon a chess-board," but on his lone authority House brushes aside the Congress of the United States and repeatedly notifies Sir Edward Grey that in certain contingencies the United States will join forces with the Allies. As Professor Seymour puts it (Vol. II, p. 179): "House promised that if the Germans refused to accept the terms he had outlined, the United States would enter the war. This tentative understanding, of course, was to be dependent upon the approval of the allies of Great Britain." Nothing said about the approval of the White House, although Mr. Wilson was at that time entirely opposed to our entering the war—House felt sure the President would obey him! Nothing said about the Congress, the war-making power in the United States. Nothing said about the American people, who might have been expected to have some say as to whether their sons should be swept into the war. So it went right along. House promised from the beginning that the United States would enter the League of Nations, forgetting to his cost the existence of the United States Senate. Yes, even as far back as 1913, before the war, he had the effrontery to offer the Kaiser, whom he was so soon thereafter to call a bloodthirsty wretch, an alliance with the United States. "I spoke of the community of interests between England, Germany, and the United States, and thought if they stood together the

* "It is in my mind that, after conferring with your government, I should proceed to Berlin and tell them that it was the President's purpose to intervene and stop this destructive war, provided the weight of the United States thrown on the side that accepted our proposal could do it. I would not let Berlin know, of course, of any understanding had with the Allies, but would rather lead them to think that our proposal would be rejected by the Allies. This might induce Berlin to accept the proposal but, if it did not do so, it would, nevertheless, be the purpose to intervene." (House to Grey, October 17, 1915, Vol. II, pp. 90-91.)

peace of the world could be maintained." On January 11, 1916, he records that he told Balfour and Grey that Wilson would throw over our historic policy of no entangling alliances with Europe and would enter into an agreement with the European nations in matters such as navalism, militarism, etc.—George Washington supplanted by Edward M. House. On February 7, 1916, he records: "I again told them [Briand and Cambon] that the lower the fortunes of the Allies ebbed, the closer the United States would stand by them."

Curiously, while he was doing this he was bewailing the fact that the destinies of the people of Europe were being settled by their leaders without their knowing anything about it. Thus he wrote on June 23, 1916: "It is not the people who speak, but their masters, and some day, I pray, the voice of the people may have direct expression in international affairs as they are beginning to have it in national affairs." This from the man who, without official authority, was, with Woodrow Wilson, the master of the fate of the American people—who were, for all House's pious wish for democracy in international affairs, permitted by him and by Mr. Wilson to know nothing about what was going on behind the scenes. Professor Seymour recalls with satisfaction that the purpose of House's most important trip to Europe offering mediation never reached the press of the United States.

The history of statecraft surely contains no record of anything approximating the naivete and the innocence and the self-conceit with which House tackled the European problem. Never having had anything to do with foreign affairs in any capacity theretofore, he assured the Kaiser on June 1, 1914, that the President and he "thought perhaps an American might be able to better compose the difficulties here and bring about an understanding with a view to peace than any European, because of their distrust and dislike for one another." "*I had undertaken the work,*" he continued, "*and that was my reason for coming to Germany, as I wanted to see him first*"—a kindly consideration that must have gratified His Majesty. House of Texas was in the field to compose differences and dislikes rooted in a thousand years of peace and war! But that is merely one sample. What could surpass his writing to Woodrow Wilson on June 17, 1914, that the French "statesmen dream no longer of revenge and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. The people do, but those who govern and know hope only that France may continue as now"? At the very moment that House penned these lines, Poincaré was plotting a world war and, a month later, left for Russia to complete those negotiations for the attack upon Germany which came to naught only because Serbia struck first. He was so ignorant of the actual causes of the war as to do England the gross injustice of saying she went into war "primarily . . . because Germany insisted upon having a dominant army and a dominant (*sic*) navy" (June 29, 1916). It is no wonder that the Germans smiled behind Colonel House's back when he first came to Berlin in 1913, and said: "*Er ist zu einfach*"—he is too simple.

And simple he was all the way through. He would suggest his mediation scheme to the French ministers and the fact that they listened earnestly to him and said "how interesting" convinced him that he had impressed them with his cause. Despite his natural sagacity and power the British Cabinet strung him along for months so that he could write the most encouraging letters to Mr. Wilson, and

then it all came to naught. Naturally, he blames the British Cabinet ministers, even his friend Grey a bit, and bewails their inability to seize upon the golden opportunity: "Colonel House was naturally and bitterly disappointed," writes his Boswell. Often he was delightfully fooled by the British ministers, as on February 14, 1916, when he had a long talk with Lloyd George, Balfour, Grey, and Asquith: "We all," he says, "cheerfully divided up Turkey both in Asia and Europe." But as Professor Seymour points out in a footnote his hosts did not take the trouble to tell House about the secret treaties which these same four gentlemen had already signed partitioning the Turkish empire as part of their unselfish war for liberty and the rights of small nations and the self-determination of peoples. Finally, what could surpass in incredible, overpowering egotism House's writing to the President on February 13, 1916: "In my opinion hell will break loose in Europe this spring and summer as never before; *and I see no way to stop it for the moment. . . .*"?

Yet curiously enough, while being fooled by individual ministers, House at times showed that he did understand the motives and the character of the governments with which he sought to cope. The Germans he sized up admirably; he took their measure well and gauged their weaknesses, strength, stupidities; their political follies; their self-suicide. On May 17, 1916, he wrote to Wilson: "The more I see of the dealing of governments among themselves the more I am impressed with the utter selfishness of their outlook. Gratitude is a thing unknown, and all we have done for the Allies will be forgotten overnight if we antagonize them now"—incidentally a delightful admission that the United States *had* been helping the Allies during the very time when President Wilson had officially called upon his countrymen to be neutral in thought and deed! On April 30, 1916, he was even franker: "What the Allies want *is to dip their hands into our treasure chest*. While the war has become a war of democracy against autocracy, not one of the democracies entered it to fight for democracy. . . ." Again, writing on May 24, 1916, he said: "It is evident that unless the United States is willing to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of treasure we are not to be on good terms with the Allies. . . ." House was always properly and righteously expressing his abhorrence of German militarism, as when he wrote to Grey that Germany must be taught its futility. But when it came to the pinch he was equally ready to suggest that we do precisely the same thing that the Germans had. Thus he regrets constantly that we did not arm to the teeth the minute the war began so that we could have compelled England and Germany to yield to us, and he does not see that that was precisely the Kaiser's philosophy of using might to do what he thought was right. In the event of the failure of his mediation he for a time believed we ought to arm on sea and on land to the limit and then retreat into our shell and sit waiting for anything to turn up that might. In other words, he was as bankrupt of rational remedies as any of the European statesmen that he criticizes. He wanted his League of Nations only, apparently, if we could enter the war in such a manner that we could dictate the peace.

And how he wobbled as to whether we should or should not enter the war! Immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania he declared: "America has come to the parting of the ways, when she must determine whether she stands

for civilized or uncivilized warfare. We can no longer remain neutral spectators." On August 22, 1915, House urged the President to send Bernstorff home at once, although he believed that it meant war, but Mr. Wilson refused to be convinced. Every now and then the President did refuse to follow the dictates of his mentor and Colonel House confesses that he overplayed his hand on occasion. By January 6, 1916, House told Sir Edward Grey that he was advising the President against actually breaking with Germany and thus recorded his opinion: "I thought it far better for the democracy of the world to unite upon some plan that would enable the United States to intervene, than for us to drift into the war by breaking diplomatic relations with the Central Powers. . . . I confess having advised the President against an actual break with Germany at this time"—an entire change of front. By July 16 of that year he had swung around once more and it is written that he felt that ultimate cooperation with the Allies in the war was "inevitable."

But when it came to the Presidential election of 1916 Colonel House was all for trumpeting the fact abroad that Mr. Wilson had kept the country out of the war and for concealing the fact still further that he [House] had done his best at times to put the country into it and still believed it inevitable. Politician that he was, he knew well that the mass of the plain people were utterly opposed to our going to war, and so he cynically recommended to the President that he play up to that sentiment—even Professor Seymour finds it necessary in a footnote to gloss over this inconsistency. "The keeping the country out of war, and the great measures you have enacted into law, should be our battle-cry," wrote House to Wilson July 5, 1916. Assiduously the cry of "he kept us out of war" was spread all over the country, and it undoubtedly won the election for Wilson, because the multitudes of mothers who voted for him did so because of the implied promise in that slogan that Wilson would continue to keep the country out of war. Let anyone who questions this reread the keynote speech of Governor Glynn of New York at the St. Louis convention which renominated Wilson. That speech of Governor Glynn's was read and edited by House and Wilson before it was delivered—"The President and I will aid him [Glynn]," wrote House, "in preparing the keynote speech. I agreed to take charge of it, and after the speech is finished I am to send it to the President for criticism." Yet Professor Seymour thinks it would have been "rather Quixotic" for House to fail to take advantage of this peace-desiring American mood, although he "had himself advocated a plan" which, if accepted, "would have brought us into the war." This is what happens to the morals of certain types of idealists when they get into politics and have power placed in their irresponsible hands.

Thus runs this chronicle of egotistic futility to the very end. House could see clearly the weaknesses of the Allied statesmen, as when he wrote: "My observation is that incompetent statesmanship and selfishness is at the bottom of it all. It is not so much a breaking down of civilization as a lack of wisdom in those that govern; and history, I believe, will bring an awful indictment against those who were shortsighted and selfish enough to let such a tragedy happen." And yet he had no other vision than to drag America into the mess, and when he and his chief reached Paris (his views as to Paris we shall doubtless get in a later volume) they were checkmated, over-

whelmed, routed by the very shortsighted, incompetent, selfish statesmen whom he so denounced and by their own lack of wisdom and force. Lowes Dickinson has written of these statesmen: "What little puppets, knocking away, with Lilliputian hammers, the last stays that restrain the launch of that great death-ship, War." When it came to docking that ship and putting it out of commission again, House's little hammer was not as efficient as that of the other Lilliputians. He could see clearly that if the Germans won "the war lords will reign supreme and democratic government will be imperiled throughout the world." But he could not see that the abandonment of his and his chief's soundest position that there should be "peace without victory," "no victors and no vanquished," insured the similar imperilment of democracies by the complete victory of the United States and the Allies, so that today democracy is dead in Italy, Russia, Greece, Hungary, and Spain, and totters in as many more. House had a conception of compelling peace, but he wanted to do it alone with Mr. Wilson, and he declined the safe way urged by Secretary Bryan (whom he called a mischief maker), namely, the rallying of all the neutral nations to demand the cessation of the war, a practical and entirely wise proposal urged again and again, but in vain, upon House and Wilson by the smaller neutrals. So the Colonel's triumphs turned to ashes. The unbiased historian must declare him as discredited as any of the other war lords if measured by his achievements and the results of his policies. Colonel House will not be judged by the record of this book alone. The Wilsonians will have the next inning and there are many letters omitted from these volumes which will then see the light of day. They will be certain to bring into sharper relief his self-contentment, his frequent errors, and the extent of his frailties.

On all counts the record must not be allowed to stop here. Nemesis, the Nemesis of stark Greek tragedy, awaited the Colonel at Paris. Nothing came of his plan for dictating the peace, beyond the League of Nations, which may not survive the year. The friendship which was the most valuable thing in the world to him came to an abrupt end and this time was not restored. Colonel House was never again allowed to see the President he helped to make and so largely inspired. That President went into the war against his better judgment. He knew that "it would mean that a majority of the people in this hemisphere would go war mad, quit thinking, and devote their energies to destruction. . . ." "Once lead this people into war and they'll forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance." He knew that a peace dictated by the victors would rest upon quicksand, for he said so January 22, 1917.

By this his own record there rests upon the Colonel's head a large share of the blood guilt for those 70,000 American soldiers who were done to death in France in considerable degree because of House's unofficial administration of our foreign affairs—as uselessly done to death as if they had been shot down on the prairies of Nebraska in cold blood by their own fellow-citizens, so far as the realization of the Fourteen Peace Points or any of the American ideals in entering the war is concerned. For the condition of Europe today is infinitely worse than in June 1, 1914, when Colonel House turned up in Potsdam, calmly assured the Kaiser that only an American could solve Europe's troubles and end her rivalries, and added: "Kaiser, I am here."

The Alien Property Scandal

By EDGAR MELS

I

Much of the plunder of the Ohio Gang, obtained in various and devious ways during the three years of Harding's Administration, was used to pay the deficit of the 1920 Harding-Coolidge campaign.

FROM a source good enough to be credited by the Department of Justice comes the statement that Harry Daugherty, who himself christened the "Ohio Gang," testified to the above effect before the federal grand jury investigating the Alien Property Custodian's office. Several indictments have been found already as the result of that investigation, among them being Thomas W. Miller, the late Jess Smith, collector for the Ohio Gang, and others. Whether Daugherty made such a statement or not matters little, for when Colonel Miller, the former Custodian, is placed on trial the "lid" is likely to be blown off and both the secrets of that campaign and the inner workings of the Republican Party are likely to be revealed.

The indictment of Colonel Miller (there are rumors of a superseding indictment as this is being written), like that of Senator Wheeler, is of political origin. Not that Emory Buckner would tolerate politics in the conduct of his office of United States Attorney—no such inference as this is intended. But behind the Miller indictment is a story of interlocking politics and "honest graft," told here for the first time. It is not a pretty story, though it really is no more malodorous than the revelations before the Brookhart-Wheeler committee.

Many national figures are involved, directly and indirectly. Among them are J. J. Roskob, of the General Motors Company, a du Pont corporation; T. Coleman du Pont, Senator from Delaware (Miller's home State); Averil Harriman; John T. King, former political boss of Bridgeport, Connecticut; Ned Thurston, former chairman of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee; Vincent A. Carroll, Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia; Jess Smith; Senator Guy D. Goff; and lesser lights.

In order that the delicate nuances of Republican politics may be appreciated and understood by the reader, it becomes necessary to turn back to those memorable days of 1920, when Leonard Wood was making a strenuous and expensive campaign for the Republican nomination for President, and when King, Miller, and Thurston acted as his Eastern boosters. Miller is one of the leaders in the American Legion and is popular among Legion men. King, practical politician, hard boiled and efficient, was never an alluring personality. At that time he was chairman of the Republican State Committee. Thurston, who in a way is the man of mystery in this tale, was a giant physically (he is dead now), with charming manners, and a good mixer.

The three men were closely affiliated in the Wood campaign, but when it faded out at Chicago, either because Wood would not consent to an agreement to turn the Teapot Dome leases over to Jake Hamon or because he would not match pennies with Harding personally as to which should head the ticket, King dropped out of the family. Thurston and Miller helped in the Harding campaign, and when the smoke of battle had been blown away Miller was

made Alien Property Custodian. The only other connection between Miller and Thurston in Washington was that Thurston took over Miller's apartment when Miller moved into other quarters.

Yet Thurston plays a large part in the story to come, for he it was who turned over to Miller \$47,500 of the Liberty bonds paid by the German owners of the American Metals Company, for the return of the property to its foreign owners. It is because of this alleged conspiracy that Miller, Jess Smith, Richard Merton, and the Swiss holders of some stock of the parent company were indicted. Since the transfer was made the Supreme Court at Washington has held a similar transfer in another case legal, so that the actual transfer is not now so much the question as whether any one was bribed, whether a conspiracy was hatched, and whether money was paid.

The American Metals Company was 51 per cent American, the remainder being German when it was seized by the then Alien Property Custodian, Mitchell Palmer. The German-owned shares were sold and the proceeds invested in Liberty bonds, numbered and thus traceable. The war ended and "normalcy" was enthroned at Washington. Two Americans, Henry Bruère and Julian Beaty, knowing the value of the American Metals business, sought to buy the foreign interest from the Alien Custodian. They went to Germany and, with the consent of the War Trade Board, tried to effect a sale to themselves. The transaction finally fell through.

Merton, one of the original German owners, scenting something and desirous of getting his property back, came to Washington, but found there unseen and as yet insurmountable obstacles. So he returned to New York to consult Averil Harriman, with whom he had had business relations. Harriman introduced Merton to John T. King. The latter agreed to obtain the return of the property—now in the form of Liberty bonds amounting to some \$7,000,000—if Merton would pay him a "retainer" of \$50,000, which was done. (King received \$112,000 all told.) Then King took Merton to Washington and introduced him to Jess Smith as the "fixer" of the Ohio Gang, the intimate of the all-powerful Daugherty. Smith agreed to the deal and received \$25,000 on account.

Then Merton went to the Alien Property Custodian's office and laid before it the facts in the case. George Williams, managing director of the office, asked for more information and Merton went to Germany to get the desired data. He returned and laid before Williams and Adna Johnston, Daugherty's representative, facts purporting to show that as far back as 1912 the Merton interests had hypothecated their stock with the Société Suisse pour Valeurs de Métaux and that the Swiss concern was the actual owner at the time of seizure.

The transfer was made in 1921 and approved by Guy D. Goff, then an assistant to the Attorney General and his intimate friend and supporter, and now a Senator from West Virginia. During the Brookhart committee's investigation of the Department of Justice and of its chief, Mr. Daugherty, it developed that all papers relating to the at-

tempt by the two Americans to purchase the property had been missing from the dossier laid before Goff. Senator Wheeler was anxious to ascertain what had become of them. Miller, on the stand, testified that he had never seen them. Adna Johnston followed suit, as did Williams. Strange to relate, all three told the truth, for the missing papers were in the archives of the War Trade Board, placed there by Mitchell Palmer, and forgotten. Merton, meanwhile, on the successful conclusion of his negotiation, paid an additional sum in Liberty bonds to his American benefactors. The grand jury charges that the total amount, \$391,000, was divided between Jess Smith, Thomas W. Miller, and John T. King.

This ends the history of the case and begins the story of how Miller's political enemies used the fact of King's retainer from Merton in an attempt to end Miller's career. One of the most interesting angles in this political drama relates to the struggle between King, boss of Bridgeport and former State committeeman, and J. Henry Roraback of Hartford, who succeeded him and eventually forced him out of Connecticut State politics. King and Roraback had been bitter political and personal enemies. The latter had made repeated attempts to force King out of the Republican machine, but each time King had proved elusive. Somehow or other Roraback became acquainted with King's part in the American Metals case. He bided his time until early in September of last year, when he set the machinery in motion to effect the downfall of his enemy.

Here we must mention that Colonel William Donovan, Assistant Attorney General and receptive candidate for Attorney General, Governor of New York, and National Commander of the American Legion, disliked Miller—mainly because of various American Legion matters. Roraback, knowing Donovan's ambitions, is said to have caused the grand jury investigation of the Alien Property Custodian's office, which, incidentally, caused unrestrained and rather boisterous rejoicing in the camp of Senator du Pont, who also dislikes Miller. However, Roraback's action in setting the investigation afoot proved futile so far as the last Bridgeport election was concerned, because, though King's part in the matter was made public through Hearst propaganda, the sympathy of the voters of King's personally owned city went out to the man they thought abused and his ticket was triumphantly swept into office. After which King went abroad, returning the other day just in time to face an indictment for perjury in omitting from his 1921 income tax return his share in the \$391,000 received from Merton. In the actual division of that money lies the Government's case. It is known that \$112,000 went to King, \$25,000 to Smith, \$47,500 to Miller, and \$40,000 was traced to Harry Daugherty. What has become of the balance, \$166,500? No one seems to know.

[In a concluding article to be published next week Mr. Mels will explain the circumstances in which the bonds were given to Mr. Miller and the use made of them.]

Samoa

Shall We Navalize or Civilize It?

By MADGE A. RIPLEY

THE story of Samoa ought to be a languorous tale of palms and moonlight, alluring beaches and dusky maidens, with the white uniform of the American navy to give due contrast and background. In reality it is but one version of the sordid tale of the arrogance of the white man toward another race, with this to differentiate it—that the Samoan race has personality. It does not concede the white man inherent superiority. It weighs and balances his words and actions, and judges accordingly. In some respects it finds him better than it, in others worse. It desires to emulate the good. Throughout all truthful descriptions of Samoa we find mention of the independence, dignity, and upstanding pride of the Samoan people, their aspirations and efforts. The Samoans, now divided under the authority of England and the United States, have demanded for years past their just rights from both. A year after the Chiefs of Western Samoa presented their grievances to the British Government they had secured, and now enjoy, a share in their own government. For over five years the people of Eastern Samoa have labored with the Government of the United States. But in order to understand these efforts we must approach their present situation with more detail.

Situated near the center of the island groups of the South Pacific, Samoa is a natural port of call for vessels passing from the northern Pacific, or the Atlantic via the Panama Canal, to Australia and New Zealand. In addition to this advantageous location Samoa has the one splendid harbor of the Pacific islands, a harbor which a naval officer has declared of inestimable value to the United States "in

the present situation in the Pacific." From the time white explorers began to appear in the Pacific the advantages of Samoa were recognized. The soil is fertile and productive, the climate equable and not oppressively hot; hurricanes do not ravage these islands so severely as they do other sections of the South Seas; and the people are handsome and hospitable, kind-hearted and intelligent.

Among the first settlers came British missionaries, who early in the nineteenth century led the Samoans to accept Christianity, put their speech into writing, translated the Bible into Samoan, and made it a function of the native church to teach the children to read and write their vernacular. Even today no other piece of literature has been turned into the Samoan tongue, and the zeal of the missionaries and their converts has largely crushed the traditions and legends of the centuries before their advent.

Fifty years later Samoa had acquired inhabitants from various European countries, each group eager to make the influence of its nation paramount and maneuvering to secure possession of the islands. However, the Samoans had no thought of surrendering to any other nation their institutions and government, the latter an oligarchy authoritatively said to have been in existence in the fifth century, and ruled by hereditary chiefs assembled in councils called Fonos. Before 1865 the larger Powers began to maintain consular service in Samoa, thus recognizing the Samoan Government. Between 1878 and 1880 Germany, Great Britain, and the United States made separate treaties of peace and friendship with the Samoan Government and each secured permission

to use a certain site as a station for marine supplies. The concession of the United States was a strip of land about a mile long and half as wide on the shores of Pago Pago Bay; Germany was envied because she was permitted to fly her flag over her location, since these treaties gave no proprietary rights in the islands to any of the governments.

As time passed the rivalry among the groups of white residents and their interference with the Samoan Government increased. In an attempt to end this the three Powers in 1889 entered into a treaty among themselves and with the Samoan Government providing that the Samoan Government was free and independent, that the Samoan people were entitled to their own form of government, and that the respective citizens and subjects of these Powers should have equal rights of trade, residence, and personal protection in Samoa; but no rights of ownership were conveyed. This treaty, however, was not sufficient to terminate the jealousies of the whites or to enable the Samoans to cope with their political machinations, and the charges and incriminations grew until at one time the possibility of war among the Powers loomed over the Samoan imbroglio. Finally, each government selected a high commissioner to go to Samoa, with instructions that by consultation with one another and the Samoan people they should arrive at a plan which would put an end to the ceaseless friction. The American high commissioner was Mr. Bartlett Tripp, whose report to our Government is found in full in our Foreign Relations Reports (volume for 1899). He states that the commissioners canvassed the situation with the Samoan people all over the islands and found their sentiments practically unanimous. Mr. Tripp's opinion of the Samoan people and his advice to our Government are embodied in the following excerpts from his report:

In time the native will be able to take his part in the government of the islands, *with an intelligence equal, if not superior, to that of the white man now there.* . . . He is anxious to learn, he wants a white man's government. . . . The great bulk of the natives and nearly every chief can read and write and they are adopting the habits of civilization with great alacrity. . . . We spent several days at Pago Pago. This, unlike the other reef openings, is a land-locked harbor, a beautiful inland harbor. It resembles one of those beautiful Swiss lakes. . . . *I cannot impress upon my government too strongly the necessity of its undivided possession of this harbor.* It is the only one worthy of the name on the islands. *The harbor and the entire island should be under our individual control. In short, the whole island must be had.*

This report must not be confounded with the joint report made by the high commissioners as a body to all the governments, which recommended a reorganization of affairs in Samoa by a plan which Mr. Tripp says had been suggested in substance by the Samoan chiefs. But this plan was never tried. Instead the governments chose to act upon the individual reports of their commissioners and agreed to divide the islands among themselves, entirely disregarding the Samoan Government, to which they were bound by treaties of friendship, and the Samoan people and their expressed wishes. This decision was embodied in a treaty made by the Powers, to which the Samoan Government was not a party, abrogating former treaties. England chose a free hand in other South Sea regions, Germany took Western and the United States Eastern Samoa, England and Germany announcing that they gave up their rights and claims to it, evidently meaning that their subjects should not have equal

rights with the citizens of the United States to reside, transact business, and be protected in Eastern Samoa, since they had never acquired any rights of ownership to convey.

Three days after the exchange of ratifications of this treaty in 1900 President McKinley ordered the Navy Department to establish the authority of the United States in Eastern Samoa and declared it an American naval station. It is evident that he had as much right to do this as he had to order a United States naval station made of the Isle of Man or Corsica or any property belonging to another government. He also violated the plain provision of the Constitution that Congress shall determine the form of government for all land secured by the United States. From this irregular and unlawful act of McKinley's has come a most peculiar situation, for Congress has never yet acknowledged any rights of ownership in Samoa and has never made an enactment respecting the islands except for maintaining and improving the naval establishment. In this, the situation in Samoa (and from now on when speaking of Samoa I refer to Eastern or American Samoa) differs from that of any other bit of territory customarily claimed as American, since all others, as far as I am able to ascertain, have been acquired rightfully and are actually owned by the United States. Samoa is the only one seized ruthlessly, without legal right, by superior force of arms, from a nation and people to whom we were at the time bound in a treaty of peace and friendship.

After the naval officers detailed to that purpose had seized the islands they tried to secure a "cession" of them to the United States, and it is upon the document of these "cessions" that the Navy Department now bases a claim of ownership to the soil of American Samoa. It is evident that since Congress had not authorized the seizure, the naval officers detailed to Samoa could not be lawfully empowered to negotiate cessions. They secured them from certain chiefs who were not given authority to represent the Samoan Government in ceding the islands to the United States. And the documents plainly state that upon the fulfilment of certain conditions by our Government the islands will be ceded to become a "separate district or territory to be annexed to the United States,"* thus providing for a civil government whenever the islands should become the property of the United States. Subsequently, the Navy Department did not hold, as it now does, that these "cessions" conveyed ownership of the islands.

The naval officers sent to Samoa, although perceiving the actual status but vaguely, realized that they had a free hand in island affairs since they need give no account of their actions and stewardship to the representatives of the American people. As a result Samoa has become a little kingdom owned and operated by the Navy Department for its own benefit and the personal advantage and aggrandizement of officials sent there. The only function of the Samoan people in this naval paradise has been to furnish funds; their rights and needs have been ignored. The naval officials set up an island government separate from the administration of naval affairs in Samoa, made themselves the officials of this island government, and levied taxes upon the Samoan people to meet all its actual and professed expenses; and although at first recognizing the Samoans functioning through their Fono, they gradually took away even the semblance of authority and finally dissolved that body. They promulgated a code of laws which creates various

* See *The Nation* for April 12, 1922.

offices for the Samoan Government, gives instructions to magistrates, creates a judicial administration, establishes a legal tender and customs regulations, enacts a penal code, creates a system of land laws, regulates Samoan titles of nobility, and marriage and divorce, to mention but a few of its astounding features. This code definitely states (Paragraph 1, Section 3):

The laws of the United States of America shall be considered to be in force in American Samoa, subject, *nevertheless, to the provisions of this declaration and such laws and regulations as shall, from time to time, be promulgated by the Governor of American Samoa.*

It is a boast often made by naval officials in Samoa that they cannot be called to account before any court of the United States for any acts committed in Samoa, that even the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction over them as officials at Samoa.

The abuses and evils arising naturally from such a situation can be imagined almost as clearly as they can be stated. In 1920 and 1921 the Samoans were goaded by conditions to make definite and very unpleasant charges against the naval administration. These charges were addressed to the President of the United States with a request that an investigation of Samoan affairs be conducted by a competent and impartial tribunal not connected with the Navy Department. The President referred the matter to the Navy Department and after it was so referred a similar request was addressed to that Department. An opportunity to prove the charges made, as well as others not detailed, was asked, but the Navy Department has never dared either to conduct such an investigation or to deny the charges made.

One difficulty is that naval officers apparently can conceive of no other method of government than of receiving and obeying orders. The commandant, or governor, as the highest officer rules the civil population in the manner customary under hostile military occupation. He is the sole lawmaker, and either personally or through his personal appointees administers the laws he himself makes and judges those who may violate them. Justice is accordingly unknown on the islands. The one white judge (both British and American citizens have held this position) uniquely combines in one individual the functions which we divide among the judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and attorney for the defense. There is no appeal from this kangaroo court to any court regularly established. Local affairs of the Samoan, both village and district, are handled entirely by appointees of the commandant, who must obey orders without question.

The oppressive autocracy of the naval government is illustrated by various incidents. When some thirty men of Nuuli, Tutuila, desired to pay a debt due another village they vainly applied for permission to do so to the naval officials, who, fearing discussion of governmental matters, never allow Samoans to go from place to place about the islands without their consent. Finally, their mayor, an appointee of the commandant, said that he would assume responsibility and told them to go and pay their debt, which, due and unpaid, laid them open to court action. The men, therefore, obeyed him. For this they and the mayor were arrested, tried, and sentenced either to pay fines or be imprisoned at hard labor, and the mayor was removed from office. Since the fines levied totaled about \$350, the people of Nuuli held a "town meeting" and decided, in protest to such injustice, that the men should endure imprisonment

rather than increase governmental revenues for their oppressors to handle.

The first homicide committed by a Samoan since the Powers divided the islands occurred in Tutuila in July, 1923. The accused was judged by a court composed of a former court clerk, a naval officer, and a Samoan, but one of them a lawyer, and all selected by the commandant for the purposes of this particular case. Although the defendant asked for jury trial, it was denied, in spite of the fact that the Constitution makes jury trial obligatory for every man accused of a capital offense where the United States exercises jurisdiction—which it does in Samoa, regardless of ownership. The Constitution also provides that if such crime occurs outside the States, Congress shall determine where the trial will be. But this court, so appointed, pronounced the accused guilty of murder in the first degree (although the evidence pointed either to manslaughter or excusable homicide) and sentenced him to hang. This sentence was upheld by the commandant on the ground that the man did not establish his innocence, and the accused was hanged fifteen days later.

There was no audit of the various funds from April, 1900, to November, 1920; and when an audit was had that November it covered but the last two months of the whole period. For a special road tax paid for many years, the Samoans had by 1921 one mile of good road, entirely within the limits of the naval "Yard." Later several miles of road were constructed so poorly, however, that there were constant excessive repairing costs, the overseer having been an enlisted naval fireman. A special school tax was paid for but one ordinary schoolhouse in twenty-three years; the others were merely Samoan houses without equipment. Until recently, in spite of protests, children were compelled in some villages to attend sectarian schools for public instruction. And the schoolbooks used everywhere have been Australian texts compiled, as they state, "to . . . assist in fostering the growth of national and patriotic sentiments" for the British Empire! And yet the Samoans have incessantly pleaded for good roads and more and better schools, without ever objecting to increased taxation for these purposes.

A naval officer complained that some people expected a paradise of American Samoa. This is deliberately untruthful, but one might reasonably expect considerable results from any administration which has levied heavy taxes for a quarter century, which has put several naval officials in excellent financial condition, and allowed a British employee to embezzle \$13,000 from Samoan funds unpunished. One might reasonably expect something more than four small dispensaries—two without physicians—to attend all the medical and surgical needs of over 8,000 people, afflicted not only by tropical diseases but those introduced by the whites. And one might expect that the Department of Agriculture would develop island products, improve live stock, and introduce new plants, that the aid of the Bureau of Education would be invoked in the peculiar educational problems of Samoa; or that the assistance of the Bureau of Public Health would be enlisted to conserve life and establish sanitary conditions. But naval officials, although publicly charged with gross maladministration and inhuman neglect, have not wanted expert assistance. The Samoans accuse them of deliberate intent to keep the natives in poverty and ignorance lest they demand their just rights with increased means and knowledge.

But the great and vital defect of the naval administration of Samoa has been its denial of those impalpable but essential attributes of humanity upon which we base both government and religion. When the United States through its Navy Department destroyed the Samoan Government it destroyed the citizenship of the people of Samoa, their birthright. It has allowed a whole generation of boys and girls to come to adult life without education, without opportunity, and without recognition of their inherent human rights.

And so today the Samoan has no civic entity; he is literally a "man without a country." Several years ago the Declaration of Independence and its translation into the Samoan language were printed in the paper published by the Navy Department in Samoa. One chief who read a copy wrote a letter to the paper, the text of which follows (translated):

We read the Declaration of Independence and I should like to ask a few questions in regard to it. In what way does it apply? Does it apply to the Department of the Navy and the territory ruled by it or just to the territory of America proper? For there is a vast difference between the words of the Declaration of Independence and the manner in which the Navy Department conducts the government of Samoa.

As to this, if you compare these two things—the government as carried on by the Navy Department and the civil government of the United States as outlined in the Declaration of Independence—it seems to me that the treatment meted out by the Navy Department in administering the government of Samoa brings great shame upon those who drew up the Declaration of Independence. The name of the Navy Department is soiled on account of those who have done and now do these great wrongs in Samoa, which are contradictory to the Constitution of the United States and the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence,

because they began and still maintain a tyranny in Samoa.

When we show these matters fully to the world, all these wrongs done by a great and wise government to a weaker nation, a nation without arms and poor and not wise in governmental matters, and compare the treatment given by the American Government to the Samoan Government with that given to the American Colonies when they rose in revolt against Great Britain, it will bring shame to the President and the Secretary of the Navy and the Congress of the United States, because of the wrongs which the Samoan people suffer by reason of the cruel tyranny of the naval officers sent to Samoa as representatives of the Government of the United States—that government founded upon the love of God, all-powerful, who made that government strong and mighty and established it upon the Declaration of Independence.

You know that the chiefs and people cannot get together to discuss these matters because if the naval authorities learn that any discuss governmental matters the Samoans are arrested, tried, and condemned.

Such a statement should inform Americans not only of the outrageous governmental conditions the Samoans endure but of their capabilities as well. The man who so wrote, although ignorant and uneducated, has an ability and intelligence which any American might be proud to possess, and shows himself quite obviously "superior to the white man now there."

All the evidence for the past seventy-five years indicates that the Samoans ardently desire education, civilization, advancement. The fact that for years they have struggled for their just rights against the autocracy of an irresponsible naval government proves their tenacity of purpose and intelligence. Their plea to America is for a civil government and a share in that government—a responsibility they are well able to assume with kindly and intelligent assistance.

Hot Air About the Pole

By C. B. ALLEN

AN old adage has it that the more haste one is in the less speed one makes; a modern and entirely appropriate adaptation might be that enterprises which go off half-cocked are quite likely to miss fire. The current fashion of aerial expeditions to the North Pole furnishes one admirable instance and promise of several others as the season for Arctic flights approaches.

It has been chronicled in the daily press that nine expeditions, representing five different flags, will join this summer in a race to the North Pole, or to claim whatever land there may be in the unexplored wastes at the top of the world. At least seven, according to the announcement, will use aircraft. The facts are that several of these so-called expeditions have joined (with marvelous success) in a race for publicity in which their intention of flying to the Pole is, one hopes, better than their chances of ever doing so.

Captain Roald Amundsen started it all when he flew back from the Arctic last summer to a world that had given him up as dead. He announced he had failed to reach the Pole with his two airplanes, but would try again this year in a dirigible.

Early last winter the Detroit Aviation Society and

the North American Newspaper Alliance—the latter having lost Amundsen to a rival syndicate after scoring a world "scoop" with his story in 1925—decided they would "beat the old Viking to it." They started patriotically enough by trying to soft-pedal the fact that the most suitable airplane they could find for their purpose was built by the Dutch designer, Fokker, who made planes for the Germans during the war. It had been their secret passion to use a three-motored ship built in the Ford factory at Dearborn until trials convinced all concerned that it was "insufficiently developed." Expediency caused them to choose a single-motored Fokker monoplane and a three-motored machine of the same type, the latter for the actual dash across the Pole.

The 400-horse-power single Liberty-motored ship had been tried out thoroughly in this country even to a minor crack-up in the mountains of Pennsylvania that cost it a wing-tip and a wheel. It was a good ship and needed only to be fitted with extra fuel tanks and a new motor. The other, just arrived from Holland, had to be rigged for its three 200-horse-power Wright Whirlwind engines. The motors themselves, air-cooled and untried in the Arctic, were to be equipped with special attachments to guarantee

their proper functioning in the frigid Northland. The factory, harassed by constant requests to speed up the work, did the best it could with no precedent to guide it. The motors were completed and tested on the block. The plane was ready. Even a layman would have supposed it logical to instal the engines and have a test flight.

But there was no time. The boat on which the two planes and the rest of the expedition were going to Alaska would leave Seattle in a few days. This was the end of January. There was winter weather to spare with zero and sub-zero temperatures; probably at high altitudes it was as cold as the Arctic ever gets. A flight from New York to Seattle under these conditions would have been an admirable test for the two planes. If minor troubles had developed the expedition still would have been within easy reach of trained mechanics and proper machine shops. Spare parts would have been available. It would be hard to imagine a better training flight for the proposed pilots, and everybody concerned would have learned something of conditions they would have to face later.

Instead the planes were carefully loaded on flat cars and shipped across the continent, requiring some thirteen days in transit. They went by boat to Seward and thence by the Alaska Railroad to Fairbanks. One of them had never been in the air and there was no assurance that it would fly except that Fokker had built it and that other ships of the same type had flown.

Two marvelous snow sledges manufactured in Detroit had been sent ahead to drag 6,000 gallons of gasoline and other supplies totaling fifteen tons over a 1,000-mile trail to Point Barrow, the hopping-off place for the Pole. Apparently the sledges were expected to do the work because they were built by a Detroit.

Long before the airplanes reached Fairbanks the snow motors had demonstrated that they were an utter failure by rolling up a grand total of sixty-five miles on the Point Barrow trail in fourteen days. This in spite of previous announcements that they would make a daily average of thirty-five miles. Nothing daunted, those in charge declared the planes would ferry their own gasoline, laying down a base at Point Barrow. Their proposed route lay over the Endicott Mountains, where a forced landing in an airplane so weighted down with gasoline that it could barely stagger off the ground would mean disaster if not certain death. Yet the expedition cheerfully announced that each plane would deposit four or five hundred gallons of gasoline at Point Barrow with every round trip.

Then it was discovered that the radiator of the Liberty motor was full of holes. This was hailed as "more hard luck," and then it was discovered that there was no spare radiator with the expedition. A local job of patching was done. Presently both ships were ready for the trial flights.

Captain George H. Wilkins, leader of the expedition, and Carl B. Eielson, one of his pilots, went up in the single-motor plane for a test flight. Eielson made a "stall" landing and seriously damaged the machine. The next day Wilkins and Major Thomas G. Lanphier, commanding officer of Selfridge Field on leave as "unofficial observer" of the expedition, took up the three-motor ship. Lanphier crashed it in landing, even as Eielson had wrecked the other. Both men are experienced pilots, accustomed to landing on snow-covered fields which might dazzle a pilot not used to snow landings. What happened to them?

They were, it develops, used to flying only biplanes.

Neither had been trained in a Fokker monoplane before leaving for Alaska. A monoplane has a different "feel" in the air; it doesn't warn its pilot with the positive action of a biplane about to stall. A little practice gives a pilot this "feel," but Lanphier and Eielson lacked practice. There was too much haste about getting started to bother with details. One airplane has been patched up and has begun ferrying supplies to Point Barrow. It is barely conceivable that both will eventually get there without mishap, but the odds have been against the expedition from the start, and now they are almost insurmountable.

Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd, who commanded a group of navy amphibian planes with the MacMillan expedition into the Arctic last year, heads another North Pole flight. His hopes are pinned upon a three-engined Fokker monoplane similar to the Wilkins ship. It has flown more than 10,000 miles in this country under all weather conditions, but Byrd plans an ordeal for it in which it stands about one chance of success in ten. Like Amundsen he expects to make Spitzbergen his base for ship-carried supplies, including his airplanes. From Spitzbergen, he says, he will fly across the ocean to Cape Morris Jesup on the uppermost tip of Greenland, establishing there such a base as Wilkins proposes now to establish at Point Barrow. He faces the problem of a long flight over water with a land machine, and the graver one of "setting down," heavily loaded, on uncertain and very probably unfavorable terrain. He must do this not once but several times if he is to lay down sufficient fuel at Cape Morris Jesup for his proposed 400-mile dash to the Pole.

Next in line of American expeditions is that announced by Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world flier who didn't get quite around and afterward broke into print by virtue of a non-stop automobile journey across the United States. The word "announced" is used advisedly. Wade's "University Men's North Pole Expedition"—reputedly backed by alumni of a half dozen American universities—seems to have been organized largely with an eye to headlines. Like Wilkins and Byrd, he proposes to use a three-motored plane, so that failure of any engine would not force the ship to descend; but the machines Wade asserted would be employed have not even been built. Moreover the only firm making the sort of motors he claimed would be installed in them professes to have heard nothing at all of the scheme except through the newspapers.

In this same class may be placed the polar expedition of Dr. Hugo Eckner, head of the Zeppelin works, who flew the Los Angeles to this country from Germany; though in fairness to Dr. Eckner it should be said that incredibly credulous newspapers are responsible for linking his name to a ridiculous project. Naive news dispatches state that Dr. Eckner is awaiting permission from the Powers which signed the Versailles Treaty to build the airship in which he will fly to the Pole, yet the papers print in the very next paragraph that he will make the flight this summer. A few minutes with a pencil and the construction statistics for dirigibles of the Zeppelin type should reveal to anyone that a dozen Dr. Eckners couldn't get such an airship ready.

There is a Norwegian expedition equipped with specially built seaplanes which will try to follow the route taken last year by Amundsen, continuing across the Pole to Alaska. A French navy expedition, using motor sledges reputed capable of fifteen miles an hour over snow, ice, or

water, will be launched across the polar ice-pack from a ship. The fate of the Detroit snow motors is enough to make the world skeptical of these machines even though they are the invention of Captain Otto Sverdrup, Norwegian explorer. The sledges plan to carry seaplanes which will "fly from the Pole to New York." Remembering Amundsen's experience in getting off the polar ice after he came down, it is hard to take this venture seriously.

A Russian expedition or two is thrown into current accounts of proposed flights to the Pole, possibly for good measure. Of course their object is to plant the Soviet flag on whatever land the top of the world may boast. If, as Captain Amundsen believes, such land exists and is habitable, the plan is to colonize it. Such a possession would be of great strategic importance, it is held, as a stopping-place for future trans-polar flights from the Old World to the New. Dirigibles and airplanes could refuel there, though from what source unless oil-fields are discovered and refineries set up is not made very clear. Obviously trains and ships would not be able to take oil and gas to the new land. Dirigibles might do it, but the United States and the other nations which seem so anxious to claim the hypothetical Polar Continent have thus far considered the ability of dirigibles to survive Arctic conditions so problematical that they have sedulously avoided sending them to solve the mysteries lying at the top of the world.

This, logically, brings up again the question of Amundsen. Of all those who have talked of flights to the North Pole he is the only man of his generation who has scraped up the capital and the courage for an actual attempt. In no wise is this a reflection on the United States Navy expedition, headed by Commander Byrd, which went into the Arctic last summer with Donald MacMillan. Byrd and his men made many daring flights under tremendously unfavorable conditions, but their mission was exploration, the range of their Loening amphibians limited, and their purpose at no time a dash to the Pole. Amundsen, on the contrary, flew straight toward the top of the world, and, but for a mishap, would have crossed it. He came back convinced that only a dirigible could accomplish the flight and immediately began negotiations with Premier Mussolini for a semi-rigid Italian airship about half the size of the ill-fated Shenandoah.

The Norge, as Amundsen had the ship rechristened in honor of his native Norway, inflated with hydrogen, as she will be on her trip into the Arctic, has a carrying capacity of more than twenty-two tons. Her fuel tanks will hold gasoline enough for sixty-five hours' cruising at fifty miles an hour; her three 250-horse-power motors are of the same make that brought the Los Angeles across the Atlantic from Germany to the United States; the proposed trans-polar flight totals not more than 2,000 miles. Amundsen plans to take his time, circling here and there in his search for land, making observations and avoiding storms. All of which sounds pretty well compared with the somewhat sketchy rival expeditions which are already hurrying to the Pole—at least on paper. Careful advance preparations, including fuel, hydrogen, and other supplies sent by ship to the hopping-off place at Kings Bay, Spitzbergen; a balloon shed there to house the Norge, and a mooring mast at which she may tie up give a further optimistic tone. But there is another side of the picture.

The Norge is at Rome, where she has successfully

undergone test flights after being revamped to fit Amundsen's needs. She must be flown to Spitzbergen and this flight in itself is no small feat. Her buoyant gas is highly inflammable, as the air disasters of recent years attest all too tragically. There is more than a gambling chance that the Norge will be destroyed by handling or other accidents before she has a chance to start her flight across the Pole.

If no disaster occurs to mar Amundsen's venture before it actually is under way, what then? Nobody knows. Years ago a man named Walter Wellman, himself an Arctic explorer of note, took a dirigible to Spitzbergen to attempt what Amundsen is now so confidently undertaking. He failed without really getting started. The two ventures are not comparable, for the airship Wellman had was to Amundsen's Norge as were the first automobiles to those of today. That, however, is not the point. Wellman today is convinced that a dirigible will perish in the Arctic from no more sinister cause than the quick changes of temperature she will encounter. Bright sunlight and temperatures above freezing give way in an hour, he says, to overcast skies and sub-zero cold. Warmth and sunlight will expand the hydrogen of an airship, increasing its buoyancy and volume until valving often is necessary. A forty-degree drop in temperature, Mr. Wellman says advisedly, works havoc on this same hydrogen and makes it imperative to throw overboard ballast or cargo. Let this happen once or twice, he says, and the best airship in the world will find itself sinking helpless to the polar ice-fields.

Whatever Amundsen's chances of success it is well to remember that he started the "race to the Pole" this year and last, and that both times he has steadfastly refused to race. It should also be borne in mind that in 1925 there were many who planned to beat him to the Pole, but limited their exploits, strangely enough, to talking about them. This year's crop of Polar flights has yielded, so far, one start which has been a series of gloomy mishaps, a few constructive beginnings, and a number of "hot-air expeditions." Unfortunately the hot air has neither cut a channel through the polar ice nor melted the cold fact that flying there is an extremely precarious undertaking.

Pinchot vs. Pepper vs. Vare

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., April 3

BY long odds the most interesting, colorful, and significant political situation in the United States is the one created by the three-cornered Pennsylvania primary contest for the Republican Senatorial nomination which by the time this appears in print will be near its final stage. Its far-reaching and vital character does not appear to be fully grasped either in Washington or outside.

It is not only that the State is the home of the aged Mr. Mellon, concededly the most powerful single influence in the Government today. Nor is it merely because it is the most impregnable Republican State of them all. Nor is it because the Senate seat at stake is that of the pious Pepper, the most eloquent and oleaginous of all the Coolidge eulogists, whose support of the Mellon policies, so far as is known, is marred by only the single instance of his committee vote to give the silver producers \$5,000,000 to which Mr. Mellon says they are not entitled.

Besides these things, the fight is notable because more millions are actively engaged than in any other political contest in the country or in any we have seen in a long time, and further because the prestige, power, and political position of the dominant group in the dominant party are at stake. The Mellon-Reed interests ran the last Republican convention. They are really running the party now and victory for their candidate means that they will run it in 1928. Defeat means an unpredictable convention, and the surface calm of the good Calvin, plus his cautious if not over-grateful neutrality, does not prevent a complete understanding of the situation at the White House. It is well understood there that the prestige of his most potent support is threatened and that a Pepper defeat would in all probability be followed by a complete loss of interest in politics by Mr. Mellon and his retirement from the Cabinet. The fact is they are all badly scared. Personally my belief is that the financial interests back of Pepper are so vast that they cannot afford to lose—and won't.

However, politics is an uncertain game. You never can tell. And the battle is such an unusual one that it is a joy to see it go to the finish. It isn't often that the massed power of money is unable to straighten out the kinks without having to go to such lengths. This time they failed and they don't like it. Seldom too in American politics is there as striking a contrast presented as in the three candidates. It is a wonderful situation. There is present every element of drama save the love interest—which is notably lacking. But everything else is there—hate and greed, revenge, money, religion, license, pride, and the love of power. Also there has been injected as the outstanding issue the question always avoided by politicians if possible, but of more interest to more people than any other—the liquor question.

The story is best told by presenting the candidates.

First, Governor Gifford Pinchot, the dryest of the dries, the enemy of the "organization," the denouncer of "the gang," a reformer, an aristocrat, a crusader, graduate of two universities, the possessor of much inherited money, a Roosevelt Republican, not in tune with Mr. Coolidge, and a prickly thorn in the flesh of Mr. Mellon, appealing to the Christian men and women for support, and cracking both his opponents over the head as representatives of sinister interests.

Then there is Congressman William Scott Vare, the wettest of the wets, who went to no school after he was fourteen years old; was supporting himself at fifteen; has made his million himself; was once, so it is said, referred to by the late Senator Penrose as "the ash-cart statesman"; is regarded by some as a "roughneck"; is the boss of the unsavory Philadelphia machine, the leader of the gang, the friend of "the boys." The Philadelphia vote is about one-third the vote of the State and the Philadelphia machine is enthusiastically back of its boss, whose platform is apparently all wet. Besides the machine, Mr. Vare has support from Ralph Beaver Strassburger, the wealthy gentleman who once acted as angel for Hiram Johnson, two years ago kept Pinchot from going to the national convention, and owns a few upstate newspapers.

And finally there is Senator Pepper himself. For a while it was impossible to tell how he stood on the liquor question—but he has been smoked out. Reluctantly he took his stand with the dries—not a very firm stand, it is true, but still a stand. He is not as dry as Pinchot, but he is

not as wet as Vare. He is like that in his attitude toward "machines." He looks with loathing upon the Philadelphia gang supporting Vare, but with tolerance upon the Pittsburgh machine supporting himself. Thus he establishes the claim of his friends that he is a broad-minded man capable of seeing both sides. Senator Pepper is a good man and highly educated. He never went to a public school; was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and has a long list of honorary degrees from many universities, which he enumerates in the sketch of his life, written by himself, in the Congressional Directory. In the same sketch he points out that he is a member of "various organizations and learned societies concerned with education and research." In a word, Senator Pepper is a high-brow. He is also the leading authority on the canonical law of the Episcopal church. A fine lawyer with high community standing, he came to the Senate six years ago with a reputation as a political idealist, which he has somewhat marred by the partisan character of his votes and the abandonment of his own views at the crack of the party whip.

The real thing back of Senator Pepper is the Mellon interests. If it were not for these he would not figure in the fight at all. But with Mr. Mellon, his colleague Senator Reed, the banks, the railroads, the steel interests, the big newspapers, and all that these combined interests represent, he has the strongest backing of the three. It is hard to see how he can lose. They can't afford to let him lose. But he isn't happy. Nor are they.

In the Driftway

IT was quite by accident that the Drifter saw in the account book of the Kind Lady this item: O. R.—50c. He was inquisitive, and so the story was unfolded. The Old Reprobate is, to speak plainly, a bum. He is not distinguished looking, nor are his clothes well tailored. They are instead various and of ancient vintage. He does not shave. He knows the speak-easies over well. He haunts the streets by day and fifteen-cent beds by night. But he has a leisurely and unhumble eye; and he has attained the dignity which comes of constancy in anything, whether it be improvidence or respectability. The Kind Lady is the Old Reprobate's best friend; and when he gets hard up he calls upon her for aid and advice—though he never asks for either. He merely appears and with instinctive self-respect says that he has come to call and see how "you and the little girl are gettin' along." The Kind Lady, however, divines that he has nothing in his pockets and finds him an odd job in the backyard or the basement. On one occasion the Old Reprobate worked faithfully and earned \$2. The Kind Lady is also wise. "If I give you this," she said, "you'll only get drunk. I'll give you enough for a bed and breakfast and keep the rest for you." The Old Reprobate was satisfied—and a few days later brought her another dollar to keep for him. Thrift, with its attendant glow, had come into his life. Then he began to aspire. He told the Kind Lady that he wanted to save enough money to rent himself a room. He was tired of temporary fifteen-cent beds. The desire for better things had come along with thrift. His savings grew to \$12—and he rented a room with part of his wealth. He had done no drinking for weeks. Both the Kind Lady and the Old Reprobate were encouraged.

BUT the experience of having a permanent room, in which he might lie long after the compulsory rising hours of those who occupy the beds of charity, put a dangerous—though highly civilized—idea into the Old Reprobate's head. He came one day to his "bank" and asked for some of his savings. He explained that he didn't want to work that day. He wanted just to sit in his room and smoke. It was this desire for contemplative leisure that proved the beginning of the end. Obviously, the object of his contemplation was not the most desirable, for the day following his excursion into leisure he came again to his benefactress. "There's a woman in my rooming-house that needs money," he said earnestly. "I told her I'd loan her \$5." Lo! another middle-class virtue had knocked at his heart. The Old Reprobate was going in for philanthropy. The Kind Lady, a philanthropist herself, was not entirely convinced of the worthiness of the cause, but she could not prevail against the Old Reprobate's persistent arguments. Finally she gave him \$2. After that the savings dwindled. When all of his money was gone he had to give up his room. Speak-easies knew him again, but thrift no longer. The Kind Lady asked gently if his rooming-house friend had paid back her borrowings. He confessed that he hadn't been able to find her since he had left. After all, ladies must live.

* * * * *

SO thrift, ambition, and charity betrayed the Old Reprobate to a cynical world. The Kind Lady has not seen him now for months. It may be that in his embittered state he threw himself into the sea; or it may be that he merely went South for the winter and will come back trailing a spring breeze. But the Drifter at least profited by the Old Reprobate's experience. He realized that even thrift is a snare and a delusion. But it was with real regret for a vanished faith that he drew out all his savings—and bought himself a new spring hat.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Eminent Aliens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At this moment, when Congress is considering drastic bills dealing with aliens, restriction of their entry, their registration, their deportation, it may not be inappropriate to consider aliens in another light. Had certain aliens within the past fifty years been forbidden to enter the United States, or been harassed almost to death by compulsory registration with the accompanying requirement of an annual payment of \$5, or had they been deported upon trivial evidence, would our country have lost or gained in reputation?

Naturally all of us Americans were immigrants or descendants of immigrants, but we will limit our list to those who have crossed the seas in our own time; thus ruling out Canadians, for though names like that of Dr. Osler and Bishop Brent are typical of the great addition made to our national life by those who have crossed the border, the number would be too great to be here considered. We are thinking particularly at this time of those who have come from the Old Country to the New, looking to it as to a Promised Land where there would be no pogroms or famines, but where liberty and opportunity would be found.

From Hungary came Professor Michael Pupin of Columbia University and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue, and from Germany that great inventor Charles Steinmetz. Russia gave us that distinguished medalist, Victor

Brenner, and his great master, St.-Gaudens, came from Ireland. Willem Hendrik van Loon, whose histories and pictures instruct and delight both young and old, came from Holland, and from the East End of London came Samuel Gompers, to whom more perhaps than to any other one man the American labor movement owes a great debt of gratitude. Marconi lived for a time among us, but as he was already distinguished when he came we cannot, perhaps, claim that we had a share in his development, though we owe much to his genius.

Robert Haven Schauffler has put it well when he says:

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum of the earth," to shame them.
Mercy on us of the few, few young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude.

Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

This then is our problem, the duties of hospitality to the alien. And how are our servants in Congress planning to circumvent the part in the history of civilization that America has taken from the beginning? House Bill Number 5583 provides for the registration through the post office of all aliens over sixteen years of age and that their changes of residence, physical appearance, and name must be reported. Failure to register is made a crime and subjects the alien to deportation. This bill would create a system of espionage and intimidation unknown in this country. We picture the youth Michael Pupin forced to undergo such indignities—would he not have decided that Hungary was more to his mind than America? Or St.-Gaudens, would he have tolerated such oppressive treatment?

Baltimore, Maryland, March 26

ELIZABETH GILMAN

Newspaper Circulation Figures

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the circulation table accompanying an article on Journalistic Jazz, in your issue of March 31, I gave inaccurate figures for the *New York World*, as follows: Daily, 314,687; Sunday, 387,912. The figures given in the 1925 Ayer's newspaper directory are 378,912 for the daily and 574,452 for the Sunday. The article was written before the 1926 Ayer's was available, giving these figures: daily, 348,148; Sunday, 581,660.

New York, March 30

SILAS BENT

Wages for Wives—A Russian View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group of us (with the exception of myself all Russians) discussed your recent articles on Wages for Wives. The consensus of opinion without a dissenting voice is that the whole question of wages for wives is but an additional sign of the disintegration of the family in capitalistic society and of its penetration by the selfish spirit of business.

The social revolution in Soviet Russia has liberated woman and has put her at par with man. She has been truly socialized, of course not in the absurd and sensual manner of your stupid propagandists. Woman has been socialized by giving her equal opportunities in the social, economic, and political life of the country, by guaranteeing her equality before the law, and by stressing a single standard of morality. Most women in Soviet Russia are contributing to the family income. They not only manage their household and children but fre-

quently work at some factory, office, or school. I personally am the mother of five minor children and yet I find time to teach at a school fifteen hours per week.

The relation of husband and wife is to us not one of employer and employee, or that of business partners; it is a nucleus or a cell of a voluntary communist society we are aspiring to, where each contributes according to his strength and receives according to his needs. We want neither book-keeping nor contracts with our husbands. We find it not at all to be a sign of progress when that which once was built upon the relation of mutual trust is reduced to that of mere business, where all life values are priced according to material gains and losses only. We free women of Russia do not sell ourselves nor our labor to our husbands; neither do we consider ourselves bound by a tradition of a lifelong union. We live together while we love each other and we separate when we find that we do not fit. We revolt against the thought that the spirit of business wants to invade that which is dearest to us. By this of course we do not say that all unions of man and woman in Soviet Russia are ideal or ever will be. The abandoned and wanton woman or man of course needs to be taken care of, but we want to do this socially just as we take care of abandoned children or sick or aged people. In a socialist society this is no grave problem.

No wages or shares for us wives of Soviet Russia! Our family is not a business! And our love relations are not measured in terms of money.

Moscow, February 15

ELIZABETH J. HECKER

Praise for Mr. Ducasse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have only just read the two columns by C. J. Ducasse on Significant Form; but I have already read it twice. Not for a long time have I encountered so pithy, pertinent, and pungent a criticism. Will you not give us some more of Mr. Ducasse's exquisite surgery? Surely there are other growths he can rid us of with the same quick fingers. I wish he might attend and report, for instance, one of the courses given by Mr. Orage.

New York, February 22

WITTER BYNNER

The Essence of Monuments

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although *The Nation* touches the essence of things more often by far than any other American publication, I believe it has for once analyzed a situation wrongly.

In the issue of February 17 is an article on Monuments and Monuments which supplements an article along similar lines published about two weeks ago. Both denounce the efforts of worshipers of Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan, etc., to erect impressive monuments or establish monumental parks in Washington, D. C., which would tend to dwarf the present Washington and Lincoln memorials.

If it be remembered that the racial memory acts upon the image of a man who has somehow attracted the attention of a nation or a world to extract and preserve only the precious metal of his ideals for the contemplation of posterity, it will be evident at once that whose name is perpetuated matters little, provided his deeds have in general expounded any of the vital human qualities.

The chief function of monuments is therefore to act as reservoirs for the preservation of ideals. The memories of the apotheosized men serve only as ever-widening channels through which flow the waters of admiration to fill the reservoirs. If monuments are looked at in any other light, they immediately degenerate into symbols of an egotistic exhibitionary complex. I mean, in plain terms, that a native speaking to a foreigner

will always take care to imply that the greatness of his country's heroes is to be measured by the size and grandeur of their monuments.

Philosophical argument aside, to view the matter with that outstanding American trait, practicality, one is forced to admit that beautiful parks and useful monuments (not mausoleums!) are too rare and precious to be refused merely because a name is attached to them. Gifts with even more embarrassing strings attached are not refused by great universities, for these strings cannot inhibit their usefulness in any fundamental way.

Therefore, if the followers of Roosevelt or Wilson or Bryan wish to contribute Beauty or Utility in the name of their particular will-o'-the-wisp, halt them not. But recommend that they create their parks in localities more needful of beauty and of sunlight than Washington; a fund to replace the graveyards of lower Manhattan, of downtown Boston, of central Philadelphia, with restful parks would immensely further that other great American cause, Digestion, and would lower the neurasthenia death-rates considerably.

New York, February 11

FENN GERMER

Contributors to This Issue

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, as owner and editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*, threw his influence behind the effort to keep the United States out of the war.

EDGAR MELS, as special correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, covered the oil scandal and the Daugherty investigation.

C. B. ALLEN is first lieutenant in the Air Service Reserve. MADGE A. RIPLEY is the wife of Samuel S. Ripley, who was born in Samoa and who wrote *Our Naval Autocracy in Samoa* in *The Nation* of March 15, 1922.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, writes regular Washington letters for *The Nation*.

FRANCES DENSMORE has been studying the music of the American Indians for thirty-five years.

LYNN RIGGS lived for two years in New Mexico. His first play will be produced next fall.

T. K. WHIPPLE is assistant professor of English at the University of California.

IRWIN EDMAN is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University. He is the author of "Poems" (1925), and is now in Italy writing.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska, and author of "Manito Masks."

D. H. LAWRENCE's latest novel is "Plumed Serpent." He wrote "Studies in Classic American Literature."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is an authority on labor subjects.

BABETTE DEUTSCH won *The Nation's* Poetry Contest for 1925. Her latest volume is "Honey Out of the Rock."

ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist living in New York.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative."

H. M. KALLEN is the author of "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy," "Zionism and World Politics," etc.

HENDRIK VAN LOON is the author of "Ancient Man" and "The Story of Mankind."

H. A. OVERSTREET is professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

ARTHUR E. E. READE is a British writer who has been studying political conditions in Athens.

ROBERT BYRON is connected with the London *Daily Mail*. He has recently spent some months in Greece and the Dodecanese islands.

International Relations Section

The Dictatorship in Greece

By ARTHUR E. E. READE

Athens, February 18

AS many constitutions as Greece has had in three thousand years of history so many tyrants has she had to upset them, but General Pangalos has created a record as the first dictator to upset his own constitution.

The Greek dictator follows a tradition now well established among the mighty of this earth in letting it be known that he cherishes no other ambition than to retire from politics to private life among the family goats and pigeons at Eleusis; yet, needless to say, no one is more energetic in thwarting this ambition than General Pangalos himself—to the extreme sorrow of the politicians whom he has deprived of press and place. After the coup d'état by which General Pangalos seized power last June the National Assembly, before it adjourned, appointed a parliamentary commission to complete the drafting of the constitution for the National Assembly to ratify in October. This commission was under the chairmanship of M. Papanastassiou, a former Prime Minister and the leader of the Democratic Union, the party of the left-wing anti-Venizelist Republicans (the permanent suppression of whose organ, *Dimokratia*, and *Athenai* this week gives the coup de grace to the opposition press and has been followed by the deportation from Athens of M. Papanastassiou himself). The commission introduced into its constitution a clause automatically relieving the Prime Minister of the burden of office at the end of a year. General Pangalos answered this insult to a soldier's sense of duty by promulgating his own constitution and relieving the adjourned National Assembly of the humiliation of having to accept it at the point of the bayonet by dissolving that body, a fortnight before it was due to reassemble. The elections which were to follow have now been indefinitely adjourned in favor of "integral democracy," which, we learn from General Pangalos himself, is the correct description of the present regime.*

Half a century ago there was an optimistic Greek poet who wrote: "When they hold free elections in the land, the ten plagues of Egypt will disappear." In the meanwhile Greece has to draw what comfort it may from the hopeful statement of a recent communiqué that "In all probability (*sic*) when the opportune (*sic*) moment shall have arrived, the Government will not hesitate to submit the work completed to the popular verdict." This prospect has been further qualified by the announcement that the Government "considers the party leaders to be completely discredited in the eyes of public opinion. Consequently it seems not impossible that in the message which it [the Government] will address to the people for the elections, it will forbid all those who have hitherto participated in politics in any way whatever to continue taking

part." Clearly these elections are to be an example of a democracy even more "integral" than that of the dictatorship.

For seventeen years Greek politics have been the sport of the group of army officers principally belonging to the regiment of Evzones and the old Royal, now Republican, Guard. It was at their luncheon party that General Pangalos found himself, when the time for the toasts had arrived, moved in the spirit to respond to the officers' appeal and proclaim himself thenceforward Dictator. It did not amount, as most of the foreign press supposed, to a fresh coup; it merely meant that the Government was thenceforward in form what it had already been in practice for the preceding six months. The pretense was at last abandoned that the revolution had as its prime object to hasten the achievement of the constitution (over which the National Assembly had been debating ever since the overthrow of the monarchy) and thus to enable the country to return to "normalcy" by way of free elections.

The overthrow of the Michalacopoulos Government in June had been the army's answer to the breakdown of the Graeco-Serb treaty negotiations as a result of the Yugoslav demand for control of the Gevgeli-Salonica railway line—Yugoslavia's insistence being attributed by General Pangalos and his supporters to the feeble military condition of Greece, a state of affairs for which the Conservative Republicans then in office and their immediate predecessors were held responsible.

General Pangalos is heart and soul a man of war. He does not pretend otherwise. The long-promised constitution was scrapped almost before the ink with which the President of the Republic had signed it was dry, and it was scrapped so that the popular vote should have no chance to check the unprecedented program of military, aeronautical, and naval development, to which an almost bankrupt state is being committed, and the reckless cutting of the already miserable social services.

Nothing piqued the plain, simple soldier more than the Venizelist criticisms of his riotous militarism during the Graeco-Bulgar frontier dispute—when, as one of his own subordinates remarked, "he tried to conduct diplomacy as if he were commanding an army corps." He was further nettled by the opposition of the parties of MM. Papanastassiou, Caphandris, and Michalacopoulos during the municipal elections in the autumn; this opposition was held responsible for causing the abstention of many middle-class voters and splitting the vote of the rest with the consequent victory in Xanthe and Salonica (where a general economic crisis has followed the slump in the tobacco trade) of the Labor and Communist candidates who were supported by a bloc of trade unions and refugee organizations and the Jewish and Macedonian national minorities. Nor, when the elections had been annulled only for the same result to be repeated again with an increased majority against the Government, was the moral effect of the reverse diminished by the arbitrary arrest of the successful candidates whose crime had been their success. A reactionary government, however, can always make the most of a "red peril"; it provided an opportunity to justify the virtual outlawry of the leaders of the opposition, and, no doubt with a view to winning support for the dictatorship in easily alarmed quarters, the new Sureté Speciale, under the cousin of General Pangalos, Commandant Ghinos, pro-

* Plans for a further revision of the Greek form of government were announced by General Pangalos in March. He will, he states, create a constitution providing for a bi-cameral legislature, "using the United States as a model," and investing the executive with wide powers. He plans himself to run for the presidency. The London Times, commenting upon this measure, says: "The real parallel is probably to be found in the Fascist dictatorship of Signor Mussolini. Like his Italian model General Pangalos has taken the government by storm; like him he is prepared to regularize his position—but on condition that the 'old parties' comply with the conditions which he has imposed *manu militari* on the electorate, or remain silent."

Everybody Enjoys This Book—

Wm. Allen White

"Sullivan's reality in putting in his background is so genuine that it restores youth. . . The reader in his forties, or fifties, or sixties who goes into this book takes a joyful souse into the fountain of youth."

Stuart Sherman

"Mark Sullivan's book has delighted me from the title to the last line on page 602. Since I have read Mark Sullivan's book, I envy old men no more. I, too, have had a majestic life."

Julian Street

"Makes better reading than most novels. I have never read a book that so vividly called back the details of that strange life we led in the golden nineties. . . It's one *grand book*."

Albert J. Beveridge

"I cannot say too much of this worth-while volume. Nobody who wishes to know what has happened in America during the last thirty years can afford to be without it."

Edmund Pearson

"I have had to carry the book around with me under cover of my coat, since everyone who has got a glimpse of it has tried to wrest it from me. . . A book which I have been reading with continual delight."

Mark Sullivan's OUR TIMES: THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

610 pages. 213 illustrations. \$5.00

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

"Stories of fine insight and finished craft. . . Mellow, mature, ironic, entertaining stories, and one of them at least, challenges the best of our contemporary output."—*New York Times*.

"A delicious literary compote. . . Originality, freshness, intriguing plot, natural yet unexpected surprise, and an easy manner of writing."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The story 'Absolution' we believe to be as fine an achievement in the field of the brief tale as any by a living American."

—*New York Evening Post*.
\$2.00



Ring Lardner's THE LOVE NEST and other stories

Nine new stories in Ring Lardner's incomparable manner. \$1.75

FIX BAYONETS!

By John W. Thomason, Jr.

Captain U. S. Marine Corps.

"'Fix Bayonets!' is in the company of Tolstoy and Crane and Bierce in the literature of war. Indeed, I should leave Crane out of it, and just behind Thomason. 'The Red Badge of Courage' cannot stand the fierce sun of 'Fix Bayonets!'"

"It is a book that is part of the American heritage. It becomes this heritage not only for its prose. Its drawings contain, above all others done by Americans in war, the philosophy of conflict. The pictures are inextricably woven into the text in a wonderful stroke of two talents of the artist found within the gift of one man, and that man a soldier first of all."

—LAURENCE STALLINGS in *McCall's Magazine*.
Profusely illustrated by Capt. Thomason. \$3.50

CRITICAL WOODCUTS

By Stuart Sherman

"One of the most interesting of the five subtle volumes which this critic, who is at once so responsible and so sensitive, has devoted to contemporary literature."—MARK VAN DOREN in the *Nation*.
With Woodcuts by Bertrand Zadig. \$2.50

INDIA (The Modern World)

By Sir Valentine Chirol

An authoritative volume. Other books in the "Modern World Series" already published are: "Germany," by G. P. Gooch; "Norway," by G. Gathorne Hardy; "Russia," by Valentine O'Hara and N. Makeef; and "Ireland," by Stephen Gwynn. Each volume, \$3.00

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE

By Allen Johnson, Professor of American History, Yale University.

A concrete and extremely interesting discussion of the methods of collecting historical evidence, of doubting and sifting it, of criticising and proving it. \$2.00

The South Seas Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, 32 volumes, any volume 90 cents at any bookstore.

PLAYS; Sixth Series

By John Galsworthy

Combining in one volume "Old English," "The Show," "The Forest." \$2.50

THE MEADOWS

By John C. Van Dyke

"Familiar Studies of the Commonplace" the author styles this charming survey of the simple beauties of the low-lying landscape. \$2.00

CONFESSIONS OF A CAPITALIST

By Sir E. J. P. Benn

An economic study with an individual flavor. Now being translated into Norwegian, Dutch, German and French. \$5.00

MYSTERY CITIES

By Thomas Gann

Exploration of ancient Maya cities in British Honduras.

Illustrated. \$5.00

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH

By Sisley Huddleston

An up-to-the-minute study of contemporary France by a close observer. \$3.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE AT 48th STREET, NEW YORK

ceeded to the arrest of a succession of "heads of the Cheka," "just arrived from Moscow" who, if police statements are to be believed, were all conveniently provided with documents asserting in writing their secret intention to assassinate the Cabinet. One of these dangerous individuals turned out to be an émigré Russian officer, a former "White" in exile since 1918. Two more were messengers employed by the Soviet Mission in Athens—both Greeks, one not a Communist at all, the other a youth of eighteen whose parents had emigrated with him from Odessa in his childhood. More serious, however, has been the arrest of a Soviet citizen, employed in the technical department of the Legation. His detention in prison for many weeks without formal charge preferred has strained relations not only between the Soviet Legation and the Greek Government but also between General Pangalos and his Foreign Office itself. For there was also arrested the director of the Foreign Office archives, M. E. Stephanou, charged with having attempted to negotiate the sale of state documents to the Soviet official. The sole evidence of a treasonable plot lay in the reports of detectives and agents-provocateurs but it was only after a long imprisonment without trial that M. Stephanou, whom the police had arrested with much éclat, was released with the minimum of fuss and publicity. Meanwhile there had quietly occurred an event of considerable diplomatic significance: M. Rouphos, the Foreign Minister, issued a statement saying that no one but the Government was in charge of foreign policy, which brief and mysterious announcement presumably though not specifically had reference to the sudden dismissal the following morning, at half an hour's notice, of the permanent head of the Foreign Office, M. Caftanzoglou, one of the most trusted and respected men in the somewhat sordid official life of Greece. A foreign diplomat in Athens remarked that M. Caftanzoglou was the only Foreign Office official with whom one could transact official business without being offered a deal in raisins or some profitable speculation. M. Caftanzoglou has loyally refrained from all exploitation of his grievance, but it is known that his opposition to allowing questions of expediency to interfere with Greece's friendly relations with all foreign Powers had brought about profound differences of opinion between him and M. Rouphos.

M. Rouphos is an old Royalist. So effectively has General Pangalos, doughty champion of extreme Republicanism, disposed of royalism as an issue in Greek politics that the erstwhile Royalists, now calling themselves simply anti-Venizelists, join his Government to recover old scores against those Republican parties—Venizelist or anti-Venizelist—who held the majority in the National Assembly! It is perhaps to these reformed Royalists that one may look for any future change. M. Zaimis, a former High Commissioner of Crete and one of King Constantine's prime ministers, is mentioned as the possible leader of a move to oust General Pangalos early in the spring. It is commonly estimated that since the resignation of Admiral Hadji-kyriakos, the Prime Minister cannot count on the sure support of more than 20 per cent of the armed forces. The wish may be father to the thought in these estimates; still it is interesting to note the opinion of M. Jules Rateau, the Athens correspondent of the *Temps*, that even last June the military movement could have been defeated had M. Michalacopoulos cared to put up a fight; M. Rateau should know, for it was he who, bringing to M. Pangalos

the news that a warrant was out for his arrest, persuaded the General to start the revolt.

Meanwhile M. Venizelos himself has let it be known that he contemplates a possible return to Greece when he has completed the task on which he is at present engaged—the preparation of an edition of Thucydides, with a political commentary!

The transfer from the town police to the gendarmerie of the task of maintaining law and order in Athens is symptomatic of the lighter side of the dictatorship in the third of the Mediterranean peninsulas. The town police now have the more delicate responsibility of arresting ladies whose skirts do not reach within 35 centimeters of the ground, of taking in charge girls under 21 seen out after 10 p. m. unaccompanied by parent or guardian, of throwing spiked poles under the tires of reckless motorists, and of bringing before their Archbishop priests found frequenting cabarets or worse.

Statistics relative to crime in 1924, just issued, reveal the fact that in the whole of Greece, whose total population is less than that of London, no fewer than 41,541 criminals (including 2,429 women) were condemned in the course of twelve months. The crimes include 2,887 cases of cattle-stealing, 5,060 cases of illicit speculation, 5,392 cases of personal violence (from murder downward), and 160 cases of brigandage. Brigandage, often of a picturesque Robin Hood type, still flourishes in Greece, and is likely to continue to do so, for so long as the brigands maintain their code of romantic chivalry toward friends and of ruthless vengeance toward foes they will not be betrayed to the authorities by the peasants or the clergy on whose hospitality they depend—a hospitality by no means always unrecompensed. General Pangalos, however, is on the war-path against brigandage no less than against pacifism and short skirts. After the recent public execution in Athens of two officers found guilty of malversation of state funds, the Prime Minister warned the brigands of the mountains that the first hanging in Athens (a spectacle, by the way, which drew the biggest crowd of the year) would be by no means the last. At the beginning of the present year the penal machinery of the country was so congested by having 70,000 prisoners to deal with that the Government is amnestying those charged with such offenses as adultery (!) who are willing to pay 200 drachmas for their release. Hereinafter, says General Pangalos, the penal code is to be made more savage than it is and all remissions of sentence and releases on parole will be abolished.

Government by gendarmerie (I borrow the term from a government official) has not terrorized the Greeks into that silence so cautiously preserved on all occasions by opponents of the Government in certain other Balkan states. The hard-trying citizen, be he a government official himself or a waiter in a cafe, does not hide his disapproval or that energetic patriotism which inspires the Dictator to raise a forced loan by the method of devalorizing the currency at the end of the week when workmen have just received their wages, while the money of the well-to-do in the bank is expressly exempted. The eloquent philippics of the official press on the peril that threatens from the Macedonia border do not fill the stomach of the poor man waiting on a queue at the money-changer's to sell the clipped-off quarter of his week's wages at knockout prices to the speculators who can

wait to change it into government stock. The Greek shrugs his shoulders, half in protest, half laughingly, throws up his hands, and murmurs in tones of despair, "Ellada"—they do not say "Hellas" nowadays, it would sound too like *Hélas!*

Fascism in the Dodecanese

By ROBERT BYRON

AT the eastern end of the Mediterranean, scattered around the southwest corner of Asia Minor, lies a group of thirteen islands known as the Dodecanese. For many years the cultural center of the ancient world and during two centuries the outstanding military bulwark of Western civilization, these islands, with the surrender of Rhodes in 1523, eventually fell under the suzerainty of Turkey. Here they remained until the Italo-Turkish War of 1912, when the Italian Admiral d'Aste Stella, in command of a squadron of battleships, sailed across the Aegean and called on the Dodecanesian Greeks to help him deliver them from the domination of the Infidel. The combined effort proved successful. The Italians, however, were obliged to occupy the islands until the cessation of hostilities with Turkey; and they had not evacuated them before their entry into the Great War rendered their retention strategically essential. At the same time Italy felt compelled, for some unexplained reason, to forbid the mobilization of the islanders on behalf of the Entente Powers.

After the war, by Article 122 of the Treaty of Sèvres, signed and ratified by Italy in 1920, it was eventually agreed that the twelve smaller islands should be ceded to their parent country, Greece; while in the event of the British renunciation of Cyprus, the fate of Rhodes was to be determined by plebiscite in 1935. Meanwhile the Greek troops had been sent to Smyrna. The disaster of 1922 ensued; and the Italians, relieved of their fear of a successful Hellenic militarism, decided to remain where they were. Their administration of the Dodecanese today presents a complete negation of the accepted precepts of civilized government.

Different opinions have been held as to the quality of Turkish liberalism. But for the purpose of comparing the past with the present, one quotation from an edict issued in 1835 by Mahmud II will suffice to turn the scale in favor of the former, as far as the Dodecanese is concerned. The occasion was the restoration of the ancient rights of Calymnos, Ikaria, Patmos, and Leros, forfeited during the Greek War of Independence. After providing for the payment of the recognized tribute, the instructions from the Sultan to his Vizier run as follows: "At the same time their affairs shall be conducted and completed according to their own wishes by men whom they themselves shall elect every year." The Dodecanese, from 1523 to 1912, consisted of a collection of "small autonomous republics, active, enlightened, and wisely administered."

In strong contrast to the comparative freedom of the Turkish rule is the process of Italianization at present in progress, a process familiar to students of the problems of the German minorities in Southern Tyrol. The Greek flag is taboo. Schools have been closed and interinsular communication has been rendered almost impossible. The alternative to Italian citizenship is exile. All schoolmasters

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

announce the most notable book of the spring by the greatest living romanticist

THE SILVER STALLION

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL



Mr. Cabell's first book of fiction in nearly three years and one which stands shoulder to shoulder with its companion volumes, "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth." It is a romance of Poictesme, a direct sequel to "Figures of Earth," and it tells in part of the boyhood and young manhood of Jurgen. It is filled

with the wit, the beauty, and the audacity which have made its author famous. "The Silver Stallion" closes the cycle of the romances of Poictesme, a country memorable as the scene of three of the greatest books written in modern times.

Second printing before publication. *Kalki* edition.

\$2.50 net

(Also a limited edition, autographed by the author, large octavo, black cloth, boxed.) \$10 net

The Merriest Book of the Year

TOPPER - - - - - By Thorne Smith

The adventures of Cosmo Topper, who in an innocent moment made friends with certain disreputable persons from another world. "It is the dream of a mad hatter. It is full of the joy of living. A merry and wise book."—*New York Times*.

"One laughs till one weeps."—*Chicago Post*.

"It is a fine piece of madness with laughter in many keys . . . one of the most glorious brawls in our time."—*Baltimore Evening Sun*.

\$2 net

The Best Anthology of the Year

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD

Edited by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber

The most comprehensive anthology of short stories ever published. 177 masterpieces drawn from all ages and from 35 literatures. 1,066 pages.

\$5 net

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

7 West 16th Street

New York

must learn Italian. Similarly, at the harbor towns all street-signs must display, and all boatmen speak, the alien language, for the benefit of tourists. To any Italian marrying a Dodecanesian woman, who brings a dowry of land on which he can settle, a reward of 5,000 lire is offered. Such is the fate of the proudest and least orientalized of the Greek communities, hardliving and hardworking, where the ancient crafts and traditions have survived. In 1918 the Italian *carabinieri* fired on an unarmed crowd in Rhodes, killing two women and a priest. Three months ago some schoolboys of Calymnos were beaten and imprisoned for writing "Long Live Greece" on the walls of their town.

There was a time when the Powers protested at such happenings, when the beating of Polish children by the Prussians or the massacre of workers in St. Petersburg in 1905 roused the Anglo-Saxon peoples to fury. But if it is nothing to us that these islands are being deliberately ruined, that a resident population of 140,000 has been reduced within the last fourteen years by 60,000, there are perhaps more material considerations that will attract the attention of an unsympathetic world. The installation of big guns and the construction of a submarine and air base at Leros would at least seem to indicate that the Italians consider their occupation permanent.

It is the fashion at the moment to disregard the pugnacious utterances of Signor Mussolini and his press. Fascism must be fed on violence, it is said; and these threats of a Roman Empire and a Napoleonic Year are only sops to an appetite deprived of further Matteottis by the absence of parliamentary opposition. Yet the ships constructed in Italian dockyards in 1925 amounted to 204,367 more tons than those built in the United States. And admittedly Italy makes no secret of her ambition, her intention, in fact, to possess the mineral wealth of Lycia, the southernmost province of Asia Minor, and the coal-fields of Heraklea on the Black Sea. From this point of view the Dodecanese, situated between the Bosphorus and the Suez Canal, commands a position of paralyzing strategic importance. Thus the clouds gather and the world leaves its umbrella at home. Meanwhile the islanders suffer. Even General Pangalos, impelled by the common fear of Turkey and Jugoslavia, must needs accept the momentarily friendly advances of Italian diplomacy.

Fourteen years ago, in a proclamation to the Rhodians, the Italian General Ameglio gave the following assurances:

At the end of the war (the Italo-Turkish War) your islands shall receive an autonomous regime. I tell you this in my capacity as a soldier and a Christian and I pray that you will regard my words as the words of the Gospel.

To quote from the *Messenger d'Athènes* of February 2: "The Dodecanesians are waiting for the words of the Gospel to come true."

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

FINEST BLUE SERGE direct to you at mill cost.
Introductory price
\$3 PER YARD. 56 inches wide. GUARANTEED 100%
PURE WOOL. Get a suit length (3 1/3 yards) now. Sample on request.

THE AMERICAN SERGE MILLS

Box 32, Station D

New York

THE LAZY COLON

LARGE INTESTINE

Newer methods and latest advances of science in the relief of Constipation and Allied Disorders. Derived from investigations and discoveries of 350 Physicians and Scientists of International Reputation, since the X-Rays were first used in exploring the 28 feet of human intestine in 1907. This tract, says Foges, of Vienna, is the most prolific source of dangerous diseases, including particularly heart disease and cancer; also kidney, liver and stomach disorders. New, authoritative, interesting, detailed. Enlarged edition, \$2.50; by mail, \$2.64. By Charles M. Campbell and A. K. Detwiller, M.D.

Partial List of 37 Chapter Titles

Surprising Theories of Water Drinking; Mysteries of the Intestine Revealed by X-Rays; Some Curious Causes of Constipation; Startling Theories of Self-Poisoning; Story the Urine Tells; Hardening of the Arteries and Blood Pressure; Purgatives—Their Proper and Improper Use; Mineral Oil as a Laxative; Bran or Agar, Which? Vitamin Facts; Greatest Menace of All; Intelligent Use of the Enema; the Coated Tongue—Its Cause and Meaning; Is Sugar of Milk the Long Sought Remedy? Prominent Authorities on Good Complexions.

Judge E. H. Gary, head of U. S. Steel: "It is a fine piece of work."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium: "The authors are to be congratulated on this excellent work."

If dissatisfied the book can be returned in good condition in five days.

EDUCATIONAL PRESS

36 West 9th Street

Dept. 31

NEW YORK

YOU WILL DOUBTLESS BE COMING
TO ENGLAND THIS SUMMER?

Do not fail to visit

HEFFERS of CAMBRIDGE

☞ Fine and Rare Books

First Editions & Association Items

New Books in every field of Literature. Scientific Books

☞ Catalogues issued monthly

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD., PETTY CURY
CAMBRIDGE, ENG. CABLES: HEFFER CAMBRIDGE

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE Program April 16-22
AT COOPER UNION (8th Street and Astor Place)

At 8 o'Clock

ADMISSION FREE

Friday, Apr. 16.....Everett Dean Martin

"The Meaning of a Liberal Education."

Sunday, Apr. 18.....Dr. Stephen Duggan

"The Educational Ferment in China."

Tuesday, Apr. 20.....Mr. Carl Van Doren

"What Is a Poet?"

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL

(Lexington Ave. and 22nd St. at 8 o'Clock)

Single Adm. 25 cents.

Reduction for Course Tickets

Saturday, Apr. 17.....Houston Peterson

"The Dramas of Ibsen"

Monday, Apr. 19.....Mortimer J. Adler

"The Methods of Psychology"

Wednesday, Apr. 21.....Dr. Horace M. Kallen

"Why Religion?"

Thursday, Apr. 22.....Dr. E. G. Spaulding

"The Evolution of Ideas"

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

Spring Book Section

Poems From Desert Indians

By FRANCES DENSMORE

The words of Indian songs are the poetry of the race. We hear only the sound of Indian singing, but the Indians hear and enjoy the delicacy and imagery of the words. A particularly poetic tribe is the Papago, living in southern Arizona. The poems here presented are the words of songs recorded in that tribe, and are used by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. A portion of the songs are connected with a ceremony intended to bring rain.

1

Here I am sitting and with my power I bring the south wind
toward me,
After the wind I draw the clouds,
And after the clouds I draw the rain that makes the wild
flowers grow on our home ground and look so beautiful.

2

By the sandy water I breathe in the odor of the sea,
From there the wind comes and blows over the world,
By the sandy water I breathe in the odor of the sea,
From there the clouds come and rain falls over the world.

3

The cottonwood leaves are falling and flying in the air,
On top of the remaining mountain they are flying around
And falling as though they were wet.

4

Under us the world spreads wide,
From there the corn comes up,
On the leaves the water moves in little drops.
Under us the mountain stands wide,
On that the squash comes up
And the water spreads over the vines.

5

A poor man takes the songs in his hand and drops them
near the place where the sun sets,
See, little girl, run to them and take them in your hand
And place them under the sunset.

6

Crazy woman, crazy woman, trying to sing to mescal leaves,
How can she sing to them and make the wind come?
Young children trying to sing to *bahwi* flowers,
How can they sing to *bahwi* flowers and bring rain?

Santo Domingo Corn Dance

By LYNN RIGGS

THE CHORUS

"Bring rain—
As we bring now
Our gift of dance and song
To You, who dance not, nor sing,
Bring rain!"

THE DANCERS

Bodies
Reddened, and gourds,
Rain girdles, ornaments,
The skins of foxes—what should please
You more?

PORTENT

But look!
Where the line whips
Like rain in corn, like clouds
Wind-beaten, or like the frown upon
His brow!

SONG OF THE BODIES

"I am
Naked before
You, High One—Look! Hear me!
As I stamp this ground worn smooth
By feet.

"Not as
A suppliant
I shake the doors of earth.
Let the green corn spring to meet
My tread."

THE CLOUDS

Just now
Across the line
Of these red men there swept
Like wings of thunder at the sun—
Shadows!

THE KOSHARI

As if
Their feet were struck
With scorn, their hands with pride
Koshari glide, halt, grimace, grin,
And turn.

THE CHILD DANCER

"But that
I am a child
I should not notice
The branch of spruce tied on his arm
In my eyes."

THE ORCHARD

Beyond
The baking roofs
A barren mountain points
Still higher, though its feet are white
With bloom.

RAIN

One drum
Note more, one voice,
One slant of bodies—
And my tears will fall like rain
Upon this ground.

Henry Adams: First of Moderns

By T. K. WHIPPLE

MODERN American literature may have begun in 1895 with "The Red Badge of Courage" or in 1900 with "Sister Carrie"; but the future historian will have to begin his discussion of twentieth-century letters neither with Stephen Crane nor with Dreiser but with a man who was thirty-three in 1871 when they were born, and sixty-two when the new century began. Henry Adams was much discussed when his "Education" was made public seven years ago; his significance, however, has never been fully appreciated. That he who could remember John Quincy Adams should have arrived, before he died, at the most advanced contemporary point of view—that, surely, is miraculous. Nor is this all. Because he has told his own story with such acumen in "The Education of Henry Adams," and because his life covered so great a span, his autobiography enables us as does no other book to watch the modern view of life actually in process of formation and thereby to understand its causes and its nature. No one throws so much light on our current writers—and incidentally on ourselves—as Henry Adams.

The creed of literary naturalism has been formulated by no other American more emphatically than it was by Henry Adams. The conclusion to which his long lifetime led him was simply this: "In plain words, Chaos was the law of nature; Order was the dream of man." The universe, so far as he could discover, contained no trace of plan, much less of purpose; it was not, in fact, a universe at all, but a "multiverse," for it was not under a single control but was sheer accident, anarchy, catastrophe, unintelligible and meaningless, only a random manifestation of aimless, senseless forces. It was not a unity like a watch but a multiplicity like a heap of fireworks set off by chance. In this view he included not only man's physical environment but the whole of human existence. He saw no reason to suppose that humankind stood in a peculiar position or enjoyed special privileges; man, he thought, was as much a subordinate part of nature as a rock or a chemical element, the unconscious sport of natural forces. Human history he found "in essence incoherent and immoral," with no trace of rational sequence. Moreover, man's conception of himself as an individual unit he thought illusory, for inspection at once revealed personality or the self as a multiplicity in which order is obnoxious to nature. Man is a microchaos within to fit the macrochaos without.

Much the same view of life is explicitly stated by Theodore Dreiser, and is implicit to varying degrees in most current writing, as for example in the work of Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, and Eugene O'Neill. To be sure, naturalism is general in all modern literatures, but by Americans it is given a peculiar twist which suggests that the American environment as well as the *Zeitgeist* has had something to do with the formation of this philosophy. This supposition Adams helps corroborate. With him as with other men one may safely take for granted that his own personal experience—above all, his experience in the United States from 1865 to 1900—influenced his opinions fully as much as his studies. Henry Adams's philosophy, at least in part, is a projection of his own sense of futility and frustration; and that feeling in

turn is to be accounted for by the three-cornered war waged between his innate constitution, his inheritance, and his environment.

Henry Adams ought to have been one of the intellectual leaders of his generation. As he himself recognized, his whole bent was toward the life of *theoria*, not the life of action. By nature his mind was of a speculative, questioning cast, reflective and critical. In the end his achievements were those of the historian, critic, and philosopher. But they were far below his potentialities because he was prevented from following his native bias. Of all the forces which conspired against him the first was his New England heritage. He grew up in an arctic moral atmosphere, in a world where no motive, no value, existed save duty. Moreover this duty, in the phrase of his father, was to become a "useful member of society." And not only must Henry lead an active, practical, useful life, but, being heir to a family curse of greatness, he must make an eminent success therein. For him there was only one set of alternatives: to succeed in action or to fail. The more clearly he realized his inclination to the speculative, the more sternly he girded himself for action. "To him the current of his time was to be his current, lead where it might."

Even though it led to failure—as it was bound to do. For Fate, not content with having set Adams's nature and heritage against one another, placed him in an environment which was hostile to both. The time to which he resolved so desperately to belong was the age of exploitation. The typical incident of American history in the nineteenth century was the gold rush of '49; that is what for nearly one hundred years life meant in the United States: a wild, savage scramble for nature's riches. "The moral law," as Adams observes, "had expired—like the Constitution." Just as gold had dragged thousands across and around the continent to the Sierras, so at the behest of other physical and economic forces the Americans of the time devoted themselves body and soul to economic individualism and self-aggrandizement. The superhuman powers had decreed a reign of social anarchy.

The American character was the product of these forces. The American mind, "the child of steam and the brother of the dynamo," was standardized, simple, positive, and conventional; strictly speaking, it was not a mind at all, but an economic thinking-machine, in Adams's words a "buzz saw," a mere cutting instrument, practical, sharp, and direct. Perhaps the most signal triumph of the era was its victory over the two most powerful of human impulses—religion, which had quietly disappeared, and sex, which counted for almost nothing. Against a force so strong, naturally such lesser interests as philosophy, art, and the enjoyment of life were helpless. Aside from its intoxicated exploitation of the sources of wealth, the age was sterile; Adams calls it wearisome and stale, poor in purpose and barren in results.

On the one hand, then, an orgy of individual self-seeking which tended, curiously, to a complete mechanization; on the other hand, sterility, meagerness, incompleteness of development. That is why the heroine of "Democracy" complains: "What was it all worth, this wilderness of men and women as monotonous as the brown-stone houses they lived in? . . . You grow six inches high and then you stop. Why will not somebody grow to be a tree and cast a shadow? . . . We shall grow to be wax images, and our talk will be like the squeaking of toy dolls." Nor

is Henry Adams alone in his description and criticism of American life. His picture of it as anarchy, as a free-for-all fight, is magnificently borne out by Dreiser in "The Financier" and "The Titan"; his account of industrialism is precisely that of Sherwood Anderson in "Poor White" and "A Story-Teller's Story"; his objection to its mechanical uniformity and its hostility to individuality and creative effort might be illustrated indefinitely from "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith."

But, unlike his successors, Adams wished to compete with the "buzz saws" in their own field—a contest for which he was unfitted not only by his temperament but also by his inheritance as an Adams. The Puritan standards of duty and propriety, the Puritan conception of the gentleman and the statesman fatally disabled him in the hurly-burly of 1865-1900—even if he had not already been disabled by his speculative and critical predisposition. He did after all make one effort to follow his proper vocation; after the Civil War he went to Washington and set up as a writer on public affairs. But he soon saw that the nation could not support such a career. Prophets were then peculiarly without honor; no one was interested in his or any one's ideas. In a letter of 1862 to his brother he wrote:

What we want is a school. We want a national set of young men like ourselves or better, to start new influences not only in politics but in literature, in law, in society, and throughout the whole social organism of the country—a national school of our own generation. And that is what America has no power to create.

He was right; and in any case, even had it been possible for a school of one to exist in a vacuum, that was not the way for him, because it was not the way to generally recognized success. There was nothing for him but failure.

Although before he died he had abandoned his practical ambition and regretfully resigned himself to the work for which he was fitted, he never altogether abandoned the point of view of his age. Upon that is founded his whole scheme of thought. Its center is a worship of power, of anything that "does work," that gets something done, irrespective of the merits or value of the result. He tells how he and his brothers, even as schoolboys, "all were conscious that they would like to control power in some form." To the end of his life Adams had the viewpoint of the man whose standard is quantitative only. It is a short step from indifference to qualitative standards to out-and-out denial of them, and that he was indifferent Adams discovered early in life: "What he valued most was Motion, and what attracted his mind was Change." It was not mere whim that led him to address prayers to the dynamo.

Because all his own experience was a chaos, he was predisposed to accept the philosophy to which he was led by his studies. His own personality, frustrated because denied its proper nourishment and exercise, never had a chance to develop and grow strong. Within his own mind all the fundamental compulsions of his being were at war with the puritanism and practical ambition which were instilled into him. Internally he was an anarchy of antagonistic forces. And in his environment he found still other forces opposed in turn to those within himself. Furthermore, this environment itself—the United States of the nineteenth century—showed no signs of order or control; it was the scene of a battle royal among insensate forces to which men were but unconscious slaves and victims. The inner chaos was matched by the outer chaos. It is no

wonder that Henry Adams drew the obvious moral: life is meaningless, a senseless tragedy of futility and waste.

The significance of Henry Adams is twofold. In the first place, he helps account for the prevalence of naturalism in modern American literature; he shows that that view of life, so far from springing, as Mr. Stuart P. Sherman thinks, from sheer moral perversity, is general because it is the lesson which American life has taught, because it is the philosophy which has been implicit in American behavior for the last century. How can our writers be anything but naturalists so long as their environment is so thoroughly naturalistic? But Adams is even more important for the light he sheds on the fact that the specific theme of our contemporary literature is the tragedy of frustration, that in the work of Robinson, Masters, Anderson, Dreiser, Lewis, O'Neill—the list would become a whole honor-roll—"the individual as a spiritual unit," in the words of Van Wyck Brooks, "invariably suffers defeat." Henry Adams's own life was that sort of tragedy, and in his account of it one sees how a society which obeys the philosophy of exploitation not only dehumanizes those whose impulses are in accord with it but also thwarts and stunts those whose impulses are intellectual and creative.

Every thinker and every artist in the United States must go through an experience more or less like that of Henry Adams; and perhaps it is not too fanciful to suggest that their preoccupation with spiritual defeat is a kind of externalization of their own difficulty. This difficulty of course is greatest when the writer accepts the prevalent point of view and tries to conform, as Adams did and as to a considerable extent Dreiser has also done. But fortunately within the last fifteen years there have been more and more who, like Robert Frost and Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson, and unlike Henry Adams, have revolted altogether against the exploiter's ideal and have thereby attained a liberation and a consciousness of the situation which make possible at least an effort to live a more humane kind of life. They have therefore advanced to a stage beyond any to which Adams was able to attain; they no longer pray to the dynamo. Nor are signs lacking that this change is not confined to our writers—but it will be many years yet before the United States has so altered that the fate of Henry Adams will have ceased to be instructive as to the peculiarities of American life and literature.

Can an Artist Live in an American University?*

By IRWIN EDMAN

THE contributors to this series have, of course, been concerned with writers. They have been trying to describe the conditions which make for and against the survival and productivity of a literary artist in an American environment. But the America they have been discussing has seemed to me too abstract and general. The question becomes more pointed and meaningful when one

* This is the ninth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their general experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Other articles will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sinclair Lewis, and Floyd Dell have hitherto contributed.

begins to examine the specific Americas in which writers with serious artistic intentions have tried and are trying to live. For many reasons, most of them economic, writers in America live usually in a professional environment and among professional groups whose interests are far from being those of the literary artist. They are newspapermen; they are editors; they are teachers; they are advertising men; they are scouts for publishing houses or publicity agents for opera stars. Unless, of course, they are by chance richlings or by choice vagabonds. Few novelists and fewer poets can hope to make a living out of writing precisely and only the things they care as artists to write. As a consequence the most serious part of a writer's life and the deepest preoccupations of his spirit are often crowded into intervals stolen from the chief and public business of his days.

Many writers have tried and are trying to live in a university. For it must be remembered that when a man starts to teach he does not simply spend a few hours a day on a campus discussing Keats or Plato with sophomores and sophomores with his colleagues. He finds himself within a year or two living in as special, absorbing, and, in some ways, as corruptive a society (corruptive to his interests as a writer) as it would be possible to find in America.

The reasons why a man with the soul, the instincts, the equipment, and the ambitions of a writer often settles down to a university career are obvious and familiar. Toward the end of his college days an undergraduate who has written verse and prose for the campus papers discovers in himself the definite conviction that he must be a writer. The profession of college teaching offers a modest income and a relatively large amount of leisure. Surely if it has been fun to read Keats and Swinburne and Shaw it will be fun to talk about them to agreeable young men. And certainly there is no other job in the offing that promises freedom every week-end and all summer. Many a novelist and many a poet has been seduced into teaching by a consideration of those periods in a teacher's life when he is not teaching at all.

It is not simply the free time but the apparent freedom of spirit that attracts the young artist. The university looks to him like a humane monastic citadel peopled by choice citizens with interests more stirring and lovely than those meaner concerns one would run into in "the great outside world." Here at least is a retreat in the midst of American life where there is no competition for non-essentials, no bartering of one's aesthetic or moral integrity for luxury or first place. The prizes are limited and they are measurably secure. If one cannot live at the Ritz all winter—and why would one want to?—one can bicycle and dream through Wessex all summer. If one is not forever in the hum of affairs one will move daily in the center of ideas. One will be able to watch and report, without being overwhelmed, the loudness, the vulgarity, the haste of the market-place. A sensitive college senior judges the academic atmosphere largely from those finer-tempered undergraduates who have been his friends and whom he knows infinitely better than he knows the faculty. He may well suppose that nowhere would one find more food for thought or more incitement to the expression of subtle feeling than in the intercourse of a group of scholars dining together on a high academic hill.

The young artist may feel, too, that if he is going to

be a writer he will have to write about something. It has doubtless occurred to him that it is not the ignorant or the instinctive who have written the commanding books of the world. Milton's scholarship, he notes, does not seem to have hurt but seems rather to have deepened and solidified his poetry. The "Paradiso" of Dante would doubtless not have culminated in such sheer concluding rapture if it had not risen from the discipline and depths of profound acquaintance with Plato and Aquinas. The undergraduate writer has read—and remembered—"The Scholar Gipsy," nor have any of the bright moderns altogether cured him of his love for Matthew Arnold. He settles down, then, with a splendid and naive intention to be a scholar poet, or, like Zona Gale (who is a trustee of a university) or like May Sinclair (who is a metaphysician), a novelist with a mind, a background, and a philosophy.

In several respects he is spinning lovely contraries to fact. The leisure he has anticipated is, like many other soft illusions about life in the academy, a myth. Academic leisure, he finds, is purely academic. If, as is not unlikely, he teaches the English he hoped some day to learn to write he will find his days spent in conference with students in matters of punctuation and syntax, and evenings that were to go to the writing of fiction will be devoted too often to the reading of themes. He will be forced to take over extension courses to help meet current expenses and summer-school teaching to pay for a trip abroad in some remote future summer. What leisure time he has during the year will go to grinding out a Ph.D. dissertation on a theme worthy the attention of a worm rather than a poet.

But even after he is safely ensconced in the comfortable rank of an assistant professor he will find, unless he is extremely self-possessed, that the university has got under his skin. He had imagined himself joining a society of free spirits moving in the communion of high, clear thoughts upon vivid perennial issues. Instead he finds himself caught in the treadmill of men who have the habits of mind of rather superior civil servants or the secular analogues of army officers at dull posts on remote frontiers. These men wear caps and gowns instead of uniforms; they are preoccupied with literature or economics instead of printing or engraving or ammunition. But like civil servants or army officers they are absorbed in petty politics—rumors of promotions, displacements, and advancements—such as a mind engaged in creation can only at its peril afford to bother with at all. He will find that the whole pursuit of writing is in most universities regarded not as an art but as a low journalistic business. One note in a philosophical journal, one textbook, one syllabus even will bring him more respect among many of his colleagues and certainly among his administrative superiors than a poem, a short story, or a novel. Two fears will obsess the young writer on a campus: the fear of being thought facile by his colleagues and the fear of being thought dull by his public. The net result is that he often succeeds merely in being both. He writes too timidly and too much.

It is the academic community with which he daily comes in contact from which it will be harder and harder in fact or in imagination to escape. How is one after hours to stop being the professor, especially if the college or university happens to be in a small town? Not only the students who tip their hats to him on the campus but the townspeople too set him superstitiously apart. In a large city he can escape more easily. In ten minutes by sub-

way or bus he can be where both he and his rank are unknown, or, if known, unimpressive. But even there he will not be able to erase the stamp of the university from his soul. It is not simply the worst features of campus of which he will have to beware: the committee meetings, the pedagogical shop-talk, the hierarchical gossip. The best things will be almost as fatal to him as an artist.

The life that he will come to love best as a teacher, for example, will hurt him indubitably as a writer. If a man is at all generous-minded he will not be able to resist giving the best that is in him to a body of young men who are, all things considered, as warm-hearted and intelligent as a student class as one is likely to meet anywhere in the world. He will not dare to give a casual or slipshod lecture to a group containing at least one or two minds who, save in respect to the number of days already spent on earth, can hardly be rated as inferior to his own. To conduct a class of superior undergraduates for an hour is no slightly fatiguing matter. The man who tries to achieve beauty on paper will be no less solicitous of his performance in the classroom. But he can be a good teacher only at the expense of being a tired writer. And the qualities that will make him a good teacher, the ability to make things clear and vivid—to adolescents—will help to make him the author of an amiable textbook but hardly of a work of art.

In its noblest signification, it may be protested, a university is a society of inquiring scholars, not a regiment of pedagogues. To this it may be answered that that is what a university may be in essence, but not in American fact. Yet even the interests of a scholar, especially a scholar in an American university, may be perilous to a writer. Certainly literary and philosophical scholarship are largely retrospective. And however wide the business of scholars may sound, it is in fact minute and textual. Certainly, whatever else art may be, it is spontaneous and adventurous. It is the unpredictable use of fresh experience or experience freshly conceived. That is hardly the atmosphere in which American scholarship lives. The search for truth in our universities is frequently the search for commas. And it is conducted in an organization as hierarchical as that of the church, and quite as traditional.

The most characteristic aspect of a university, its intellectuality, or rather its intellectualism, can do an artist no good. A writer should have ideas surely. But ideas are really such only when they are sparks shot up by experience. They should not constitute the only experience a man has. At a university one moves among colleagues whose whole lives consist in ideas, and oftener still in the words which in the youth of their speakers stood for ideas. The writer on a campus finds himself moving in a systematized, a catalogued, what William James called a classroom universe. By thirty-five the professor-writer has become incorrigibly the professor. The caution of scholarship has become in him the timid fixity of the conservative. The dignity of the classroom has become his habitual all-day manner. His world has narrowed to "a professor's house." He may at best become a respectable critic. Journalism may seduce him off the campus, although he will always remain of it. But ten years in a university will kill the poet, the dramatist, the novelist he may have become. Longfellow and Lowell are sufficiently striking examples. If it were not too unkind one could name half a dozen contemporary examples of writers of indubitable gifts whom habituation to a campus has killed.

For myself, small examples serving as well as large ones, I like the academic atmosphere. For mildly philosophical prose and minor reflective poetry it is as good a retreat as any. If I wanted to be a novelist I should flee it, though there is at least one good novel in every campus community. (Perhaps after writing it one would wish or have to flee.) As it is I am content. Even here in the glamor of the *quattrocento* at Florence I am homesick to talk to sophomores of Santayana. For in the long run I care almost as much about teaching and scholarship as I do about writing. That is one of the troubles with a university. That is one of the pleasant perilous things it does to a writer who lives within the walls too long.

First Glance

MR. E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR has devoted six volumes to "The Lives of the Rakes" (Brentano's: \$24) without ever being aware, apparently, of the two aspects of his subject most capable of making it interesting today. In the first place he has woefully failed at the task of communicating whatever thrill may still be felt in the company of thoroughly bad and abandoned men; he has made his pages only half as sensational as they might have been. Surely in the society of the century and a half between Charles II and George IV there is enough scandalous material to delight a generation of readers which has long ceased to shy at facts. Mr. Chancellor has been curiously shy and old-fashioned. Partly from what seems to be a genuine personal horror and partly, perhaps, from a notion that his audience would prefer to hear less than the truth in order that it might be free to imagine more, he has chosen to "adumbrate" the deeds of his inverted heroes rather than set them in their own sputtering light. As a result we get pages on pages of apology for details which actually are not as terrible as we wanted them to be; we are forced to sit through amateur sermons on vices which we should never dream of practicing but which we should not in the least mind hearing about; we are bored, in a word, as I believe most persons have been bored who, lured by luxurious bindings and roused by spicy titles, have opened conventional biographies of kings' mistresses and found everything there except the real thing.

Charles II, for instance, who is the subject of Mr. Chancellor's first volume, was—we know—both worse and wittier than here he is. The rakes of the Restoration—Buckingham, Rochester, Dorset, Sedley, and others—are better handled in the second volume, though the famous disrobing incident at the Cock Tavern in 1663 is too much "adumbrated" and Miss Hobart is let off with a circumlocution. Colonel Francis Charteris, the *pièce de résistance* in volume three, is Mr. Chancellor's triumph if he can boast any such; for the rascality, the brutality, and the meanness of this wholesale ravisher happens to have no extenuation in motive or circumstance, so that his present biographer—the first in modern times—could find nothing to do save go ahead with an ugly tale. The Hell Fire Club, however, is all but smothered with verbiage in volume four. There was an opportunity! The twelve "apostles" who annually came together in Medmenham Abbey for two weeks of debauchery and blasphemy under ceilings so indecently painted that Mr. Chancellor can only hold up his hands while the ink dries on his pen—these, since they included

Sir Francis Dashwood, John Wilkes, the Earl of Sandwich, George Bubb-Dodington, and perhaps Charles Churchill, were material indeed. Mr. Chancellor has murdered it, as—after a somewhat more amusing account of "Old Q" (the fourth Duke of Queensberry) and the Earl of Barrymore—he has murdered the material offered him by the gay fellows of the Regency.

The other interesting point which Mr. Chancellor has failed to make is that the profession of rake died, or at least became merely funny and pathetic, with the transvaluation of values which the last century achieved. Since the day when we ceased to define good and evil we ceased to fear, and so to respect, any man so certain as to what evil is that he could base a career upon it—just as we have become suspicious of those who set out to live "good lives." Doubtless, however, it is too much to expect that an author incapable of thrilling when thrilling was so easy would be capable of writing the history of modern ethics.

MARK VAN DOREN

The American Indian as Philosopher

The Osage Tribe. By Francis La Flesche. *Rite of the Chiefs: Sayings of the Ancient Men.* Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. *Rite of Vigil.* Thirty-ninth Annual Report.

HOW ancient was the coming of the ancestors of the red man to the American continent is uncertain, but there can be no doubt that his period of occupancy has been ample for the development, even past its maturity, of a type of culture which contributes to humanity a temper and character as distinctive as any which the Old World can show. Generations before the appearance of the first white man on our coasts the red man had met and conquered nature in a virgin America; and by the time of our coming the Indian had long since passed from the first rude stage of combat with that nature to reflection upon it, and in his reflection had created his own visionary interpretation of the world and his own ritualized philosophy of life.

The distinctiveness of Indian thought is indicated by the fact that it is only after four hundred years of contact between the two races that the white man is beginning to understand the red man's mind and to appreciate the beauty of its expression in art and rite. During these centuries, mainly of conflict, the losses of native lore have been tremendous and are irreparable; but before all is vanished enough will perhaps have been rescued to assure to ourselves and to posterity a truer appraisal of the red man's genius. Indeed, the value of the fragments which scholars are rescuing, almost by miracle, from the memories of old men is beyond calculation; for through these fragments we are at length coming into contact with a world of thought and imagination which only for us is new.

Among such studies the summit of importance is reached by Francis La Flesche's record of the rituals of the Osage tribe. In the first volume of this work appeared two great tribal rituals: the "Rite of the Chiefs," in which are symbolically recorded the history of the tribe and the development of its social organization, and the "Sayings of the Ancient Men," embodying mythic cosmology and cosmogony. In the second volume the "Rite of Vigil" gives the great war rituals. Other rites are to appear in future volumes, for the work is still far from completion. When it is made as complete as the memories of the old men still surviving can make it (for there are many lacunae), it will constitute the most impressive body of tribal ritual as yet recorded, and, over and above this, for those who study it, the foundation for such an insight into the Indian mind as perhaps no other document affords.

Each rite is recorded by Mr. La Flesche in three forms: a freely interpretative translation, with notes and explanations and musical notation for the songs; the Osage text, transliterated from phonographic records; the text with word-for-word translation into English, so far as this is possible. The first of these is for the general student; the second is primarily for the Osage themselves, in order that they may preserve in their own tongue the rites of their ancestors; the third is of the greatest value for all who would make a minute study of Indian thought, as well as for the student of language, and it will no doubt be of value to the Osage also, since the speech of the rituals is highly metaphorical and laden with archaic and obsolete forms. Knowing with the intimacy of a natal tongue the kindred Siouan dialect of the Omaha, Mr. La Flesche has fortunately been able to restore through comparison many meanings which for the Osage themselves were lost or uncertain, and incidentally to cast light upon the whole province of the reflective life of the most philosophic of the Plains stocks.

The Rite of the Chiefs presents in emblematic form an interesting combination of legendary history and metaphysical speculations. In its social and sacerdotal organization the Osage tribe falls into two great divisions, the Sky People and the Earth People, reflecting in theory not only the natural frame of the visible universe but also their own speculative genesis of all life from the union of Earth and Sky. The Earth People are, however, themselves subdivided into Earth and Water sections; and Sky, Earth, and Water each is made up of Seven Fireplaces, representing gentile units. The rituals record both the genesis and the rights and duties of these units. The conception appears to be that, common to many American Indian peoples, of the archetypal pre-existence of the forms of life in a world above, and of their descent into the world of experience, as it were by the continuing operation of the life-giving activity of nature, symbolized in the union of earth and sky.

Having descended to the world below the Water People first encountered the Isolated Honga, who symbolized death and employed the four winds for the destruction of life below. But with these they made a compact that they should move into a new country untouched by death and there live freed from its bane—a myth which possibly commemorates an historical episode, but which has certainly been utilized to express, symbolically, both the fact of mortality and a prayer for tribal life. The concept underlying the whole idea of descent is, says Mr. La Flesche, that "in midheaven the people come into spiritual, bodiless existence and contemplate the finding of some place where they can take on bodily form and abide as a living people." And this applies also to animals, and indeed to all life.

Another and peculiarly illuminating phase of the conception appears in portions of the war rites which deal with the souls of the battle-slain. Both song and sacrifice are devoted to expediting the journey of the souls of the slain into that spirit land where friend and enemy tread the same path. The songs "teach the initiate that even as he lives and moves about in the midst of earthly life, so he also lives in the midst of the realm of death; that there is continuity of life not only in this world but in the spirit world as well." The "vigil," in fact, is for the purpose of escaping the snare of embodied life and perceiving with clarified and inward eyes the realities of another world. Most Plains Indians seem to have considered life as a kind of ordeal, or test of valiancy, and it is out of this view that their elaborate war symbolism grew. Earth itself is likened to "a snare into which life is drawn and held captive, not only in body but also in spirit," and the ceremonial name of earth, "Ho'e-ga," means literally, we are told, a snare-like inclosure into which life falls in all its variety, never to depart therefrom except by death.

Such in general outline is the Osage conception of the relation of man to the world. There is, however, one other idea which is of the most profound interest, that of the Symbolic Man (a veritable *genius civilis*) in whom is personified the

united activity of the tribe. The Symbolic Man is conceived as a man perfect in form and function, protector of the life of the tribe in all its phases. In time of peace his face is turned to the east, but in time of war he is conceived to have reversed his position—possibly because it was to the westward that the Osage found their most redoubtable foes. Many songs are devoted to the Symbolic Man; and of them none is more interesting than that which recounts his powers—incidentally representing a veritable primitive activism, of which the background and continuation is to be found in the great Siouan conception of Wakonda, from which all life issues, but to which, say the Osage, man must make the contribution of his own effort, tribally embodied in the Symbolic Man. Perhaps the conception is not, after all, so remote from that of an Uncle Sam lifted above the realm of cartoon and envisaged as the ideal of a people.

That there is a genuine and respectable philosophy in this body of thought is evident. But it is also a matter of no small moment that this philosophy is the result of conscious deliberation. We have been too accustomed to assume that the Greeks were the sole authors of conscious speculation, and to take for granted that primitive thinking is necessarily "mythic" fancy. It is true that primitive thinking is necessarily symbolic and ritualistic in its forms of expression; but the Osage are one of several American Indian groups in which the profession of philosopher is, and evidently long has been, recognized. The Non'hon-zhin-ga, or Little Old Men, are the keepers of the rites, and they are also called Holy Men or priests. But back of their priesthood is the tribal legend that originally they were seers who studied nature and sought out its meaning. Gradually their interest brought them together. They were assembled in the house of a big-hearted man for their discussions and speculations and finally they built up a society whose purpose was to explain to their tribe-fellows the mysteries of heaven and earth and of human life, as they came to conceive them. Certainly this is philosophic deliberation, and it is probably a very picture of the manner in which the schools of the Milesians and of the Pythagoreans came into being. With the Greeks, also, knowledge was ritualized before it was subjected to logical analysis, and it is perhaps no unforgivable flaw if American Indian thinking had not, in the old days of its vitality, discovered every instrument of self-criticism. Certainly for us its symbolism, based upon the whole fauna and flora of the continent, as well as upon the social experiences of the tribes, may be a source of both satisfaction and enlightenment for all who are willing to give to it the labor of study.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

American Heroes

In the American Grain. By William Carlos Williams. Albert and Charles Boni. \$3.

MR. WILLIAMS quotes Poe's distinction between "nationality in letters" and the *local* in literature. Nationality in letters is deplorable, whereas the *local* is essential. All creative art must rise out of a specific soil and flicker with a spirit of place.

The *local*, of course, in Mr. Williams's sense, is the very opposite of the parochial, the parish-pump stuff. The *local* in America is America itself. Not Salem, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, but that of the American subsoil which spouts up in any of those places into the lives of men.

In these studies of "American" heroes, from Red Eric of Greenland, and Columbus and Cortes and Montezuma, on to Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Williams tries to reveal the experience of great men in the Americas since the advent of the whites. History in this book would be a sensuous record of the Americanization of the white men in America, as contrasted with ordinary history, which is a complacent record of the civiliza-

tion and Europizing (if you can allow the word) of the American continent.

In this record of truly American heroes, then, the author is seeking out not the ideal achievement of great men of the New World but the men themselves, in all the dynamic explosiveness of their energy. This peculiar dynamic energy, this strange yearning and passion and uncanny explosive quality in men derived from Europe, is American, the American element. Seek out *this* American element—Oh Americans!—is the poet's charge.

All America is now going hundred per cent American. But the only hundred per cent American is the Red Indian, and he can only be canonized when he is finally dead. And not even the most American American can transmogrify into an Indian. Whence, then, the hundred per cent?

It is here that Mr. Williams's—and Poe's—distinction between the *national* and the *local* is useful. Most of the hundred per centism is national, and therefore not American at all. The new one hundred per cent literature is all *about* Americans, in the intensest American vernacular. And yet, in vision, in conception, in the very manner, it still remains ninety-nine per cent European. But for "Ulysses" and Marcel Proust and a few other beetling high-brows, where would the modernest hundred per centers of America have been? Alas, where they are now, save for cutting a few capers.

What then? William Carlos Williams tries to bring into his consciousness America itself, the still-unravished bride of silences. The great continent, its bitterness, its brackish quality, its vast glamor, its strange cruelty. Find this, Americans, and get it into your bones. The powerful, unyielding breath of the Americas, which Columbus sniffed, even in Europe, and which sent the Conquistadores mad. National America is a gruesome sort of fantasy. But the unravished *local* America still waits vast and virgin as ever, though in process of being murdered.

The author sees the genius of the continent as a woman with exquisite, super-subtle tenderness and recoiling cruelty. It is a myth-woman who will demand of men a sensitive awareness, a supreme sensuous delicacy, and at the same time an infinitely tempered resistance, a power of endurance and of resistance.

To evoke a vision of the essential America is to evoke Americans, bring them into conscious life. To bring a few American citizens into American consciousness—the consciousness at present being all bastardized European—is to form the nucleus of the new race. To have the nucleus of a new race is to have a future: and a true aristocracy. It is to have the germ of an aristocracy in sensitive tenderness and diamond-like resistance.

A man, in America, can only *begin* to be American. After five hundred years there are no *racial* white Americans. They are only national, woebegone, or strident. After five hundred years more there may be the developing nucleus of a *true* American race. If only men, some few, trust the American passion that is in them, and pledge themselves to it.

But the passion is not national. No man who doesn't feel the last anguish of tragedy—and *beyond that*—will ever know America, or begin, even at the beginning's beginning, to be American.

There are two ways of being American; and the chief, says Mr. Williams, is by recoiling into individual smallness and insentience, and gutting the great continent in frenzies of mean fear. It is the Puritan way. The other is by *touch*; touch America as she is; dare to touch her! And this is the heroic way.

And this, this sensitive touch upon the unseen America, is to be the really great adventure in the New World. Mr. Williams's book contains his adventure; and, therefore, for me, has a fascination. There are very new and profound glimpses into life: the strength of insulated smallness in the New Englanders, the fascination of "being nothing" in the Negroes, the

spell-bound quality of men like Columbus, de Soto, Boone. It is a glimpse of what the vast America *wants men to be*, instead of another strident assertion of what men have made, do make, will make, can make, out of the murdered territories of the New World.

It would be easy enough to rise, in critical superiority, as a critic always feels he must, superior to his author, and find fault. The modernist style is sometimes irritating. Was Tenochtitlan really so wonderful? (See Adolf Bandelier's "The Golden Man.") Does not Mr. Williams mistake Poe's agony of *destructive penetration*, through all the horrible bastard-European alluvium of his 1840 America, for the positive America itself?

But if an author rouses my deeper sympathy he can have as many faults as he likes, I don't care. And if I disagree with him a bit, heaven save me from feeling superior just because I have a chance to snarl. I am only too thankful that Mr. Williams wrote his book.

D. H. LAWRENCE

St. Elbert of the Heavenly Trust

The Life of Elbert H. Gary. By Ida M. Tarbell. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.50.

THIS book is receiving wide notice; certainly not on its merits, for it is a rather shoddy performance which ordinarily would command no more than a stick or two. It has, to be sure, the subtly morbid attraction of being somewhat pathetic: for Miss Tarbell to have sunk to the reduction of complicated facts into simple falsehoods is a bit sad—a touch of sadness only heightened by her guileless illusion that the career of our greatest Rotarian is an Odyssey in American business. But this alone would hardly explain the reams of publicity upon such a life of Judge Gary.

Then why all this fuss? Mainly because the book is by the author of the "History of the Standard Oil Company," still the most outstanding attack against the Machiavelli of Big Business. No wonder the *Success* scribes are hailing Miss Tarbell as a prodigal daughter, the more precious for her return in late life. But practically all of the other reviewers write with their tongues in their cheeks; unfortunately Miss Tarbell speaks of having "discussed" the "project" of her eulogy not only with the publishers but with her Hero Himself, and that she had made the appropriate arrangements for what amounts to his silent collaboration. Curious procedure for one who was able to do such marvelous research about John D., Senior, without his slightest aid and encouragement!

The reviewers' thrusts at Miss Tarbell, though by no means unfair in view of her procedure, are somewhat unkind and quite mistaken in view of her past. Miss Tarbell never was a critic of Big Business as such. She was always its friend. Years ago Mr. Rockefeller—within the strictest logic of his operations—squeezed the small Tarbell fortune dry of its Pennsylvania oil. And the "History" was Miss Tarbell's filial revenge against the dragon. This deep inner hate against a monster trust developed in her a sort of suppressed desire for a fairy trust. After more than two decades of sighing and searching Miss Tarbell found the Prince Charming of her dreams, to wit, the Hon. Elbert H. Gary. Why this particular choice I must leave to the psychologist, for to the economist the fantasies which abound in her book seem absurd.

To Miss Tarbell Judge Gary is the source of all industrial wisdom. Now it so happens that His Honor, in his own ponderous fashion, has been extremely loquacious for years; he had been treating us to industrial prophecies with semi-annual periodicity long before he consented to edit the nice things Miss Tarbell says about him. His views have come to be looked upon by experts as being about as conclusive as the Reverend Henry van Dyke's views on *belles-lettres* or Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn's views on the natural affinity between science and religion. The Judge is as numb to the implications

of modern industry as a Hindu fakir to pin-pricks, and he is even more insensate to its social ethics. As a technician he is a standing joke among steel men.

Then how did he get where he is? Fortunately Miss Tarbell gives an implicit answer. In her "History" she meant to curse Mr. Rockefeller and he emerged a genius. In this book she is trying to bless St. Elbert, but the Saint insists on acting rather, let's say, questionably on many a page. Miss Tarbell does her best to brighten these shadowy doings with a charming anecdotal touch. But somehow the anecdote freezes into something far less attractive. On page 81 this God-fearing man—Christian, wholesome, and sturdy—manages to convey to the late Mr. Morgan that good lawyers should be as expert in discovering the loopholes of the law as in testing merely the strength of its weave. In spite of his pious New England ancestry, whose collected photographs look like a series of Mr. Kirby's blue-law reformers, the Judge was quite willing to act as legal adviser to John W. Gates, the notorious wire-patent thief and one of the nimblest rascals in the history of American industry. In spite of his deep interest in the "good government" of Wheaton, Illinois, where he was a shining Sunday-school and church-picnic devotee, our hero knew well enough how to float \$200,000,000 of securities on less than \$56,000,000 of assets when he organized the Illinois Steel Company. And he was very adept at floating \$1,100,000,000 of almost pure water when he helped to organize the United States Steel Corporation.

Obviously the man has character—if not exactly saintly then surely the character of a Big Business Pharisee, just the sort of character to have attracted the expert eye of the elder Morgan, who had a finger in the Illinois steel combine. Even at that time Mr. Morgan (who incidentally is the real hero of this story and whose most flippant remark showed more perspicacity than the Judge's collected works) was playing with all kinds of vague but pleasant theoretical prestidigitations in steel. And he decided that such a hard-working, clear-eyed, pious, willing, and none-too-imaginative saint as Judge Gary might do miracles under Morganatic guidance.

Miss Tarbell sets the date of Carnegie's earliest approachability on the subject of selling his works at 1900. As a matter of fact, Morgan felt as far back as 1898 that the old fox might sell. All he feared was the price and their hearty mutual detestation. But the idea of a basic ore trust would not leave the astute unconscious of the banker. All these were delicate hunches. They could not be intrusted to the lusty, cynical, and reckless gamblers in steel. Morgan had to do it himself, with the aid of an office boy who could be made president of a company to compete effectively with the Carnegie Steel Trust. And so Judge Gary was induced to head the Federal Steel Company in 1898. During the next two years the inner deal with Carnegie was completed. Schwab was chosen to do that. But the purely technical financing was done by Gary, and so was the vast work of organizing the new corporation. The Steel Trust, then, is the child of the brains of the elder Morgan and the *Sitzfleisch* of the Wheaton jurist.

Morgan, though a backstairs diplomat, did have the statesmanship, from the point of view of his own interests, which Miss Tarbell enlarges into a social vision in her hero. Morgan understood that the "public be damned" attitude would sooner or later have to be sublimated into something more specious; that the day of Bigger and Better Business, of the ever tighter vertical trust, of powerless stock diffusion, of welfare was dawning; that sooner or later the pirate would have to give way to the philistine. One look at Gary from the shrewd corner of Morgan's eye sufficed. J. P. found his man Friday. All Gary asked, over and above his handsome emoluments, was the right to edit the banker's trenchant remarks into unctuous public utterance. The request was cynically granted and led to a beautiful friendship, whose incidents delight the heart of Miss Tarbell.

The next quarter of a century more than vindicated Mor-

Harper & Brothers recommend these recent publications to Nation readers

The Dance Over Fire and Water

By Elie Faure

Translated from the French by John Gould Fletcher



IN this disturbing and beautiful volume one of the most independent of modern thinkers develops a bold and original interpretation of the world's great civilizations—their arts, their leaders, their achievements. \$3.00

Clara Barron

By Harvey O'Higgins

"CLARA BARRON' is an enthralling tale—the one-best bet in the field of current fiction. This novel I can recommend without any reservation."—*Heywood Broun*. \$2.00



From Dawes to Locarno

By George Glasgow

Foreign Correspondent to The Manchester Guardian

"A WELCOME addition to our understanding of contemporary events," writes the *Springfield Republican* of this brilliant record of the Locarno Conference. \$2.50

The Devil

By Leo Tolstoi

A POWERFUL posthumous novel by the great Russian master, based on the old conception of woman as the devil's chief agent in achieving man's spiritual destruction. \$2.00



The Chip and the Block

By E. M. Delafield



"A FASCINATING study of a literary egoist. . . . From beginning to end exactly like life, a serious comedy enriched by moments of deep emotion."—*Boston Transcript*. \$2.00

Europa:

An Illustrated Year-Book of Europe — 1926

A valuable book of reference on European affairs and conditions, including a complete European "Who's Who." \$5.00

Harvest of Youth

By Edward Davison

An exquisite volume of lyric verse by a young English poet of distinction. \$2.00

The Battle to the Weak

By Hilda Vaughan

"The depth of its beauty can only be had by reading the book."—*New York Sun*. \$2.00

Hill-Billy

By Rose Wilder Lane

A story of the Ozarks by the author of "He Was a Man." \$2.00

Why We Behave Like Human Beings

By Geo. A. Dorsey

"The book H. G. Wells might have written had he been able."—*Clarance Darrow*. \$3.50

Manhattan Transfer

By John Dos Passos

"Excellent prose—swift, vigorous, dynamic."—*The Nation*. \$2.00

Harper & Brothers Publishers since 1817 New York City

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of Better Schools and Colleges.

gan's shrewd judgment. Gary piously forbade the directors to gamble with gold coins before the board meetings began; which conclusively proves that the Steel Trust never speculates. He continuously preached to the boys on his board of directors that they must render service, that labor is human, after all. With coral slowness he introduced all kinds of welfare schemes on top of the twelve-hour day and the fortnightly twenty-four-hour shift. The boys did not like these schemes, yet he fought for them, without ever taking a smoke or a chew. It is unfortunate that the manner in which he broke the steel strike of 1919 led to investigations which in time outraged everybody from the Federal Council of Churches to the Ohio gang. He had to arrange with Marshall Olds to vindicate his labor policy. And Miss Tarbell swallows Olds *in toto*. Her chapter on Gary and labor is simply incredible: the gist of it is that Gary is adored by the steel workers.

Briefly, the Judge has no imagination, no culture, nothing but average abilities. But these are raised to the *n*th degree. Obtuseness wedded to the strength of a flawless philistinism is a terrific force. It never looks under the surface. It is imperturbable. No contradiction ever ruffles it. During the war, when the steel trust was making a handsome penny, the Judge "saved" and would not buy even a necktie. So much humorless stolidity almost fascinates one as one looks into the face of this Babbitt Buddha. A mask of Mongoloid breadth, bare of every emotion, with unwinking eyes, stares straight at you. It is as though the very soul of this man were a heavyweight wrestler, ready to pin down, slowly and crushingly, every progressive hope in our industrial order. In his long exercises on the carpet of reaction the Judge has learned a trick or two besides high finance. He was, indeed, among the first to discover that one must never say "the public be damned," but say "the public be served." The difference—and therein lies our hero's discovery—is very slight; and it pays. And because it pays, Miss Tarbell's saint is also the Patron Saint of Rotaria.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Between the Winds

Cloud Cuckoo Land. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE epigraph of this historical novel is an Alcaic fragment which may be roughly rendered thus:

I do not know the origin of the winds;
This wave rolls in one direction,
That in another, but we in the midst of them
Are borne along in our black ship.

And it is thus, ignorant of the forces tossing him hither and yon, a helpless, hopeful, wind-driven creature, that Alxenor of Poieëssa is carried through the struggle between Athens and Sparta, which is the warp of the story. The woof of it is the adventures of this young man, beaten upon by both powers, able to hold supreme allegiance to neither, and in the end setting off with Cyrus into Asia in the sad certainty that it is only "the men—and the States—that believe in themselves and their own right and nothing else that really win and get what they want." His friend, the Athenian boy Hagnor, whose father had a way of seeing both sides and was made to drink hemlock for it, thinks otherwise: "But if one could truly take the middle way, oppressing no one, the Gods would stay their hands." "The Gods might be merciful," replies Alxenor, "but not men. You would be hated from both sides—crushed by the millstones." It is this problem of the respective values of loyalty and aloofness, tolerance and devotion—a problem as alive today as it ever was—which agitates the heart of the book and helps to make it the searching, disturbing thing it is.

The author sides neither with Sparta nor with Athens, though her stronger sympathies are with the city of Pericles. She salutes the virtues bred in men who are dedicate to a civic ideal which demands the complete surrender of individuality.

She fears that ideal. She recognizes, too, the majesty of empire and the risks of democracy. She cannot accept these things wholeheartedly. And she shows herself convinced that to the victor—if a pun is allowable—belong the soils: the stain of arrogance, the muck of stupidity, the uncleanness of cruelty. She takes us on Alxenor's journeys—gives us Athenians and Spartans both, eating and drinking, voting and merrymaking, in battle and in bawdry, with their friends and with their slaves, raising their sons and daughters, begetting and dying. And, perhaps just because her protagonists are rather types than persons, she makes us realize sharply the two ways of life of these two Greek states.

The characters are less clearly envisaged than are some moments in their separate dramas. Mrs. Mitchison has a gift for creating atmosphere which makes certain scenes stay in the memory with that strange mixture of vividness and unreality which belongs to remembered dreams. Her abundance of concrete detail about food and clothing and household furniture goes further than a whole shelf of solemn chronicles toward conveying what it once meant to be a citizen of Athens or Sparta, or of the little island Poieëssa, for that matter, in the days when Aristophanes was snickering publicly at politicians, and Thucydides, in exile, was giving them another sort of immortality. And since the adventures of Alxenor involve not only civil war and dangerous escapes and fierce sea-fights but such homely matters as childbirth and marriage ceremonies and deaths, and the decent ritual that attends these events, one gets, over and above the pure excitement of the action, a feeling for the ancient dignities and graces of life, its ever-present pity and terror. The writing is racy, simple, and vigorous. It is a book that whets the appetite for more of Mrs. Mitchison's evocative work.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Complex Melancholy

Dialogues in Limbo. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THAT Mr. Santayana has been influenced by many of the results of the new sciences he has elsewhere given explicit testimony in a repeated contempt for the old-fashioned categorical psychology, which he calls "literary psychology." Yet of all the philosophic writers of the age he is notably, in the sense understood by laboratory philosophers, the most unscientific. He has not molded his convictions in any of the technologies handed on from the decayed Porches of German Idealism; he has not fitted them out with a professional scaffolding of the schools. His writings have been neglected, often ignored, by the systematic academicians. For something of professional interest has doubtless been lost to his critics: it has not been possible to refute the body of his opinion with the zealous citation of an undistributed middle.

"Conjunction," writes a distinguished technical metaphysician of this age, "is the representation of the synthetical unity of the manifold." Mr. Santayana restores such a rationalized judgment to the original terms of immediate intuition, to the complex of emotion, intellection, volition which is its origin; in a word, he restores it to metaphor: "Nowadays I place less reliance than ever upon exact words . . . and I feel that there is a current in things that carries all our thoughts away." Mr. Santayana's remark about the disguised Calvinism of Immanuel Kant is famous, and now disillusioned, perhaps through his attention to the clinical discoveries of Freud, with the intellectualized sentimentality of technical speculation, he is one of three or four philosophers writing in English from completely integrated minds.

His devotion to the early Greek physicists is well known. He has penetrated the doctrines of Greek atomism with indefatigable subtlety and sought their ultimate foundations; he has found them to be closer to nature, to "matter," than any later Western philosophy. Mr. Santayana's Hellenic material-



The Sensation of the Book Season

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A Study in Genius

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dramatic Editor of *THE NATION*

*From the unanimous chorus of praise from the critics,
we take these extracts:*

"I have read it with mounting enthusiasm for the lightness and dexterity with which a comprehensive theory has been set before us. The book marks the definite arrival of a fresh and candid mind, with modern psychological equipment, lively curiosity, critical objectivity and singularly lucid, persuasive exposition. . . . So far as I am concerned, it has had the effect of raising Poe from the dead."—Stuart P. Sherman, in "Books."

"The most intelligent and convincing account of Poe ever written."—H. L. Mencken in *The Nation*.

"A remarkable piece of work, as ingenious as it is painstaking. One may well call it brilliant without fear of exaggeration."—Edwin Bjorkman in the *New York Sun*.

"This is the way in which a critical biography should be written."—Carl Van Doren in *The Century*.

"An event in American letters. It marks the first revaluation of Poe by the modern mind—the mind that profits by the psychological discoveries of the last twenty years. It is a refreshing book, full of vitality . . . that no future

student of Poe can afford to ignore."—Harry Hansen in the *Chicago News*.

"It is a book which is bound to infuriate the sentimentalists. Nonetheless, I am free to confess that Mr. Krutch's is the only book in English which when set beside Woodberry's standard life of Poe, does not seem a work of sentimental supererogation."—Ernest Boyd in *The Independent*.

"Mr. Krutch has written not only the best book on Edgar Allan Poe, but the only thoroughly intelligent one."—M. R. Werner in the *New York World*.

"In this important field of combined literary art and scientific research Mr. Krutch has contrived to distinguish himself in a double sense; his book is not only the most accurate and humanly convincing projection of Edgar Allan Poe that has thus far been contributed, but in addition to this, it constitutes a model for a readable and yet professional application of modern psychology to the analysis of character."—Hervey Allen in the *New York Times*.

"A new page in American literary Criticism."—*Chicago Daily News*.

\$3.00 at all bookstores

Alfred A. Knopf NEW YORK 730 Fifth Avenue



ism, different in important respects from the nineteenth-century scientific mechanism of Haeckel of which it is nevertheless the prototype, admits of another principle that makes him a Platonist in art and morals. His unsystematic system of philosophy—"Skepticism and Animal Faith"—was, of course, the mysticism of a skeptic. Its logic is a contemptuous refutation of "closed systems," but this rigorously critical logic relaxes in a special case, permitting the stability of essences, arduously distinguished from the pure illusions of Pyrrhonism, to survive the flux of matter. The dualism is virtually Platonic, personally and profoundly assimilated to a modern consciousness; and it differs from the Platonism of Mr. Paul Elmer More in that it is not chiefly a persuasive morality or a deliberate instrument of literary judgment. It is an organization of the total sensibility into a mode of self-sufficient contemplation.

The two principles, stated again in this latest book, are these: "... the flux of matter in which every life is formed and dissolved, and the pure spirit which, chained to the mast like Odysseus among the Sirens, looks out upon the strange scene, both before and after." In these dialogues—set forth in Mr. Santayana's usual precision and elegance of style and projected with such strict attention to form that they are doubtless his chief performance in literature—Democritus characteristically expounds the "flux of matter," while a Platonic Socrates prompts The Stranger (Mr. Santayana himself) to the notion of "pure spirit" contemplating the world through the archetypes of the master.

Mr. Santayana's philosophic attitude takes little of its substance from any of the schools since Aristotle; and one may suspect that he makes Aristotle a good enough Platonist. But his methods, particularly his implicit conviction that the traditions of Western philosophy are bankrupt, are historically nearer the predicament systematic philosophy found itself in after the fall of the New Academy at Athens. For the next step beyond Mr. Santayana is eclecticism. Sextus Empiricus, the learned skeptic of the fourth century, inspected the ruin of ancient thought and found it a remote mixture of technical doctrines, the terms of which he used again in a philosophy without vital sources in the age; its source had dried up. The next step beyond Mr. Santayana, in other words, is the decay of an entire culture. The techniques of the past are lost, and a complex melancholy invokes the rarefied spirits of the ancient sages. He calls to Democritus and Socrates, and most significantly to Avicenna, whose adventure in the study of Aristotle rouses Mr. Santayana to the chary romanticism which disgust with contemporary excesses permits to a spirit of ethical sobriety. He admires the discipline of ancient Greece and respects the fixity of the Catholic church. "There is no God, and Mary was His mother."

Although in his contempt for doctrine he seems to have recovered something of the fresh curiosity with which the pre-Socratic philosophers looked at the world, he obviously does not precede a tradition but comes after one; solution is the condition of disappearance in culture as well as of its crystallization. And it is still more important to observe certain tendencies in his political and moral thought; they could proceed only from a mind informed with old and expiring cultures. Mr. Santayana deprecates the traditional instruments of metaphysics, but he evinces an unmistakable nostalgia for some of the religious and social institutions which arose when the philosophies were at the zenith. More particularly, his love of these institutions takes one form in a preference for the Greek character; but he must now find, according to an opinion expressed outside the present volume, what consolation he can in the youth and country life of England. The forms of traditional cultures having collapsed and new forms, if they shall rise, not yet having risen, Mr. Santayana looks back inconsolably from the destruction of the Western world toward its ancient vitalities. Democritus, Socrates, Aristippus, Avicenna—all are examined for a spiritual synthesis that can never be made. Proclus, hating the fall of Greek cul-

ture before the advance of Christianity, practiced magic as the essence of religion and used the fragments of neo-Platonism in the impossible synthesis of despair.

Mr. Santayana writes with all the intellectual equipment of the age at his command; he knows the sciences; he has concerned himself most anxiously with modern psychology. In an age of technical confusion he might have neglected to discipline his style into the mature and serious literary expression that it is. He might have occupied himself, like Sir Thomas Browne, with sonorous confusion about mortality. But his modern techniques are immediately related to ancient wisdoms; Freud's metapsychology becomes Buddhism. Mr. Santayana's implicit metaphysical system has a striking resemblance to recent neo-realistic speculations of Mr. G. E. Moore, but he is not seriously enough the philosopher to define his terms and join in the formation of a school.

ALLEN TATE

Tallemant des Réaux

Miniature Portraits. By Tallemant des Réaux. Translated by Hamish Miles. Brentano's. \$4.

Tallemant des Réaux. By Sir Edmund Gosse. Oxford University Press. Seventy cents.

GÉDÉON TALLEMANT, SIEUR DES RÉAUX, was born of a wealthy Protestant family at La Rochelle in 1619. As a youth he loved conversation, verse-making, and roving; he dabbled in law, but specialized in social accomplishments; therefore he soon gravitated to Paris, where his good breeding enabled him to marry a rich girl, who was either twelve or fifteen years old. For several decades he did nothing but tip-toe around the fastidious Hôtel de Rambouillet, where, with ears forever on the alert, he listened to the endless chatter and chitchat of and about the great and near-great who frequented it. At thirty-eight he began to jot down his impressions of his contemporaries, and, having not the slightest idea of publishing them during his lifetime, he wrote with a frankness equaled only by Pepys. In his old age he was involved in many troubles. He lost his money; most of his Huguenot relatives, following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, wisely recanted and became Catholics; and Tallemant himself, after hesitating for a time, diplomatically yielded to the soft persuasions of a Jesuit priest whose Latin poems he admired. Careless of fame and overlooked by his contemporaries, who never suspected his genius, he made no effort to win recognition; there is no portrait of him and absolutely nothing is known of his personal appearance. Toward the end he tip-toed into the circle of adorers who surrounded the once capricious but now exemplary Ninon de l'Enclos, who had transferred her affections from her countless admirers to God. He lived on and on, solitary and rather sad, but ever listening and writing, until he tiptoed into oblivion in 1692.

His enormous folio of 798 pages lay forgotten until it was sold for 20 francs at an auction in 1803. The purchaser, discovering that he had made a genuine find, caused extracts to be published; they aroused a vast amount of curiosity, and around the year 1835 the "Miniatures" were first printed in full. If fragments of the "Historiettes" had stirred interest, the whole of them caused an earthquake. Amazed Frenchmen now learned that the super-polite seventeenth century was not so polite after all. "L'arrangement de petites gens"—thus Tallemant labeled his art—made Victor Cousin and other historians of the grand manner boil over with rage; surely, those scandalous sketches were pure (no, impure) impostures! For the first time, in fact, the notables of the Grand Siècle ceased to be puppets and became human beings. With Gallic deftness, Gallic brevity, and Gallic precision, Tallemant portrayed his specimens as they lived and breathed: cardinals are devout, foxy, and gourmandish, kings are as loutish as the

MACMILLAN SPRING BOOKS

Odtaa

A Novel

by John Masefield

The author of "Sard Harker"

Perils, daring, adventure, romance in a story that takes a welcome departure from the manner and method of most current fiction. \$2.50

Chimes

A Novel

by Robert Herrick

What is wrong with our colleges? The young professor in a mid-Western university presents a provocative viewpoint in this fine novel. \$2.00

George Westover

A Novel

by Eden Phillpotts

"A distinctive, lifelike and original character . . . a novel that should be read by the multitude."—*Boston Transcript*. \$2.00

Delight

A Novel

by Mazo de la Roche

A story for springtime adequately described by its title. \$2.00

The Question Mark

A Novel by M. Jaeger

One of the most brilliant of England's younger writers has written an unusual story about a new Utopia. \$2.00

My New York

by Mabel Osgood Wright

The New York that you remember and the people that you knew. \$2.50

Reluctantly Told

by Jane Hillyer

Dr. Joseph Collins has written the introduction to this remarkable account of a mental breakdown and gradual return to normality. \$2.50

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh

Edited by Lady Raleigh

There is unanimous agreement on the charm of these letters of an Oxford professor. "Read his letters and be caught up into heaven by his keen spirit."—*New York Evening Post*. "Charming, witty, virile and unaffected."—*Baltimore Sun*. "Gay and frank."—*New York Times*. Two volumes, boxed. \$7.00

The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson

by Francis W. Hirst

The first biography compatible with the greatness of the American rebel and statesman has been written by a famous English editor and publicist. "Able, comprehensive, scholarly, human, entertaining," are some of the descriptions given this fine and timely portrait. \$6.00

Italy Under Mussolini

by William Bolitho

The first truthful, accurate and reliable account of Fascism by the brilliant European correspondent of *The New York World*. \$2.50

The Duffer's Handbook of Golf

by Grantland Rice, Illustrated by Clare Briggs

A famous sports writer and the premier portrait painter of Dufferdom have combined their talents in this most complete of all golf books. \$3.50

By the City of the Long Sand

A Tale of New China by Alice Tisdale Hobart

A true story of homesteading in the heart of China's engulfing vastness. As absorbing as a novel; full of adventures. \$3.50

The Case of Bituminous Coal

by W. H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright

"A story of a competitive industry which for realism, logic of development, and brilliance of style will not soon be surpassed in economic chronicles."—*Stuart Chase in The Nation*. \$2.50

Free Thought in the Social Sciences

by J. A. Hobson

The author holds that success in devising better arts of human government depends on stimulation of free thinking and free criticism. With this thesis he has made a book that every *Nation* reader should have. \$4.00

The American Year Book

Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart and W. M. Schuyler

An indispensable record of the year's important events that is needed as a reference book by every public official, man of affairs and library. Fifty experts have collaborated to make it accurate, complete and authoritative. \$7.50

Prices subject to change on publication

Science and the Modern World

by A. N. Whitehead

"The most significant re-statement for the general reader of the present relations of science, philosophy and the issues of life which has yet appeared."—*John Dewey in The New Republic*. \$3.00

Curing the Criminal

by Jesse O. Stutsman

Every judge, lawyer and social worker should read and digest this examination by a penitentiary warden of our most pressing social problem. \$2.50

Law Reform

by Henry W. Taft

Papers and addresses on a difficult problem of social organization by one of the leaders of the American bar. \$3.00

The Genesis of the Constitution

by Breckinridge Long

An admirable account of how the constitution grew to its first form. \$2.50

The Gang Age

by Paul Hanley Furfey

A suggestive study of the pre-adolescent boy and his recreational needs. \$2.00

The Tragedy of Waste

by Stuart Chase

A challenging book. "To dream such a dream is to turn economics into poetry."—*The Nation*. \$2.50

The Gist of Evolution

by H. H. Newman

A clear statement of the theory for busy readers by one of the Scopes trial experts. \$1.50

New York Boston Chicago

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

canaille, and—the last straw!—regal courtesans become as dully commonplace as wives. Yet he was too great an artist to delineate only the seamy side; ever aloof and detached, and too wise either to praise or condemn, he cared no more, and no less, for virtue than for vice—both were merely an essential part of the picture, and that was all. Like his contemporary John Aubrey, he tended to look for oddities and eccentricities; but the Frenchman has a pith and pungence never quite paralleled by the Englishman.

Twenty-five of Tallemant's almost five hundred "Miniaures" have now for the first time been translated into English. Quotations are always likely to be futile, but here are several that indicate something of his range. La Fontaine was more than a mere fabulist: "his father found him a wife, and he married out of complaisance. His wife declares that he dreams so much, that sometimes he is three weeks without remembering that he is a husband. She is a coquettish creature, and her conduct has been irregular for some time. He is in no way concerned with that. They say to him: 'But so-and-so is playing with your wife.' 'I'faith!' says he, 'let him do what he can. I care not two pins. He'll grow tired of her as I've done.' This indifference has infuriated the woman. She pines away with chagrin. He takes his love where he finds it. A certain procuress having retired to the town, he gave her lodging, and one day his wife surprised them. He merely forbore, bowed, and left." Father André "preached an infinite number of Lenten and Advent sermons, but he always preached like a mountebank, not because he had the intention of making people laugh, but because he was by nature a buffoon . . . after delivering a great harangue against the dissolute life of . . . Mary Magdalene, he was seized with an idea: 'Down there,' he said, 'I can see one who is very like the Magdalene, and now, because she does not mend her ways, I am going to mark her out and throw my handkerchief at her head.' And as he said the words, he took his handkerchief and made as if to throw it. At once all the women lowered their heads. 'Ah!' he cried, 'I thought there was but one. And here there turn out to be a hundred and more!' . . . He once began a sermon thus: 'Hay of the Pope, hay of the King, hay of the Queen, hay of His Eminence the Cardinal, hay of you, hay of myself, all flesh is as grass and withereth.'" And certainly only Frenchmen could act—and write—with such a quintessence of refinement as appears in this: "The Marshal d'Ornano would not have anything to do with a virgin, or with a woman of the name of Mary, from the respect he bore toward the Mother of God."

In recent times a great amount of nonsense has been written about the "new" biography; "Miniature Portraits" and Sir Edmund Gosse's excellent pamphlet ought to convince the critics that its novelty dates at least more than two centuries back. O Strachey, where is thy sting? O Guedalla, where is thy victory?

R. F. DIBBLE

Narcissus

Israel. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

"ISRAEL" is what Mr. Lewisohn has at present come to on his way upstream. Whether it signalizes that he is home at last or stopping twenty minutes for lunch only time can tell. The immediate point is that the book does not present itself as an objective study of a people whom the traditional conventions of our culture call peculiar, but as the present phase of an autobiography of which the earlier modes were set forth in "Upstream" and "Don Juan." "Israel" is no less personal and intimate than those, and it is possessed besides of an intensity which those lack. Its style is like a flame. Lyric passion carries its theme from beginning to end. Singing eloquences run through it that more than once lift to a beauty poignant to the point of pain.

It is his own odyssey that Mr. Lewisohn so celebrates—"in

the meantime every Jew can find himself. I have done so. Not every one need go upon so long a pilgrimage. But every one can come home to himself and to Israel, and to learn that to be a Jew is to be a friend of mankind, to be a proclaimer of liberty and peace." In a word, Mr. Lewisohn looked at Israel and saw an image of his perfect, his own best self.

For the Israel that is composed in this book and the Israel which is made up of the communities of Jews who live and struggle to live in the cities of the United States and enclaves of mid-Europe and the villages of Palestine are two and not one. The former is a work of art; the latter is an event of history and political economy. The latter is a congeries of customs, hungers, drives, hopes, traditions, rebellions, survivals, and possessions organized about a dubious and unstable common center of equilibrium in a shifting pattern of integration and dissolution, and holding to a rather protean identity amid the clashing processes of modern life. The former is a clear and simple unshakable spirit, forever the suffering servant of mankind.

To Mr. Lewisohn Israel is "a nation by force of the spirit alone, by cleaving to an idea, a tradition, a faith . . . one people that had forever exchanged the edge of the sword for the witness of the spirit"; a unique people that in its tolerance and loving-kindness had "from its first exile learned the lesson that mankind waits to learn . . . dedicated by history and character to a complete abstention from the exercise of force and the exertion of power . . . a people of individualists, protestants, moral revolutionaries. . . . No Jewish writer or thinker is a reactionary . . . did not throw the weight of his talent, critical or creative, on the side of liberty, tolerance, peace . . . Jews are the people of reason and peace. . . . That constitutes our function among the nations and our service to mankind."

Just to set these things down is to exhibit the unreality of this Israel, who in himself is certainly not without these traits but who is as certainly not without all the others which are the lot of mankind. But Mr. Lewisohn is not concerned with seeing Israel as he is, he is concerned with projecting an image of his own desire. He gives this image body and he vindicates it as a portrait of the life to come in Palestine by various texts from the Bible and the fathers. The use of these texts does not seem to me different from that which, of a Sunday, any preacher makes of his text abstracted from its content—and its occasion and the time and place and circumstances of its utterance ignored or unknown.

The body of the book is an eloquent filling of this abstraction with the surface of Jewish life passionately seen and appreciated in mid-Europe, in Poland, in Palestine. It is all highest light and deepest shade. The Jews of Poland become Rembrandtesque; the Jewry of Palestine heirs of the prophets, building a pacifist, non-political, cultural state from which is to spread "the lesson that mankind still waits to learn." The *vita nuova* of this state should be projected in English, Hebrew, German, since without them the mission of Israel cannot be accomplished. Also, Yiddish, or Ladino, or Aramaic would not command a sufficient audience. Of course, there must be Hebrew, but "the voice of the Hebrew poet will never reach even half of his own people as a living voice." It will not reach mankind at all."

Well! . . .

All in all I get the impression, inescapably, that the author of "Israel" has missed altogether the dynamic units, past and present, in the Jewish social organism. I get the impression that there has come to him no realization of what the qualities of these units in fact are or how they do actually, in daily life, make contact with the larger social groupings of which they are dynamic parts. Mr. Lewisohn's present wishes and past experiences seem to define for him whatever social causation he acknowledges. Hence he calls assimilation the cause of modern anti-Semitism and war its occasion. Hence he declares that when war is no more and when what I am accustomed to

call cultural pluralism is a conscious rule as well as a material fact of international behavior, anti-Semitism will end. Then, quoting Scripture for his purpose, he draws a portrait and draws up a program and names them Israel.

Jews and non-Jews both, according to their prejudices and tastes, will call this portrait flattery or caricature, but they will not call it true. Israel is too entirely human for that, too altogether like the rest of us. I happen myself to be a pluralist, cultural and other, a Zionist, and a pacifist. I happen to have been so for quite a long time. But I could no more see these things and these only in Israel than I could in John Bull, or Ivan Bear, or Uncle Sam. Nor could any candid historian or economist or psychologist of scientific training and sympathetic mind. The Jewish people is a historic social group, with a well-defined and hitherto continuing group-personality. In its struggle to maintain itself it behaves as other groups behave, manifesting, within the limits set by its environments, similar qualities and similar defects. Untoward circumstances have exaggerated some qualities and some defects to a point of abnormality. But as the defects are no ground for persecution, so the qualities are no ground for privilege. The Jews are entitled, *as they are*, with their imperfections as well as their virtues on their heads, to the same freedom to live their own lives and do their own work as other people, neither more nor less. Their title requires no justification by a claim to superior service or superior culture or superior ideals. It is not without significance that Mr. Lewisohn makes this claim. As a cultural pluralist he should know better, but make it he does. His restatement of the compensatory doctrines of "the chosen people" and "the mission of Israel" is not less a restatement of those doctrines, and not less compensatory, because he does not use those terms but uses instead the terms of pacifism and cultural democracy. These may be what Mr. Lewisohn seeks; they do not compose the living fullness of what the Jews are. In "Israel" Mr. Lewisohn is still regarding himself, this time through another social medium.

H. M. KALLEN

A Bulwark Against Barbarism

Prehistoric Man: a General Outline of Prehistory. By Jacques de Morgan. \$5. *The Dawn of European Civilization.* By V. Gordon Childe. \$6. *The Aegean Civilization.* By Gustave Glotz. \$5. *China and Europe: Intellectual and Artistic Contacts in the Eighteenth Century.* By Adolf Reichwein. \$5. *The Threshold of the Pacific.* By C. E. Fox. \$6. *A Thousand Years of the Tartars.* By E. H. Parker. \$5. (The History of Civilization Series. Edited by C. K. Ogden.) Alfred A. Knopf.

THOSE six volumes stand peacefully on my desk and I feel as I used to do, fifteen years ago, whenever I had spent a couple of days in that strange museum in Munich which contained an accurate and ample record of everything that had ever been invented or discovered. But the visit was invariably followed by a severe intellectual "Kater." What was the use of trying to learn anything at all when there were so many things to learn that one could never even hope to scratch the surface?

At the same time these volumes speak a message of hope that ought to be duly writ down in the annals of the year of grace 1926. I am not using the word "message" in its usual sense as an expression of that cheap optimism which holds that all is well with the world because 90 per cent of the white race may now hope to buy a Ford car. A terrible lot is still wrong with this universe, or, to be more exact, with that particular species of mammal which has chosen our little planet as its habitat.

At the same time there are certain definite indications which speak of a more agreeable future. We may be only neolithic stragglers who flit about in Tin Lizzies. But we

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

MINIATURE PORTRAITS

BY TALLEMANT DES REAUX

These historiettes from the French "for literary importance can only be compared with the diary of Samuel Pepys, and Tallemant des Reaux takes his place with Brantome as a master of living portraiture." (Sir Edmund Gosse). \$4.00

THE BOOK OF WINE

BY P. MORTON SHAND

Mr. Shand is an experienced and recognized authority on all that pertains to Wine, its history, properties, vintages, topography, virtues, vices and blessings. \$4.50

THE RIDDLE OF THE EARTH

BY APPIAN WAY

It is surprising that otherwise well-informed people accept without question the idea that a volcano is thrown up from the earth's interior. The author thinks otherwise, and opens a fascinating realm of speculation in relation to meteors and volcanoes \$2.50

THE POMPS OF SATAN

BY EDGAR SALTUS

Satan's pomps are varied. The author exposes his whims, his ideas, images the past, forecasts the future, and deplores the present. A book replete with grace and graciousness full of a delicate charm. \$2.00

PARIS IN THE REVOLUTION

BY G. LENÔTRE

One of the most fascinating works of a writer whose scholarly and charming studies of the Revolution and Empire have attained an astonishing popularity. Profusely illustrated. With maps. \$4.50

THE FRINGE OF LONDON

BY GORDON S. MAXWELL

Being intimate ventures and adventures into Kent, Essex, Middlesex and Herts, the counties that fringe the City of London. Beautifully illustrated. . \$2.50

INSIDE THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

Mr. Sayler gives us here first-hand information about the famous Moscow Art Theatre at home in Russia. \$4.00

THE PLAYS

Seven plays of the Lyric Branch in English, "Carmencita," "Lysistrata" et cetera. \$3.00
Translated from the Russian by Geo. S. and Gilbert Seldes.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW SPRING CATALOGUE

Publishers **BRENTANO'S** New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

have at least reached the point at which we recognize ourselves as survivors from an Age of Barbarism. We no longer brag about the wonderful things we have accomplished. Rather we have begun to wonder whether during the last twenty centuries we have accomplished anything at all. In the field of science we are, of course, far ahead of our distant ancestors. But in almost every other respect we continue to be savages, and the belated realization of the fact may save us from continuing along a road that looked backward and that seemed to lead straight back to the Stone Age.

We all know how it was before the war. Of course we had our problems. Capital and labor seemed to be at loggerheads. The Chinese were waking up. The Japanese were imitating our pantaloons and our engines and there still were slums in the heart of our big cities. But in due time sociology and applied biology and political economy would solve those problems for us. Meanwhile the railroad and the steamboat and the electric telegraph and the flying machine had made us all neighbors. And Esperanto and international traveling checks would do the rest. Then came the decade of disillusionment, and when the smoke lifted, behold, a thousand battlefields spoke of our baffled hopes and the great and wonderful white race had made such a sorry spectacle of itself that even the imperturbable followers of Kong-Fu-Tze could not entirely suppress a smile of commiseration. *Homo sapiens* found himself at the crossing of the roads. The choice before him was a difficult one. Pithecanthropus grinned a nasty welcome. Only a desperate effort on the part of the grandson could prevent him from slipping back to grandpa's messy cave. Would he make such an effort, and could he?

Fortunately, I am not responsible for statesmen, bankers, and other "practical" members of the human race. They continued the even tenor of their days and proceeded to do business among the ruins of a discarded civilization as if the war had been a comma and not a full stop. The scientists, on the other hand, knew that something was amiss, that the time had come to put their little craft into dry-dock, inspect it for damage, and bring about such improvement as would fit it for further service.

As a result we first of all went through the period of outlines. I shall be the last to claim that those outlines were perfect or had any lasting value. They performed, however, a very useful service. They made large numbers of people aware of the hitherto unsuspected fact that there was such a thing as continuity in the development of mankind; that nations and wars and pestilences were not dislocated facts but the natural manifestations of a vague substance called the human spirit and subject to those primeval instincts which no one had ever taken the trouble to explain except in terms of wickedness and virtue.

Once this great discovery had been made there was a request for more. And now the Outline Era is being followed by the age of the Evolutionary Collection. No longer is it deemed sufficient to state how things have been. It has become necessary to explain how things have come to be the way they are.

The large "History of Civilization" of which the above six volumes are only a part is of French origin. The English translation will contain some eighty volumes, and when they are finished every department of human growth will be adequately covered.

This is to be no Five Foot Bookshelf. Ten minutes a day will not make a man wise. I doubt whether twenty hours a week will make him a social success or will materially increase his account with the Second National. After all, the daily life of a paleolithic village has few points of contact with the modern world. A knowledge of the cult of trees or familiarity with the Ka ka mara Tales has little value in a civilization that turns its trees into Sunday supplements and inspires its infants to noble deeds by reciting the epic of Andy Gump. At

A List of Putnam Books Worth Checking —

Biography —

MADAME DE POMPADOUR

By Marcelle Tinayre

A brilliant biography by France's most accomplished woman writer, admirably translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. *Illustrated.* \$3.50

SOME AMERICAN LADIES

By Meade Minnigerode

Biographical studies of Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, Elizabeth Monroe, Louisa Adams, Rachel Jackson, and Peggy Eaton. *Illustrated.* \$3.50

THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS

By S. G. Tallentyre

With wit and grace the author recreates a vanished society and draws the portraits of the brilliant Salonnières. *Illustrated.* \$3.75

Novels —

MAN ALONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The romance of a giant among men, who was obsessed by the belief that all women are rotten at the core. \$2.00

GIFTS OF SHEBA

By W. L. George

In this novel Mr. George has added another notable feminine portrait to his famous gallery, and written a story as provocative as it is engrossing. \$2.00

Short Stories —

THE WHOLE STORY

By Elizabeth Bibesco

Clever, amusing and shrewd, these short stories of the world of fashion are fifteen intellectual cocktails for lovers of sophisticated fiction. \$2.00

THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN

By Millicent Sutherland

The descriptive passages of this impressionistic writer serve as a vivid background to the bizarre characters of her creation. \$2.00

Travel and Exploration —

BLACK HAITI

By Blair Niles

In this volume the little Black Republic of Haiti comes to life; slaves, emperors, and kings act out their dramatic stories. *Illustrated.* \$3.50

DIGGING FOR LOST AFRICAN GODS

By Count Byron Khun de Prorok, F. R. G. S.

A fascinating account of the author's archaeological achievements on the site of ancient Carthage, in Tunisia, and through the Sahara. *Illustrated.* \$6.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

the same time such collections are of inestimable value in the approaching war with popular stupidity.

The war destroyed all ancient standards of conduct and behavior. It made the Rev. Dr. Straton the equal of Charles Darwin. It invited the late Mr. Bryan to air his opinions upon the subject of Brother Einstein. It turned loose all the dark forces of prejudice and arrogance and bade them do their damndest. Today the house of science is a fortress besieged. The barbarian invasion of the last decade has swept away the outer line of defenses. And it will be many years before the damage can be repaired. In the meantime the soldiers of the garrison will have a double task. They will be called upon to continue their daily routine, without which the whole fabric of modern civilization would come to a speedy end. And, somehow or other, they will be obliged to safeguard the remaining walls against the attacks of our contemporary vandals.

They will need all the help they can get. The rich arsenal of plausible information contained in the present series will be a most welcome addition to their scant supply of historical mortars and siege-guns. Placed in advantageous strategic positions, these books will do dreadful damage among the younger generation. It seems a pity for the poor intellectual cannon-fodder. But the missiles we fire are not deadly, and, once the patient recovers from the shock, he does feel so much better.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

The New History

The New History and the Social Studies. By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Century Company. \$4.

EDUCATION has had, for a number of years, a sound common sense about history. It has believed that the human individual is not properly orientated unless he can see his present in relation to the past. Hence, both in the elementary and the higher schools and colleges, history has become the backbone study. There has, however, been something pathetic about it all—on the one hand, the fine confidence that teachers have had that only through a generous understanding of the past could their pupils achieve a wisdom for the future; on the other, the lamentable material placed at their disposal by the professional historians. One might almost say that historians have been at greatest pains to convince us that the only living values in human history were to be found in military adventure and dynastic intrigues. One reads the conventional school texts in vain to discover any adequate appreciation of the profounder movements of the human spirit. It is hardly to be wondered at, then, if the wisdom gleaned from such study is the conviction that war is glorious and inevitable, and that politics is the most engrossing occupation of *homo sapiens*.

Fortunately, however, the situation is changing. A new point of view is beginning to take shape among the historians. As life is more than eating and drinking, so, it begins to be seen, has the life of man been more than brutal episodes of conquest or the infantile exhibitions of self-glorification. Human history has really amounted to something. Mankind have really striven and advanced. The Platos and Galileos and Rousseaus have been at least as significant as the Alexanders, the Neros, and the Henry the Eighths. The revolts of slaves, the protests of free burghers, the fights of trade unions have had as veritable a part to play in shaping our destinies as the intrigues of drunken Popes or the lusts of de Medicis. All this needs to be told to our children—if for nothing else, at least so that when, as successful men of affairs (or as their wives) they make their grand tour to Europe, they will not do as the grown-up children of the present generation do, make a bee-line Cook's Tour to the battlefields!

Mr. Barnes has been fortunate enough to grow up with this new view of history; and he has, in all of his writings, been one of its brilliant promoters. In this volume he makes an exhaus-



"THE MOST HIGHLY PRAISED NOVEL OF THE SEASON"

says *The Saturday Review of Literature*

The Opinion of 28 Critics thus far:

"THE FINEST NOVEL OF THE YEAR"

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF ART"

—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

"THE GREAT BOOK OF THE SEASON"

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"ONE OF THE NOTABLY IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS OF THIS CENTURY TO THE ENGLISH NOVEL."—*N. Y. Times.*

NO MORE PARADES

by FORD MADDOX FORD

5th large printing—\$2.50

Oswald Garrison Villard says

"THE NEW NEGRO IS A MILESTONE . . . A VOLUME OF NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SCOPE."



Edited by ALAIN LOCKE

H. L. Mencken

"THIS book is a phenomenon of immense significance."

Carl Van Doren

"THE art of the New Negro has now a chance to be built up on a firm critical foundation."

446 pages, 17 full page color plates and black and white drawings by Reiss, Covarrubias, and Douglas, bound in colored boards and buckram back, with decorated end leaves. \$5.00

Albert & Charles Boni—66 Fifth Avenue, New York

tive analysis of the whole situation in history, starting with a chapter on The Past and Future of History and then proceeding with a number of chapters showing the relation, successively, of geography, psychology, anthropology, sociology, natural science, economics, political science, and ethics to history. As one finishes the reading one is aware of how thorough a revolution is taking place in this field of science, and how profoundly a new generation inducted into history, thus broadly and deeply conceived, will be affected. If education has any power at all to shape the human mind and spirit, here assuredly is a means whereby a more wholesome outlook may be achieved with regard to the proper business of mankind.

Mr. Barnes is not highly optimistic about the future. He sees society today largely in the grip of myths and of crystalized prejudices. He sees little hope for a sudden change to clear thinking and to a reasonable behavior in the region of our social life. Yet one has but to run through the perfectly astounding list of references contained in this book to realize how widely and strongly the scientific mind of today is moving in a direction away from the stupid mythologies and the narrow provincialisms of the past. As the scientific mind moves, so surely must the world move. One comes therefore from this volume not only with gratitude to the few valiant spirits—preeminent among them James Harvey Robinson—who inaugurated this new movement in historical science but with a sense of the power with which the new ideas are spreading all through the scientific world.

The book is a monument of labor. Every student of social science will wish to have it constantly at his elbow, for it achieves the happy success of being both a lively and penetrating interpretation and a thoroughgoing source of historic and bibliographic information. H. A. OVERSTREET

Books in Brief

Adventures of an Illustrator. By Joseph Pennell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$12.50.

The burden of Joseph Pennell's ego is greater than any man can bear with decorum. Had he never written his adventures a legend would have survived of a crusty old gentleman who was a magnificent teacher, a fine craftsman, an excellent illustrator. Instead we have a portrait of a man hag-ridden by petty egocentricities. From a bigger man we might have had the portrait of a period. For Mr. Pennell knew or met most of the great and near-great of the nineties both in England and America. With rare exceptions his reaction to his contemporaries was scorn that grows tiresome through reiteration. His book, fortunately, does not depend for interest on his querulous comments and criticisms. Its handsome pages are rich in the sure, delicate line drawings for which he is famous. These bear witness that his adventures carried him to places we all long to see or long to see again—the hill towns of Italy, rural England, French cities and chateaux, London. Lest the simple reader be misled into thinking that Mr. Pennell has had an unusually interesting, busy, and happy life, the author is at pains to set down every professional and social slight he received, every personal discomfort he met on his travels, every lack of appreciation of his work. The war came to add a final chip to Mr. Pennell's already well-burdened shoulder. In the war he seems to have lost many valuable books, papers, and prints. Also the war ended the world he knew—the grand old, good old, great old world that made the World War possible. And on a note of sentimental bitterness Pennell ends his adventures in invective.

What Is Industrial Democracy? By Norman Thomas. League for Industrial Democracy. 15 cents.

Mr. Thomas runs a chain-and-compass line over the field of industrial democracy. To a loose phrase—almost a swear word—he strives to give content and meaning. He succeeds

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

A brilliant novel of the American stage

HOME TALENT

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

"This novel by Mrs. Hale deserves a great success. It gives a normal picture of a fascinating life."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The reader says to himself, 'This is the real thing.' . . . Mrs. Hale succeeds in making her actor characters very human . . . bound to please and interest a wide public."—*New York Times*. \$2.00

THE GAME OF LOVE AND DEATH

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

One of a series of twelve plays which Rolland aims to do on the French Revolution. Jerome de Courvoisier, thinker and man of science, loses faith in all things human, yet finds eventually that he will make any sacrifice in order to live. \$2.00

THE LOG OF THE SUN

By WILLIAM BEEBE

One of Mr. Beebe's earliest and most delightful books, long out of print, now reproduced in a popular edition. 52 colored illustrations by Walter King Stone. \$5.00

THE POPE

By JEAN CARRÈRE

A complete panoramic history of Christian Rome and of the Papacy. "Intellectual profit, apologetic interest, mental enjoyment, all advise the reading of this worthy and illuminating book."—*The Catholic World*. \$3.50

THE AMERICAN BALLET

By TED SHAWN

The first serious book on the dance that has been written by a dancer for the general reader. Introduction by Havelock Ellis, author of *THE DANCE OF LIFE*. Profusely illustrated from photographs. \$7.50

POETRY and CRITICISM

By EDITH SITWELL

Miss Sitwell, in this little volume, packs her philosophy of modernism and finds it in the end far from modern. \$1.50

LES FLEURS DU MAL

The Complete Poems of Charles Baudelaire

The most fascinating and influential of recent French poets is now for the first time offered to the American reader. 160 poems translated by Lewis Piaget Shanks. \$3.00

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE SOCIAL WORKER

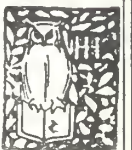
By ELIZABETH MACADAM

Describes clearly the methods of preparing men and women for social administration in all its forms. \$2.50



Send for Complete Spring List.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
ONE PARK AVENUE - NEW YORK



better than one would have dared to hope. He shows how and where industrial democracy differs from political democracy, and then proceeds to examine the various forces which are now functioning in the former field—management plans of organized labor, management plans handed down to company unions, producers cooperatives, building guilds and other guilds, consumers cooperatives, labor banks, credit unions, public utilities. The story is told carefully, vividly, and with sound documentation. The concluding chapter is profound in the fairness and the humility with which it faces the economic future—particularly the psychological future of industrial democracy. The whole is by way of being a classic in its combination of facts and philosophy—a handbook and a way of mind.

Relation in Art. By Vernon Blake. Oxford University Press. \$6.

Mr. Blake's book is more ambitious than its title suggests. The early chapters are devoted to the exposition of a complete system of metaphysics, upon which an aesthetic theory is based. This philosophy has important points of contact with the Einstein theory of relativity, though it appears to have been developed independently, and exhibits the besetting vices of traditional metaphysics. Its net results when summarized are exceedingly tenuous. One is tempted to apply to the author words originally spoken of a distinguished college president: "He can go in deeper, and stay in longer, and bring up less than any living philosopher." His later analysis of specific pictures, statues, and buildings is often excellent, and always worthy of consideration. Here his experience as a practical artist comes into play, illuminating his observation and enabling him to show the technical means by which effects are produced. For the most part Mr. Blake claims absolute validity for his own preferences, though he usually attempts a logical justification for them. Relativity, as conceived by him, is itself a kind of absolute, since it has to do with the adjustment of the work of art to the laws of the universe rather than to the changing moods and demands of human beings.

The Songs of Sappho. Translated into English Verse by Marion Mills Miller. Critical Memoir and Introduction on the Recovery and Restoration of the Egyptian Relics. By David Moore Robinson. Frank-Maurice. \$20.

This handsome volume is the only complete collection of all the known fragments of Sappho. And when one has said that and noticed, also, Professor Robinson's scholarly history of the Sapphic fragments one has said all. Mr. Miller's verse translations could scarcely be worse, being neither Greek nor English but a rhetorical locution in which the extreme precision of Sappho's style expands to a diffuse jargon supposed by the vulgar to be "poetic." Professor Robinson's obsession is middle-class morality: "Sappho conducted a sort of young ladies' seminary." Homosexuality removed, we may enjoy the poetry of Sappho undisturbed. One need not pause over this familiar stupidity. One may reflect that Sappho the "Lesbian" is hardly less socially desirable than Sappho the mid-Victorian chaperon, and that, further, a sound moral state might be made out for her in either role.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. With an Introduction by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Selected and edited by Edna Kenton. The American Library. Albert and Charles Boni. \$5.

The Jesuit Martyrs of North America. By John J. Wynne, S. J. The Universal Knowledge Foundation.

Miss Kenton's stout and attractive volume distinguishes The American Library, which already was interesting. Reuben Gold Thwaites's "Jesuit Relations" was in seventy-three volumes and is now rarely found outside of libraries. But it is one of the most important sources of American history, and Miss Kenton has done a great service by weeding and

Dutton's

LATEST SPRING FICTION

PIG IRON

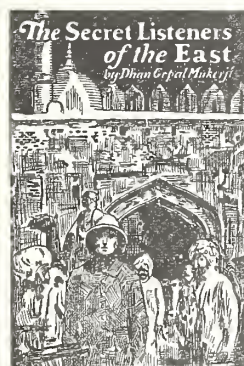
by CHARLES G. NORRIS

The "big novel" of the season.

H. L. MENCKEN writes:

"I have read it with immense interest, and enjoyed it unflaggingly. . . . His books have solid substance in them and a fine dignity."—*The American Mercury*.

32nd edition on press, \$2.00.



The Secret Listeners of the East

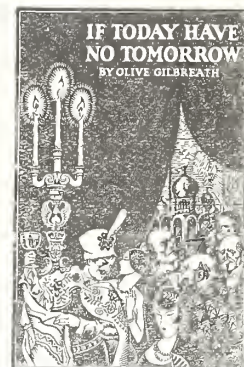
By
DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

A detective-mystery story told with a truly Oriental subtlety. \$2.00

If Today Have No Tomorrow

By
OLIVE GILBREATH

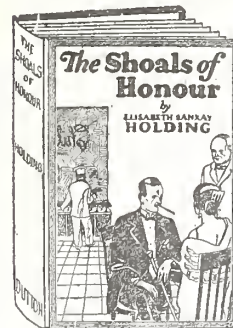
A brilliant novel of the collapse of the old aristocracy of Russia. \$2.00



The Shoals of Honour

By ELISABETH
SANXAY HOLDING

How a boy of fine nature can be miseducated into a social parasite and yet recover. \$2.00



E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

condensing it. The second of these volumes goes over the same ground for examples of heroism and martyrdom which will confirm the faithful in their faith.

The Works of Stendhal. Volumes 1 and 2: *The Charterhouse of Parma.* Volume 3: *The Abbess of Castro and Other Stories.* Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50 a volume.

The publishers of this new complete translation of Stendhal have been fortunate in securing the services, at least for the present volumes, of the accomplished translator of Marcel Proust. The English, of course, is perfect; and the edition promises to satisfy a very real need both in England and America, where it is simultaneously appearing.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell, Esq. Edited with notes by Arnold Glover. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson. Fully illustrated with about one hundred drawings in pen and ink by Herbert Railton and many portraits in photogravure. E. P. Dutton and Company. Three volumes. \$10.

Though not the best edition for the scholar, this is perhaps the most suitable "library" and "gift" edition of Boswell. The end-papers are a map of Johnson's London; the illustrations are of the streets and buildings one most wants to see; and Austin Dobson's introduction, reprinted from the edition of 1901, is a topographical gem.

The Little World. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Little indeed the world appears as Stella Benson skims over it, irreverently chucking its chin and laughing in its eyes and nibbling at its wares. She works her way about, now as X-ray assistant, now as journalist, now as teacher to Chinese boys, now as lady's maid in California; always she seems to have about five dollars left in her pocket, and nothing can inconvenience or blight her. Her versatility shows more brilliantly than it did in her last novel, "Pipers and a Dancer." Although she frisks over surfaces she catches, instinctively, those revealing accessories which are not seen by many a more studious and careful sightseer.

Drama

Melodrama Up to Date

A HUGE popular success, even when it is achieved by a book or a play which could not possibly have been popular a short time before, does not always constitute an event of particular significance from the standpoint of the aesthetician, but it is always a fascinating phenomenon to the student of group psychology because it represents the sudden culmination of a process which has been quietly going on for years before. A complicated series of circumstances has fixed the attention of the author upon some aspect of human life, it has led him to think of it in some particular way, and it has taught him to express his reactions in some telling form; but this is not all. The process which has gone on in him has run parallel, even in time, with a similar process in the minds of the audience he is about to address. Its members have proceeded, more gropingly perhaps, but at almost the same pace, along the very same path; and at exactly the right moment, neither too soon nor too late, the author has revealed to them where they were going. Enthusiasm for some new hero, anger against some new villain has been slowly accumulating, so that when the villain or hero makes his sudden appearance upon the stage hisses or cheers, expressing a glad release, break forth.

In the majority of cases the process is far too complicated to be more than vaguely sensed by the author who is, himself, a part of it. Consider, for example, the case of Mr. Lewis's "Main



INTERNATIONAL

IMPORTANT SPRING BOOKS

WHITHER RUSSIA?

Towards Capitalism or Socialism?
by LEON TROTSKY

In this new and significant book, the famous Bolshevik leader answers the questions raised throughout the world as to Russia's future. He gives a complete account of the strides which Russia is making toward rebuilding its economic life, and analyzes the direction of Russia's development. \$1.50

OIL IMPERIALISM

The International Struggle for Petroleum
by LOUIS FISCHER

The inside story of the rivalry between American and British oil interests for Russian oil. The author presents sensational disclosures of the diplomatic manoeuvres in behalf of the great oil interests in the effort to get control of the oil resources of the world. \$2.00

ARE THE JEWS A RACE?

by KARL KAUTSKY

In this penetrating book Karl Kautsky discusses the fundamental questions affecting the Jews. What is the truth of the Jewish claim of race? What are the causes of anti-Semitism? What is the future of Zionism? \$2.50

BROKEN EARTH

by MAURICE HINDUS
Introduction by GLENN FRANK

An unusual and engrossing account of the Russian peasant and his life in the new social and economic order. Glenn Frank says, "It is refreshing to come upon a book that deals, not with the policies of the Russian capital but with the people of the Russian countryside." \$2.00

JACOB'S WELL

by PIERRE BENOIT

A splendid story of the Jewish pioneer colonies in Palestine, and of the glamour of the gay capitals of Europe. The heroine, a Jewess, is a courtesan reared in the slums of the Levantine seaports. A Zionist idealist falls in love with her and the story of their romance reaches an extraordinary climax. \$2.00

LEFT WING UNIONISM

by DAVID J. SAPOSS
A study of radical policies and tactics in American trade unions. \$1.60

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA

by SCOTT NEARING
A first-hand account of the achievements and plans of Russia's new educational program. \$1.50

SELECTED ESSAYS

by KARL MARX
A selection of the early essays of Karl Marx. Among them are included essays on the Jews, French Materialism, Proudhon, the Hegelian philosophy, the English revolution and other subjects. \$1.75

SOCIAL FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

by A. M. SIMONS
The standard economic interpretation of the origin and growth of the American nation. \$1.60

COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN ITALY

by E. A. LLOYD
A thorough and scientific investigation of the forms and the extent of cooperative organization in Italy at the present time. \$1.75

HISTORY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY

by EDWARD R. PEASE
The political ideas and work of such prominent Fabians as George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and others. \$2.50

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

by JOHN REED
Introduction by LENIN
The one authentic account of the Bolshevik Revolution of November, 1917. \$1.50

WHITHER ENGLAND?

by LEON TROTSKY
A brilliant analysis of England's approaching economic decline and a shattering prophecy of the impending conflict between England and the United States. \$1.75

HISTORICAL MATERIALISM

A System of Sociology
by NIKOLAI BUKHARIN
All the natural and social phenomena closely scrutinized and interpreted from the materialistic viewpoint. \$3.25

LITERATURE and REVOLUTION

by LEON TROTSKY
A brilliant criticism of present-day literary groupings in Russia and a discussion of the relation of art to life. \$2.50

CHAINS

by HENRI BARBUSSE
A novel of imposing sweep and scope. 2 vols. \$4.00

FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

by KARL KAUTSKY
A detailed investigation into the origin of the Christian Church from the materialistic viewpoint. \$4.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
Write for Complete Catalog



INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS CO.
INCORPORATED
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Street" and the Kaufman-Connelly "Beggar on Horseback," where the public had been gradually prepared to regard a familiar phenomenon in a new light; or, to take a case more relevant to the play which provoked these reflections, consider the triumphant "Rain," for the success of which a whole course of popular education was necessary. The growing metropolitan distrust of the reformer and all his works had to be combined with some awareness of the intimate relationship between religious ecstasy and sexual excitement, and this awareness could only have been the result of the gradual downward seepage of the information collected by learned and remote psychologists. Five years earlier the play would have fallen dead before an audience in whom no channels had been prepared through which the emotions it provoked could run; ten years later it would doubtless seem, in spite of its melodramatic deftness, uncomfortably platitudinous; but it appeared at its appropriate moment and it arranged into a pattern the chaotic complex of ideas and emotions present in the mind of each member of its audience.

Since its day playwrights and producers have circled about its theme and attempted to recapture its success. Within the last few weeks two plays, "The Virgin" and "Devils," have dealt with the baneful influence of fanatical religion, and the clergyman-villain has become a familiar figure; but no play since "Rain" has come so near to equaling its effectiveness as William Hurlbut's "Bride of the Lamb," which has just awakened the enthusiasm of its first-night audience at the Greenwich Village Theater. Based upon a similar theme and intended to release similar emotions, it does not, it is true, save in the incident at the very end which precipitates the catastrophe, present any situation which is strikingly fresh. From the moment the traveling evangelist, a robust and magnetic man, enters the house of the woman married to a man who has gradually sunk into flabby incompetence, one knows what the result will be. It is a foregone conclusion that this woman's suppressed passions, stimulated by the excitement of a religious revival, will mount in steady violence until it is plain even to her that her desire for the celestial bridegroom is only a disguise of the desire for his earthly representative; and yet there is a sturdy competence about the handling of the plot and about the characterization of the principal personages which sustains the interest and keeps alive a vigorous concern for the fate of the people involved. The author has built solidly if not brilliantly, and the proof of his success may be found in the fact that even the violence of his conclusion remains credible. The wife has confessed her love and the evangelist, responding to it, has nevertheless pointed out that her husband stands as an insurmountable obstacle between them. As the moment of parting approaches her desire to go with him grows into an obsession which carries her to the brink of insanity. Acting upon the impulse of a moment she poisons her husband with a bottle of shoe-cleaner, and then when the evangelist's wife suddenly turns up—not to make trouble but merely as one would visit a friend—the murderess bursts into a fit of hysterical laughter and is found by the police who come in search of her dressed like Ophelia for her wedding day. It is, I say, a triumph to have made this conclusion credible, and if Mr. Hurlbut never rises as high as tragedy his play is at least smashing melodrama and, in addition, melodrama written upon a formula which has a certain contemporary validity.

It is never difficult to distinguish even relatively unsuccessful plays whose merits are of the first order from the most successful examples of those whose virtues are always of a secondary kind and with this latter group "Bride of the Lamb" undoubtedly belongs. One cannot, for example, fail to note that the Main Street atmosphere which is so successfully evoked is the result of a lesson which the author has well learned from others rather than of any individual perception, and it is similarly obvious that there is nothing in the whole play which bears the stamp of a mind powerfully original in any respect. Yet granted the fact that it can lay no claim to greatness it is about as good as any play of its sort can be, and much the same must

be said of the production which it is given. Crane Wilbur and Alice Brady successfully avoid the caricature into which they might easily have fallen, and the performance of the latter especially is, if not exactly inspired, thoroughly competent.

"Schweiger" (Mansfield Theater) is a play by Franz Werfel which, unlike the "Goat Song," never achieves any very clear expression of the author's intention and in which, unfortunately, both Ben Ami and Anne Harding succumb to the temptation which it offers to overact. "What's the Big Idea" (Bijou Theater) tells how a go-getting son revived the failing fortunes of his father's drug-store by installing a soda-fountain and other modern improvements. It does not rise much above its theme. "Ashes of Love" (National Theater) is, or rather was, not much worse than several plays which have not been written by the Countess Cathcart.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □

—A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION—

THE CHIEF THING

A Comedy by NICOLAS EVREINOFF

Translated by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randal

GUILD THEATRE, W. 52nd St. Evs. 8.30
Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2.30

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand Street
Tel. Drydock 7516

Repertoire for THE NEXT 3 WEEKS

Tues., Wed. and Thurs.
Eves. and Wed. Matinee.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee.

T H E **DYBBUK**
English Version by Henry Alsberg

THREE
LYRIC | A Burmese Pwe
DRAMAS | A Haydn Opera-Bouffe
 | A Chinese Fantasy

□ C O N C E R T □

MOST REMARKABLE CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Five Great Negro Stars

Paul Robeson
and **Lawrence Brown**

Rosamond Johnson
and **Taylor Gordon**

Alexander Gatewood

In Their Expositions of Negro Spirituals

THE TOWN HALL

113 West 43rd Street, New York

April 16

TICKETS \$1 to \$5

BOXES \$50

8:30 P. M.

Some Notable Spring Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

- Allen, Hervey. *Toward the Flame*. Doran. \$2.
 Barrymore, John. *The Confessions of an Actor*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.
 Barton, William E. *A Beautiful Blunder*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.
 Baxter, Richard. *The Autobiography of*. Dutton. \$3.
 Bekker, Paul. *Beethoven*. Dutton. \$4.
 Burns, Walter Noble. *The Saga of Billy the Kid*. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.
 Chancellor, E. Beresford. *The Lives of the Rakes*. Brentano's. 6 vols. \$24.
 Chesterton, Gilbert K. William Cobbett. Dodd, Mead. \$2.
 Clemenceau, Georges. *Demosthenes*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
 Cochran, Charles B. *Secrets of a Showman*. Holt. \$5.
 Conrad, Jessie. *Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him*. Doubleday, Page. \$3.
 Davies, W. H. *Later Days*. Doran. \$2.
 Davis, Robert H. *Bob Fitzsimmons*. Doran. \$1.50.
 Delteil, Joseph. *Joan of Arc*. Minton, Balch. \$3.
 De Pourteles, Guy. *Franz Liszt*. Holt. \$3.50.
 Descartes, René, and Huygens, Constantyn. *Correspondence of*. Oxford University.
 des Réaux, Tallemant. *Miniature Portraits*. Brentano's. \$4.
 Devrol, George. *Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi*. Holt. \$2.
 Duclaux, Mary. *The Life of Racine*. Harper. \$4.
 Farington, Joseph. *The Farington Diary*. Doran. Vol. V. \$7.50.
 Fortescue, John. *Wellington*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.
 Fox, Dixon Ryan. *Caleb Heathcote*. Scribner. \$3.
 Gide, André. *Dostoevski*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Giese, W. F. *Victor Hugo, the Man and the Poet*. Dial Press. \$4.
 Goldberg, Isaac. *Havelock Ellis*. Simon and Schuster. \$4.
 Graham, R. B. *Cunninghame*. Doughty Deeds. Dial Press. \$3.75.
 Griffin, Solomon Bulkley. *W. Murray Crane*. Little, Brown. \$2.50.
 Guedalla, Philip. *Fathers of the Revolution*. Putnam. \$5.
 Guiney, Louise Imogen. *Letters of*. Harper. \$5.
 Harris, Charles K. *After the Ball: Forty Years of Melody*. Frank-Maurice. \$7.50.
 Haworth, Paul Leland. *George Washington—Country Gentleman*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.
 Herzen, Alexander. *My Past and Thoughts*. Knopf. Vol. V. \$2.
 Hickey, William. *The Memoirs of*. Knopf. Vol. IV. \$5.
 Hirst, Francis W. *The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson*. Macmillan. \$6.
 Iconoclast. *Mary MacArthur*. Seltzer. \$2.
 Johnson, R. Brimley. *The Letters of Hannah More*. Dial Press. \$2.50.
 Johnson, R. Brimley. *The Letters of Jane Austen*. Dial Press. \$2.50.
 Kerney, James. *The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson*. Century. \$3.50.
 Krassnoff, General P. N. *From Double Eagle to Red Flag*. Duffield. \$6.50.
 Krutch, Joseph Wood. *Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius*. Knopf. \$3.
 Larg, David Glass. *Madame De Staël*. Knopf. \$5.
 Le Goff, Marcel. *Anatole France at Home*. Adelphi. \$2.50.
 Mabbott, Thomas Ollive, and Pleadwell, Frank Lester. *The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney*. Macmillan. \$2.
 McBride, Robert W. *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.
 Nock, Albert Jay. *Jefferson*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Potter, C. R. *Sir Thomas More*. Small, Maynard. \$1.75.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CON- GRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y.,
for April 1, 1926.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of *The Nation* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
 Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard,
 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard,
 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey,
 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York City.
 Katherine S. Dreier, Central Park West, New York City.

Agnes Brown Leach, 160 East 64th Street, New York City.

Ellen McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maria C. Scattergood, 355 Bourse Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. L. Selene, 334 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Fanny Garrison Villard, 525 Park Avenue, New York City.

Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Edward S. Waters, 52 William Street, New York City.

Maurice Wertheim, 44 Pine Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
 None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is _____. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD:

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1926.

[Seal]

MARY E. O'BRIEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

Powys, Llewelyn. *The American Jungle*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.
 Raleigh, Sir Walter. *The Letters of*. Macmillan. 2 vols. \$7.
 Rogers, Cameron. *The Magnificent Idler: A Life of Walt Whitman*. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.
 Salter, F. R. *Sir Thomas Gresham. The Roadmaker Series*. Small, Maynard. \$1.75.
 Sandburg, Carl. *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. \$10.
 Savage, Raymond. *Allenby of Armageddon*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.
 Sarfatti, Margherita G. *The Life of Benito Mussolini*. Stokes. \$5.
 Scott-Moncrieff, C. K. *The Letters of Abelard and Heloise*. Knopf. \$3.
 Ségur, Nicolas. *Conversations with Anatole France*. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.
 Seymour, Charles. *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. \$10.
 Slemp, C. Bascom. *The Mind of the President*. Doubleday, Page. \$3.
 Somervell, D. C. *Disraeli and Gladstone*. Doran. \$3.50.
 Stephenson, Nathaniel Wright. *An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.
 Stevens, James. *Brawnyman*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Tallentyre, S. G. *The Women of the Salons and Other French Portraits*. Putnam.
 Tanner, J. R. *The Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, 1679-1703*. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. \$15.
 Tinayre, Marcelle. *Madame de Pompadour*. Putnam. \$3.50.
 Queen Victoria. *The Letters of*. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. \$15.
 Webb, Beatrice. *My Apprenticeship*. Longmans, Green. \$6.
 Williams, H. Neel. *Madame Recamier and Her Friends*. Harper. \$3.
 Wilson, David Alec. *Carlyle on Cromwell and Others*. Dutton. \$5.

DRAMA

Ansky, S. *The Dybbuk. Boni and Liveright*. \$2.
 Baylis, Lilian, and Hamilton, Cicely. *The "Old Vic."* Doran. \$5.
 Carter, Huntley. *The New Spirit in the European Theatre, 1914-1924*. Doran. \$7.50.
 Coward, Noel. *Easy Virtue, The Vortex, Hay Fever*. Harper. ea. \$2.
 Dane, Clemence. *Naboth's Vineyard: A Stage Piece*. Macmillan. \$2.
 Green, Paul. *Lonesome Road: Six Plays for the Negro Theater*. McBride. \$2.
 Housman, Laurence. *The Death of Socrates*. Small, Maynard. \$1.25.
 Howard, Sidney. *Lucky Sam McCarver*. Scribner. \$2.
 Jagendorf, M. *Pantomimes for the Children's Theatre*. Brentano's. \$3.
 Kaufman, George S. *The Butter and Egg Man. Boni and Liveright*. \$2.
 Kearney, Patrick. *A Man's Man*. Brentano's. \$2.
 Kelly, George. *Craig's Wife*. Little, Brown. \$1.50.
 Mather, Jr., Frank Jewett. *Ulysses in Ithaca*. Holt. \$1.50.
 O'Neill, Eugene. *The Great God Brown, The Fountain, The Moon of the Caribbees, and Six Other Plays of the Sea*. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.
 Ramsaye, Terry. *A Million and One Nights. The History of the Motion Picture*. Simon and Schuster. 2 vols. \$10.
 Rolland, Romain. *The Game of Love and Death*. Holt. \$1.75.
 Sterling, George. *Lilith*. Macmillan. \$2.
 Van Druten, Jr., John. *Young Woodley*. Simon and Schuster. \$1.75.

Carl Sandburg's
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"A fresh Lincoln contribution is an event, though none has ever turned out so big an event, so distinguished and unusual, as Carl Sandburg's."—*Ida M. Tarbell*.

"It is not unlikely that he will be found to have given the world the first great American epic."

—*John Drinkwater*. "One of the great American biographies and the most beautiful of all the biographies of Abraham Lincoln."

—*Chicago Tribune*. 4th printing. 2 Vols. \$10

Paul
De Kruif's
MICROBE
HUNTERS

"One of the dozen or half dozen men in America who write entertainingly as well as accurately about science."—*N. Y. Times*.

"De Kruif has taken the dry bones of an 'Introduction to Bacteriology' and made a flesh and blood story of the greatest interest and importance."—*Chicago Daily News*. 3rd printing.

Illustrated. \$3.50

William C. Bullitt's
IT'S NOT DONE

A vivid American novel, the story of an aristocrat who strives to embrace the fullness of life and to keep his honor unstained in love and business. Around this powerful subject are woven a dozen themes, and the marked ability which Mr. Bullitt displays in this first novel is already calling forth enthusiastic praise.

Just ready, \$2.00

William
Plomer's
TURBOTT
WOLFE

"It was one thing to talk glibly about miscegenation, to fool about with an idea, and another to find oneself face to face with the actual happening." That's what William Plomer thought when he saw a

white girl being attracted by a colored man. "Turbott Wolfe" is a novel of the experiences of an over-sensitive Englishman in Africa. Just ready. \$2.00

Edward Thompson's
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE MEDAL

"It may not improbably prove to be the most important contribution in recent years to the criticism of the British dominion in India."—*Nation & Athenaeum*.

"This brave little book contains the most damning indictment of our occupation of India that I have yet read."

—*E. M. Forster in the Daily Herald (London)*. \$1.50

John M.
Mecklin's
THE SURVIVAL
VALUE OF
CHRISTIANITY

Taking the topical challenge of Fundamentalism as a starting-point, Professor Mecklin develops a theme of vital concern to all who are struggling with a consciousness of the apparent incompatibility of science and religion. Mr. Mecklin is Professor of Sociology at Dartmouth College and author of "An Introduction to Social Ethics," etc. \$2.00

Harcourt
Brace & Co.,
383 Madison Ave.
New York

ECONOMICS, INDUSTRY, POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY

- Bakeless, John. *The Origin of the Next War*. Viking. \$2.50.
 Barnes, Harry Elmer. *The Repression of Crime*. Doran. \$2.50.
 Beer, M. *Social Struggles and Modern Socialism*. Small, Maynard. \$2.
 Benn, E. J. P. *Confessions of a Capitalist*. Scribner. \$5.
 Bernstein, Herman. *The Road to Peace*. Frank-Maurice. \$2.50.
 Bolitho, William. *Camera Obscura*. Harper. \$2.
 Bolitho, William. *Italy Under Mussolini*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 Coke, Richard. *The Middle East*. Frank-Maurice. \$5.
 Colvin, D. Leight. *Prohibition in the United States*. Doran. \$5.
 Coudenrove-Kalergi, Count. *Pan-Europe*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Dickinson, G. Lowes. *International Anarchy*. Century. \$3.50.
 Dunn, Robert W. *American Foreign Investments*. Viking. \$5.
 Fairchild, Henry Pratt. *The Melting-Pot Mistake*. Little, Brown. \$2.50.
 Ford, Henry. *A Good Today and a Better Tomorrow*. Doubleday, Page. \$3.50.
 Hammond, J. L. and Barbara. *The Rise of Modern Industry*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.
 Hayes, Carlton J. H. *Essays on Nationalism*. Macmillan. \$3.50.
 Hindus, Maurice. *Broken Earth*. International Publishers. \$2.
 Hoag, C. G., and Hallett, Jr., G. H. *Proportional Representation*. Macmillan. \$3.
 Hobson, J. A. *Free Thought in the Social Sciences*. Macmillan.
 Hobson, J. A. *Incentives of the New Industrial Order*. Seltzer. \$1.75.
 Hsieh, Pao Chao. *The Government of China (1644-1911)*. Johns Hopkins Press. \$3.
 Kellor, Frances, and Hatvany, Antonia. *The United States Senate and the International Court*. Seltzer. \$2.
 Long, Breckinridge. *The Genesis of the Constitution of the United States of America*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 Lubin, Isador, and Everett, Helen. *The British Coal Problem*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 Margolin, Arnold. *The Jews of Eastern Europe*. Seltzer. \$2.
 Marx, Karl. *Selected Essays*. International Publishers. \$1.75.
 Mixer, Knowlton. *Porto Rico: History and Conditions, Social, Economic, and Political*. Macmillan. \$4.
 Moon, Parker T. *Imperialism and World Politics*. Macmillan.
 Munro, William Bennett. *The Invisible Government of the United States*. Macmillan.
 Parsons, Alice Beal. *Woman's Dilemma*. Crowell. \$2.50.
 Pease, Edward R. *History of the Fabian Society*. New and revised edition. International Publishers. \$2.50.
 Saposs, David J. *Left Wing Unionism*. International Publishers. \$1.60.
 Saposs, David J. *Readings in Trade Unionism*. Doran. \$2.
 Seventeen Authors. *Concerning Parents*. Republic. \$1.
 Shaw, George Bernard. *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*. Brentano's. \$3.50.
 Tawney, R. H. *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
 Trotsky, Leon. *Whither Russia?* International Publishers. \$1.50.
 Weale, Putnam. *Why China Sees Red*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.
 Williams, James Mickel. *The Expansion of Rural Life*. Knopf. \$3.
 Wilson, Woodrow. *Principles of Democracy*. Section II of the *Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson*. Harper. 2 vols. \$8.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

- Aldington, Richard. *French Studies and Reviews*. Dial Press. \$2.50.
 Anderson, Sherwood. *Sherwood Anderson's Note Book*. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.
 Blanchard, Frederic T. *Fielding the Novelist*. Yale University. \$6.

Progressive Education Association

10 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

TWO IMPORTANT APRIL EVENTS

The Sixth Annual Conference

Boston, April 29 — May 1 inclusive

Subject: CREATIVE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CHILD THE BASIS OF TRUE EDUCATION

Speakers from abroad as well as from the United States will present a vision of the new education at work throughout the world.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Special Art Number April, \$1.00

Creative Expression through Art

A record of the creative work of children in schools following the freer methods, fully illustrated in color and in black and white, with significant articles by well known teachers working in this field.

Membership for year, including this April issue and three other magazines—\$2.00.

Order Now!

American Labor Year Book 1926

500 pages :: Octavo :: Cloth Bound

Complete record of Labor's activities during the past year: Industrial Conditions—Trade Unionism—Strikes and Lockouts—Political Action—The Courts and Labor—Workers' Education—Cooperation—Labor in Other Countries—New Books and Pamphlets—International Labor Directory.

Price, \$3.15, postpaid

RAND BOOK STORE

5 East 15th St., New York, N. Y.

- Braybrooke, Patrick. The Genius of Bernard Shaw. Lippincott. \$2.50.
- Buck, Howard Swazey. A Study in Smollett. Yale University. \$3.
- Cazamian, Louis. A History of English Literature. Vol. II. Modern. Macmillan.
- Clark, Barrett H. Eugene O'Neill. McBride. \$1.
- Conrad, Joseph. Last Essays. Doubleday, Page. \$2.
- Dell, Floyd. Intellectual Vagabondage. Doran. \$1.25.
- Dreiser, Theodore. Moods Cadenced and Declaimed. Boni and Liveright. \$7.50.
- Drew, Elizabeth A. The Modern Novel: Some Aspects of Contemporary Fiction. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.
- France, Anatole. Under the Rose. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.
- Garrod, H. W. Keats. Oxford University.
- Grey, Viscount. Fallodon Papers. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
- Kahn, Otto H. Of Many Things. Boni and Liveright. \$3.
- Legouis, Emile. A History of English Literature. Vol. I. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Macmillan.
- Macaulay, Rose. A Casual Commentary. Boni and Liveright. \$2.
- Mackail, J. W. Classical Studies. Macmillan.
- Mirsky, D. S. Contemporary Russian Literature. Knopf. \$4.
- Monahan, Michael. Nemesis. Frank-Maurice. \$3.
- Mordell, Albert. Notorious Literary Attacks. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.
- Morley, Christopher. The Romany Stain. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.
- Muir, Willa. Women: An Inquiry. Knopf. \$1.
- Priestley, J. B. Fools and Philosophers. Dodd, Mead. \$2.
- Redman, Ben Ray. Edwin Arlington Robinson. McBride. \$1.
- Sampson, John. The Dialect of the Gypsies of Wales. Oxford University.
- Shand, Morton P. Book of Wine. Brentano's. \$4.50.
- Sherman, Stuart P. Critical Woodcuts. Scribner. \$2.50.
- Van Vechten, Carl. Excavations. Knopf. \$2.50.
- Von Klenze, Camillo. From Goethe to Hauptmann. Viking. \$2.50.
- Welby, T. Earle. Arthur Symons. Adelphi. \$3.
- Willcocks, M. P. Between the Old World and the New. Stokes. \$4.50.
- Wood, Clement. Amy Lowell. Putnam.
- Young, Stark. Encaustics. Republic. \$1.

FICTION

- Arlen, Michael. To All Young Men in Love. Doran. \$2.50.
- Austen, Jane. Plan of a Novel According to Hints from Various Quarters. Oxford University.
- Azevedo, Aluizio. A Brazilian Tenement. McBride. \$3.
- Bailey, H. C. Mr. Fortune's Trials. Dutton. \$2.
- Benét, Stephen Vincent. Spanish Bayonet. Doran. \$2.
- Benoit, Pierre. Jacob's Well. International Publishers. \$2.
- Broun, Heywood. Gandle Follows His Nose. Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.
- Butts, Mary. Ashe of Rings. A. and C. Boni. \$2.50.
- Byrne, Donn. Hangman's House. Century. \$2.50.
- Cabell, James Branch. The Silver Stallion. McBride. \$2.50.
- Chamberlain, George Agnew. Man Alone. Putnam. \$2.
- Chesterton, Gilbert K. The Incredulity of Father Brown. Dodd, Mead. \$2.
- Crane, Nathalia. The Sunken Garden. Seltzer. \$2.
- De la Mare, Walter. The Connoisseur and Other Stories. Knopf. \$2.50.
- Dell, Floyd. Love in Greenwich Village. Doran. \$2.
- Du Gard, Roger Martin. The Thibaults. Boni and Liveright. 2 vols. \$5.
- Elser, Frank B. The Keen Desire. Boni and Liveright. \$2.
- Escholier, Raymond. Comes the Blind Fury. Dodd, Mead. \$2.
- Fitzgerald, F. Scott. All the Sad Young Men. Scribner. \$2.

Columbia's Spring List

JEWISH INFLUENCE ON CHRISTIAN REFORM MOVEMENTS

By LOUIS ISRAEL NEWMAN

This work shows the interrelations of Judaism and Christianity. An analysis is given of the literary and personal influence emanating from the Jewish religious tradition. Beliefs concerning Christ and the authority of the Old Testament which are agitating both the Jewish and Christian church world are explained.

Circular of Contents on request. 743 pages. \$7.50

PROTECTION OF THE WEAK IN THE TALMUD

By MORDECAI KATZ

The laws of the great rabbinical code are considered from the standpoint of their protection of laborers, slaves, debtors, tenants, minors, women, and the poorer classes. 97 pages. \$1.75

THE HALF-BREED AND OTHER STORIES BY WALT WHITMAN

Edited by THOMAS O. MABBOTT and Illustrated with Woodcuts by ALLEN LEWIS.

A book to be prized by Whitman collectors. Ready in June.

THE SEE OF PETER

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL, and LOUISE R. LOOMIS

A documentary study of the doctrinal basis for the primacy of Rome in the universal church. Ready in June.

In Preparation

A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN NEW YORK

By GEORGE C. D. ODELL,

Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University.

Based upon contemporary documents, this eight volume narrative begins in 1700 and extends to the present. Beautifully illustrated and printed in a style to attract the attention of collectors of fine books. First two volumes ready in October.



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

2960 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

NEW CROWELL BOOKS

ECONOMICS: PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS

By Lionel D. Edie (Indiana University) \$5.00

A statement both of orthodox economic principles and of modern economic developments. It should take its place at once as one of the most authoritative and indispensable treatises on the subject.

HISTORY OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES

By W. W. Jennings, Ph. D. (Univ. of Kentucky) \$4.50

In his survey of the growth of this country from the earliest settlements to the present year, the author has introduced many important sidelights such as would not ordinarily get into a work on history. His book is both thoroughgoing and systematic in its survey of the rise of our economic life.

DISEASE PREVENTION

By H. H. Waite, M. D. (Univ. of Nebraska) \$4.50

An extremely timely work, directed to social workers, the students of pathology, hospitals, boards of health, and other public organizations. Includes historical and bacteriological data, which will make this work one of the most authoritative and necessary source-books which has yet appeared.

THOS. Y. CROWELL COMPANY

393 Fourth Avenue, New York

George, W. L. *Gifts of Sheba*. Putnam. \$2.
 Glenn, Isa. *Heat*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Goldring, Douglas. *Cuckoo*. McBride. \$2.
 Graham, R. B. *Cunninghame. The Ipané*. A. and C. Boni. \$1.75.
 Gross, Milt. *Nize Baby*. Doran. \$2.
 Hale, Louise Closser. *Home Talent*. Holt. \$2.
 Hamsun, Knut. *Rosa*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Hauptmann, Gerhart. *The Fool in Christ*. Viking. \$2.50.
 Hecht, Ben. *Count Bruga. Boni and Liveright*. \$2.
 Henriot, Emile. *Aricie Brun*. Viking. \$2.
 Herrick, Robert. *Chimes*. Macmillan. \$2.
 Hudson, Stephen. *Richard, Myrtle and I*. Knopf. \$2.
 Hume, Cyril. *The Golden Dancer*. Doran. \$2.
 Huxley, Aldous. *Two or Three Graces*. Doran. \$2.50.
 Irwin, Wallace. *Mated*. Putnam. \$2.
 Jameson, Storm. *Three Kingdoms*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Johnston, Harry. *Relations*. Harper. \$2.
 Johnston, Mary. *The Great Valley*. Little, Brown. \$2.
 Kaye-Smith, Sheila. *Star Brace*. Dutton. \$2.
 Lardner, Ring. *The Love Nest and Other Stories*. Scribner. \$2.
 Lawrence, D. H. *The Plumed Serpent*. Knopf. \$3.
 Lewis, Sinclair. *Mantrap*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.
 Macfall, Haldane. *The Three Students*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 MacKaye, Percy. *Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains*. Doran. \$2.50.
 Mann, Thomas. *Royal Highness*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Mardrus, J. C. *The Queen of Sheba*. Bernard G. Richards Company. \$1.50.
 Masefield, John. *Odtas, or Change for Threepence*. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 McKenna, Stephen. *The Oldest God*. Little, Brown. \$2.50.
 Mitchison, Naomi. *Cloud Cuckoo Land*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Moore, George. *Ulick and Soracha*. Boni and Liveright. \$10.
 Mottram, R. H. *The Crime at Vanderlynden's*. Dial Press. \$2.50.
 Mukerji, Dhan Gopal. *The Secret Listeners of the East*. Dutton.
 Murasaki, Lady. *The Sacred Tree, Being a Continuation of the Tale of Genji*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.
 Norris, Charles G. *Pig Iron*. Dutton. \$2.
 O'Flaherty, Liam. *Spring Sowing*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 O'Higgins, Harvey. *Clara Barron*. Harper. \$2.
 Pascal, Ernest. *Cynthia Codentry*. Brentano's. \$2.
 Powys, T. F. *Innocent Birds*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Schnitzler, Arthur. *Beatrice*. Simon and Schuster. \$1.50.
 Seymour, Beatrice Kean. *The Last Day*. Seltzer. \$2.
 Stein, Gertrude. *The Making of Americans*. A. and C. Boni. \$12.50.
 Steele, Wilbur Daniel. *Urkey Island*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.
 Stribling, T. S. *Teeftallow*. Doubleday, Page. \$2.
 Thompson, Sylvia. *The Hounds of Spring*. Little, Brown. \$2.
 Tolstoi, Leo. *The Devil*. Harper. \$2.
 Ward, Christopher. *One Little Man*. Harper. \$2.50.
 Warner, Sylvia Townsend. *Lolly Willows*. Viking. \$2.
 Wassermann, Jacob. *Oberlin's Three Stages*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Weaver, Raymond. *Black Valley*. Viking. \$2.
 Wescott, Glenway. *The Grandmothers*. Dial Press. \$2.50.
 White, Walter. *Flight*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Whitlock, Brand. *Uprooted*. Appleton. \$2.
 Whitman, Walt. *The Half-Breed and Other Stories*. Columbia University.
 Woolf, Leonard. *The Village in the Jungle*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Woolf, Virginia. *The Voyage Out*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Young, Francis Brett. *The Dark Tower*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 "Zélide." *Four Tales by*. Scribner. \$3.75.
 Zuccoli, Luciano. *Things Greater Than He*. Holt. \$2.

FINE ARTS

Gallatin, Albert Eugene. *John Sloan*. Dutton. \$2.50.
 Gardner, Percy. *New Chapters in Greek Art*. Oxford University.
 Guillaume, Paul, and Munro, Thomas. *Primitive Negro Sculpture*. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.
 Handy, W. C. *An Anthology of Jazz Music from the Early Negro Folk Blues to Modern Music*. A. and C. Boni. \$3.50.
 Mather, Jr., Frank Jewett. *Modern Painting: 1664-1914*. Holt. \$3.
 Meiras, J. P., and Yerbury, F. R. *Dutch Architecture of the Twentieth Century*. Scribner. \$25.
 Pound, Ezra. *Antheil*. Boni and Liveright. \$1.
 Ricci, Corrado. *Romanesque Architecture in Italy*. Brentano's. \$10.
 Roerich, Nicholas. *Himalaya*. Brentano's. \$40.
 Santee, Ross. *Men and Horses*. Century. \$3.
 Shawn, Ted. *The American Ballet*. Holt. \$7.50.
 Sugden, A. V., and Edmondson, J. L. *A History of English Wall-Paper*. Scribner. \$22.50.

HISTORY

Adams, James Truslow. *New England in the Republic: 1776-1850*. Little, Brown. \$5.
 Ashley, Percy. *Europe from Waterloo to Sarajevo*. Knopf. \$3.
 Barnes, Harry Elmer. *Genesis of the World War: An Introduction to the Problem of War Guilt*. Knopf. \$2.50.
 Barnes, Harry Elmer. *History and Social Intelligence*. Knopf. \$4.
 Beer, Thomas. *The Mauve Decade*. Knopf. \$3.50.
 Cheyney, Edward P. *A History of England from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth*. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. \$6.50.
 Bury, J. B., Cook, S. A., and Adcock, F. E. *Cambridge Ancient History*. Vols. III and IV. Macmillan. ea. \$9.
 Childe, V. Gordon. *The Aryans*. Knopf. \$4.50.
 Chirol, Valentine. *India*. Scribner. \$3.
 Glotz, G. *Ancient Greece at Work: An Economic History of Greece from the Homeric Period to the Roman Conquest*. Knopf. \$5.
 Halévy, Elie. *History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century*. Harcourt, Brace. Vol. II. \$7.50.
 Hirst, F. W. *From Adam Smith to Philip Snowden*. Adelphi. \$1.25.
 Jameson, J. Franklin. *The American Revolution Considered as a Social Movement*. Princeton University. \$1.50.
 Jarde, A. *The Formation of the Greek People*. Knopf. \$5.
 Johnson, Allen. *The Historian and Historical Evidence*. Scribner. \$2.
 Murray, R. H. *The Political Consequences of the Reformation*. Little, Brown. \$4.
 Nilsson, Martin. *Imperial Rome*. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.
 Noyes, Alexander D. *The War Period in American Finance—1912-1925*. Putnam.
 Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxon. *A History of the United States Since the Civil War*. Vol. III. Macmillan. \$4.
 O'Connor, James. *A History of Ireland*. Doran. 2 vols. \$12.
 Pares, Bernard. *A History of Russia*. Knopf. \$5.
 Pendrill, Charles. *London Life in the Fourteenth Century*. Adelphi. \$5.
 Pittard, E. *Race and History: An Ethnological Introduction to History*. Knopf. \$6.50.
 Pollard, A. F. *Factors in Modern History*. Knopf. \$3.
 Rippey, J. Fred. *The United States and Mexico, 1821-1924*. Knopf. \$5.
 Rostovtzeff, M. *The Early Roman Empire: Social and Economic Development*. Oxford University.

Salzman, L. F. English Life in the Middle Ages. Oxford University.
Seitz, Don C. The Dreadful Decade. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50.
Shotwell, James T. The See of Peter. Columbia University.
Spengler, Oswald. The Decline of the West. Knopf. \$7.50.
Stieve, Friedrich. Isvolsky and the World War. Knopf. \$3.50.
Storey, Moorfield, and Lichauco, Marcial P. The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States, 1898-1925. Putnam. \$2.
Sullivan, Mark. Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925. Scribner. \$5.
Tuberville, A. S. English Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century. Oxford University.
Wells, H. G. The New Outline of History. Macmillan. In 24 parts. ea. \$5.00.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, ANTHROPOLOGY, EDUCATION

Boas, George. French Philosophies of the Romantic Period. Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.50.
Durant, Will. The Story of Philosophy. Simon and Schuster. \$5.
Edman, Irwin. Richard Kane Looks at Life. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
Faure, Elie. The Dance Over Fire and Water. Harper. \$3.
Fox, Charles. Educational Psychology: Its Problems and Methods. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
Gordon, R. G. Personality. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.
Holmberg, Uno. Finno-Urgic Mythology. Marshall Jones. \$8.
Hopkins, Ernest Mark. Man and His Fellows. Princeton University. \$1.50.
Kautsky, Karl. Are the Jews a Race? International Publishers. \$2.50.
Keyserling, Hermann. The Book of Marriage. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.
Mackenzie, Donald A. The Migration of Symbols, and Their Relations to Beliefs and Customs. Knopf. \$4.
Masson-Oursel, P. Comparative Philosophy. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
McDougall, William. Outline of Abnormal Psychology. Scribner. \$3.50.
Moret, A. From Tribe to Empire: Social Organization Among the Primitive Peoples in the Ancient East. Knopf. \$5.
Nearing, Scott. Education in Soviet Russia. International Publishers. \$1.50.
Newman, Louis Israel. Jewish Influence on Christian Reform Movements. Columbia University. \$7.50.
Ogden, C. K. The Meaning of Psychology. Harper. \$3.
Puckett, N. N. Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro. University of North Carolina.
Rignano, Eugenio. Biological Memory. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
Rose, H. J. Primitive Culture in Greece. Doran. \$2.50.
Russell, Bertrand. Education and the Good Life. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.
Saurat, Denis. The Three Conventions. Dial Press. \$2.
Simar, Theophile. The Race Myth. Seltzer. \$4.
Stein, Leonard. Zionism. Adelphi. \$2.
Thalbitzer, S. Emotion and Insanity. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.
Wallas, Graham. The Art of Thought. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

POETRY

Abercrombie, Lascelles. The Theory of Poetry. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.
Auslander, Joseph. Cyclops' Eye. Harper. \$2.
Blunden, Edmund. English Poems. Knopf. \$2.50.
Burton, Sir Richard. The Kasidah. Brentano's. \$2.50.
Cummings, E. E. Poems of. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.
Davison, Edward. Harvest of Youth. Harper. \$2.

Gottschalk, Laura Riding. Poems. Adelphi. \$1.75.
Hughes, Langston. The Weary Blues. Knopf. \$2.
Kreymborg, Alfred. Scarlet and Mellow. Boni and Liveright. \$2.
Lindsay, Vachel. Going to the Stars. Appleton. \$2.
Mackail, J. W. Studies of English Poets. Longmans, Green. \$3.75.
Monroe, Harriet. Poets and Their Art. Macmillan. \$2.
Moore, Virginia. Not Poppy. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.75.
Odum, Howard W., and Johnson, Guy B. Negro Workaday Songs. University of North Carolina.
Pound, Ezra. Personae. The Collected Poems of. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.
Ridge, Lola. Fire-Head. Viking. \$1.50.
Rogers, Robert Cameron. The Poems of. Dial Press. \$2.50.
Shipley, Joseph T. Modern French Poetry—An Anthology. Greenberg. \$2.50.
Sitwell, Edith. Poetry and Criticism. Holt. \$1.
Speyer, Leonora. Fiddler's Farewell. Knopf. \$2.
Stephens, James. Collected Poems. Macmillan. \$3.50.
Taggard, Genevieve. Words for the Chisel. Knopf. \$2.
Walton, Eda Lou. Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs. Dutton. \$2.50.
Weaver, John V. A. More in American. Knopf. \$1.50.

SCIENCE

Beebe, William. The Arcturus Adventure. Putnam. \$6.
Carr-Saunders, A. M. Eugenics. Holt. \$1.
Coleman, Arthur P. Ice Ages, Recent and Ancient. Macmillan. \$4.
de Kruif, Paul. Microbe Hunters. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
Loomis, Frederic B. The Evolution of the Horse. Marshall Jones. \$3.50.
Neill, Robert M. Microscopy. Holt. \$1.
Stein, Ludwig. Evolution and Optimism. Seltzer. \$3.
Stoddard, Lothrop. Scientific Humanism. Scribner. \$2.50.
Sullivan, J. W. N. Three Men Discuss Relativity. Knopf. \$2.50.
Thomson, J. Arthur. The New Natural History. Putnam. Vol. I.
Wilder, Harris Hawthorne. The Pedigree of the Human Race. Holt. \$4.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, NATURE, DESCRIPTION

Brandes, Georg. Hellas: Travels in Greece. Adelphi. \$2.50.
Couperus, Louis. Nippon. Doran. \$6.
De la Blache, P. Vidal. Principles of Human Geography. Holt. \$5.
Frank, Waldo. Virgin Spain. Boni and Liveright. \$3.
Gann, Thomas. Mystery Cities: Exploration and Adventure in Lubaantun. Scribner. \$5.
Sarg, Tony. Tony Sarg's New York. Greenberg. \$6.
Willard, T. A. City of the Sacred Well. Century. \$4.

The Nation's Student-Worker Contest

For college students who spend the summer of 1926 in industrial or agricultural occupations.

Full particulars next week

Some Distinguished Books from Beacon Hill

WARRIORS IN UNDRESS

By F. J. HUDLESTON

The Librarian of the War Office in London proves that the heroes of the gun and sword were human after all beneath their military trappings. The author discourses with many a chuckle on the private characters of military heroes, from Wellington to Baron von Steuben and Garibaldi. The volume is beautifully printed on "Old-Style" paper, with wide margins, and contains 12 illustrations in gravure. Bound in linen. (April 17) \$3.50

*ASIA: A SHORT HISTORY

By HERBERT HENRY GOWEN

The life story of a great continent and its present and future significance to the Western world, compressed in scholarly fashion into a single volume.

(Ready May 7) \$3.50

THE MELTING-POT MISTAKE

By HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

A stimulating study, emphasizing nationality rather than race, of the effect immigration has had and will produce on the American Nation—by the Professor of Sociology at New York University. The book will prove immensely stimulating to constructive thought. \$2.50

THE LURE OF THE SEA: *Sea Lore of To-Day and Yesterday.*

Edited by F. H. LEE

From the vast literature dealing with the sea, the editor of this volume has made selections from the works of Masfield, Noyes, Kipling, Conrad, Lubbock, Bone and many others. \$2.00

MAJORCA By HENRY C. SHELLEY

With an introduction by A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

The eventful history of this enchanted island in the Mediterranean combined with a faithful description of its manifold attractions makes this a delightful travel book. (April 17) \$3.50

THE PIONEERS of the FRENCH REVOLUTION

By M. ROUSTAN

A brilliant treatise explaining the French Revolution and its inevitability, and showing the influence of such men as Voltaire and Rousseau in persuading their generation that free inquiry was a virtue. \$4.00

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE REFORMATION

By R. H. MURRAY

A discussion of the political, religious and philosophical controversies of the most eventful century in European history—the century of Machiavelli, Luther, Calvin and Erasmus. A book not only for students, but for all who are interested in religion and political thought. \$4.00

The Third and Concluding Volume in Mr. Adams' Masterly Historical Survey of New England

*NEW ENGLAND IN THE REPUBLIC 1776-1850

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The author of "The Founding of New England" (awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best history of 1921) and "Revolutionary New England: 1691-1776" portrays the life of the people of New England, carrying them through the Revolution, and the troublesome social and economic changes which followed it, into the Union and the struggle against slavery. With 12 illustrations from old prints and engravings. (Apr. 17) \$5.00

*THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

"Last year had its Margaret Kennedy; this year has its Sylvia Thompson. The sheer virtuosity of Miss Thompson's performance casts 'The Constant Nymph' into shadow. . . . It looks very much like the novel of the season." —*New York World*. Already in its 33rd thousand. \$2.00

THE GREAT VALLEY

By MARY JOHNSTON

The Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, from 1737 to the close of the French and Indian War, is the scene of this new romance by America's foremost historical novelist. (April 17) \$2.00

HIGH COUNTRY: *The Rockies, Yesterday and To-day*

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

The Rocky Mountains, as they were in the old mining days and as they are now in the day of campers and tourists. With 12 illustrations. (April 17) \$2.50

* Indicates "An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication."

These Books are For Sale at all Booksellers

Boston

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1926

No. 3172

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	435
EDITORIALS:	
Our Faltering Faith in Democracy.....	438
The Stick of the Rocket in Florida.....	439
Down to the Sea in Yachts.....	439
A Libertarian Laughs.....	440
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	441
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ENGLAND'S TORY GOVERNMENT? By J. Ramsay MacDonald.....	442
WHO SHALL CONTROL THE AIR? By Morris L. Ernst.....	443
THE ALIEN PROPERTY SCANDAL. By Edgar Mels.....	445
IS THE WEST AWAKENING? By Mei Kuang-ti.....	446
SUBSTITUTION. By Louise Townsend Nicholl.....	448
HERESY-HUNTING AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE. By M. A. C. Gorham.....	449
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	450
CORRESPONDENCE.....	451
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:	
Flight. By Witter Bynner.....	453
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	453
The Mather-Baiters Baited. By Vernon L. Farrington.....	453
Fairy Tale. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	454
The Comedy of Oil. By Stuart Chase.....	455
The Discoverer of Salt Lake. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.....	455
The Budding Bandit. By Winthrop D. Lane.....	456
Books in Brief.....	456
Art: The Crime of 1893. By Leonard Cox.....	457
Drama: The Good Old Days. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	457
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Protest of the Swedish Importers. By Julius Moritzen.....	459
The Liquor Fight in India.....	460

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtell, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

MEN AND WOMEN will differ as to the usefulness of trusts and whether we should or should not oppose the tendency to enormous combinations, but as long as our laws are what they are everyone must rejoice that the Government has acted promptly and well in bringing about the consent decree under which the two-billion-dollar bread trust is ordered to dissolve within thirty days and to surrender its charter to the State of Maryland. This combination was meant to be much more than a bread trust. Had it been allowed to go unchallenged it would, according to the statements of its organizers, have gone beyond the making of bread into the field of milk, butter, eggs, yeast, etc. In other words, it was the beginning of a national food trust. As such it had to be grappled with, and it is to the credit of the Government that it refused for one moment to be fooled by those terms of the charter under which it was represented as a "corporation with a soul," intended to use its excess profits for the advancement of the American child. We are, of course, aware that consent decrees have not always worked in the past to the benefit of the public; the dissolution of the Standard Oil into its component parts remains a monument to the difficulty the Government encounters when it tries to check these combinations. But we repeat that as long as it is the

policy of Congress to oppose these trusts, so long they must be met with all possible celerity and power. No one can believe that the two-billion-dollar bread trust would have stopped there. Since each dollar's worth of stock of the original Ward company has increased in paper value 1,350 times since 1916, it is only reasonable to suppose that we gradually should have been face to face with an organization controlling the bulk of the food supplies of the American people.

BY FOUR VOTES Smith W. Brookhart has been deprived of his seat in the Senate and has gone back to Iowa to contest again next fall. Thus he has been punished for denouncing Coolidge in the last presidential campaign. Of course, we are aware that the President insists that he did not use his influence to unseat Mr. Brookhart, but his Man Friday, Senator Butler of Massachusetts, was one of the sixteen Republicans voting to seat the Democrat, Captain Steck. With him voted such well-known reactionaries as Dale, Gillett, Ernst, Green, Warren, McLean, and Watson. Nine of the Democrats, including Dill, Reed of Missouri, Walsh, and Wheeler, voted for Brookhart. The Coolidge victory may turn out to be anything but that in the long run. Many Iowa Republicans believe that a contest between Cummins and Brookhart next fall will seat a second Democrat from the State in the Senate. We are not so sure of that; the action of the Senate will make a strong appeal to the sentiment of the Progressive Republicans in Iowa, and especially to the farmers, of whom Brookhart is one and for whom he has battled from the moment that he entered the Senate. All in all, we feel that the Senate has lost a valuable member, and we agree with Senator Reed of Missouri that the evidence favored Brookhart. As Senator Reed pointed out, Brookhart was generous enough to withdraw his challenge of 1,163 wrongly marked Steck ballots. Senator Steck, however, while accepting this generous act, insisted on challenging 1,334 ballots which were marked in a precisely similar manner for Brookhart.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY. The police of Passaic, New Jersey, charged upon and dispersed several thousand orderly children marching with placards proclaiming their own and their parents' wrongs. Then they arrested the strike leader, Albert Weisbord, held him incomunicado in jail, and set his bail at the ruinous figure of \$30,000. Then, by means of one of those ancient forgotten statutes for which New Jersey is famous, Bergen County was turned into a closed camp under "riot law," with the sheriff as virtual dictator. Seventy policemen, detectives, and deputy sheriffs, armed with riot guns, assailed a crowd of strikers picketing the Forstmann and Huffmann mills in Garfield, broke heads, and arrested members of the crowd—miraculously lighting upon the most important leaders still out of jail, holding them in \$10,000 bail apiece. The police have warned the outside world to keep away from Bergen County. A glorious victory indeed—but the war is not yet over. If the authorities of Bergen County choose to fight the mill-owners' battles by arresting strike leaders and piling up

and beyond the ability of the strikers to raise, they will find their jails swamped beyond the power of Bergen County to take care of the flood. Strike sympathizers and all friends of justice and fair play should meet New Jersey's riot law by organizing a citizens' march ten thousand strong to invade Bergen County and let the police and the mill owners and the authorities know that they cannot break a legitimate strike by Cossack tactics and the exercise of thuggery.

THE STRIKE of 12,000 fur workers in New York City reveals how little has been done to protect the workers in the richest center of so hazardous an industry. The union offers statistics to show that the workers are scrapped before their time, 85 per cent being under forty years of age and only 4 per cent being over fifty. These figures may mean little more than that the industry is in the exuberant youth of a new growth. It is only within the last three or four years that the all-fur coat has become a usual item in the feminine wardrobe and that fashion has decreed fur trimming as almost essential for cloth coats, summer or winter. The old fur sets of neck pieces and muffs, which could be counted on to endure for years, have been supplanted by this more transitory clothing. The union's age statistics, therefore, may describe only the recent extensive drawing on young workers to meet this increase in the demand for furs. But the now general wearing of furs means for the most part a use of cheap and dyed material, with a corresponding increase in the danger to the health of the workers, as indeed to that of the wearers. An examination of the workers this year by the Union Health Center, compared with the report of the New York City Health Department in 1915, shows an increase of 80 per cent in nose and throat troubles and of no less than 145 per cent in bronchitis and asthma. Furs are dyed with the aid of such powerful and poisonous chemicals as ursoil, arsenic, and lead. It is a curious paradox that the fur manufacturers are the most highly organized industry in the city in the matter of philanthropies, with a "fur chest" which cares for their contributions to charitable organizations. Yet in matters which immediately affect the lives of their own workers they are guilty of dangerous neglect.

THE EMBATTLED DIRECTORS of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in our colleges are not hesitating to use every weapon at their command to save themselves and compulsory military drill for university students. Although they are employees of the War Department and not responsible to the university administration, they are frequently more powerful than professors and deans. At the University of Iowa, to take one illustration, Colonel Morton C. Mumma, head of the R. O. T. C., is almost as important a figure on the campus as the president. The students have been made to feel his power since he has been serving as chairman of the university committee which disciplines students. Iowa's leading newspaper, the Des Moines Register, in opening a campaign against the militarizing of the State colleges, complains that "at Iowa City practically nothing can be done in a big university way that Colonel Mumma does not take it in charge as a military ceremonial." At the University of Wyoming the head of the R. O. T. C. is the leading member of the committee on speakers for student convocations. Recently he vetoed a compulsory student assembly for an anti-military speaker although he had twice

used student convocations this year for military propaganda. At Ames, Iowa, an order inspired by the R. O. T. C. officer, forbade the students in public-speaking classes to carry through a scheduled debate on compulsory military training.

BUT IN SPITE of the efforts of the officers, the R. O. T. C. is losing ground in many colleges. Anti-compulsory-drill leagues are springing up all over the country and the War Department is giving way under the attack. Students in Ohio and California are preparing to carry the fight to the voters. At the universities of Washington, Oregon, and Minnesota it is now much easier for a student to gain exemption from military drill than it was a year ago. At Minnesota many of the students are excused from drill for several weeks each term and all are excused from wearing uniforms during part of the course. The next great difficulty in the campaign against conscription in the colleges is in reaching the intrenched trustees. The control of our universities is so remote from faculties and students that the pro-military business men who comprise the boards of trustees can safely ignore their opinions. After a protest against the R. O. T. C. in a student publication in the University of Hawaii the regents met in solemn stupidity and unanimously approved of continuing the existing system of military training. Who cares what the faculty and students think? Probably the majority of college professors, and certainly the majority of students and voters in the United States, are opposed to compulsory militarism in time of peace. But the trustees run the colleges. This fight against compulsory military training will be worth while if it does nothing else than call attention to the grotesque method of control in our educational system, a government of intellectuals by business men. A functional, democratic control of our colleges in which faculty and students determined educational policy would make compulsory military training and other monstrosities impossible.

HENRY FORD has published his latest balance sheet, as of December 31, 1925. It decidedly strengthens the claim that he is the richest man in the world. The assets of the Ford Motor Company are now put at \$742,914,000, liabilities are relatively negligible, and the surplus is no less than \$622,367,000—the greatest corporate surplus ever accumulated since capitalism came into being. The surplus of the United States Steel Company is \$521,863,000—a full \$100,000,000 less. There are 172,645 shares of the Ford Motor Company outstanding, all held within the family. The latest Wall Street estimate is a value of \$6,000 per share. Multiplying \$6,000 by 172,645, we get the staggering total of \$1,035,870,000 as the family equity in the company. This figure is a third greater than the total reported assets, but based on earning power it is by no means too great. Mr. Ford gives us no profit-and-loss account, but it is possible to estimate his profits from the balance sheets at the beginning and the end of the year. The estimate for 1925 would be:

Increase in corporate surplus.....	\$79,891,000
Dividends (1924 basis).....	14,670,000
Good-will written off during year.....	20,517,000

Total estimated profit, 1925.....\$115,078,000

This is the equivalent of \$667 per share of stock outstanding, and thus on an ultra-conservative 10 per cent basis Wall Street's estimate of \$6,000 per share would seem to be justifi-

fied. Meanwhile the profit of \$115,000,000 is the equivalent of \$55 each for the 2,103,578 cars and trucks built during the year. The \$28,000 with which Ford started in 1903 has snowballed to a cool billion.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—Children attending schools in California cannot be asked to write essays on the subject of communism, Attorney General U. S. Webb ruled today. Webb held the writing of such essays would necessitate a study of a subject which is taboo in this country.

THIS is an Associated Press report. It illustrates anew the loss of freedom of speech. American school-children may not be asked to write on communism! Next it will be socialism, or cooperative government, or the international organization of the world, or anything else that does not appeal to one of our petty officials. Probably Attorney General Webb is not aware that the United States has been the scene of as many—if not more—communistic experiments as any other land; that communism was the basis of early human life; that Jesus Himself advocated many communistic principles; that traces of it are all through the Bible. We can see no more reason for refusing to allow children to study it than to deny them the right to study fascism as practiced in Italy. The very fact that a high State official can take such a position in the United States without universal denunciation is proof that others besides Mussolini are wiping their feet on the prostrate form of Liberty.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S housing bill has emerged after its mauling by the Republicans of the Legislature of New York State. It might be worse. All of the Governor's main provisions are retained except the creation of the State Housing Bank. Some believe that the deletion of this provision nullifies the whole program. The Governor does not seem to think so. He appears to be relieved that anything remains at all, but he is careful to point out that as it stands it is the Republicans' bill, not his own. On the whole it is a victory for the Governor. Under normal circumstances the Republicans would have utterly smothered any such threat against the embattled Babbitts of the State. But so great was the support tendered the Governor—including that of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—so passionate and so public were the pleas for housing relief at the hearings, that the Republicans simply did not dare to disregard the writing on the wall. They have accepted the amended measure with an eye on the next election. They will claim that the Governor's "socialism" has been disinfected out of it. Whether the disinfecting process has destroyed all else of value remains to be seen.

GOOD NEWS does sometimes come out of Washington, and it is of the best that the difficulties with Mexico over land and oil questions appear to be cleared away by the ten long-promised American and Mexican notes and memoranda made public in Washington and Mexico City on April 11. It is officially stated that the major American objections to the Mexican land and oil policies have been removed. Whether this has been due to an enforced yielding by Mexico to improper demands, we shall discover when the full text of the notes becomes available. Meanwhile we should like to take the press summaries at their face value. For there has been every evidence not only of abuse of power in Washington but of a determined hostile

propaganda against Mexico. Anything, therefore, which eases the situation and tends to prevent a break is warmly to be acclaimed—even if it is but a temporary easement and the price is high. For we are still of the opinion that the Calles Government is the best Mexico has had, and our latest information confirms us in the belief that what Mexico needs most is to be let alone to work out her own salvation.

Mexico's government is chronically on the verge of bankruptcy. . . . The natural resources of Mexico—agriculture, cattle, mining, and oil—are not developed to one-twentieth their possible output. . . . Mexico could support 50,000,000 persons in plenty where now the vast majority of its 14,250,000 live in wretched misery. . . . The wiping out of the boundary would be a blessing to Mexico, a benefit to the United States and to the world. How long this barrier can stand between dire need of capital on one side and natural demand on the other depends upon the patience of the Americans. A war may be necessary to remove this obstruction to economic advancement. All wars are born of stupidity, and this one would be more than usually stupid since the same results could be obtained by friendly cooperation. If war comes, Mexico will be the winner. Her government and her armies will fall, but her people will be infinitely more prosperous and happier.

WHAT AN ADMIRABLE sentiment for a magazine named *Liberty*, where we find it in the form of an editorial leading the issue of April 17! The expression is in better accord with the motto of the publication, which is borrowed from Stephen Decatur via the *Chicago Tribune*: "Our country, right or wrong." And, it might be added, the magazine is also always for big business and the profits system, right or wrong. From comfortable trenches in New York and Chicago the editors and owners can weather a war fought by other persons, and when it is over and the Mexicans have all been put to work in factories turning out profits for Wall Street there will be more young women yearning for the Turkish cigarettes, silk hosiery, and beauty creams whose advertising makes *Liberty* (we are talking about the magazine) profitable; there will be more young men clamoring after smart collars, corn cures, hair restorers, and other blessings of civilization which a great, popular magazine serves to spread.

THAT STRANGE PRODUCT, the tabloid or picture newspaper, has been discussed in the columns of *The Nation* and elsewhere. But one surprising fact about it has not been mentioned. Two women were talking in a New York subway recently. Said one: "Oh, I forgot to get the *Graphic* for the children. They will be so disappointed." "Yes," said the other, "they do enjoy the pictures so much, don't they?" Since then we have witnessed several purchases by kind parents of one or the other of the picture papers for sons or daughters of ten years of age and up. The child has at last found a funny paper which comes out every day instead of Sunday only and is no doubt much funnier than any of the old-fashioned sheets. A murder or a divorce vividly portrayed with a background of shapely chorus girls is much more interesting and close to life than the adventures of the Katzenjammer Kids. Then too it is so instructive! Thus, by the picture method, which is the easiest for the young mind, any child will have acquired at fifteen a complete education in crime and scandal that will remain with him through life.

Our Faltering Faith in Democracy

WHY is it that the faith in democracy of so many Americans falters? It is only eight years since we were risking our all to make the world safe for democracy. Now, wherever one goes, one hears doubts. Every catchword, every high-sounding phrase of war days has disappeared. On either hand are frank envy of the Italian and Spanish dictatorships, disgust with the shortcomings of parliamentarism and the ardent wish that Congress could be prorogued for years or altogether abolished, and a total loss of faith in the wisdom of the multitude. Every altruistic appeal for pure democracy falls on deaf ears; political progress languishes because so many have, for the hour, lost interest in matters political.

The intense hatred against the Soviets is based not on their being run as an undemocratic oligarchy but because they oppose the institution of private property. A distinguished and titled foreigner who has just returned to Europe is telling people over there of his surprise in finding Mussolini the most popular man in the homes of the wealthy he visited here. Business everywhere worships Mussolini because he frankly says that he "wipes his feet on liberty," that "the old liberal democracy is dead," and because he is the apostle of efficiency and of doing things.

Now, the interesting thing is that this obvious loss of the old American faith for which our men are supposed to have died in France is coincident with a greater effort to teach patriotism and to compel loyalty to the ideals of America than we have ever before witnessed. Our school-children are compelled daily to salute the flag, to chant an oath of loyalty, to swear fealty to the Constitution, to write essays about it, to believe that it is the summation of human achievement in politics. They are marshaled into patriotism on Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday, the Fourth of July, Flag Day, Navy Day, and some on Defense Day. When they get to college they have patriotism inculcated into them in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps by excellent imitations of the Kaiser's goose-stepping lieutenants.

We have all but stopped immigration, and a hundred different agencies are at work Americanizing the foreign-born who are here. And while we Americanize them the prosperous and pedigreed Americans, the old stock itself, more and more lose faith in the fundamentals which the Americanizers are teaching. We regiment and we machine-make the products of our public schools and teach them, in so far as they think at all, to think alike and to believe absolutely in the existing social, political, and economic order; and then we find the descendants of the earliest settlers joining Elbert Gary in praying for a Mussolini in the White House and in showing utter indifference to our daily violations of some of the oldest American traditions and of the Constitution itself.

Well, the explanations are numerous. In the very effort of idolizing the founders, the warriors and statesmen of the past, we forget to inculcate the *spirit* of our institutions. We tell the children that they must worship Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Lincoln and Grant, and never tell them why. Abstract liberty is not put upon a pedestal; democracy is not taught as *democracy*. Every effort is made to induce the oncoming generation to accept

their elders' appraisal of our country, and never to rouse their curiosity to ascertain what is behind our institutions, lest they discover that there is something wrong with them or in some way imbibe an admiration for another kind of government. And yet, per contra, there are none so afraid for our government as the fiercest of our Americanizers and our standardizers. Let one poor Bolshevik knock at our doors and they see the end of the American republic. They would prevent, if they could, the slightest discussion of communism lest somebody like it better than our own forms of administration. Hence, they insist upon everybody's believing with them and forget to make it clear why they should believe and what the basis for each belief is. They have developed a form of ancestor worship which can brook no protest and no apostasy.

But while they worship the ancestors, they themselves forget, if they ever knew, what those ancestors severally stood for. So they are filled with horror when a Rupert Hughes says that George Washington was like every other prosperous gentleman of his time, a good sport who liked his dance, his song, his wine, and dared to be interested in women. The leaders of the movement to purchase Monticello have appealed for public support because they believe it to be a patriotic act to exalt Thomas Jefferson now that the republic is menaced by bolshevism, completely forgetting, if they ever knew, that Thomas Jefferson preached physical revolution against the government every twenty-five years and otherwise uttered sentiments which would place one in jail were one to call oneself a Socialist or Bolshevik and utter them publicly in some of our cities today. Finally, we have a country sunk in materialism which is perfectly willing to go through patriotic forms and to let it go at that, provided that no tradition and no politician and no Congressman and no President interfere with the gentle art of making money in the largest possible quantities in the least possible time.

The fact is that the more we regiment the less patriotic we really are likely to be, the more we shall pull away from the spiritual thing which is America. That can with great difficulty be put into words, because it is a conglomeration of a great many things, such as tolerance and good-will and justice and fair play, honest dealing with one's fellow-men, true liberty, true equality, and genuine fraternity. Patriotism is not a thing that can be bought nor can it be forced into people without its nature undergoing a chemical change in the process. When it is so forced in, it becomes as much of a drudgery as compulsory drill or enforced churchgoing. True patriotism is something that sprouts almost of its own accord. It is nurtured by gratitude, not by favors received at the hands of a privilege-bestowing government—by equality of opportunity and equality of justice. Given these things in America and the democratic faith is saved. Yet it is those who bask most in the government's sunshine, those who are protected and advantaged at the expense of their countrymen, who insist on patriotism by prescription, like so many allopathic pills. They are the ones who cheered loudest for the war to safeguard democracy and now, admitting, as they do, that it had nothing whatever to do with democracy, wonder, perhaps, that democracy has so few friends among themselves.

The Stick of the Rocket in Florida

DID you ever see one of those Potash and Perlmutter gentlemen in high black shoes and a pair of white knickers draped to show not over four inches of leg? You ought to see them in Miami. Did you ever observe the face of a Lawrence, Massachusetts, funeral director, who had sunk all he had in the world, including his carfare home, to make the first payment on a \$30,000 lot, with a second payment almost due, and nobody to sell it to at any price? Did you ever see a shiny new street and a shiny new sidewalk and a shiny new lamp-post "go native," and sink into the jungle? Did you ever hear the whirring of wings in the night as the boom-buzzards—those realtors who pick the carcass of every land boom from San Diego to Long Island—set forth on a new migration? One could hardly sleep these winter nights in Florida for the noise they made. Now one can rest quietly, for they all have gone.

Perhaps it may be predicted that Florida marks the last great Boom; the last magnificent flowering of the pioneer, drunk with the unravished riches of a continent. With what is left of the riches so admirably hogtied, one is somewhat at a loss to know just where to turn for another frenzied, wholesale, free-for-all Boom.

Is this last great flowering of the American spirit completely deflated? No. Competent and impartial reports from the front—such as Mr. Lindley has been giving us in the *New York World*—show that the realities of climate, of soil, of sunshine, of genuine recreation, which lie at the base of the Florida sky-rocket, are, by and large, holding their own; what has collapsed is the resplendent and picaresque efflorescence. The "binder boys" are gone; the gaudy blue-print subdivisions are sinking into the sands; one fears the "bird-doggers" are again looking for education at the hands of Broadway butter-and-egg men.

Building statistics for the first three months of 1926 indicate an even larger volume of new construction than in 1925. The agricultural and industrial possibilities of the State are being unceasingly developed. Almost every city on the coast is creating or enlarging a harbor. But speculative trading in real estate—buying to sell again and double-your-money-in-forty-eight-hours—came to an end late last fall.

To date, the post-boom period has been characterized by stagnation of the retail market more than by a decline in prices. Hundreds of thousands of lots in outlying subdivisions are, of course, worthless. But even where the land has legitimate use value, though prices are holding up, they are certainly not increasing, and resales are difficult to make. The present titular owners are faced with a serious problem. They planked down their first payment at peak prices. The land is theirs. The second payment falls due in six months. Long before this ominous date they had hoped to resell at a profit and so meet the second payment. Meanwhile, in November and December, the boom broke under them. Most of them cannot resell, even if they are willing to take a loss, and many of them took all their savings to make the first payment. Six months from the end of the boom—say by June—comes a fearful "day of reckoning for the greater bulk of speculative pur-

chasers." There is a vast scrambling for cash, but the canny Florida banks have their surplus on call in New York. So mortgages on high-class real estate in many parts of Florida can be bought for 60 cents on the dollar. "Large developers are hastily seeking financial assistance in the North." Meanwhile many of the subdivisions laid out on *good* land, and duly equipped with pavements, street lights, water, and sewers, seem unlikely to be inhabited for some time to come. "Nine-tenths of these lots are held by speculators. The tenth man, who bought with the intention of building, is reluctant to do so until he sees somebody else doing it." But in many of the sounder developments a great deal of building is going on—and will go on.

In the heart of the citrus region around Winter Haven at least an eighth of all the growing orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees have been ruthlessly destroyed to make room for subdivisions which the shoe-string realtors sold on blue print, which are now a drug on the market, which nobody will ever live in. But what are rippling fruit trees, reared lovingly and long, when go-getters in white knickers have the smashing of sales resistance in hand?

However Florida survives her boom, she is destined to carry in her land values to perpetuity all the swag and the hoodle, all the waste and the fireworks, all the commissions and the white pants and the Rolls-Royces with which the happy speculators—as distinct from those now stuck—have departed.

Down to the Sea in Yachts

THE dinner given by the Cruising Club of New York on April 14 to Harry Pidgeon, the Los Angeles photographer who sailed his thirty-four foot yawl some thirty-five thousand miles around the world, single handed, during the last four years, together with the Club's award of a medal, calls attention again to the increasing number of people who risk the dangers of the deep in small boats. To stimulate this sport is the purpose of the Cruising Club, which awards its Blue Water Medal every five years for the most courageous instance of small-boat navigation during that period.

While Mr. Pidgeon insists that "nothing really happened during the 1,442 days of his lonely cruise," no one must think that there are no risks run in such an enterprise, even in well-found small craft of auxiliary power built for the purpose and as far as possible equipped for every contingency.

Of the two small yachts that left Scandinavian waters for the United States in 1924, one, the *Lief Ericson*, owned and captained by W. W. Nutting, which sailed from Greenland on September 8, was lost with all hands; the other, the *Shanghai* of F. De Witt Wells of New York City, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia on August 26, the crew escaping only by a miracle. Latterly two stories have appeared in the press of happenings off our own shores to prove that not even the best found of yachts is beyond risks. One was the tale of the *Cutty Sark*, the beautiful schooner owned by Alexander Smith, which found itself in distress off the Virginia Shoals despite its auxiliary engine and the fact that it had recently been thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date without thought of expense. The other told of the loss of the *Calliope*, wrecked on the northern Florida coast on March 15. In this case, however, it appears that the owner of this 55-foot schooner and his two

paid hands took unnecessary chances in that they left Miami in a hard breeze and in the face of northeast storm warnings. At eleven o'clock that night the mainsail blew out and other gear carried away. For two days they kept the engine going until the gasoline gave out. They were then given a towline by a tug and when that parted they anchored in a very heavy sea. Next the anchor cable broke, after which there was nothing to do but to let the ship go ashore, where she became a total loss.

In this case there is considerable question whether the boat was properly and wisely handled. In the case of the Cutty Sark, her troubles grew out of the loss of her rudder. A couple of days later she was picked up and towed in after her passengers and crew had had a most uncomfortable time. That she is a properly sea-going craft appears from the fact that she is 147 feet long, has a beam of 26 feet, and is engined by two-hundred-horse-power six-cylinder Winton Diesel engines, installed in 1924, with direct electric drive. With this equipment she has been able to go through severe storms without the slightest difficulty on various cruises. But a rudderless ship, however well found, is more or less at the mercy of the ocean, whether with or without engines. So not even the best of cruising yachts like this can avoid all the risks of the sea. Whether the voyager traverses the ocean in a tiny craft of the size of Captain Slocum's *Spray* or in the Cutty Sark, experience and skill and knowledge must stand at the helm. Captain Slocum had all of those as his crew and yet, after circumnavigating the globe, a day came when he vanished without a trace. So did the *Miramar*, E. M. Statler's 100-foot steam yacht which disappeared off the coast of Florida at the end of November, 1925, since which time nothing has turned up to explain her fate. Her owner is now being sued for \$700,000 by relatives of the crew on the ground that his yacht was unseaworthy and improperly sent to sea. The point thus raised is extremely important.

Yet the fact is that the seas are being sailed over more and more by adventurous spirits in cockle-shells—Alain Gerbault, a French sailor, crossed the ocean from Gibraltar to New York in a craft thirty-nine feet long, and has more recently arrived safely at Tahiti. Greater than any one suspects is the number of persons who are feeling their way around the globe in boats that could be swung on the davits of an Olympic. It is just the risks that make the adventure so enticing to American yachtsmen. We are building yachts better and stronger. We have learned to pattern more after the Gloucester fishing schooner and less after the freak racer. So the sturdy schooners of John G. Alden of Boston and William H. Hand of New Bedford are deservedly having a great vogue, for they are well-found little ships, strong and safe, if properly handled. In the eighties and nineties any run outside of Long Island Sound was considered an achievement for most of the amateur skippers. It is nothing today when twenty-foot boats sail across the Bay of Fundy and men cruise to Labrador in motor boats that seem like cockle-shells. This is the finest kind of competition, the finest school for manliness and courage, the best training for the senses; for there is no sordid profit in view, no ignoble striving to take unfair advantage of another, no possibility of gaining, even in racing, by underhand tricks. The real competitors are the wind and the sea; to overcome them at their worst requires the best that a sailor has in him. And when the battle is won there is nothing whatever to mar the joy of victory.

A Libertarian Laughs

The editor with his attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays of New York, arrived first. Chase, seconded by Captain Patterson of the Vice Squad, appeared shortly.

"Are you Chase?" asked Mencken.

"I am," and Chase held out a half dollar. Mencken took it, bit the edge to test its quality, pouched it, and handed over a *Mercury*.

"Officer, arrest this man," said Chase, and it was done.

The editor threw his remaining three copies into the air and there was such a scramble for them that they were torn to bits and nobody got one.

IF this story, told in a special dispatch from Boston to the New York *World*, is a true one in all of its details, we are inclined to think that a new chapter has been written in the history of the relations in America between the publisher and the censor. The scene was Boston Common. The duel was between H. L. Mencken, who had seen fit to publish in the *American Mercury* an article by Herbert Asbury on a Missouri small-town harlot, and the Rev. J. Frank Chase, who as secretary of the Watch and Ward Society had decided to preserve the morals of the youth of Boston from contamination with the record of a pathetic woman who had never been less than 1,000 miles away from Boston and who, it seems, died long ago. The weapon of the Rev. Mr. Chase was the law. Mr. Mencken's weapon was a sense of the ludicrous.

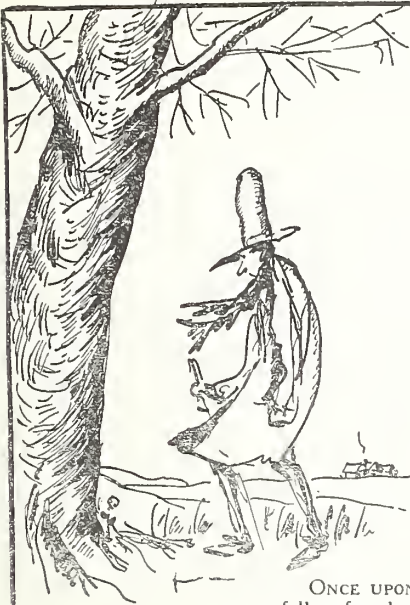
There, we submit, is progress. Whether Mr. Mencken actually bit that half dollar with his own unintimidated teeth or whether the *World* correspondent had the happy thought to report that he did, a new note has been struck. We have been paying the censor too high a compliment in taking him seriously, in waiting until he proceeded against a book or a magazine and then protesting from editorial offices or debating platforms.

There are no reasons why men should be free except the one reason that some of them wish to be. Mr. Mencken notoriously delights in freedom; hence when his editorial judgment was challenged from Boston he went up there, collected a crowd of a thousand persons—mostly students—around him, invited arrest, and bit the half dollar that furnished the means of arrest. We have seldom enough called censorship the thing it evidently is, a comedy; here is one who acts it out as such.

The subsequent events in the case have little or no bearing upon the point we have made. Judge Parmenter, before whom the article was tested in Boston, decided on reading it that it was inoffensive, and let Mr. Mencken off. A few days later, however, another judge took an opposite view and fined a newsdealer \$100 for selling the magazine. The New York Post Office, moreover, submitted the *Mercury* to Postmaster General New in Washington, asking him if it was mailable; Mr. New decided that it was not. As to the piece itself, which takes its name, Hatrack, from the name of a poor woman who used to sell herself to the business men of Farmington, Missouri, on Sunday evenings after she went to church—we have read it and found it both harmless and human. We can see why the business men and the clergy of Farmington might want to discourage the sale of the *Mercury* out there for a month or two—as they have taken steps to do. We do not see why Boston or New York should care.

The Universe, Inc.

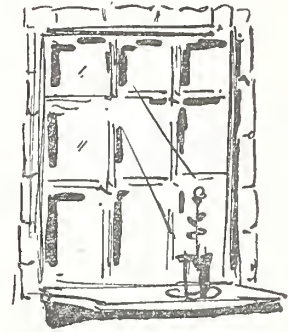
By H. v. L.



ONCE UPON A TIME an honest fellow found a bright little idea growing modestly by the roadside.



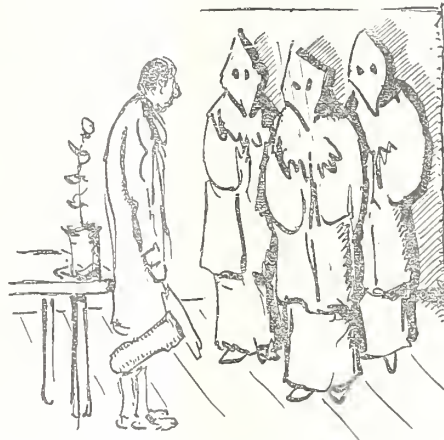
He liked it and took it home that it might not be crushed by the hoof of some indifferent cow.



He let it have all the air and sunshine he possibly could that it might grow into a healthy plant.



He took care of it in every way and he hid it when Inquisitive Neighbors came to his house and—



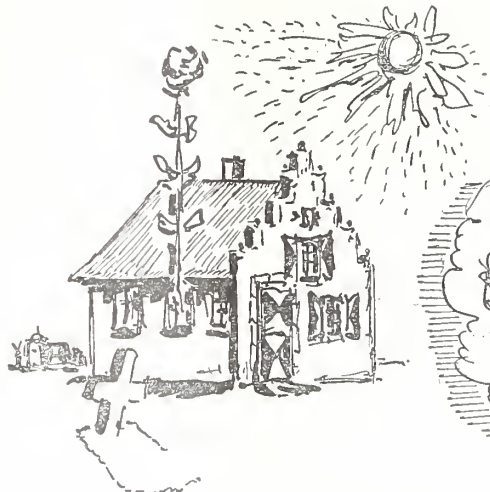
asked him what there was in this rumor about an obnoxious weed which he was said to be growing in his home—



and when winter came and he was too poor to buy fuel he burned his books that the small flower should not suffer from the cold.



When the last book was gone, he gave his life—



that the plant might live, and then suddenly the sun shone and the idea grew and grew—



and became the property of mankind. But the man was dead and so they buried him, and that is that.

Illustrated by H. v. L.

What's Wrong with England's Tory Government?

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, April 2

THE election which has just ended in the Bothwell Division of Lanarkshire in Scotland is most valuable as a revelation of the drift of political opinion in this country. A month or two ago the Labor Party won a Tory seat in Darlington, but there were some shrewd political prophets who expected that the balance would be made good

in Bothwell. The deceased Labor member had a strong personal hold on the constituency, and the first attempt of the Labor Party to find a candidate was unfortunate. The man selected declined to go on; there was friction in the camp; religious differences existed in the constituency; some objection was taken to the miners claiming the seat as one to which they had the right of possession. No contest could have begun more inauspiciously. The Tories had nominated a popular candidate, a sportsman and a good speaker, and whereas at



From *Auslandspost*

Prime Minister Baldwin

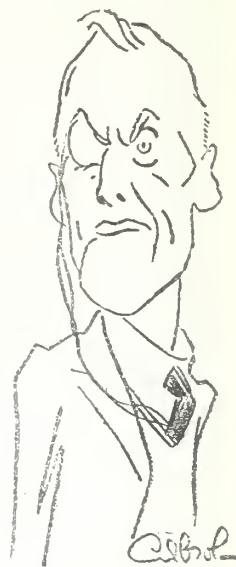
the general election the Liberals had remained out of the contest, this time they nominated a candidate for the express purpose of damaging the Labor vote. At the general election 14,591 votes were given to Labor and 11,314 to the Tory candidate; today, in a triangular contest, the Labor vote has actually been increased to 14,830, and 8,740 have been given to the Tory and 1,276 to the Liberal. Truly a striking result.

What do the figures mean? The Liberal figures can be speedily disposed of. They are miserable and come far short of what even their opponents expected. They show that the Liberal Party is still a discredited faction, and that neither land policy nor any other of its several expedients has galvanized it into life. Very few electors are interested in it. It is out of the battle and cannot raise a dust on the outskirts. This election presents a problem to the handful of Liberal leaders which will be hard to solve. Is the party to exist? Does it exist? We may now expect more Liberal desertions both to Labor and to Toryism. In any event it is pretty plain that Liberalism is not strong enough in the country either to help or to hinder Labor. The serious drop of 2,500 in the Tory poll was unexpected and is a further indication of how the country is losing confidence in the Government. Special reasons will be given. It will be said that Bothwell is largely a mining seat and that the publication of the Coal Commission Report solidified the miners' vote. That may account for the increase in the Labor vote, but it comes far short as an explanation

of the fall in the Tory support. Even if we were to assume that the whole Liberal vote was drawn from the Tories (an untenable thought) the drop is not explained. It cannot be explained except on the assumption that a considerable number of Tories voted Labor and many refused to vote at all. Confidence in the Government is ebbing. That is the only explanation. A summary review of our political position here is therefore interesting.

Seventeen months ago this Government took office with a colossal majority of over 200 members though its votes only amounted to a minority of the electors who went to the ballot boxes. They were no sooner in than they had to confess that they had cheated the country over the Zinoviev letter, and this, though only affecting the more serious people, depreciated their credit. Their first budget was unpopular; their first fiscal legislation was a breach of pledges that protection would not be introduced. Their attempt at window-dressing by producing their widows' pension scheme was discredited before it left the hands of the House of Commons and, as is the rule with such clever maneuvers, we use it now to damage them. In later days Mr. Churchill's failure to effect economy has given offense to his supporters to whom he promised much in this direction, and his economy bill with its provisions to raid the health and unemployment funds, to which the workers and the employers have contributed far more than the state, has roused the indignation of the popular Friendly Societies. From the beginning the idea underlying his finance and his efforts to economize has been to ease the burdens of the comfortable classes and transfer them to the backs of the struggling classes. He saves national taxes by increasing local rates. One can go through all the departments that have come upon the stage during these seventeen months and failure for one reason or another would be the conclusion of the survey. Incapacity is the general verdict. And for the moment the department that cuts the poorest figure is the Foreign Office. It was a great, if tempting, mistake for the Tory Party to make partisan capital out of Locarno. The shouting and the decorations were overdone, and when, at the Guildhall this week, Sir Austen Chamberlain received the freedom of the City of London it was in the presence of a purely Tory gathering, the leaders of other parties having absented themselves. The failure at Geneva, for which public opinion holds the Foreign Secretary to be largely responsible and which was the subject of constant attack at Bothwell, has brought falling confidence to a very low level.

There remains the part which the Prime Minister himself plays in this drama of government. He is the cloak of his Government. Behind him his Front Bench shelters



Austen Chamberlain

itself. It deliberately uses him. His demeanor and words are, so goes the legend, those of an English gentleman who smokes a pipe, has no "side," lives quietly and reads and quotes good literature, is fair and open-minded, is neither hard nor twisty, tries to say and do the right thing, appeals for good-will, is not a politician, and wins the approbation of Mr. A. J. Cook. Such a personality covers a multitude of sins on the part of his colleagues, and hitherto it has succeeded in cementing the quite apparent divisions in his parliamentary party. He is certainly not a Tory but he is necessary to the Tory Party. He is used by it as a kind of decoy. So long as he makes his speeches it cannot be so very bad. Will this last? Is it lasting? In a blindfold sort of way he follows the Socialist "voices," and though in the background "the hard-faced men" of his following see to their interests and the Carlton Club and the Tory headquarters' organization follow their own bent, I am sorely deceived if there are not to be ructions one day.

Some people think that he is more wily than simple and that there is political design in his apparent straightforwardness. I do not agree. Within an intellectual Socialist Party the Prime Minister, were he not impeded like the young man in the Scriptures, would perhaps find a natural home. He would be far happier fighting revolutionists as a believer in Socialism than bearding capitalists in the interests of Toryism. But in the business of government he fails. His settlement of the American debt was hardly businesslike; his handling of the coal crisis was tardy; his good-will lacks grip; people are getting a little tired

of placid intentions. The ministerial actors in the background are becoming more prominent and the cloak becomes more transparent. He ceases to represent his party, and the confidence reposed in him becomes less and less identified with the Tory Government. He is the one man who protects it against final discredit, and the loss to Labor of Tory seats at Stockport and Darlington, and now this result at Bothwell, bring the crisis in the Tory Party nearer and indicate a definite change in the political mind of Great Britain.

The danger ahead is a coal lockout in May. The Tory Party has striven incessantly to rouse a fear of a coming revolution, and if it had been trying to promote one some of its doings would have an intelligent purpose. A coal dispute would strengthen the hands of the timorous reaction and would rouse on both sides passions of great bitterness. Both the industrial and political representatives of Labor have enjoined reticence upon their spokesmen, and the order has been well observed though some prolific speakers seem to be chafing under it. The miners, however, have agreed to work in consultation with the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and in the negotiations the council will maintain the wider view of the general interests of labor and keep in sight the whole issues involved. At present there is a dominating desire for peace. The only worrying thought is whether the existing conditions of the industry contain the possibility of accommodation. The next few weeks will be trying times during which anything may happen.

Who Shall Control the Air?

By MORRIS L. ERNST

THERE are only eighty-nine wave lengths available for ordinary radio broadcasting in the United States. On these eighty-nine wave lengths about 600 different broadcasting stations can hurl forth entertainment and propaganda. For the first time in history the problem of free speech becomes an administrative problem, for the Government controls the licensing of stations and the distributing of wave lengths. The Greeks' suppression of Socrates did not prevent the pupil Plato from carrying on his gospel, nor were the wandering lessons of Paul to pagandom put an end to by the penal death of his radical teacher. If the anti-Fascist Italians in America want to start a newspaper such as *Nuovo Mondo* no governmental consent is necessary in advance. The press, so far, does not have to persuade any official that Thomas Lamont and Otto Kahn are in error and that George W. Wickersham happens to be right in regard to Mussolini.

But with the radio we are facing a new problem. Who shall distribute the right to get on the air? What shall be the medium of such distribution?

Everyone is announcing that the radio is a public utility and should be operated for public benefit. Even when the Telephone Company and the Radio Corporation of America mumble these shibboleths few people are wise enough to smile. Under our present radio legislation the Secretary of Commerce distributes licenses to broadcast. This function has been actually performed by Judge Davis, an official who does not act like an official. He is genial, honest, and not yet bureaucratic. Above all, he is truly afraid of being given powers of censorship. His fear

springs from a modesty that is rare in Washington. It is also due to a realization of the difficulties which censorship of the air would bring on the censor's head. The fact is, however, that at this moment a very cool form of censorship is being exercised in spite of Judge Davis. In the first place censorship is exercised by the mere selection of concerns permitted to go on the air. For example, the Radio Corporation of America has two very good stations in New York City. One is a full-time station and the other operates about three days a week. If any organization which is critical of the United States Government wants to get a broadcasting permit, the Department with great show of reasonableness says, "Put your name on the list," and there you will be at the bottom of a list of about 300 applicants. If you can get a station at all, it will mean about five hours a week on some very poor wave length.

In Chicago at this very time the American labor movement, through the Chicago Federation of Labor, is trying to procure a station. The Department says there is none to be had. Oddly enough, the *Chicago Tribune-Liberty* interests found two stations just lying about. These representatives of working men will probably have to pay \$250,000 to buy out somebody else's permit.

The Government's process of selection has an additional menace. The Secretary of Commerce says to the Radio Corporation of America: "You may operate an experimental station of very high power, 50,000 watts, in Bound Brook, New Jersey." Of course, the Government knows that a station of such power will throw out all small stations in the neighborhood—their "freedom of speech"

is thereby effectually abolished. The Government also knows how easy it is to abuse the word "experimental." If some small commercial group anywhere in the United States wants to get a 3,000-watts station, ample, logical arguments can be found by the Department to deny the use of such high voltage. Furthermore, the danger of this process of selection is apparent as to the location of stations. The Radio Corporation of America has been granted a permit to operate at a particular location which, incidentally, will tend to drive out of business competing broadcasting stations. The Department, moreover, determines wave lengths to be used. Therefore, even if it gave a wave length to the Society for the Nationalization of Telephone Service it could be such a poor wave length, in such a crowded field, that no one would or could listen to it.

Judge Davis has suggested a plan whereby the Department will eliminate the dangers of censorship by handing out licenses to applicants in the order of the filing of applications. This sounds most innocuous. Actually it will, under the provisions of bills now before Congress, result in rigid and effective censorship—a power which ought to enable any intelligent Secretary of Commerce to elect himself President. So long as the Department can determine which individuals shall be endowed with larynxes it does not need additional power to determine what shall be said.

The second means of censorship is enforced at the stations themselves. A well-known radio broadcaster recently explained to his audience why he thought Mr. Hughes, as Secretary of State, made a mistake when, after Coolidge had opened the door for Russian recognition, he slammed it close. It is said in Washington that Mr. Hughes listened in on this address and that, through some mysterious coincidence, the Washington station which had relayed this particular speech from New York refused thereafter to "tie up" on the broadcasting of this particular well-known speaker. Hudson Maxim, talking recently against prohibition, was allowed to speak into a naked microphone, never realizing that the connection with the outside world had been cut off. A radio orator spoke in Newark not long since on "Why the Democratic Party has a Progressive Foreign Policy." Before she went on the air she was told by the manager of the station that the subject of the speech was all right but that she must not criticize the President.

William J. Burns, former office-holder, issued a vicious attack by radio in 1923 on various liberal organizations. The American Civil Liberties Union offered to put onto the air to answer these charges either Norman Hapgood or Robert Morss Lovett. The station through which Burns had made his speech refused to allow any answer to be broadcast even by the two reputable gentlemen whose names were suggested. Other stations in New York likewise declined to have the Burns speech answered solely on the theory that there must be some kind of camaraderie between the holders of broadcasting permits. The Foreign Policies Association programs were cut off for a time by one of the leading stations in order that the station might take on the speeches at the Republican Club luncheons. This last position, of course, is perfectly logical; obviously the present holders of broadcasting licenses must stand in with Republican officialdom in order to be sure that their licenses will be renewed. It is natural, moreover, that the companies whose permits expire shortly before the presidential election will not permit any unkind criticism, to say the least, of the Secretary of Commerce. For example, I doubt if even at this time any of the big stations would

permit a critical exposition of the Department's attitude toward radio legislation. At the hearings in Washington two addresses were made before the Senate Committee concerning the question of censorship. Would the Radio Corporation of America or the Telephone Company allow speeches of that nature to be broadcast?

There is no ready solution for this problem. Most of the governments of other countries have taken over the radio and in most cases have excluded all political talk and propaganda. In England this is carried to the point of excluding from the air the King's address at the opening of Parliament. Short of government ownership and control of the stations, some machinery should be set up to insure as far as possible the presence on the air of minority points of view. Under the present machinery a Republican administration, in a quiet manner, will see to it that mainly Republican propaganda is broadcast. If by chance the Democrats should ever come into office nationally, they would no doubt play a similar game. As it is, in case a Hoover boom for President should develop, it is not difficult to imagine the description of Hoover, his record, and his presidential possibilities which would bore most of the would-be listeners to jazz.

Hearings have been held on the bills before Congress. Hundreds of pages of testimony have been taken. Hardly a word in all of the testimony relates to censorship. It is all addressed to wave lengths, mechanics, charges for broadcasting, and other business problems. The proposed legislation contains phrases such as "public utility," "public necessity," and "public interest," but the operation of the bill is for private profit and for stabilization of investment.

The whole tendency of the legislation is most clearly indicated in the clause that provides that in case of war or public peril or national emergency or even threat of war the President may close down any and all of the stations. Free speech is of value in peaceful days, but it is a vital necessity in times of peril. That is the very time when no official should have the power to close down the broadcasting stations. Even the *New York Call* was able to defeat in court Postmaster General Burleson in his endeavor during the last war to take away its mailing privileges. Under the proposed legislation there would be no appeal to any court; the revocation of a license would be an administrative function. Imagine the front pages of the newspapers of the land if analogous legislation were proposed giving the President the power to close down any or all newspapers in case of "national emergency or threat of war." Even in the present docile mood of the country so flagrant a violation of freedom would meet with sturdy resistance. The radio legislation goes so far as to give power to the President to close down some of the radio stations and not all of them. In other words, in time of national emergency, threat of war, or war, the President can if he chooses close down just those stations which are critical of the policy of his administration. The powers contained in this act are the widest ever vested by legislative enactment in any human being: with the control of the air goes the possible control of the vote, the control of the spread of ideas and education. Hoover, if he runs for President, will have as shouting supporters every broadcasting station which has a permit and which hopes to get a renewal of its license.

[In a second article, to appear next week, Mr. Ernst will outline certain changes in the proposed radio bills which would in some measure protect minority views.]

The Alien Property Scandal

By EDGAR MELS

II

THERE are strange developments to be recorded in the case of U. S. *vs.* Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian John T. King, Richard Merton, et al., indicted for alleged conspiracy in returning \$7,000,000 in Liberty bonds to their German owners, as told in the last issue of *The Nation*. To begin, Richard Merton, indicted as conspirator and briber, if bribery was resorted to, spent last week in New York, with the knowledge of the federal authorities, and then departed for Germany, unmolested and without depositing bail or surety of any kind.

Gaston Means, star government witness, next to King, is said to have refused to testify to certain events, which he, Means, said did not happen, and in consequence he had his month's holiday in New York cut short and was shipped back to Atlanta penitentiary. Every conceivable sort of influence is being brought, it is rumored, to have the cases nolledd and forgotten, for Republican leaders realize that the American Metals matter is surcharged with dynamite.

Delaware, Tom Miller's home State, where he was born and which he represented as Congressman, is of course the center of attention. Delaware politics is inexpressibly rotten. Corruption, graft, vote-buying, bribery—these are the corner-stones of Delaware politics, furnishing an atmosphere suitable for almost any kind of "get-him-at-any-price" methods.

Miller is a politician who plays the game, I believe, as cleanly as it can be played. He has placed men and women recommended by Republican Senators and Congressmen on the pay roll of the Alien Property department. He has never made any bones about that. He has played politics in his home State, as the records prove. For a time Miller was allied with the du Ponts and their efficient and powerful machine. It was in 1921 that Miller came closest to T. Coleman du Pont, who had been picked by his clan to represent their dye interests in the Senate. In 1921 du Pont began an extensive, not to say expensive, campaign. He made Miller his campaign manager, without title or, for that matter, office. Miller was a member of the State committee which had ostensible charge of the campaign. In reality, an "inner" circle did the actual thinking—and paying. However, the voters did the voting—and du Pont remained at home. When the smoke of battle had cleared away Tom Miller was a lonesome figure, left by his associates to the discouraging task of "holding the bag." The bag happened to be empty and a big deficit stared Miller in the face. He is not rich nor could he see why he should pay the bills contracted in the service of a multi-millionaire. Du Pont had duly filed his statement of campaign expenses and, publicly at least, the matter was closed as far as he was concerned. Time passed and the creditors, at first passive under the hypnotic spell of the du Pont name, became restive. And the more insistent their importunities for money became, the worse became Miller's worries.

Finally, he decided to appeal to the Republican Party in general and to his fellow State committeemen in particular. During the Wood campaign he had been officially friendly with John T. King of Connecticut and Ned Thurs-

ton of Massachusetts. He appealed to both to save him from financial ruin. There the matter rested until the latter part of November, 1922.

The scene of this slightly melodramatic tale must now be shifted to Philadelphia, thirty miles from Wilmington. In that city lived Vincent A. Carroll, assistant city prosecutor, lawyer of standing, and friend of Miller during the trying days of the Argonne. Both Miller and Carroll had fought side by side and both had been decorated for conspicuous bravery. To Carroll came Ned Thurston, former chairman of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee, bearing a large envelope. "Give this to Tom Miller if he should drop in," said Thurston. When he had gone Carroll threw the envelope on top of a dusty safe, where it lay forgotten for five weeks. Then, one day, Miller came in to see Carroll on Legion business.

"There's an envelope on top of the safe Thurston left for you," said Carroll, and when Miller opened it he found Liberty bonds to the amount of \$47,500, with instructions as to their use. What those instructions were the writer cannot reveal at this time, but the reader may readily guess. Time passed, but the indebtedness of the du Pont campaign, though reduced, had not yet been paid in full.

It is generally known in Delaware that there is a letter, a copy of which is thought to be in the hands of the Department of Justice, signed by J. J. Roskob, head of the General Motors, a du Pont concern, concerning instructions as to the disposal of a check for more than \$10,000, signed by Roskob. It is also known that another check for an amount nearly as large, but not accompanied by a letter, signed by du Pont, also figured in the clean-up of the campaign deficit.

Miller, having had a taste of the du Pont brand of politics, decided to try for himself. He broke away from the machine and fought it, opposing du Pont candidates and laying the foundations for a future campaign to put himself in the United States Senate. His fight was so effective that one day he received a warning: "Be good, or you'll be sorry!"

That threat seems to have been carried out. The statement that politics is at the bottom of the Miller indictment is supported by an incident which occurred on September 5 of last year, six weeks before the indictments were found in New York. The writer was in Dover, Delaware, seeking information on another subject. While in the office of a lawyer a Democratic politician came in. "If you want a real story," said the Democrat, "they're going to indict Tom Miller in the American Metals case." He refused to reveal the source of his information, but his prediction came true. Miller was abroad, serving as president of the Fidac, the Inter-Allied Veterans Legion, to which he had been elected by the American Legion, when the federal grand jury brought in the indictment against him, Jess Smith, and others.

Hiram C. Todd, the same Todd whom Senator Wheeler had exposed and dismembered during the Brookhart investigation into the Department of Justice, was named prosecutor at \$1,000 a month. He resigned shortly after and is now the counsel for the German owners of the Bosch-Mag-

neto patents. His principal witness was Gaston B. Means, that savory individual who, after assailing most of the members of the Harding regime before the Brookhart committee, recanted in writing to Daugherty to the extent of four typewritten pages, which Daugherty showed to the writer in his Columbus office as a "vindication."

Another witness was King, who had received a "retainer" of \$50,000 for facilitating the transfer under scrutiny. Still another was Roxie Stinson, divorced wife of Jess Smith. Vincent Carroll gave testimony telling how the bonds came into his possession and subsequently into Miller's.

Harry Daugherty was called to testify and wrote an amazing note declining, because he had acted over a long period as personal counsel for President and Mrs. Harding. Eventually he did testify, but what he told is not known, save by hearsay. Whether he told how he came into possession of \$40,000 in Liberty bonds, traced to his Washington Court House, Ohio, bank is not known. His brother Mal testified that he had destroyed the bank's ledger pages containing the Daugherty accounts.

But the matter did not stop there. Representative Hamilton Fish of New York issued pronouncements. He obtained from the Alien Custodian's office a list of clerks on the alleged secret pay roll, forgetting that two of them were his own people and that half of the names had been added since Miller left office. The "secret" pay roll, which was authorized by law, was paid by an assessment of 1 per cent on all alien property, when turned back to the owners. The clerks were needed to carry on the business of the office, which handled 50,000 trusts, involving \$350,000,000 of alien property consisting of every conceivable type of stock and bond quoted on the exchanges, with an additional 1,500 un-

listed securities; with sixty corporations and 1,160 pieces of realty scattered from Manila to Maine.

Miller has refused to talk, by order of his lawyers, who decline to try the case in the newspapers. But from authoritative sources the writer has learned—what he knew before. Miller's name, like that of many another member of the Harding Administration, including the President himself, was "raffled" by the Ohio Gang. Most of them boasted of their influence with Daugherty, the strong man of the Administration. Jess Smith did that repeatedly. He probably used such an argument on Richard Merton; if he did not, probably King did. Howard Mannington used Harding's name to such an extent that the President ordered him out of Washington. Yet nobody indicted Harding.

At this writing rumors are plentiful that more indictments are coming—of Mal Daugherty, or Harry himself, of Adna Johnson and George Williams, in charge of the office which actually returned the property to the Mertons. There is, of course, no way of verifying these reports, but time will tell. It will also tell why no indictment was brought against Guy D. Goff, now Senator from West Virginia, who signed the papers prepared by Adna Johnson, for the return of the property.

Be that as it may, if Miller is ever brought to trial there will be hours of mental anguish for the Republican machine. Miller is not the type of man to stand silent while someone is trying to ruin him. He will fight back and no one need doubt that Miller has plenty of ammunition with which to do the fighting. As matters stand, Miller is accused. He does not deny that he received the bonds. He refuses to tell to what purpose he put them, but that he will continue to refuse if disgrace and prison face him is not problematical.

Is the West Awakening?

By MEI KUANG-TI

CHINA for the last two decades or so has been loudly hailed as "awakening" alike by foreigners and those among the Chinese themselves who are educated in foreign ways. This peculiarly foreign attitude which arrogantly tries to date Chinese history of real importance from the forcible entrance of the foreigner into China nearly a century ago and to mark the dawn of a new era from her definite commitment to the reform program after the Boxer War contains unfortunately an element of truth. For China rather needed to be aroused from her fond dreams of a golden age in the past and of a fixed universe with herself as the undisputed central authority surrounded by more or less subjugated barbarians beyond the Great Wall and the Four Seas. The needed awakening has, however, cost her dearly not only in national rights and honor but in national spirit; for the younger generation, nourished not on the Confucian classics nor on later national literature and philosophy but on the modern newspaper and the divers brands of "new thought" from the West, have become so agitated and obstreperous that the danger with them today is an increasing restlessness, the loss of that mature balance and tranquillity so characteristic of their traditional culture.

The present outburst of xenophobia is unlike anything of the sort that has happened before. The indiscriminate hatred of the foreigner in China in the last century was grounded in the conviction that the foreigner was nothing less than a devil, as a result of his long series of aggressive wars. Of his temper, his mentality, his moral code, his history and government, and his achievement in the arts and sciences the average educated Chinese was proudly innocent. That was why, when he happened in his official capacity to have anything to do with the outlandish barbarian, he made such impertinent gestures and remarks and became in consequence an object of such caricature and derision in the eyes of his unwelcome guest. After half a century, and especially during the last twenty years when thousands of their young compatriots have studied abroad, the Chinese have come to know not a little about the foreigner. They have discovered the foreigner, or rather his dual personality. More often than not they have found him a good sort of fellow, not wanting in those human qualities which are understood and valued in the East. But the Dr. Jekyll in him stays home and carries on the torch of civilization, while the Mr. Hyde in him goes out to plunder, murder, and trample under foot the

civilization of other lands. Hence, the cry of the Chinese against foreign imperialism and all the evils associated with it, at the same time that they eagerly extol whatever foreign is considered fit for adoption.

China has now realized the meaning of the behavior of the West toward her during this long period. The West has simply meant to say to her: "I am a bad fellow, a bully. Return my blows as hard as you can and I shall be ashamed of myself and reform." China is thus forced by the West to turn against it with its own method. This retaliation would be unnecessary but for the West's persistent refusal to see realities with open eyes, its tendency to indulge in vain dreams. The Westernization of China in this respect is unworthy of her best traditions and is taken up as a necessary evil. The really pertinent question, then, is not, Is China awakening? but, Is the West awakening?

First, the attempt of the West to impose its prestige (i. e., superiority) upon China by imperialistic means is largely a dream. Foreigners in China at this moment parade their fear for the loss of their prestige through the possible change of their status, as if they had ever acquired any prestige there. Take a familiar example. You stick a pistol to a man's nose, order him to surrender all the cash or valuables in his keeping, and he will promptly obey without a murmur if he is prudent. High prestige is maintained by you during the whole transaction. This is the kind of prestige that the foreigner imagines that he enjoys in China through the efficacy of his gunboats and bayonets. Mencius says: "When one subdues men by force, their submission to him is not one from the heart. They submit, because their strength is not adequate to resist." Perhaps no other people have a greater contempt for force per se than the Chinese, and certainly no other people have a greater respect for reason and moral suasion than they. Their history is a long series of hard lessons for those megalomaniacs who followed to self-destruction the doctrine that might is right. Revolution against force has always been the divine right of the Chinese. One may venture the paradox that the present indeterminate strife among the Tutchuns is due, not to their belief in force but to their disbelief in it; they are so enamored of the superiority of reason and moral suasion as taught by their old sages that they fight because they believe that any one among themselves must be opposed and pulled down when he aspires to high prestige through force, and that they will keep on fighting until the appearance of a man whom they can acknowledge as their superior in intelligence and character.

The foreigner also tries to establish his prestige by crudely imitating the mandarin. His early contacts with Chinese life were those with the official through wars and treaty negotiations, and he quickly aped the style of the official, the aristocrat of China, in the hope, perhaps, of making himself an aristocrat before a people he had come to overlord and exploit. He has been surrounded, where his means make it possible, with a retinue of underlings and coolies, with all the pomp and pretentiousness of the Chinese official. The result is, however, the exact opposite of what he has aimed to achieve. For in many cases the mandarin is a highly educated man, and sometimes a scholar or an artist of renown. As an official he simply accepts the manner of life that is customary or that his

family expects from him. He is too refined to take seriously such trivialities, and too indifferent to rebel against them. He has more important preoccupations: his official duties and responsibilities, his books, or his art. Only in the role of statesman, scholar, or artist—and this is his real self—does he wish to be known and remembered. Furthermore, the official style has a decided advantage for the man of taste. Amid the gorgeous trappings and equipage, the Chinese official can usually move without being exposed to the stare of the crowd, and silently review his favorite authors or meditate upon his own productions. But the foreigner, in nine cases out of ten a tradesman, has no second self for his retreat. Thus the word "foreign" has become in Chinese nearly synonymous with such words as "vulgar" and "sham." Generally no official of the type just described cares to see or talk with the foreigner outside the yamen.

The fact that the foreigner is a tradesman spells disfavor in the eyes of the Chinese educated classes. The Chinese people, as is well known, are classified socially in the following order of importance: scholars, farmers, artisans, and tradesmen. This historic scale of relative human values has scarcely changed since the impact of Western views of life, as it is deeply ingrained in the Chinese consciousness. The "big-bellied merchants," as the Chinese expression goes, have furnished, and still furnish, endless occasions for satire and mirth. In a deeper sense the Chinese students today declare war upon foreign capitalism, not because they are Bolsheviks but because they are scholars whose ancient rights are menaced by the growing tyranny of the "big-bellied merchants."

All the talk, therefore, about foreign prestige in China is sheer nonsense. It is manufactured by the foreign residents for home consumption so that the gunboats of their governments may be always near by for refuge whenever contempt from the Chinese side becomes too great to be borne. There is only one way for a European or an American to make himself highly respected in China. It is by measuring himself up to the traditional Chinese standard of the scholar and by going to China in that capacity. Mr. Bertrand Russell, Professor Dewey, and lesser luminaries did not deliver their lectures to Chinese audiences with the heavy guard of the Sikh police nor bluster to the local officials about their special privileges stipulated in the treaties when, accompanied by their Chinese friends alone, they ventured into the supposedly dangerous hinterland. These distinguished visitors were everywhere treated so royally and with such a spontaneous and profound appreciation as only the Chinese know how to bestow upon great scholars. This high prestige no other types of foreigners have ever faintly approximated or can ever hope to approximate.

The West has another dream—the dream of world domination and of the extension and progress of its civilization through the tradesman. No one is less qualified for such an undertaking. His exploitation of cheaper labor in the industrially less developed countries, with its concomitant setting up of the plutocratic regime, and his application of machinery to everyday life will only result in the creation of the very problems that he cannot solve at home. Shanghai and Hankow are becoming as ugly and brutish as Pittsburgh and Liverpool. These Westernized Chinese

cities are culturally insignificant. The mention of them suggests to the Chinese mind only compradores and their foreign associates, in other words, the "big-bellied merchants" whom the intellectual classes of such historic and interesting cities as Peking and Nanking delight to call the "rascals of the market" and other equally uncomplimentary names. Mr. Ku Hung-ming, the well-known scholar, thus wrote in 1910 on what he called the Chinese Oxford movement against the foreign proclivities of Li Hung-chang:

In order to carry out this program of expansion, Li Hung-chang had attracted round him men of the rich, lower middle and compradore classes who had made money by foreign trade; and these all showed an inclination to favor what they called progress in the direction of adopting foreign ways and methods. The crude ideas of adopting foreign ways and methods, however, had all the vulgarity and hideousness which Matthew Arnold speaks of in the English middle-class liberalism. This vulgarity and hideousness, of course, shocked the flower of the intellectual aristocracy in the Hanlin Academy—the Oxford of China. In this way the Oxford movement became intensely anti-foreign. It was anti-foreign, not because these scholars hated foreigners; it was anti-foreign because these scholars saw before their eyes that the foreign ways and methods of Li Hung-chang and his entourage were hideously vulgar and demoralizing. This is the moral basis of the anti-foreign spirit of the true Chinese literati.

The conditions in the foreignized cities have certainly become worse since Li Hung-chang's time: the reign of smoke and noise, the advertisements which are an insult to the landscape and to the eye, the congestion of population, child labor, the appearance of the proletariat, the sudden ascendancy of the moneyed class which is trying to impose its own barbarous tastes and ideas upon a society hitherto presided over by scholars and artists. Though the Hanlin Academy has ceased to function and in its place have sprung up the modern colleges and universities, the young Chinese have not entirely dissociated themselves from the tastes and ideas of the elder literati.

The men who scatter themselves in all the remote corners of the earth, selling steel and iron manufactures, petroleum, the automobile, the cigarette, and myriad other articles of which the "backward" races are believed to be sadly in need, are exactly those who should stay home, in their small provincial towns. For though they may have encircled the globe half a dozen times and encountered all the divers folk of other climes, their mental horizon is not broader than the size of their own pockets. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has spoken of the Englishman in China in these words:

Of the religion, the politics, the manners and customs of the country in which he lives he will know and care nothing except so far as they may touch his affairs. He will never, if he can help it, leave the limits of the foreign settlement. Physically, he oscillates between his home, his office, the club, and the race course; mentally, between his business and sport. On all general topics his opinions are second or third hand. They are the ghosts of old prejudices imported years ago from England or taken up unexamined from the English community abroad. And these opinions pass from hand to hand till they are as similar as pebbles on the shore. In an hour or so you

will have acquired the whole stock of ideas current in the foreign community throughout a continent.

What is here said of the Englishman may be applied with equal justice to any other foreigner in China.

But if it is a matter of no concern to the West whether it can intelligently study and appraise the East in the interests of harmony and cooperation between the two civilizations, it is vitally important that the different nations of the West should reach a common understanding for the preservation of their common civilization. The only way to achieve such a purpose is more and more to bring together the peoples of these nations, but thus far the men who have had the best opportunities to meet are exactly those who should never meet. The "rascals of the market" are not fit to go outside their native villages. Their mad jealousies and intrigues almost wrecked Western civilization a few years ago, and they are plunging into madder jealousies and intrigues than ever. Is the West ready to let its civilization be ruined in order that a few vulgar millionaires may fully gratify their ignoble appetites?

The remedy for the evils of the present mercantile domination seems to lie, not in a revolt of the proletariat (for the proletariat, one can easily surmise, would do exactly the same things if they were in the place of the present-day millionaires) but in the reaffirmation of the old Chinese view of the social structure with the scholars at the top and the tradesmen at the bottom. The highly mercantiled societies of the West are tending either toward inevitable destruction through incessant wars caused by commercial rivalry or toward a social condition so insipid and vulgarized that all the finer things in life will have no chance of survival. All thinking men in China, India, and Japan have lost faith in the present drift of Western civilization and are concerting their efforts to resist the contagion of the malady of mercantilism. China has never in her long history accorded a modicum of prestige to the mere merchants, be they millionaires or multimillionaires. If the West wishes to make itself really respected in China, it must first change the direction of its present social drift and place the commercialists where they belong, and then send to the East finer specimens of its humanity than it has done so far. It must, in short, pursue realities, not dreams. Is the West awakening?

Substitution

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Men without daughters
Must love me,
Thinking I am
As theirs might be.

Men without daughters
Lightly mourn
For the daughters
I might have borne.

Men without daughters
Need not dread
Theirs ever being
In my stead.

Heresy-Hunting at Oxford and Cambridge

By M. A. C. GORHAM

London, March 31

AMERICANS, when they are feeling particularly aggrieved by flagrant examples of intolerance in their own universities, are apt to envy the happy members of English institutions who are allowed to think and say what they like. Universities so august as Oxford, for instance, have flourishing and respectable Socialist parties and labor clubs, and the Master of Balliol, A. D. Lindsay, is a prominent Socialist. Before he came back to Oxford he was principal of Glasgow University, and even there, where socialism is more conspicuously red than anywhere else in Great Britain, he used to appear on Socialist platforms in support of Clydesiders whose views would make an American democrat perspire in his sleep. Yet Oxford and Cambridge are far from being the radical's paradise, as both of them have demonstrated within the last few weeks. At Oxford two undergraduates have been threatened with expulsion for the expression of their political views; at Cambridge a university lecturer has been dismissed for his alleged deficiency in personal morality, and only reinstated by a very guarded majority judgment after an unexpected appeal.

This latter case has created more public interest, as the central figure—Mr. J. B. S. Haldane—is a distinguished scientist. His book on chemical warfare excited much discussion, he became widely enough known even to figure in the symposia on vast moral and spiritual questions that are a standing feature of the Sunday press. Now Mr. Haldane became involved as correspondent in a divorce action, and—unlike the celebrated author-actress whose cause is so dear to the progressive women of the United States—he never announced that the rest of his life would be spent principally in regretting this, his only sin. Consequently, he was dismissed from his position as university reader in biochemistry by a university court known as the *Sex Viri*—a picturesque title that the papers have seen no occasion to inform their readers has nothing to do with sex. Mr. Haldane appealed, and his case was heard again before an extraordinary and rarely constituted court of judges delegate, headed by a judge of the High Court. This tribunal, although it has no connection with the law of the land, sat in the public law courts in the Strand; its proceedings were private, and so carefully guarded that even the most observant journalists peering through the panels of the door could only catch glimpses of Mr. Haldane “gesticulating vigorously” as he argued his case. Apparently he won; no judgment was published at the time, but next day this announcement appeared in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, the official organ of the university:

The majority of the court is of opinion that in view of all the circumstances of this particular case, which have been more fully before us than they were before the Vice-Chancellor and the *Sex Viri*, the appeal should be allowed, but this decision is not to be taken as any expression of opinion that adultery may not be gross immorality within the meaning of the statute.

So the principle that university readers can be dismissed for adultery is upheld. And even the leniency of

a majority of the court in this particular case has aroused so much indignation in official circles at Cambridge that there is already a plan to amend the statutes so that in future no such appeal can be made.

That is how Cambridge University views the personal morality of its members. Oxford has recently exercised similar control over their political activities. Last month (February) two undergraduates were summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, who is the resident principal of the university, and informed that unless they gave a pledge to stop advocating communism they would be sent down—expelled. The pledge—which they took—was in its first form so sweeping that it would have prevented their arguing on politics even in private, but it was subsequently modified and, so far as is known, the two undergraduates have kept it ever since.

Now, there was nothing very novel in this. About four years ago two undergraduates were sent down, one permanently, the other for a term, for editing a Socialist monthly called the *New Oxford*. On that occasion the Oxford Union passed a vote of sympathy, but the whole thing was generally looked upon as a joke. But the recent case aroused much more serious interest, and the London papers began to take notice when the Union passed an unprecedented vote of censure on the Vice-Chancellor. The Union is, of course, merely an undergraduate debating society, combined with a club, and it has no vestige of control over university affairs. Still, it is the only index, however unreliable, to undergraduate opinion as a whole. The vote was moved by the secretary of the University Labor Party, solely—as he protested—in the interests of free speech, and many Conservatives supported it. On the other hand, the official Conservative Party sent out urgent whips rallying their supporters to the opposition, which, incidentally, was led by Sir Edward Hulton, the scion of a family famous in the history of the capitalist press.

There were various reasons for this change of attitude—on both sides—toward political “martyrs” during the past four years. Partly, of course, it is that since the Socialist Government held office, the unofficial Left is more confident and the Right more alarmed than ever before. But it is also true that great resentment was caused at Oxford by a story, which was widely believed, that the whole affair began at the India Office, which objected to the Communist propaganda carried on by the two undergraduates among the Indian students at Oxford. According to this story, Lord Birkenhead—the Secretary for India—wrote to the heads of the colleges to which the erring undergraduates belonged, and to the Vice-Chancellor, asking them to send the two down. The heads of the colleges took no notice; the Vice-Chancellor compromised by making them sign his pledge. This story is, intrinsically, quite credible. Dr. Wells, the Vice-Chancellor (who is also Warden of Wadham, Lord Birkenhead's former college), is a charming after-dinner speaker and personally popular, but he does not impress anyone as a character likely to make a firm stand against a cabinet minister of the caliber of Lord Birkenhead. And there is an excellent precedent. Shortly after the war Lord Curzon, who was then Foreign Secretary and also chancellor of the university—an Olympian position involving very little contact with its normal affairs—wrote to the authorities of Balliol (again, it may be noted, his own old college) and asked them to send down an undergraduate whose political views displeased him. The

college authorities declined to do so unless Lord Curzon promised to back them up in case of trouble, and this, of course, he would not do. Shortly afterward, however, the undergraduate applied for leave to stay up for another year after taking his degree—and it was refused.

Of course, this story cannot be verified; the only people who know for certain are the three dignitaries who are supposed to have got the letters, and the India Office itself. Anyway, the Union passed its vote of censure, and the doves were fluttered for a while. Then, as in the Haldane case, there was an appeal. The defeated minority demanded a ballot of the whole membership (and the Union is a club as well as a debating society) before the vote could be confirmed; the hunting men who had never heard a Union debate were dragged from the more exclusive Oxford clubs to vote, all the country clergymen who are life members of the Union came tottering in from their secluded vicarages to save the cause of law and order, and the vote of censure was reversed.

It would be interesting to conjecture which party in this conflict is really on the winning side; whether the Vice-Chancellor and his defenders are striking a last blow for reaction and the discipline appropriate to a medieval university, or whether the Union's first vote was a vain defiance of the rising tide of conservatism, government influence, and Fascist intolerance. But without entering into these larger questions, one must recognize that at Cambridge the most brilliant readers in biochemistry are liable to dismissal if they figure on the wrong side of a divorce suit, and at Oxford undergraduates can be threatened with expulsion for talking the wrong sort of politics in a place where many of the people talk politics most of the time. The heresy-hunt does not occur very often, but the apparatus for it is being kept well in repair.

In the Driftway

A SMALL pocket volume which no German sojourner in the United States should be without has fallen into the Drifter's hands. It is primarily a guide to the language (*Sprachführer*) but it is equipped with valuable footnotes to lead the bewildered foreigner through the mazes of American customs no less than of American idiom. The Drifter sympathizes with the glow of satisfaction which must have warmed the admirable Herr Meyer in this work of sparing his countrymen the social ordeals through which he perhaps had passed. Consider the importance to a gregarious man of the knowledge that "'lie' and 'liar' are very strong expressions in English which are best not used" (p. 225) and that "to call anyone a 'fool' is a great insult. One may say to an intimate friend: 'You are a foolish fellow, you act like a fool, you act foolishly,' which means the same thing in the end" (p. 243). Imagine the situation which must have provoked this warning: "One must be careful with the use of the word 'virgin.' All young ladies are self-evidently virgins" (p. 195). The most delicate social graces are not omitted. For instance, "Gloves are very important in betting with ladies. If a lady kisses a sleeping gentleman . . . she has won a pair of gloves." Should one want to express incredulity, Herr Meyer offers the alternatives, "'Do you see any green in my eyes?' or 'Tell that to the marines!' (since they are considered very credulous)."

HERR MEYER'S contacts with American institutions were not always happy. Traveling, he found that "in America smokers receive little consideration; still, one may smoke in the free space between coaches, and in a coach at the end of the train which is generally exceedingly filthy." Yet filth cannot be considered a universal American failing, for, as Herr Meyer observantly remarks, "A very common question (e.g., before dinner) is: 'Will you wash your hands?'" An item on shopping is suggestive: "The German will soon discover that the hats in the store seldom fit his head. He will do well to order a hat according to measure (Please to measure me for a hat)." And as for American erudition, "The title 'doctor' is much less frequent in England and in America, and 'Doctors of Philosophy' are not known at all (except in a few of the so-called universities of America, which sell this degree for money)." By the end of the volume the traveler is completely equipped against all exigencies. Fresh in his mind is Herr Meyer's parting instruction: "In America everything pays a customs duty, and an unreasonably high one. . . . On the other hand, American customs officials are very easily bribed (a gold piece!)." Nothing more remains, except perhaps a proper deference to the immigration quota and the latest interpretation of moral turpitude. And now the student of American customs may appear on our shores and say, with easy confidence and Herr Meyer's approval (p. 277), "Good morning, Colonel!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

He Doesn't Find Us Dry Reading

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Terry Ramsaye observes that you have few inhibitions. "The Nation," he says, "is a highbrow with three cocktails."

New York, March 19

CONSTANT READER

Rolland Bibliography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last January friends of Romain Rolland throughout the world collaborated in paying tribute to this man whose heroic labors for the liberation of the human spirit have won him a place unique in contemporary history. Now, for the purpose of deepening and propagating Rolland's ideas, steps are being taken to create archives which will bear Rolland's name and to gather data for a complete bibliography.

Emil Roniger (Quellenstrasse, Rheinfelden, Switzerland) is directing this work. I am aware that there are many admirers of Rolland both as a thinker and as an artist among *Nation* readers. I wonder if you would, therefore, be so kind as to insert this notice, asking any such, who are able to do so, if they will send to M. Roniger anything which has come to their attention by or about Rolland in magazines or newspapers in this country? The archivist is desirous especially of obtaining clippings of articles about Rolland which have appeared in this country since 1914.

Cambridge, Mass., March 29

JAMES H. PAVERS

Ornithological Note

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Claude McKay is a real poet, and I sympathize with him being homesick in France, but he is off in his ornithology. I have seen a million quail run, but I never saw one hop.

Pasadena, California, March 30

UPTON SINCLAIR

Another View of Christian Science

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the author of the note on "The Faith, the Falsity, and the Failure of Christian Science" in the *Saturday Review*, quoted from approvingly by Charles E. Heitman in his reply to Professor Jastrow in your issue of March 17, may I be permitted a few words on the subject under discussion? Mr. Heitman writes: "The contribution of Dr. Humiston, the last of this literary trio, has been aptly characterized by one reviewer as 'ludicrously unscientific,' this reviewer adding: 'Its assumption that an alleged system of healing can be proved a failure by a citation of seventy-one cases would make short work of the medical profession itself.'" Mr. Heitman, naturally enough for his purposes, neglects to add that my condemnation of Dr. Humiston's method was directly preceded by praise of the Riley-Peabody portion of the book. That is, he seeks to enrol under his banner a reviewer who is one-third with him and two-thirds with Professor Jastrow and the enemy. This is of no importance in itself, but it may serve to lead on to points of real significance.

Neither Dr. Riley nor Mr. Peabody, to be sure, seemed to the present writer to have entirely made out his case. Their avowedly partisan argument represented merely an able prosecuting attorney's speech with no reply from the defendant. Now that Mr. Heitman has presented the answer of the Christian Science Committee on Publication, the position of Dr. Riley and Mr. Peabody is much stronger. Mr. Heitman, it may fairly be said, has dodged all the important issues. Where Dr. Riley gives chapter and verse for his statements that Mrs. Eddy was for several years a patient of Quimby, that she corresponded with him and acknowledged him as her teacher, that she took from him the very name "Christian Science," and that she derived from him and from Bronson Alcott many of her most characteristic doctrines, Mr. Heitman can only reply by the dogmatic assertion: "There is . . . no parallelism between Christian Science, Quimbyism, and the doctrine of Mr. Alcott," reinforced by the single fact that Christian Science has refrained from the use of all "physical manipulation," which Quimby liberally employed. This is next to no answer at all.

Hardly happier are Mr. Heitman's replies—and lack of replies—to the allegations of Mr. Peabody. In regard to the suppression of Dr. Riley's article in the "Cambridge History of American Literature," the letter quoted from Mr. Irving Putnam sheds painfully little light. "As soon as the article had been read by a member of our publishing board we decided that as publishers we would not stand for a chapter that was so outrageous in tone and contained such offensive references." Why, then, did the suppression not occur until after the work had actually been published and, according to Mr. Peabody, 1,500 copies sold? Are we to conclude that this firm was so careless as to bring out a work which no member of its publishing board had previously read? Let it be so. The suppression of the Milmine Life of Mrs. Eddy—also after publication—and the withdrawal of Mrs. Eddy's letters from the Quimby Manuscripts remain unexplained and untouched upon by Mr. Heitman. Nor does he even mention the article in the Christian Science Church Manual requiring the faithful to boycott all bookstores in which works "obnoxious" to the church are put on sale. No more does he attempt to interest any of the unsalubrious episodes in Mrs. Eddy's life emphasized by Mr. Peabody. Instead, he brings forth the interesting but irrelevant information that Mrs. Eddy was elected to membership in the French Academy and the Victoria Institute of London, and that both a governor and an attorney general of New Hampshire spoke of her, publicly, in terms of highest praise. Imagine an early Christian seeking to defend the aspersed character of Jesus by testimonials from the Procurator of Judea and the Sub-Prefect of Galilee!

In the opinion of the present writer, "The Faith, the

Falsity, and the Failure" does not do justice to Christian Science; it is unfortunately narrow, bitter, and one-sided; but the apparently official rejoinder of the church, with its subterfuges and special pleading, is far more sinister and disheartening to those who would fain recognize the merits of Christian Science than the attacks of its most brutal opponents could possibly be. Until the church decides to meet facts with facts, to cease throwing dust in the eyes, and to give out a candid and intelligible statement of its own position, the present era of rancor, mutual recrimination, and misinterpretation will continue, and the era of understanding will not even faintly have begun.

New York, March 12

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Anti-Militarism at City College

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The anti-military-training agitation has not yet died out in City College. President Mezes may gag the *Campus*, the faculty may decide not to act on the recommendations of the students; neither an arbitrary president nor a timorous faculty can gag the minds of the students or obscure the issues.

Today, at a meeting called by the Social Problems Club to discuss military training, the student body had another opportunity to express its opinion, and it expressed it in no vague manner. I cannot go into the details of the speeches made by the students from the floor. But those who think American college men fools or mental infants, or nearly that, will perhaps readjust their prejudices when they hear that invariably all the students, without beating about the bush, went right to the core of the question: They do not wish to be made into cannon-fodder; they do not wish to fight Wall Street's wars; they will not swallow pretty words such as Americanism, my country's safety, and the rest of the vulgar cant with which the jingoists wish to dope them.

But the finest thing about the City College men is that they refuse to be intimidated into submission by the instructors. With the professor of military science present, and at least five of the officer-instructors in full uniform, it was no easy matter for one to speak his mind. All the more since many of the students overheard one of the sergeants say: "I want to look well at their faces." Those who know how easy it is for an instructor to flunk a student (and thus make him repeat an odious course, not to say anything of the financial loss which a flunk may occasion him, through inability to graduate) will realize what courage was demanded of those who spoke.

For obvious reasons I desire to keep my identity anonymous.

New York, March 26

A STUDENT

This Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Hurrah for Freedom!

Hurrah for Self-Expression!

Down with the collective wisdom of generations of serious men!

Today is the whole of life.

History is the unimportant saga of has-beens.

These are the war cries of today. Conventions of respect, conventions of refinement, conventions of knowledge, conventions of decency are regarded with a fishy eye and then thrown over the steeple in glee.

We have now all the joys of the savage: dinners which can be consumed without the aid of knives and forks; crude daubs of art which would delight primitive man; a degree of body covering which would undoubtedly meet his approval;

and a familiarity between the sexes which would likely cause him to squirm.

And now (a small, small thing, perhaps, but the straw which broke this camel's back) comes a rebel in your issue of February 24 who states that usage alone determines correct English and that rules of grammar are the bunk.

Ah, well! there is undoubtedly a larger percentage of our population who say "Wasn't you" than "Weren't you" and "with Fred and I" than "with Fred and me." We must, therefore, hand the scepter to the unlettered majority and bow the knee to ignorance?

If the men who grin and repeat parrot-wise the foolish gag: "Oh, every generation has held up its hands in horror at its youth" (an expression as tiresome as it is empty) would use their brains and analyze the tendencies rampant today one might feel some hope. *The real importance of rules of living is the lesson of self-control.* The front page of any daily newspaper shows the cheery results of the lack of it.

Can any sane person actually believe that living is better, mellow, happier today in this hectic era of unbridled freedom than it has been before?

But let the dance go on. Greece tried it once, and if Greece with a far higher average of intelligence could not accomplish it, can this silly melin'-pot of freedom-mad egoists hope to get away with it?

Akron, Ohio, February 28

A YOUNG CONSERVATIVE

The Farmers' Money

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 367 of your issue of April 7 I made the following statement in my article "The Plight of the Farmer":

During the last year \$4,000,000,000 of call loans at one time were loaned to the New York Stock Exchange. A large portion of this was farmers' money sent in by banks from all over the country. The stock brokers were compelled to pay from 6 to 12 per cent for bank loans.

My wording of the last sentence is incorrect and gives a wrong impression. Instead it should read:

The country banks received but 2 per cent on an average for this money, and it was loaned to the stock brokers at about 3½ to 4½ per cent. At the same time the farmers of the United States were compelled to pay for their bank loans from 6 to 12 per cent.

Washington, April 7

SMITH W. BROOKHART

"Straight-Flung Words and Few"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reason and argument seem to fail. Let us try the effect of a little plain language—what Mr. Rudyard Kipling has called "Straight-flung words and few."

It is perfectly obvious that the present speed of automobiles is excessive, foolish, useless, and deadly. It is a daily and hourly menace to life and limb, and should, of course, be reduced to within safe and reasonable limits.

Two things only stand in the way of such a reasonable and necessary reduction of speed; but those two things constitute the most powerful motives which govern the world, and they are *love of money* and *selfishness*—the profits of the automobile manufacturers and the selfishness of most automobile owners.

The manufacturers think that a reduction of speed would interfere with their sales, and, owing to their possession and control of large sums of money, they have *great influence*. On the other hand, the average owner of an automobile is unwilling to have his *plaything* interfered with by a reduction of its homicidal and useless speed, even though tens of thousands of human beings—men, women, and children—must pay for *his amusement with their lives*.

Chicago, March 8

BERTRAND SHADWELL

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind," "Tolerance," etc.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, first Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

MORRIS L. ERNST is a New York attorney who represented the American Civil Liberties Union recently in the hearing of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

EDGAR MELS, as special correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, covered the oil scandal and the Daugherty investigation.

MEI KUANG-TI is instructor in Chinese at Harvard University.

M. A. C. GORHAM is on the staff of the *Westminster Gazette* and was a member of Balliol College, Oxford, until 1923.

VERNON L. PARRINGTON is in the English Department in the University of Washington.

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste." He is acting as special editorial writer on *The Nation*.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH is the author of several books on early exploration in the West, among them "A Canyon Voyage," of which a new edition will be issued shortly by the Yale Press.

WINTHROP D. LANE has made several investigations into the methods of dealing with criminals in the United States.

LEONARD COX is a New York architect.

JULIUS MORITZEN is editorial director of the Scandinavian Authors' Bureau in America.

"A contribution of the first importance to the history of modern times."

—N. Y. Times.

AMERICAN FOREIGN INVESTMENTS

BY ROBERT W. DUNN

This volume, the first of its kind, gives an impressive picture of the way in which American dollars, at the rate of a billion a year, are finding their way into foreign markets. It is indispensable for an understanding of our new position in international affairs.

"A thoroughly practical summary of the distribution of American wealth outside the United States. It is well documented with statistics from official sources, and in addition has a useful appendix giving the text of many foreign loan contracts and concessions."—*The World, N. Y.*

Crown octavo, buckram, 436 pp. Price \$5.00



THE VIKING PRESS
30 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK

Flight

By WITTER BYNNER

Drawn on your face:
From brow to brow
The straightness of air;
From brow to nostril
A folded wing;
And in the poise of your mouth
A flight, remembered,
But fallen now
By chin and throat
To the breasting earth.

First Glance

TWICE this space would be insufficient, I fear, for one who attempted even to suggest the richness and importance of the "Memoirs of William Hickey," the publication of which is now happily completed (Knopf: 4 vols.: \$5 each). Upon the appearance of the first volume some years ago a storm of applause broke forth in England, and each succeeding volume has enlarged the circle of Hickey's twentieth-century friends both here and in the country of his birth. He made his way more slowly in America, and there are still a great many well-read persons, I believe, who have never heard his name; but I have not the least doubt that he is here to stay. Perhaps this much fame would astound him could he know of it; one cannot say. Returning from India to England when he was sixty, and growing restless in the house called Little Hall Barn where he had thought to pass his remaining years—twenty of them, as it happened—in peace, he set down his life on paper merely, he insists, "for my own amusement" and "that I might in some measure fill up a painful vacuum." He admits that he did consider the possibility of his closely written folio sheets falling into the hands of strangers. One wonders how many such at the most he dreamed of entertaining. For he wrote well. Reviewers in the past few years have compared him to Richardson, Fielding, Defoe, Smollett, Pepys, and Cellini; and the list could be extended to include every plain, vigorous writer on record. If he died unaware of his genius it was a pity—perhaps, even, a tragedy.

Hickey had the one gift which is indispensable either in fiction or in autobiography. He could touch anything to life merely by beginning to talk about it. His editor, Mr. Alfred Spencer, made the claim for him in a preface to the first volume that he had known certain eminent persons of his time, among them Edmund Burke. But his best claim is that he was himself—that, writing for the most part of obscure persons and undistinguished places, and being himself no more than a representative man, he managed nevertheless to impart a deep glow of reality to every portion of the world through which he passed. Everything he did interested him, for he did it impetuously and memorably. And everything he heard seems to have stuck fast in his mind. The actual events of his own life fill only half of his paper, though these are exciting enough—his youthful excesses with women and wine, his exploits on the Thames, his periodical disgraces at home in Twickenham, his voy-

age to Madras, his return to the ill favor of his father, his sojourn in Jamaica, his pleasures once more in London, his succession of mistresses concluding with Charlotte Barry (who becomes, as someone has said, the heroine of a perfect novel), his middle years in India again, and at last his retreat to Little Hall Barn where he sat while the rain drove all of his memories indoors and kept them there until they got set down. The other half is the world as he saw it with his enkindling eyes. Anecdotes of friends and strangers out of which other men would have made full-length novels are compressed into paragraphs or single pages. Shipwrecks, brawls, duels, heroisms, friendships, loves, deaths, marriages—these, too, whether Hickey was on the identical scene or not, grow to beauty and importance in his brain; these make the pageant in which a young man proudly walks. The "Memoirs" will have to be read hereafter by all who wish to talk of the eighteenth century. A century after his death William Hickey, who did so much and read so little, is an English classic.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Mather-Baiters Baited

Increase Mather, The Foremost American Puritan. By Kenneth B. Murdock. Harvard University Press. \$6.

THE Mathers are a cherished Harvard possession, and it is fitting that this full-length portrait of the ablest of the dynasty should have come from a Harvard pen. The thing had long waited to be done, but heretofore scholars had shied away from the dreary hours of labor involved in it. Mr. Murdock has gone about his work with exemplary thoroughness. A scrupulous regard for objective fact and diligent skill in pursuit of it are evident on every page. He has gleaned the last straw and threshed and winnowed his gatherings with such care that very likely not a single "precious truth" has escaped him. It was not easy work; one who does it so conscientiously must lose some sweat. The Mather wheat has so often been accounted tares, and indeed it does so astonishingly resemble tares, that only an expert husbandman can distinguish between them. In this difficult business Mr. Murdock has essayed to become a competent specialist, and he pronounces authoritatively that what has hitherto been rejected is fine grain of the best Puritan nurture. The Mathers were a singularly provocative race and a scholar is prudent who gathers a plentiful stock of data before pronouncing judgment. That Mr. Murdock is extraordinarily well supplied bibliographically is evident, and if he reveals a certain brusque impatience with all who have generalized on less adequate data he is only commending his own labors in a field where none can rival him.

Certain desirable things he has accomplished. He has taken Increase out of the distorting shadow of Cotton; he has traced the intellectual development of the Puritan scholar and made good his contention that the theologian was more widely read than has been commonly assumed; he has emphasized the sincerity of the minister's religion and cleared his skirts of the silly charge of canting hypocrisy. He has done more. He has revealed the man on the human side and shown how able a politician was this Puritan diplomat who pitted his wit against some of the cleverest politicians in England and won the regard of some of the finest minds there. To be sure, he takes somewhat too seriously the casuistries of party intrigue. A touch of political realism and a sense of humor would have served him well in interpreting what after all was a somewhat petty struggle for power. The Mathers had no perspectives, and in dealing with a man who spoke of his nineteen-year-old son as one possessed of "stupendous learning and great piety" a sense

of humor is a necessary corrective. Unfortunately Mr. Murdock is as guiltless of humor as was old Increase himself, and the figure he paints is less lifelike in consequence.

When Mr. Murdock passes from the realm of fact to the more difficult realm of interpretation he is in deeper waters. Being on the defensive makes him nervous, and a bit irritable, and needlessly controversial. He has caught some of the suspicions of the Mather psychology, and he indulges occasionally in what Cotton would call most emphatically and Tonitrous argument. The Mather critics seem to him either shallow or malignant, and he corrects their errors of fact with fine scorn. His zeal keeps pace with the Mather zeal, for he believes old Increase to have been almost as great a man as the latter believed himself to be. He would have us think that regardless of all the smoke that rose wherever Increase passed there was really never any fire. He sets out to clean every spot from the minister's gown without quite comprehending the nature of the economic and political puddles through which his hero splashed. He would even have us believe that instead of being a fine old reactionary, an able Puritan Tory, as the present writer after weighing Mr. Murdock's evidence still believes him to have been, Increase Mather was a Puritan liberal, the humane defender of primitive Congregationalism at a time when that Congregationalism was disintegrating under pressure of forces scarcely desirable.

It is a difficult task and one that urges caution in defining one's terms. Here Mr. Murdock is a bit careless. What, for example, does he mean by Congregationalism, a term germane to his whole argument? Does he mean by it the Brownist principle of Separatism—the covenanting together of a group of dissenters from the establishment? To admit as much must play havoc with his later argument, yet at times he seems to mean nothing else. Does he mean that it was doctrinal rather than institutional—a Calvinistic Hebraism based on the Bible? He asserts as much frankly. Does he mean that it presupposed separation of church and state? At times he asserts as much. Does he mean that it was primitive theocracy in which church and state were one? This also he asserts. Does he mean that it was very like Presbyterianism? This perhaps would seem to be his final conclusion. Here are unresolved contradictions to invalidate his whole thesis, yet he finds no difficulty in excusing the supposed defender of Congregationalism for denying the democracy of Congregationalism, on the ground that an oligarchy is sometimes necessary to preserve valuable institutions. Mather was, of course, like so many of his fellow-ministers, effectively a Presbyterian, working for a closer synodical organization of the churches. Franklin called those old churchmen Presbyterians, and a scurrilous libel affixed to Sewall's meeting-house in 1717 dubbed the worshippers "sower-headed Presbyterians." It was precisely this Presbyterianizing tendency of the Mathers that John Wise protested against.

Mr. Murdock's inadequate conception of liberalism is perhaps a chief source of his troubles. The word is vague enough, yet he uses it in a way that few modern liberals would assent to. A single example must suffice. The Anabaptists, he says, "had given trouble in New England. They had installed as minister a man excommunicated from the Congregational church, and, when their meeting-house was closed to them, they persisted in assembling publicly before its barred doors rather than worship unmolested in a private house." To Mather these were attacks upon the true faith and manifest disturbances of the civil peace. Naturally there is some acidity in his strictures on the "blasted Error" of "Antipedobaptism, etc." Suppose now we put the case somewhat differently. A group of dissenters, acting on the Congregational principle of Separatism—Mather's own principle, if we accept one of Mr. Murdock's interpretations—having set up their church, found it closed to them by authority and adopted a policy of passive resistance. Would a liberal have taken it in spleen that they had not hidden themselves away quietly, but instead publicly protested the invasion of their right? It will not do to say that such an inter-

pretation is modern. It was an old interpretation; it was the interpretation of Roger Williams in his dispute with John Cotton. But their ways were scandalous, it may be urged. So always are the ways of those underlings who will not be tyrannized over; and such scandalous ways Roger Williams accepted. Williams, of course, was a radical—very radical indeed in comparison with Increase Mather; he was intellectually curious, open-minded, speculative, serving ideals and principles rather than institutions; and it is by such adequate standards that one may best judge the liberalism or conservatism of the latter. Yet this Mr. Murdock does not do. By comparing Mather with pigmies he makes him out to have been a giant.

VERNON L. PARRINGTON

Fairy Tale

Royal Highness. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THOMAS MANN is a protean figure in whom the only constant element is a remarkably flexible and accomplished style. After the somber "Buddenbrooks" he gave us the three gorgeously colorful stories united in the volume called "Death in Venice," and now he has produced a book which can hardly be called other than simple romance. Beginning with a highly diverting account of the life of a puppet princeling in a poverty-stricken grand duchy of Germany, it proceeds to develop his love affair with the visiting daughter of an American millionaire; and it ends with an epilogue in which the royal pair, having settled the financial and other difficulties of the duchy, live happily ever after. Artfully told and continuously interesting, it is, despite its superficial air of being a realistic novel, only the simplest of fairy tales and thus something of a curiosity in this age when serious novelists generally insist upon "looking facts in the face." The author, weary of the unsatisfying actuality which he pictured in "Buddenbrooks" and weary of the rather gloomy aestheticism which, fully expressed in "Death in Venice," seems to embody his profoundest convictions, has permitted himself the luxury of a happy dream. To the unhappy prince of an unhappy people the fairy princess, laden with untold wealth, appears at the moment when all looks darkest—and behold, the clouds roll away:

Dr. Krippenreuther puffed out his chest and spoke in the Landtag in favor of an all-round reduction in taxation. A distinct improvement in the pay of the civil service and in the salaries of teachers, clergymen, and all state functionaries was readily voted. Means were now available for restarting the closed-down silver mines; several hundred workmen were given work, and productive veins were unexpectedly struck. Money, money was forthcoming, the standard of economic morality rose; the forests were replanted, the litter was left in the woods, the stock-owners no longer were compelled to sell their milk, they drank it themselves, and the critics would have sought in vain for ill-nourished peasants in the fields. The nation showed gratitude toward their rulers, who had brought so boundless a blessing to land and people.

This brief quotation will serve adequately to define the spirit of the book. Though its characterization is realistic, and though from much the same material might have been made a bitter satire upon the futile life of the princeling whose whole function consists in his appearing at celebrations or in his announcing that he "views with serious concern" this fact or that, it is the element of romance which is allowed always to dominate, and the prince, possessed at last of both money and love, promises to take hereafter a real interest in the economic and other welfare of his people. From the novel one may get some idea of the life in one of the German kingdoms, but all relationship with reality stops here; considered objectively the fable must seem rather futilely fantastic.

Mann is, however, a thoroughly self-conscious writer who loves to speculate upon the character and the function of the

artist, and he has, I am sure, his own reasons for consenting to embellish with all his art a story so essentially naive. He would, I fancy, maintain that it is set apart from the mere fatuous romance of the Zenda school less by the skill with which it is made half real and half credible than by the fact that it, like the fairy tales which it suggests, gets significance from its relation to the secret dreams of the people for whom it was written even though it bears no such relation to reality. Rendered hopeless by poverty and yet not wholly free from an absurd concern with the faded glories of their monarchical society, his people are in that state of desperation which gives birth to fantasy. Only a *deus ex machina* seems adequate to save them, and in dreams of the day or the night he appears to do so. What if the ogre America, sitting upon his bags of gold, should suddenly, like some genial giant in a fairy tale, throw off the gruff manner he has put on to frighten children and reveal himself as the savior he might be? It is hardly likely, to be sure, that he will; but supposing he should—and a “supposing he should” is the foundation of the fairy tale. It is a comforting dream, and Mann has intended, I take it, that his novel should be not much more than that. Perhaps he has wished incidentally to express a serious hope that some aid from America might help inspire in his people a new resolve and a new optimism; but he can hardly expect any solution so simple as that which he gives in his romantic tale.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Comedy of Oil

The Oil Industry and the Competitive System. By George Ward Stocking. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

POOR old laissez-faire has had rough sledding of late. Not only is the economic logic of mergers and combinations gumming up the runners in fact, but even the learned doctors of philosophy—those to whom the chalice of the Manchester School has descended—are beginning to strew the royal road with rocks and mud. I have noted in these pages what Mr. Walton Hamilton did to the theory of free competition as applied to bituminous coal. Now hard on his heels comes Dr. Stocking, who makes a similar hash of the oil industry.

The inevitable result of unrestricted competition in the production of crude petroleum has been waste—waste on a scale sufficiently grand to excite the admiration of the most profligate.

We may not be sufficiently profligate to get excited about the waste, but we cannot fail to get excited about the admirable manner in which Dr. Stocking has described it. With chapter and verse, with tolerance and justice, from the oil in the ground to the oil in the carbureter he constructs his shattering indictment against unregulated private property as a method for exploiting an unreclaimable natural resource.

The man in the street will probably never hear of this analysis, and would not listen if he did hear of it. But ten years from now he will wish to God he had heard and listened. Do you drive a car? You will not be driving one indefinitely if free competition continues much longer in oil production. Do you use things made by machinery? Those things are going to jump in price when cheap lubricating oils can no longer be wrung from a failing petroleum supply. Do you use oil for heat or light? You are likely to wish you had stuck to coal.

The winning of oil from the ground has lain, since the first oil well was sunk in 1859, in the province of free competition. It is here that the major wastes are found. But competition in pipe-line transportation has added its quota, while over the areas of refining and ultimate consumption—despite the exertions of the Standard Oil Company—the chaos in the producing fields has flung its baleful influence, and forced wasteful refining and uneconomic consumption.

Dr. Stocking lists six main sources of loss and leakage:

(1) Waste due to duplication of wells; (2) waste of gas pressure; (3) waste of gas as fuel; (4) waste of natural gas gasoline; (5) waste due to flooding of oil sands; (6) waste due to technological secrecy. And all six find their origin in competition. An underground oil pool is a geological unit. To yield its contents without waste it must be treated as a geological unit, with just enough wells, just enough pressure control. But a pool is not so treated in America. The land above the pool is marked off into private parcels, while each owner sinks as many wells as he can, as near his neighbor's line as he can, as fast as he can, to collar as much of the pool as he can. Underground oil, alas, has no respect for property laws (page the National Security League); it obeys only geological laws, and rushes to the outlets which arrive first. So the Bureau of Mines gives us a cold-blooded report on the Burkburnett, Oklahoma, pool in which it finds that instead of 2,362 wells, costing \$43,407,000, 830 wells, properly spread and costing only \$17,430,000, would have done the trick; and done it, furthermore, without the necessity of turning excess oil from gushers into the Red River. Twenty-six million dollars of needless drilling cost to turn good oil into rivers! That is the competitive procedure in a nutshell. Case after documented case is presented for our unhappy inspection.

And the result—from 75 to 90 per cent of our underground petroleum needlessly wasted before it reaches the pipe line. Had intelligence instead of the delirium of speculation and competition governed the pool, and its aftermath, we would now have an assured supply for fifty years, instead of the decade more or less which remains before American petroleum passes from the scene. And won't the flivver drivers howl! And aren't they all good sturdy Coolidge individualists? It remains a ghastly comedy.

STUART CHASE

The Discoverer of Salt Lake

James Bridger: Trapper, Frontiersman, Scout, and Guide.

A Historical Narrative. By Cecil Alter. Salt Lake City: Shepard Book Company. Limited Edition. \$10.

THE exploratory work by Europeans in our Far West developed slowly. Beginning with the spectacular gold hunt of the Spanish explorer Coronado in 1540, it was terminated only in 1869 by the American scientific investigator John Wesley Powell, when so daringly he solved the latest problem, the problem of the Canyons of the Colorado, in his ardent search for fossils. That same year the completion of the Union Pacific Railway marked the beginning of a marvelous new era of swift commercial development and exploitation of natural resources. The cycle of exploration completed by Powell therefore extended through 329 years, and it may be divided into three major epochs: the Spanish, from 1540 to 1776; the French, from about 1740 to 1800; and the American-English from 1800 to 1869.

Throughout this long exploratory period many unusual characters moved across the field. All were men of action, bold, skilful, persistent. Most of the Americans are now little remembered. The names of Becknell, Aubrey, Provot, Meek, Jed Smith, Carson, Bridger mean little or nothing to the reader of the present hour. But Bridger was one of the most remarkable of a remarkable group. His life and his operations ran through almost the entire American-English period. Not the least of his achievements was the indispensable aid he rendered to officers of our army, and one of them, General G. M. Dodge, has erected the only monument to his memory. Quite appropriately Mr Alter reprints General Dodge's "Biographical Sketch" as a final chapter in this book.

Bridger's first entrance into the region was in 1822, at the age of 18, and thereafter his whole active life was passed in wandering into every corner of it till his failing sight drove him to his home farm, now a part of a Kansas City suburb. There,

nearly blind, he died in 1881, at the age of 77, longing to return once again with restored vision to his beloved mountains. His last days were miserably occupied in an endeavor to secure from the Government payment for his property on Black's Fork, in Wyoming—the long famous "Fort" Bridger, backed by the superb Uinta range, which he established in 1843 as a refuge and rendezvous for the host of pioneers marching toward homes under the setting sun. In the operations against the Mormons the army took this property as a necessary station, and it remained a military post thereafter. But the sums promised in a written contract, which Mr. Alter gives, were never paid during Bridger's life. After years of haggling, Congress reluctantly recompensed the heirs.

Like others of his kind, Bridger possessed a natural genius for conquering obstacles. To be under the wilderness sky in all seasons for him was to be at home. He could take care of himself precisely as a wild animal can. City life he could not long endure; like all of his class he missed there the moon and stars. Illiterate he was, but he was anything but stupid; he simply did not take the trouble to master an accomplishment which was of little or no use to him. Therefore he kept no diary. For the same reason no letters were sent home. So it is evident that the preparation of his biography offered immense difficulties. Endless volumes and records had to be searched; and the Ned Buntline stories, based on that author's visit to Bridger in 1860 and a trip with him across the Plains, would have been too full of embroidery to be of use. Mr. Alter avoids even a suspicion of embroidery. He presents a vast array of facts that are a valuable addition to the literature of the period through which Bridger moved. Diligence and painstaking research have produced a useful volume. Unfortunately, however, he has blended his materials imperfectly. He has introduced many pages which, while valuable in themselves, are not relevant to his subject. He has been too ambitious to exhaust the field; has tried too liberally to cover not only Bridger's affairs but those of many others.

Bridger is credited with the discovery of Salt Lake, and he certainly was the first to stand on its shore and taste its waters, though he left the exploration to others. He is also generally given credit, with Fitzpatrick and Provot, for having first gone through South Pass, but it is not certain that they were first; it is not certain, as Mr. Alter suggests, that Robert Stuart and his party, in 1812, did not traverse the Pass. Stuart's diary appears to describe the Pass.

Mr. Alter is a bit too positive at times as to the movements of some of the trappers and traders he discusses, yet all in all his book is extremely valuable and dependable.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

The Budding Bandit

The Young Delinquent. By Cyril Burt. D. Appleton and Company. \$5.

THE young delinquent is parent to the adult criminal. If the dare-devils, the smart users of guns, the fellows who snatch gems out of cases in jewelry stores, hold up Wall Street messengers, blow safes, knock subway coin-changers over the head, and otherwise create small reigns of terror in American cities—or in American newspapers—would tell the true stories of their lives, many of them would reveal that they had been marauders as youngsters. This is one of the first things to strike an observer of criminals. A considerable percentage of the inmates of Sing Sing began to be law-violators as children; if A. A. Milne were to sketch their careers he could produce a sinister and revolting kind of "When We Were Very Young." We send them away in large numbers to institutions for juveniles, "industrial schools," reformatories, and the like; what we should try to do instead is to understand them.

Mr. Burt's book is a study, from first-hand notes and observation, of all the influences which have converged to pro-

duce a group of young devils. He is professor of education in the University of London, but he is also psychologist to the Education Department of the London County Council; and as such he has seen hundreds of rascallions and childish adventurers go through his hands. He has studied them with the methods of the modern psychologist and student of personality. Here are chapters on hereditary conditions, environmental influences, physical states and irritations, intellectual characteristics, defective minds, emotional instabilities, instincts, complexes, and neuroses. The book is, in part, a study in abnormal child psychology. Mr. Burt is not writing for the specialist, his purpose being to examine "in plain and popular language the causes of youthful delinquency and the more effective ways of treating it." His suggestions for treatment can often be followed by teachers, intelligent parents, probation officers, heads of institutions, and others; it would be a good thing for judges to read the book, and all who help to frame society's way of meting out "justice" to young offenders. The pages are illuminated with stories of some of the baffling imps who have enlivened Mr. Burt's life.

The book is thus in the best current tradition. Mr. Burt does not sit back in an easy chair and deliver himself of hit-or-miss conclusions which are unrelated to the facts, as writers on crime have been prone to do in the past. He goes to the criminal for the facts. In method and scope the book invites comparison with Dr. Healy's "The Individual Delinquent," the pioneer effort in this particular approach to the criminal. Some of the author's psychological classifications will be objected to by other psychologists, and a too ardent use of the statistical method is observable at points; but these do not mar the real importance of the work.

The causes of criminal conduct are complex, and it is necessary to study individual offenders before knowing what to do with them. This is made clear by the list of conditions contributing to waywardness drawn up by Mr. Burt on the basis of the children he studied. He has tried to place these in the order of their importance: (1) Defective discipline; (2) specific instincts; (3) general emotional instability; (4) morbid emotional conditions, mild rather than grave, generating or generated by so-called complexes; (5) a family history of vice or crime; (6) intellectual disabilities, such as backwardness or dullness; (7) detrimental interests, such as a passion for adventure or for the cinema; (8) developmental conditions; (9) a family history of intellectual weakness; (10) defective family relationships. There are others, but these are enough; "poverty and its concomitants" comes fourteenth. This list is suggestive, yet still not conclusive. The job of reforming young offenders is tremendously important, but it cannot be handled through the legal penalties commonly imposed by society for unlawful conduct. Something more personal and individualized is necessary. Mr. Burt describes how this has been achieved.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Books in Brief

The Swedes and Their Chieftains. By Werner von Heidenstam. Translated from the Swedish by Charles Wharton Stork. American-Scandinavian Foundation. \$2.

Although it was intended chiefly for young readers, von Heidenstam's volume wins the dignity of a mature chronicle. The crucial instances of Swedish history from the Stone Age to the beginning of the nineteenth century pass in review through a dignified and vivid prose that turns the dust of the past into a living garment. The great men are never made to strut like tinpot musketeers, nor does von Heidenstam ever use history for the sake of jingoism.

The Road to Town. By Charles Divine. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

A single rhythm, that of the sonnet line, and a single subject, a village as it changes from old plank walks to mac-

adam roads, from barn to service station, gives to this volume of verse the matter-of-fact gait of prose. Certain of the character sketches are humane and humorous; there are touches, now and again, of valid, wistful poetry.

The Region Cloud. By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

When Mr. Lubbock turns from "The Craft of Fiction" to the craft of his own fiction he discloses the craft of Henry James. This is a study of the conflict of two men of genius done in the James manner with a kind of golden serene beauty but without the full subtlety of the James mind or the substance which even a James novel must own.

January Garden. By Melville Cane. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

No single piece in this book achieves the miracle of being poetry, and yet most of the inclusions show an awareness of the sensuous world which is one of poetry's strongest roots. The rhymes are obtrusive. The feeling for rhythm is poor, and most of the lyrics jerk like marionettes in unskilful hands.

Episodes & Epistles. Poems by W. L. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.75.

A curious melange. Some of the pieces remind one of E. E. Cummings, others of Gertrude Stein, one is a poor imitation of Carl Sandburg, and at the close there is a classical sonnet sequence. But the book forbids hasty dismissal. Just as a given poem begins to shape, some ineptitude of phrase or rhythm or a clanking rhyme makes a mess of it. Yet there are fine images, and there is the stamp of masculinity all over W. L.'s work. The poet is sensitive to the terrifying beauty of the ageless elements and to the ugly cruelty of our own time.

Art

The Crime of 1893

RECENTLY there has sprung up in critical circles the curious idea that the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 was a disaster in the annals of American art. We are told over and over again that Sullivan, Adler, Richardson, and others were just beginning to lead American architectural design forth from the wilderness when along came Hunt, Burnham, and McKim, who, though (or because?) gentlemen, were not *au fond* great creative artists, to thrust it back into a state of desuetude. Writing long after the fact, critics point out how much more daring and original the Auditorium and Trinity Church are than, say, the Vanderbilt house, Washington Union Station, and the Columbia Library. With beautiful phrases they prove this to be true and hammer home their conclusions until there can be, apparently, no dissenting voice. It seems too bad that the great American public should have been led astray these many years.

It seems too bad also that this line of reasoning should be largely tosh. Judged by purely academic standards it is entirely sound, but in so judging we forget the source from which we draw those standards. We forget that to be brilliant and individualistic was thirty-five years ago the conventional thing to be, and that there then existed in this country no criteria of judgment whatever except the native colonial and early republican architecture. This architecture, mostly domestic, had at best a very tenuous connection with truly classic tradition, and that connection had almost entirely been forgotten. Therefore the twenty years from 1873, when the panic was followed by a great building boom, to 1893 saw a vast revival of architecture in the physical sense with no accompanying spiritual revival.

Fortunate accident decreed that the World's Fair should fall into the hands of men who believed that one must learn to

walk before running, who went back to first principles, so far as they were known in that day, to set a standard of taste from which to work. So firmly was this standard set that it has affected all architectural training until today. It has sent men to Paris and Rome to imbibe at the source the streams of classical knowledge. It has made the archaeologist exhume more and more relics of the actual classic. It has caused the philosopher to search the pages of ancient writings to find a little more light. All of these men working together have elevated American architecture to the plane it now occupies. They have brought forth a true and profound understanding of the classic. Along the way they may have digressed, perhaps, into paths of pure formalism and eclecticism; but they have always come back to the main road.

Their reward is now at hand. Their thirty-five-year term of hard labor and harder teaching has produced at last its perfect result: the smart young critic of today. He has grasped all that has been taught him and, led on by that economic horror the skyscraper and the New York zoning law, has cast off the last few remaining shackles and stepped forth into perfect freedom—until tomorrow. What would have been the result had Sullivan, Richardson, and their followers built the World's Fair? Exactly the same! The only difference would have been in the time element. Their vigorous personal styles were as brilliantly unsound as that of Michelangelo and would probably have done as much harm. Imagine a hundred per cent American baroque! Eventually, however, a return to the classic would have ensued: a period of insistence upon traditional motives, and finally a slow but sure understanding of the great truth that classicism is not a tradition but a point of view and that in that point of view is the history of man.

Instead of coming in a distant future that truth is ours today. From now on the history of a real American architecture is to be written. It will be an architecture that is new, daring, virile. It will be of today, that is, modern, and it will be truly classic as well, for modernism is classicism understood.

As that great architectural style is slowly evolved it behooves the youthful artist to remember that its roots were firmly planted on the shores of Lake Michigan and that it is because they are so planted that he knows that the mere repetition of classic formulae is not art. Groping upward slowly from the bottom, it is not unnatural that he should envy and sometimes seek to emulate those picaresque characters of the Age of Innocence who were sufficient unto themselves largely because they knew nothing else upon which to depend. Feeling thus he growls at and derides his aesthetic progenitors; but in the long run he will come back to their teachings and realize that they were unveiling the truth that he might know it and thereby attain to the better things. When, if ever, American architecture seems about to go on the rocks again we may hope that gentlemen of commanding personalities like Hunt, Burnham, and McKim will appear whose breadth of vision and depth of feeling shall lead them to commit another such crime.

LEONARD COX

Drama

The Good Old Days

IN general, theories of progress leave me cool. For all I know the world has not greatly improved; the inhabitant of the twentieth century may not be much better off than was the inhabitant of the twelfth. Perhaps poetry has steadily declined since the days of Homer and perhaps philosophy died with Aristotle; and yet there is one thing of which I am perfectly sure, and that is that during the last three-quarters of a century plays have improved. For the Victorian novel or for Victorian ethics some case may be made; it might even be possible to argue that the maiden in pantalets was superior to the flapper in riding breeches; but so far as the drama is concerned the

legend of the good old days hasn't a leg to stand on. Oil lamps may be preferable to electric lights and the telephone may be an invention of the devil; all modern science may be a misfortune and the Book of Genesis a sounder foundation for society than the "Origin of Species"; but if there is one thing in which improvement can be indisputably demonstrated it is the drama, and considering it is almost enough to make me an optimist. At our forefathers I have no desire to sneer, for they wrote great books and did great deeds; but when they entered the theater they left their brains behind and they descended one and all to a level some fathoms below that of the average devotee of the cinema. If we had to judge the Victorian age by its plays alone we should be justified in concluding that its general intelligence was that of a twelve-year-old child, and though this fact can doubtless be explained it remains a fact which any "revival" is bound to demonstrate.

Consider, for example, "The Two Orphans" (Cosmopolitan Theater), now being given a good deal more than a fair show with a genuine all-star cast in which a group of thoroughly trained actors like Robert Warwick, Robert Loraine, Wilton Lackaye, and May Robson do their best to make the play impressive. I know of no better play written between 1800 and 1880 which was successful on the stage, and yet in our time seventy-five plays, each revealing more traces of a genuine grasp of life, are produced on Broadway every year—even though, as I readily grant, this is not saying very much for most of the seventy-five. Nor am I by any means confusing mere change in tradition with improvement. Discount if you like all that may be regarded as mere fashion; forgive the authors the terrible fatuity of their insistence upon what seems to us the obvious, and accept the priggishness which permits the heroes to refer admiringly to their own "manhood" and the heroines to speak complacently of their "innocence"; yet the fact remains that such a play as "The Two Orphans" is essentially and inevitably trivial because the timidity of its authors led them to deal with a situation which nowhere involves any of the problems of real life. Inhumanly perfect heroes are matched against inhumanly evil villains; and when we say that the plot is artificial we are saying a good deal more than is at first apparent, for we are saying that the authors and their audience were both deliberately avoiding the unartificial because they knew that in everything taken from real life conflicts would be involved and doubts raised which they were afraid to face. The artificial plot permits you to range conventional virtue against conventional vice, but in every human situation is involved the real complexity of the moral order. That complexity we do attempt in some way to envisage, but the Victorian dramatists, almost without exception, turned their eyes away from it and evolved into some mere mechanical simplification of life; and in that fact lies our unquestionable superiority. Future generations may find our plays in many ways bad enough. They may find them muddled, intemperate, blatant, and preposterously wrong; but they cannot possibly find them bad in the way that "The Two Orphans" is bad, because at the very least we are making an attempt, however bungling it may be, to deal with the significant materials of existence.

The drama is sometimes said to be in a bad way and in a sense it is and always has been, for in any age the bad plays, poems, and novels outnumber the good ones; but there is nothing like a revival to put any frequenter of the theater into a glow of enthusiasm for the modern theater.

"Glory Hallelujah" (Broadhurst Theater) is a play based upon much the same idea as that embodied in "The Deluge" of several years ago. It assumes an impending destruction of the world and traces the effect of the belief that they are soon to die upon a group of men and women collected in a cheap hotel. Like most plays based upon an intellectual conception of this sort it never achieves any interest profounder than that of novelty. It is cleverly managed, well acted, and ingenious; but clever manipulation and ingenuity do no more than pro-

duce a sort of semi-conviction and a mild desire to see how it will turn out. "Beau Gallant" (Ritz Theater) deals with the life of a modern Beau Brummel who thinks that since he is one of the few gentlemen living the world owes him a living. It is fairly amusing. "The Half-Caste" (National Theater) is another of those plays about the irresistible charms of a South Sea vamp and white men who "go native."

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Sam Harris Theater), a comedy by Messrs. Weaver and Abbott, is composed of much the same blend of sentiment and smartness which goes to the making of Mr. Weaver's poems "in American." The plot is thin and conventional, but it is made into a genuinely amusing comedy by the raciness of the dialogue.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □

—A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION—

THE CHIEF THING

A Comedy by NICOLAS EVREINOFF
Translated by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randle
GUILD THEATRE, W. 52nd St. Evs. 8.30
Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2.30

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand Street
Tel. Drydock 7516

Repertoire: Evenings, 8:30; Matinees, 2:30.

Tues., Wed. and Thurs.
Eves. and Wed. Matinee.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee.

THE DYBBUK
English Version by Henry Alsberg

THREE LYRIC DRAMAS
A Burmese Pwe
A Haydn Opera-Bouffe
A Chinese Fantasy

□ C O N C E R T □

MOST REMARKABLE CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Five Great Negro Stars

**Paul Robeson
and Lawrence Brown**

**Rosamond Johnson
and Taylor Gordon**

Alexander Gatewood

In Their Expositions of Negro Spirituals

THE TOWN HALL

113 West 43rd Street, New York

Friday Evening, April 16, 8:30 P. M.

TICKETS \$1 to \$5

BOXES \$50

International Relations Section

The Protest of the Swedish Importers

By JULIUS MORITZEN

AN important problem in international relations is involved in the recent action of Swedish importers in regard to the seizure of their goods by the British authorities during the war. In the spring of 1925 an organization was formed known as the Association of Swedish Creditors of Great Britain (*Foreningen Englands Svenska Fordringssaegare*). It is composed of leading Swedish importers whose cargoes were largely carried on Swedish vessels and were, it is alleged, without exception intended during the war for home consumption in Sweden. The losses which the importers claim were incurred are approximately estimated at between five and six million pounds sterling.

In a pamphlet just issued as an "Appeal to British Commercial Opinion" the association sets forth in detail the history of what transpired during the war under the British blockade. It is worthy of notice in the same connection that the Swedish *Wholesalers' Times*, the official organ of the Wholesalers' Association of Sweden, in its issue of March 15, calls attention to the action of the Swedish importers and approves it.

It may perhaps seem inopportune at the present moment [reads the appeal], when every endeavor is being directed toward a reconstruction of what the World War destroyed in various spheres and toward a revival of the idea of international understanding, to recall years and events which undoubtedly represent what hitherto is the darkest page in the history of Europe. But the great liquidation drama of the years succeeding the war has not yet been played to a finish, and it must in all probability be considered necessary that the bases of the growing confidence between the nations, which must constitute a lasting, peaceful intercourse in the future, must be constructed of as stable a nature as possible.

With this principle as a basis the importers of Sweden laid before the commercial circles of Great Britain their views and demands in a matter which has been the subject of heated discussion in their ranks for years and for the final settlement of which they, in spite of all opposition and all difficulties, have never relinquished hope.

The pamphlet calls attention to the fact that when the British blockade policy was instituted the governments of the three Scandinavian countries immediately lodged a protest in which it was maintained that

the freedom of the seas and the indefeasible right of neutrals to use all common routes for intercommunications have also been restricted and curtailed by demands whose aim it is to enjoin neutral vessels to follow certain routes, or to call at certain ports, notwithstanding the fact that the neutral Powers have given no valid reasons for suspicion that might account for, still less justify, the restrictions in question.

This note of protest, says the statement of the importers, was followed by a statement in the House of Commons by the present Earl of Oxford, who, as Mr. Asquith, was then Prime Minister, to the effect that, according to the so-called Declaration of London, conditional contraband

might not be seized. The Prime Minister pointed out that if the British Government adopted a strong attitude in that respect it would come into collision with the legal national rights of the neutral Powers. However, this is rather ancient history, and is merely set forth here as bearing on the present situation.

The Swedish importers are mainly aggrieved over what they consider the unjust treatment meted out to them while the importers in the other Scandinavian countries received full remuneration without difficulty. It ought to be stated that after lengthy negotiations and discussions with all the Swedish importers an offer was at last made by Great Britain in the fall of 1919 to conclude a definite liquidation of the Swedish claims in the form of a general compensation to the owners of the goods amounting to 50 per cent of the value of the goods seized—irrespective of whether they were already being dealt with by the Prize Court, had not reached that stage, or been discharged by the court.

In such circumstances [says the present statement] it was more than comprehensible that many importers, forced to do so by their economic distress, signed the agreement in the hope that full compensation would be voluntarily paid by Great Britain when a peaceful and less irritated atmosphere gradually made its way back into the intercourse of nations. Several others, on the other hand, did not accept this contract, as they were of the opinion that they were so entirely free from guilt that they, notwithstanding their precarious position and the threat of no compensation at all, calculated that a payment of their demands simply must be forthcoming in the long run. But the British authorities have hitherto coldly rejected every application for compensation for this latter category also. It should be added in this connection that even the 50 per cent was only a nominal compensation, in so far as Great Britain debited heavy costs for storage, unloading and loading, etc., so that the refunds in reality only amounted to approximately 40 per cent of the value of the seized goods.

The Swedish importers consider the question aggravated in the highest degree by the payment in full made to the Norwegian and Danish claimants. They say:

In such circumstances it can be realized that a widespread opinion among the Swedish importers is inclined to discern in Britain's mode of action a conscious intention to make a number of defenseless merchants suffer for dissatisfaction in official British circles with the general foreign policy of Sweden during the war. Apart from the fact that dispassionate thinkers can find no legitimate remarks to make against the neutrality course adopted by the Swedish authorities, it is obviously contrary to all standards of international justice to make private persons pay the penalty for an offense which a state, as such, may be considered to have committed.

The pamphlet then asks whether there are political or other motives behind the difference in treatment accorded Sweden from that which was granted to Denmark and Norway.

Sweden has heretofore been a very important market for British products. As for the future:

The fact is that Great Britain's behavior toward the Swedish importers has in a high degree shaken the confidence which the latter have of old been accustomed to entertain for a British sense of fair play toward other nations and their citizens in commercial transactions. British products and British enterprises enjoy an estab-

lished reputation on the Swedish market and they have been gaining ground to an increasing extent. Our importers desire to stand in the best relations to Great Britain and her commercial world and are a priori disposed to encourage and stimulate the endeavors of British exporters in augmenting business in Sweden. But—and this ought to be readily understood by British business opinion—as long as the British state opposes a reasonable and fair settlement of its differences with the importers in Sweden the latter will always feel suspicious and adopt a reserved attitude toward business with Great Britain.

Here, then, is the crux of the situation. Whatever the actual merits of the Swedish claim, the fact cannot be overlooked that a serious problem has arisen in regard to the trade of the two countries. Nor should the comparison with Russia be ignored:

The association which has been formed in Great Britain of persons in that country with claims against Russia has indisputably exactly analogous aims to the Association of Swedish Creditors of Great Britain, although the claims, on the one hand, are against a primitive, revolutionary, society; on the other hand, against a Western cultured society.

The appeal of the Swedish importers, in its English translation, has been sent to not only the leading business houses of Great Britain but to every member of the British Parliament, to trade organizations, and other bodies. The *Manchester Guardian*, with its readiness to aid in anything tending to establish better relations between nations, calls on the authorities either to refute the claims or else make such reparations as will eventually lead to a clearing of the atmosphere between Great Britain and Sweden.

The Liquor Fight in India

SIR LESLIE WILSON is the Governor of Bombay. He came to the Governorship of Bombay from the British House of Commons, where he was a member of Parliament and the chief whip of the Conservative Party—the party which was led by Sir George Younger, now Lord Younger, one of England's greatest brewers.

Sir Leslie Wilson has refused permission (under Section 80 of the Government of India Act of 1919) to Mr. R. G. Pradhan, a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, to introduce for discussion a bill providing for local option as a step toward prohibition. Mr. Pradhan had given notice of this bill subsequent to the adoption by the All-India Legislature—where the Swarajists (Home Rulers) are in a majority—of a resolution declaring that prohibition was to be the ultimate goal of the excise policy of the British Government in India.

Mr. Pradhan pressed for permission and when it was finally refused he gave notice of a motion calling upon the Hon. A. M. Dehlavi, Minister of Excise, to resign his office, as he had lost the confidence of the Council by his lukewarm and unsatisfactory policy in general and in particular by his failure to present, resist, or effectively express his disagreement with the Governor's action in disallowing the introduction and discussion of the bill. This motion of censure was also disallowed by the President of the Council on the ground that the Governor alone and not the Government as a whole or the Minister of Excise was responsible for refusing the sanction to the introduction of the bill.

Mr. Pradhan then moved a resolution in the Council asking for a small committee consisting of Council mem-



The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several tuition scholarships and maintenance fellowships are available to especially qualified students.

For further information, address the Director,

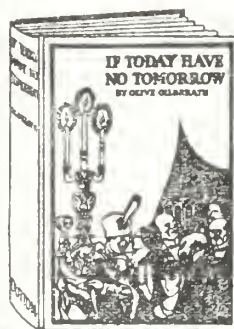
THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street

New York City

A STRIKINGLY ORIGINAL NOVEL of RUSSIA



If Today have no Tomorrow

By OLIVE GILBREATH

A brilliant, vital study of a young Anglo-Russian during the collapse of the Russian aristocracy.

\$2.00

Published April 8

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers
Suit Lengths Cut to Order. Price \$2.00 per Yard. Postage Paid
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired

FINEST BLUE SERGE direct to you at mill cost.
56 inches wide. Introductory price
\$3 PER YARD. PURE WOOL. Get a suit length (3 1/3 yards) now. **GUARANTEED 100%**
THE AMERICAN SERGE MILLS Sample on request.
Box 32, Station D New York

Summer Time!

Camps, hotels, summer homes, boarding houses,
—and those who seek such accommodations
Those who have an apartment they wish to rent
Those who want to rent an apartment
we recommend placing an advertisement in the classified section of
The Nation, as the best means of bringing the right person and the
right place together. Rates on request. Address Dept. C. care of
The Nation.

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

bers and financial experts to consider and report on financial measures that should be introduced in order to give full effect to the policy of prohibition. The Minister of Excise accepted the resolution, and said that it was hardly possible to reach the goal of prohibition without solving the enormous financial difficulty involved.

In the British House of Commons on November 23 Colonel Wedgwood asked the Under Secretary of State for India whether, seeing that the introduction of Mr. Pradhan's modified local option bill into the Bombay Legislature was vetoed by the Governor, Sir Leslie Wilson, he would say on what grounds the Secretary of State had refused permission to allow discussion on this subject.

EARL WINTERTON: Sir Leslie Wilson did not consult my noble friend before refusing to allow the introduction of this bill.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: May I ask whether Sir Leslie Wilson has given any grounds for his refusal to allow discussion of this bill?

MR. WARDLAW-MILNE: Is it not the practice that no grounds need be given?

SIR HENRY CRAIK: Is it not the policy of the Secretary of State to leave to local governments and governors discretion in these matters?

EARL WINTERTON: The answer to all three questions is, I think, that it is within the statutory competence of the Governor of Bombay to refuse to allow the bill to be introduced, and there is no obligation upon him, under law or by statutory practice, to give any reason for so doing.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: May I ask whether, in view of the moderate character of this bill, we are to understand that the Governor will not allow any discussion of any question of local option?

EARL WINTERTON: That is a question, if I may say so, that I do not think I am entitled to answer.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: Will the noble lord—

SIR H. CRAIK: On a point of order. Is it not the rule that the proper place for questions of this sort is the Legislature of Bombay, and not here?

MR. SPEAKER: I did not see anything in the original question to which I could take objection, but I do not think the matter ought to be pursued.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: What I wanted to ascertain was whether we in this House can find out in any way the grounds of the Governor's objection to this bill.

MR. SPEAKER: That has been already answered by the Minister.

LIEUT. COL. SIR FREDERICK HALL: Is it to the advantage of this House or the administration of Indian affairs that matters of this kind should be discussed, question and answer, in the way the right honorable gentleman is doing?

COLONEL WEDGWOOD: I do not wish to fly in the face of your ruling, Mr. Speaker, but are we not entitled to find out what actuates the Governor in preventing this discussion?

MR. SPEAKER: It is not a matter for this House.

Just Published

A MOSCOW DIARY

By ANNA PORTER

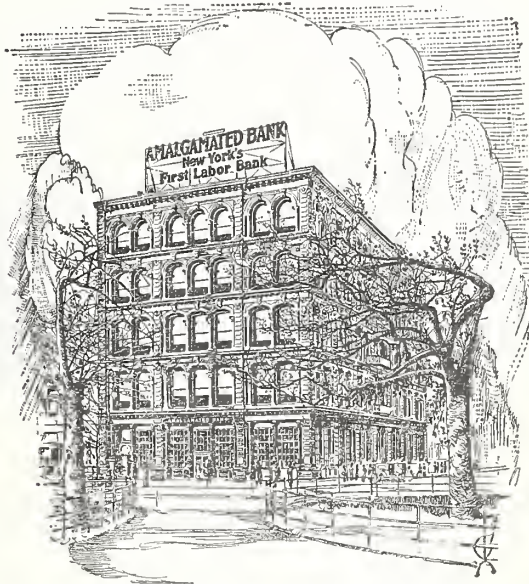
This little book differs from other works on New Russia in that it is a series of vivid new impressions recorded at the moment of experience in the readable form of diary-letters. The writer visited Russia in the interest of music in the general schools, and thus had interesting opportunities of investigation. These are dealt with as well as other significant subjects, labor conditions, woman's status, child organization, militarism and Tolstoians, a Volga journey and the theatres. Cloth, \$1.00 postpaid.

Ask for our latest catalog of working class books.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 E. Ohio St., Chicago

The Four Per Cent Interest
Department
of the
AMALGAMATED BANK

Is a record of continuous growth.



This growth has been more rapid since we moved into our new quarters and have been able to offer to our friends a service that is not surpassed by any banking institution in New York.

All deposits made in April will draw interest as from the First of the month. We offer you Safety for your funds and Special Service for your needs.

Whether you have a checking account or use our Four Per Cent Interest Department every special service of the Amalgamated Bank is at your disposal. There are certain advantages in dealing with the Amalgamated Bank that you should know about. Come in and talk with our officers about it.

THE TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

—of the—

BANK IS EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL FACILITIES: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS' CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

THE AMALGAMATED BANK

Member Federal Reserve System

11-15 Union Square, West, New York



A cross section of an underground coal conveyor
in a Pennsylvania mine

A wheelbarrow four miles long



To meet the colossal demands of the mining industry the General Electric Company produces locomotives and conveyors; it designs motors, large and small, for huge stripping shovels, loaders, fans, pumps, hoists, and undercutting machines—all bearing the monogram G-E.

Ten thousand tons of coal a day travel underground on this 4-mile-long conveyor.

With its G-E motors and automatic control it almost runs itself—a thrift example for the whole world.

Somewhere in your factory, office, or home, there is a task that electricity could do better and cheaper.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MISCELLANEOUS

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION
among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

The Russian Inn, 33 W. 37th Street
New York
Luncheon - Tea - Dinner and
After the Theatre Dancing
Phone FITZ ROY 6567 Open daily and Sundays
Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30 to 1 P. M.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

SUMMER—WANTED

YOUNG man wants job in lumber camp or on farm during summer. Address E. L. K., 3141 Durrell Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED: Companion interested in literature and sociology on summer hitch-hike tour of U. S. Address: Esther Busb, 480 Meigs St., Athens, Ga.

POSITIONS WANTED

COLLEGE graduate, 1922, age 25, desires connection; preferably with publishers or on publication, or work of social nature. Literary ability. typist. Reportorial and some copy editing experience. Box 455, care *The Nation*.

FOR SALE OR RENT

HOTEL and Camp, for sale, or rent, or partner; large lake frontage, Adirondack Mts., 30 acres of land, all modern improvements. Act quickly. Address Box 456, care *The Nation*.

EDUCATIONAL

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Program April 23-29

AT COOPER UNION

(8th St. and Astor Place)

At 8 o'clock

ADMISSION FREE

Friday, Apr. 23. Everett Dean Martin
"The Meaning of a Liberal Education"

Sunday, Apr. 25. Dr. Minot Simons
"What America Owes to Thomas Paine"

Tuesday, Apr. 27. . . Sen. Burton K. Wheeler
Subject to be announced later.

AT MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL

(Lexington Ave. and 22nd St. at 8 o'clock)

Single Admission, 25 cents

Reduction for Course Tickets

Saturday, Apr. 24. Houston Peterson
"The Dramas of Ibsen"

Monday, Apr. 26. Mortimer J. Adler
"The Methods of Psychology"

Wednesday, Apr. 28. Dr. Horace M. Kallen
"Why Religion?"

Thursday, Apr. 29. Dr. E. G. Spaulding
"The Evolution of Ideas"

LESSONS IN ENGLISH

Beginning, intermediate or advanced pupils.

Telephone: Watkins 4831

GRACE E. COATES 249 Waverly Place, N. Y.
(formerly with Rand School)

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS

15th to 20th century

Interesting catalogue mailed free

HOWES, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England

WILLS: HOW TO MAKE AND BREAK THEM

By MILTON IVES LIVY

\$1.00 prepaid

Complete legal forms of wills with a complete compilation of the laws on wills and testaments of 48 States and territories of United States.

MILTON IVES LIVY, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The TRUTH SEEKER

National Freethought

Weekly. Est. 1878.

G. E. Macdonald, Edr.

Three mos. Trial, \$1. Sample free.

Books: Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll. Catalog free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO., 49 Vesey St., New York

Sleep Enough? No?

Then by all means read this book.

BLOOD PRESSURE—HIGH AND LOW
By Chester Tilton Stone, M. D.

giving the causes of this serious condition (lack of sleep is only one), its effects, approved methods of prevention and curative measures.

All Bookstores \$1.50, Postpaid \$1.58

ALLEN ROSS & CO., 1133R, Broadway, N. Y. C.

Name

Address

FOR RENT

UNUSUAL opportunity at Cotuit, Cape Cod.—Bungalow overlooking private beach and bay in pine woods—3 bedrooms, big living room, screened piazza, dining room, kitchen and service in neighboring bungalow. Everything except linen supplied. \$1,200 for the season. Excellent cook with daughter, if desired. For full particulars write to F. E. Lowell, Concord, Mass.

WHOLE or part, 6-room Greenwich Village house, modern and tastefully furnished, porches, garden, flowers. Excellent housekeeper if desired. \$150 monthly, June-October. Alice Mary Kimball, 46 King Street, N. Y. C. Walker 9163.

TO sublet, 2 front rooms with use of kitchen in apartment near Columbia University. Light, airy, sunny; fifth floor of elevator apartment. Reasonable. Box 454, care of *The Nation*.

COMFORTABLE 5 room apartment off Gramercy, very reasonable, furnished, piano, excellent library, all improvements—to let until October. Phone evenings, Gramercy 2545.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1926

No. 3173

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	463
EDITORIALS:	
A Sheriff's Dictatorship	466
Luther Burbank	467
With "Hamlet" Left Out	467
How Not to Treat the Alien	468
JERSEY JUSTICE. By Hendrik van Loon	469
NEW JERSEY UNDER "THE TERROR." By Freda Kirchwey	470
PROHIBITION ON TRIAL. By H. C. Engelbrecht	471
RADIO CENSORSHIP AND THE "LISTENING MILLIONS." By Morris L. Ernst	473
WILL THE DEMOCRATS COME BACK? By Frank R. Kent	475
BUCK AND WING AND BILL ROBINSON. By Mary Austin	476
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	476
CORRESPONDENCE	477
BOOKS, ART, PLAYS:	
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren	479
Concerning China. By Harry F. Ward	479
More Negro Songs. By Walter White	480
Salvation by England. By W. Norman Brown	481
Careful Artistry. By Allen Tate	481
A Page of War History. By Lionel G. Short	482
Books in Brief	482
Art: Hugo Gellert. By Michael Gold	483
Drama: Weak Women. By Joseph Wood Krutch	484
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Two Appeals for International Decency	485
A French Protest	486

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE ACTION of Secretary Kellogg in refusing to accept the invitation of the League of Nations to the World Court conference, called for September next, is bound to give offense. It is the direct result of the false assumption by the Court advocates that the tribunal was not connected with the League and that in joining it we had nothing to do with that organization. Somebody in Geneva blundered badly in calling the conference, being actuated thereto, doubtless, by the belief that it would save time and trouble if all the forty-eight nations decided at once and in one another's presence whether the United States should be allowed to join on its own terms. If the sponsors for this time-saving arrangement had realized the situation here, they would not have taken this step. So Mr. Kellogg raps the League over the knuckles; the United States will correspond directly with forty-eight different states and nobody shall prevent it. This country, he says, cannot enter the Court except by this wholesale correspondence course. So correspond we must and the Geneva conference may go hang. Well, it would serve us right if the Geneva conference threw us out altogether. The only difficulty is that that would probably tickle President Coolidge and many Senators to death. They did not really want to go in, and some of them have been hoping that Bolivia or Peru or Brazil or somebody else would find our reservations impossible and impassable.

POLITICAL INTEREST NOW CENTERS upon Pennsylvania and the three-cornered senatorial fight among Vare, Pepper, and Pinchot. Vare is a typical machine politician. Pepper is a dreadfully holy and unctuous person who, when the test comes, does what the Mellon machine wishes; he changed his position so often on the World Court that his mind was likened to a ferryboat, discharging a new cargo of thought on its every trip. Governor Pinchot has not added to his great reputation as the chief founder of our conservation policy while in Harrisburg, and his coming out at the last moment as a thick-and-thin supporter of Coolidge has caused cynical laughter throughout the State, where they do not forget that his stock in trade has been his bi-weekly attacks upon Secretary Mellon. This turn-about is what one would have expected only of a very petty politician, yet the fact remains that the Governor's nomination would probably be the best outcome of the campaign since it would mean a blow at the Mellon machine while also sidetracking Mr. Vare's. The domination by the Mellon wealth of the politics of western Pennsylvania is one of the most sinister portents of a situation in which the American people are, by their own act, bound and delivered to the big business of the country. More than that, both the Vare machine and the Mellon-Pepper one are stopping at little. Their methods are shocking even in so corrupt and boss-ridden a State as Pennsylvania, and huge sums will be spent before the sun sets on primary day.

SENATOR MCKINLEY'S sharp and overwhelming defeat in the Illinois primary constitutes President Coolidge's first severe check at the polls. We are aware, of course, of the varying interpretations put upon it, the confused political currents, and the desperate struggle between opposing factions in that State for control of the political machine. But the fact remains that Senator McKinley's favorable vote on the World Court was shoved to the front and the voters were aware that Mr. McKinley was the President's candidate. The Senate loses nothing by the Senator's defeat; whether it will gain anything by the presence of another machine politician in the person of Frank Smith is dubious. Indeed, the coming election in Illinois now offers the electorate of that State a clear-cut opportunity to express itself on the wet-and-dry issue, George Brennan, the Democratic boss, having been nominated as a straight-out wet. Certainly if Illinois is any index, and Messrs. Borah and Reed continue their fight against the World Court with the same effectiveness that they displayed in Illinois, the Republican loss of the control of the Senate is in sight. What this will accomplish remains to be seen; Democratic leadership being non-existent, and their chief Senators having been willing tails to the Coolidge kite, we do not see why the President should lose any sleep over the prospect of having to win a few Democratic votes for any measures he wishes to have passed. He may also forget the growling of the Republican leaders who are privately denouncing him for demanding Mr. McKinley's vote for the World Court and then leaving him to sink or swim by himself.

AS FOR INDIANA, there the situation is altogether confused. Both senatorships are to be filled and both the present Republican incumbents, Messrs. Watson and Robinson, are rejoicing that at the last moment they switched their votes on the World Court and are recorded in opposition thereto. "Jim" Watson, a typical machine product, is opposed by Clavis Adams of Indianapolis, formerly the prosecuting attorney, a clean and honorable man who has been having great fun with Mr. Watson's record—which may be summed up by saying that it contains complete proof of a most servile party adherence and of his having actually answered yes or no on various roll-calls; little else appears. An agricultural newspaper of Indiana having reported that on an occasion when Mr. Watson was asked for relief for the farmers he replied: "Oh, give them a bag of peanuts," Mr. Adams is ringing the changes on this. Mr. Watson has denied saying it, but judging by his record it is precisely what he might have said. In Washington Mr. Watson has long been a joke, whereas Senator Robinson has made a more favorable record than we had been led to expect. He is opposed by two men, one of the Watson type. Needless to say, Mr. Watson has the best press and he and his supporters scoff at the idea that Mr. Adams can win; fortunately Davids have slain Goliaths before this. On the Democratic side the candidate against Senator Robinson is Evans Woollen, a broad-minded, public-spirited bank president, who is one of the few survivors of the generation of fine men who began their political activities in the days of Grover Cleveland.

FOOLING THE FARMER, which is an all-the-year sport of the White House and Capitol Hill, has recently produced so much "rough stuff" that somebody's shins, possibly Mr. Coolidge's, are likely to be barked in the present scrimmage. In his famous Chicago speech the President was flat-footed in his opposition to farm relief by government subsidy; the most that the Administration was wining to do was embodied in an innocuous measure to establish a division of cooperative marketing in the Department of Agriculture—for giving information and advice—which recently passed the House. But that did not satisfy the "corn belt" rebels who have been fighting persistently for financial assistance. It now seems that they have won their point, at least in part. The Senate Committee on Agriculture has reported a bill which calls for \$250,000,000 from the federal Treasury to enable cooperative organizations to finance the marketing of surplus farm products in time of emergency. The scheme is unpleasantly reminiscent of the McNary-Haugen bill and would seem to be only another way of supporting unprofitable industry at public expense. Yet the Secretary of Agriculture—doubtless with the President's approval—has written a letter upholding the main purposes of the measure, and Senator McKinley's recent defeat has so frightened Republicans in regard to the Administration's prestige in the Middle West that they may do more than they want to toward placating the farmer. After all it is only the people's money that would be spent, and although Mr. Coolidge's shins might be barked in the scrimmage it would be the poor old consumer who would be trampled upon and carried off the field unconscious.

WE READ WITH SORROW of the apparent defeat of the Mills bill to restore the seized German property to its rightful owners and to adjust German and American claims growing out of the war. It having been brought

out by Representative Garner that Representative Mills was interested in a company which would profit by the bill, Mr. Mills properly severed his connection with the measure. It has likewise appeared that Secretary Mellon is a stockholder in five corporations which have received awards from the Mixed Claims Commission and would be compensated by the bill if it should pass. We do not think that these are fatal objections to a measure which is of vast importance to the good name of the United States and to the reestablishment of the inviolability of private property in war time. Mr. Garner was indulging in idle rhetoric when he called the bill "legalized theft," and his dwelling upon the fact that the Standard Oil Company would profit by it for injuries inflicted by the Germans during the war was a gallery play. Everyone must, of course, be grateful to Mr. Garner for pointing out mistakes in the bill and any improprieties connected with it. If the bill is faulty, let us correct it. But the fact remains that if the money is not returned it will be stolen money and we shall have turned our back upon our historic policy of safeguarding private property in war time. More than that, the return of this money just now would be of special benefit to Germany because of her depressed economic conditions and, since it would be disbursed in the United States, would correspondingly stimulate business here. The last is the least important argument. The honor of this nation is paramount.

THE FORCIBLE EJECTION of five army-reserve officers from a forum in Brooklyn, addressed by the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman in protest against the militarization of our schools and colleges, seems to have been the result of one of these officers and gentlemen calling Mr. Cadman a liar. We are sorry they were ejected, for the more they behave in this manner the clearer it will be to what lengths these reserve officers will go. Pushing civilians off the sidewalk and physical assaults upon those who criticize the army, according to the old German traditions, will probably come next. Free speech these reserve officers as individuals are entitled to; they have every right to speak with courtesy—during the open-forum period. But the public ought to be aware that some of these reserve officers, who now number approximately 90,000, are more and more arrogating to themselves the right to pass upon public utterances, not as individuals but as members of the military group. There are signs in many quarters of a deliberate attempt by them to control public opinion and to pass upon the eligibility of speakers as if they were divinely appointed censors because of their reserve commissions. To this there must be the proper reply. We rejoice that the truth of Mr. Cadman's remarks about the spirit inculcated by military training in our schools and colleges was immediately demonstrated by his ill-mannered military auditors.

THE FIGHT of the *American Mercury* to exercise its editorial judgment free from a stupid and prudish censorship has by no means been won. Following the favorable decision of Judge Parmenter in Boston, a hide-bound police judge in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has fined a little local newsdealer \$100 for selling the *Mercury*, and the Solicitor of the Post Office Department, after hearing Mr. Mencken and his counsel, Arthur Garfield Hays, has refused to reverse his decision. On the other hand, Mr. Mencken has obtained a temporary injunction to restrain the Watch and Ward Society from interfering with the distribution of the *Mercury*. It is a long and hard battle

which Mr. Mencken has begun and he deserves hearty support even from those who may think the publication of *Hatrack* an error in taste. Granting for the sake of argument that that was the case, no one can truthfully allege that the article is obscene or that it is meant to appeal to the baser passions or to portray vice in an alluring fashion. The idea that small and petty officials and the self-constituted censors of the Watch and Ward Society shall be allowed to establish a censorship over the press is unthinkable. Even in the case of the "sex magazines" the remedy lies elsewhere. Meanwhile, for the sake of the cause, Mr. Mencken is plunged deep into costly litigation and subjected to the pressure which always comes when an editor runs counter to a benighted public authority. We hope that one outcome will be the doubling of the *Mercury's* subscription list.

WHAT SIZE OF COMMUNITY operates with maximum efficiency? An attempt to answer this question for New York State has been made by Governor Smith's Commission on Housing and Regional Planning. The commission's report leads up to the question: What size of communities should regional planners plan for? The report does not answer this last question, but it clears a great deal of preliminary ground. The steady drift to the cities that is depopulating the rural sections of New York has tended to decrease both the efficiency of the depopulated areas and of the expanding cities—efficiency from the point of view of government costs per capita. The most economical areas are those with a county population of from 75,000 to 100,000. In such counties the cost of government per family averages \$14 a year. As county population decreases, government costs rise sharply, reaching a peak of \$57 per family in Hamilton County, with a population of 3,970. In the thirty counties with fewer than 50,000 persons the average cost is \$20. Similarly, for counties with more than 100,000 persons the average cost per family is \$20. These figures are only one of the many important results of the survey. Sooner or later we have got to plan communities instead of leaving them to be developed by guess and by land speculators.

EUROPE'S CHAMPION SOCCER TEAM has come to add Western laurels to its long list of victories. The twenty-three young Jewish athletes who represent Hakoah Sportklub are a truly international team, for the same reasons that their race is a race of internationalists. But through all the generations of Ghetto life it has been a race of scholars and tradesmen, of thoughtful-eyed, stoop-shouldered men who demanded of their cramped bodies only that they carry their owners to and from the *yeshiva* and the shop. Hakoah (the Hebrew word for strength) was organized in Budapest in 1907, and later in Vienna, to develop the weak body of the Jew as his intellect had been developed. The Sportklub took as its duty the physical improvement of the mass of the race, but incidentally it produced champions in every line of sport. Hakoah at present holds European championships in soccer, wrestling, swimming, aquatics, hockey, and even chess. Exciting tales are told about Hakoah's victories—how it was the first continental organization to defeat an English soccer team, and how Vienna turned out to receive the victors when they returned; how the two Hakoah members of the Austrian national team made all the points that defeated a powerful Swedish opponent; how local teams have fallen before them in what has amounted to a triumphal march

over Europe. Their American visit has more significance than the mere expectation of rolling up new honors. They hope, for one thing, to establish branches of Hakoah among American Jews. Soccer has been gaining steadily in popularity as an international game; recently it has begun to fill huge stadiums in Latin America no less than on the Continent and in England, where it has long drawn larger crowds even than baseball in America.

THE FIRST NUMBER of the *New Masses* has made its appearance under a flaming cover bearing the head of a coal miner emblazoned with a torch and a rose. If this picture by Hugo Gellert seems to promise a program of sweetness and light, the sweetness and light we get will be nearer Swift, who invented the phrase, than Matthew Arnold, who popularized it. For an examination of the pages within reveals a hardness of purpose on the part of the editors which it is impossible to believe will ever tend toward compromise or "culture." The *New Masses*, like the old *Masses*, from which it so legitimately stems and from which it so healthily differs, will, we believe, carve out a culture of its own; and if this culture is never one which the workers whom the editors befriend will understand, at any rate it will be one in harmony with the look and feel of the present age. It will be nothing pretty, nothing sentimental, nothing optimistic without reason; and there will be abundant room for satire of the kind that slugs and bites. The pictures in this first number by Art Young, Boardman Robinson, Hugo Gellert, Louis Lozowick, William Gropper, Stuart Davis, and Bobritzky are, it seems to us, the best things in it; they strike decisive blows, and they are an interpretation of the living world where machinery whirs and men wear brutal countenances befitting their brutal purposes. But the prose and the verse lag not too far behind; only a little more search will draw forth authors who will be a match for these artists.

The President told the newspapermen that an owl, one of the five that live on the White House grounds, had entered his room the night before and perched on his bed-post. He was not a noisy owl. He came quietly and went away silently.—Washington dispatch, April 16.

"**G**HOSTLY, grim, and silent owlet, wandering from thy nightly shore,
Tell me what's thy quiet purpose ere the President shall snore."

Quoth the owlet: "Nevermore!"

No man thus was ever blessed with bird upon his bed of yore,
Bird or beast upon his bed-post—one of brass and one of four—

With such a name as "Nevermore."

"In this home by silence haunted, tell me truly, I implore,
Is there *anything* in silence, tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the owlet: "What a bore!"

"Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the post and let me snore!

You have made me doubt my wisdom—which I never did before."

Quoth the owlet: "Evermore!"

A Sheriff's Dictatorship

THE strike of the textile workers in and about Passaic, New Jersey, has advanced from an industrial to a political contest. The mill-owners, having failed to break the strike by starving out the workers, have sought and obtained the aid of public officials in illegally suppressing civil rights and setting up a reign of terror. In the city of Garfield, a part of Bergen County, the Sheriff—without any lawful authority—has gone so far as to proclaim what was at first boldly called "martial law," and is in effect such, patrolling the streets with men armed with shotguns, ordering certain persons off the public highways, and breaking up meetings even on private property.

For some weeks the police had been assisting the mill-owners in the good old-fashioned way—by manhandling and clubbing picketers, even extending such tactics to reporters and photographers of the metropolitan newspapers. But with the announcement that Forstmann and Huffmann would reopen their mills in Garfield on April 12 a new regime went into effect. Forstmann and Huffmann threatened to sue the city of Garfield in case of damages, and the Mayor—an employee of a company involved in the strike—asked the Sheriff of Bergen County to take over the maintenance of law and order. The Sheriff came in with a force of deputies, many of whom were quartered at once in the Forstmann and Huffmann plant, there to be fed and lodged. From the start the Sheriff thus compromised his position as a public official and put himself under the thumb of the mill-owners. On the day that work was supposedly resumed in the Forstmann and Huffmann mills the riot act was read to prevent the picketing of the plant.

Thereupon the Sheriff asserted that the riot act, which is intended to suppress a dangerously disorderly gathering at a particular place and time, was a statute under which he could establish a condition amounting to martial law. He assumed that the riot law, having been read once to disperse an individual gathering at a definite place, was of continuing force and might be extended over as much of the county and for as long a time as he desired. He placarded the city of Garfield with notices forbidding public assemblage within its limits. He and others proclaimed that the region had been put under "martial law." A justice of the peace before whom arrested persons were brought refused to permit the taking of shorthand notes and asserted: "This is not a court of law; it is a court of martial law." A more asinine utterance could hardly be conceived outside of musical comedy, and friends higher up apparently pointed out to the little pundits of Bergen County that their language was excessive, as only the Governor of New Jersey could declare martial law. They then modified their language *but not their actions*. They said Garfield was under "riot law," and kept their placards against public assemblage where they were. In order that our readers may see what an amazing perversion of law this involved we quote below the essential clauses of the New Jersey statute on riots:

That from and after the publication of this act, if any persons to the number of twelve or more, being armed with clubs, guns, swords, or other weapons, or if any number of persons, consisting of thirty or more, shall be unlawfully, routously, riotously, or tumultuously assembled, any

justice of the peace, sheriff or under-sheriff, or constable of the county where such assembly shall be, shall, among the rioters, or as near to them as he can safely come, command silence, while proclamation is making, and shall, openly and with a loud voice, make, or cause to be made, proclamation in these or the like words:

State of New Jersey. By virtue of an act of this State entitled "An act to prevent routs, riots and tumultuous assemblies," I am directed to charge and command all persons, being here assembled, immediately to disperse themselves and peacefully to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains and penalties contained in the said act. God save the State.

Arrests are authorized "if such persons, so unlawfully, routously, riotously, and tumultuously assembled as aforesaid, shall, after proclamation made, or attempted to be made, in manner aforesaid, continue together and not disperse themselves within one hour." A penalty is provided, upon conviction, of as much as a fine of \$1,000 and three years in prison.

The American Civil Liberties Union accepted the challenge of the Mussolini of Bergen County and undertook a meeting in Garfield to bring the situation before the courts. A lease was obtained for the use of a privately owned vacant lot. Norman Thomas, contributing editor to *The Nation* and director of the League for Industrial Democracy, courageously offered to organize the meeting and be the first speaker. Two other editors of *The Nation* and a score of persons from the strikers' headquarters in Passaic went with him. After about ten minutes of what the police officer who made the complaint testified "was a peaceful gathering" Mr. Thomas was arrested; he was subsequently held in \$10,000 bail by the same justice of the peace who had previously declared his office to be not a court of law but a court of martial law. Mr. Thomas was charged with unlawful assemblage after the riot law had been read. (It had been read two days before in another place to disperse a different gathering.)

No judge with an understanding of English and a desire to deal honestly can do other than release Mr. Thomas when he appears for trial, but in the meanwhile the Sheriff's reign of terror may have the effect—as is clearly intended—of breaking the strike. Especially is this true since, subsequent to the arrest of Mr. Thomas, a drastic and unjustifiable injunction against picketing the Forstmann and Huffmann mills was issued and the police force of the city of Passaic was put under the Sheriff of that county, with the prospect that "martial law" might be set up there. Neither the clergy nor the bar of New Jersey has expressed in a sufficiently widespread or vigorous way its disapproval of the revolutionary tactics of employers and public officials, although there has been a splendid response from leaders of public opinion in New York City. Especial thanks are due to Bainbridge Colby for going, without fee, to the defense of Albert Weisbord, the strikers' leader. The situation calls for denunciation, and if possible legal action, on the part of every citizen of the areas affected. It demands country-wide support, moral and financial, for the United Front Committee of the strikers, 743 Main Street, Passaic, New Jersey, or the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Room 635, 799 Broadway, New York City.

Luther Burbank

IT is not surprising, perhaps, that Professor Bailey was once asked whether Luther Burbank was the only plant breeder in this country. Probably, even now, most men could name no others. Burbank did not seek the publicity he received, but he could hardly have avoided it in view of the large number of new forms which he produced, ranging from flowers, berries, potatoes, and walnuts to spineless cacti.

Burbank did not have a university training, and would probably not have received instruction in the principles of genetics and plant-breeding in his youth in any event. While he read considerably, he was not well versed in the theoretical side of plant-breeding. He might be called a practical man interested in obtaining a tangible result, such as an improved fruit or flower; he was not so much concerned with the advancement of scientific knowledge. His methods were largely empirical and his success depended more on his intensive efforts and keen observation than on the technique used. Burbank was not inclined to accept the general applicability of Mendelian laws of heredity in his work. What difference in results he would have obtained had he done so, we cannot say. Had he stopped to work on theoretical problems and lay a scientific basis for further work, he might not have produced as many immediate results as he accomplished.

However, the work he did was sufficient to earn him scientific recognition. Some of his experiments serve as excellent examples of the effectiveness of certain methods in producing new types. He utilized hybridization of various species to produce new variations and combinations of characters and then selected on a large scale for especially favorable individuals. This selection and crossing he sometimes continued for ten years or more in an effort to get the particular type of plant desired. A knack in picking out the right ten or a dozen plants from among 10,000 or more probably facilitated eventual success. Let it not be supposed, however, that he always succeeded. Naturally, the failures did not become known. Some of Burbank's admirers have implied that divine intervention kept his experiments and photographic plates from injury during the earthquake of 1905, but his achievements, as well as his luck, are in need of no supernatural explanations.

A good example of his methods is cited by de Vries. Burbank raised 40,000 blackberry and raspberry hybrids until the fruits were matured. Of all the plants a single variety was chosen as the best and named the "Paradox" berry. The others were uprooted and formed a pile twelve feet wide, twenty-two feet long, and fourteen feet high. The pile was burned and made a good warm fire. In the fire all the 40,000 plants were destroyed, save only the one selected by Burbank as a parent-plant of the new variety.

The large scale on which he carried out this experiment characterized his other work. The production and improvement of the spineless cactus occupied his attention for over ten years. During that time he made many crosses involving species and varieties from different parts of the world. The spineless cactus was not entirely a new thing with Burbank, as there were already known cacti with relatively few small thorns, but these did not have other qualities which he desired. After repeated hybridizations and long selection, a cactus was produced that was vigorous and

hardy, of good edible qualities, and so lacking in thorns that it could be rubbed against the face without discomfort. This was something of an achievement and was proclaimed as a world-saver in some quarters. One enthusiastic author says:

This fearsome dreaded foe of the race has been conquered, the times of little rain are set at naught, the great flame-hearted sun itself, burning its mighty way across the blistering desert, is defied, the whole desert and arable regions of the globe by the act of one man may become a limitless reservoir of food.

Burbank should not be blamed for this extravagant paragraph, though the deserts are not yet extensively covered with the new cactus and there is a reasonable doubt whether at the present time it would be a profitable enterprise to uproot the thorned cacti and replace them with the new thornless ones. The undertaking might well require so much expenditure of labor and money that it would not be worth while.

Luther Burbank must have loved his work. He kept very busy at it, though he regretted the necessity of preventing interruption by curbing the number of visitors after he had become famous. It is greatly to his credit that he did not try to profit unduly by his creations, but actually spent a good deal of his money in further experimentation. He received a grant from the Carnegie Institution, but even then used his own funds in carrying out more extensive work.

Burbank is frequently spoken of as a "wizard" or "scientific genius." His genius was for long and intensive work toward a definite goal carried out in a highly capable manner.

With "Hamlet" Left Out

BERNARD SHAW, who used to be accused of blasphemy because he ventured to suggest that Shakespeare's plays were not in all respects the most perfect which could ever be written, has now, so it has become known, come out in the bard's defense. It seems that he attended the first performance of Barrymore's "Hamlet" in London, at the actor's own invitation, and that the following day he penned a characteristically vigorous and characteristically lengthy letter of protest, which Barrymore has just made public in his "Confessions of an Actor"; he, apparently, going upon the theory that it is something even to have been damned by the sage of Adelphi Terrace, who not long ago confessed his indifference to American art by saying that he had never heard of Willa Cather and thought Stuart P. Sherman was a dead general.

After remarking that "Hamlet" was played almost entire at Stratford in three and three-quarters hours, whereas Barrymore took five minutes longer to perform a version "cut to ribbons even to the breath-bereaving extremity of cutting out the recorders, which is rather like playing 'King John' without little Arthur," Shaw continues:

You saved, say, an hour and a half on Shakespeare by the cutting, and filled it up with an interpolated drama of your own dumb show. . . . To try this method on Shakespeare is to take an appalling responsibility and put up a staggering pretension. Shakespeare, with all his shortcomings, was a very great playwright, and the actor who

undertakes to improve his plays undertakes thereby to excel to an extraordinary degree in two professions in both of which the highest success is extremely rare; Shakespeare himself, though by no means a modest man, did not pretend to be able to play "Hamlet" as well as write it; he was content to do a recitation in the dark as a ghost. . . . You say, in effect, I am not going to read "Hamlet" at all. But see what I give you in exchange. . . . You discard the recorders as hackneyed back-chat . . . and offer instead a demonstration of that very modern discovery, the *Œdipus complex*. . . . Now, your success in this must depend on whether the play invented by Barrymore on the Shakespeare foundation can hold an audience as a straightforward reading of Shakespeare's rhetoric can. . . . I wish you would . . . concentrate on acting rather than on authorship, at which, believe me, Shakespeare can write your head off. But that may be vicarious professional jealousy on my part.

On the whole, and as usual, we agree with Shaw. Interpretation is one thing and it is part of an actor's business, but when interpretation comes to the point of introducing anything like Mr. Barrymore's *Œdipus complex*, which was certainly no part of the author's intention, it ceases to be interpretation and becomes revision. Undoubtedly there were phenomena of the human mind which Shakespeare did not comprehend, and undoubtedly they offer interesting dramatic possibilities; but instead of foisting bright ideas upon him it would be better for those who feel that they can improve upon Shakespeare to imitate the original author of the famous "Better than Shakespeare?" query and write their own plays.

How Not to Treat the Alien

THE Aswell registration-of-alien bill provides for a compulsory yearly registration of aliens and payment of a fee of \$10 for the first registration and \$5 for each subsequent registration. The Secretary of Labor must divide the United States into districts which, as far as possible, shall contain a post office, so that every alien shall register with the postmaster in the district wherein he resides; removal from one district to another must be recorded upon the registration card. The card is to be exhibited whenever demanded by police or peace officers or other officials designated in the act. Whenever the physical appearance of an alien changes materially, this must be reported to the postmaster. Presumably when one becomes obese, or affects bobbed hair, or raises a mustache, such physical changes must be reported.

In the interest of the national defense in the case of emergency, all aliens, or any of them, are required to report at such time and places as may be fixed by the President. In other words, all aliens, by order of the President, might be herded together in the Stock Yards of Chicago or in the Everglades of Florida. One can imagine the havoc resulting from such a provision, if we had a Daugherty or a Palmer as Attorney General. Violations of the act are punishable by a fine of \$100, or imprisonment for sixty days, or both. Violations such as false statements in the application, or the altering of a certificate, are punishable by fines of \$5,000, or imprisonment for two years, or both. Furthermore, all aliens convicted of violations of the act shall immediately be arrested and deported if they come under the deportation provisions of the law of 1917.

Any such law would bear the characteristics of Prussianism in its meanest form. A real police espionage system is set up. The alien would be under constant surveillance. Otherwise how could the Government tell whether the 7,000,000 aliens had registered? They would be stopped on the street. Their homes would be invaded. Their getting up and lying down would be watched. The Secretary of Labor sugar-coated the proposition by saying that school-teachers could help the postmasters do the registering. But the enforcement of this compulsory system is just as essential. The law will not enforce itself. Without proper enforcement we would have another prohibition farce. A vast army of inspectors would be necessary to check up so many persons. They would make life miserable for the alien. There would be fertile fields for oppression and graft.

As Representative Celler of New York points out, registration would provoke ill-will among aliens. Aliens resent being tagged and set aside as a class. At the present time only criminals are so treated. Registration would not detect criminals, as it is claimed. They would register—they would be too slick not to.

The Secretary of Labor claims that it would help Americanize the alien by educating him. It is hard to see how mere registration could bring about education. Most of our illiteracy is not among the aliens. It is among our natives. Census figures of 1920 show that nearly two-thirds of our total illiteracy is to be found among white and colored native-born inhabitants. If education is the goal, then register everyone—alien and citizen alike.

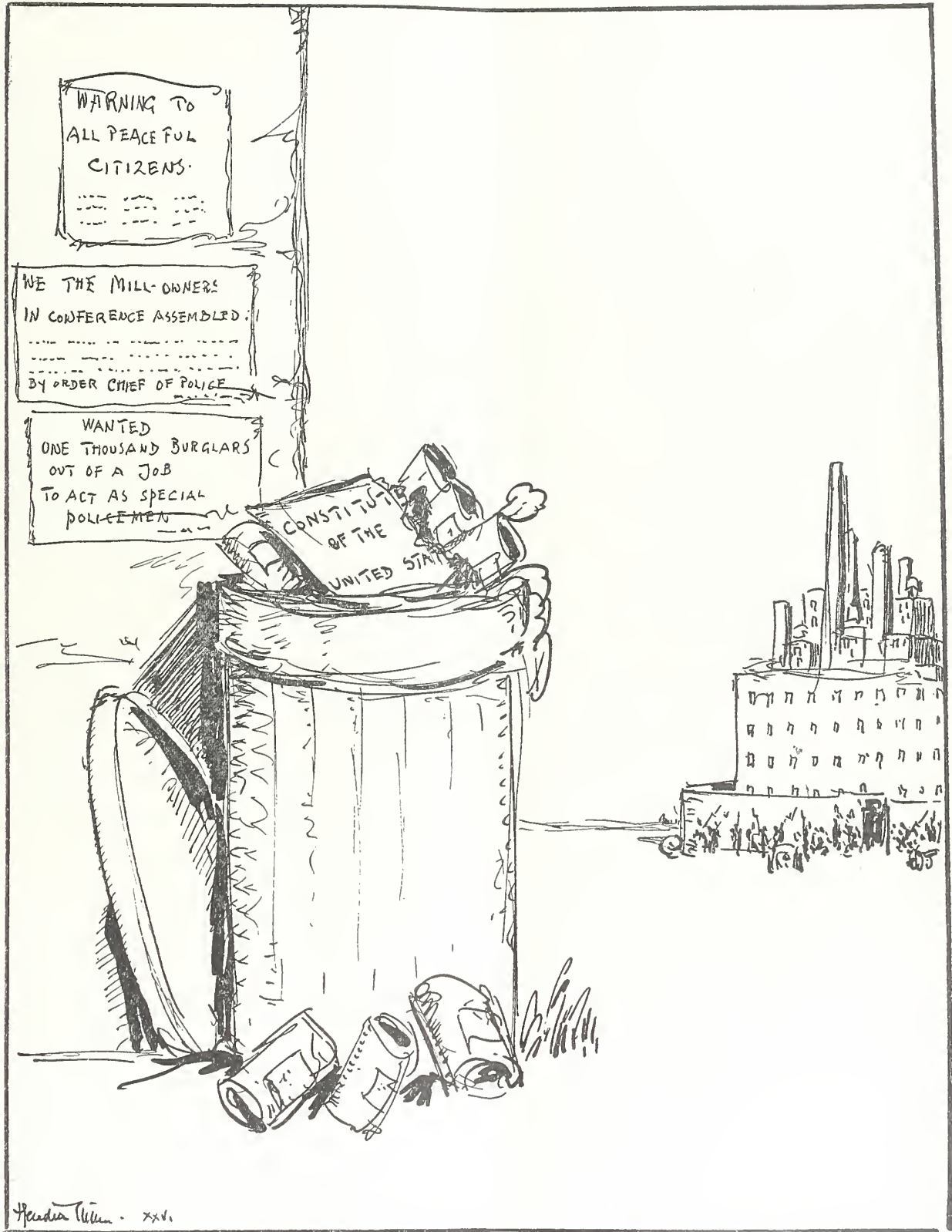
Citizens would be in danger. An inspector could pounce upon anyone and demand that he give proof of citizenship. One-half of the citizens of the United States today are unable to produce any record of birth. (See hearing before House Committee of Immigration, Serial 10, October 19 to November 22, 1921, pages 1124 and 1125.) What is to prevent an unscrupulous inspector from taking hold of a citizen, thus handicapped, and demanding that he register? If he cannot produce evidence of his citizenship he would be subjected to penalties under this act.

Registration would not prevent smuggling or bootlegging of aliens. Only proper border control can do that. Why should peaceful aliens who are here now pay such a costly price for the sake of a comparatively few aliens who smuggle their way in?

To let loose a horde of registration inspectors, with power of deportation, would open wide the door to graft of the worst sort. It is most difficult to procure honest enforcement officials, either in the prohibition or income-tax units. No fewer than 796 income-tax inspectors were removed for graft from 1921 to 1924, while some 875 prohibition employees have been discharged for similar cause. How much greater would be the opportunities for bribery and chicanery among the poor, ignorant, and unregistered aliens?

The registration proposal provides no statute of limitations. Failure to register could be raised twenty-five years from now, and illegal entry twenty years ago could be the means of immediate deportation. Aliens firmly established here for many years could be sent away.

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, stigmatizes registration as having all the elements of a strike-crushing, union-breaking proposal, and would mean the adoption by our Government of the spying practices of private detective agencies.



JERSEY JUSTICE

New Jersey Under "The Terror"

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

FROM the top of the Woolworth Tower you can see them across the Jersey meadows—Passaic, Garfield, Clifton, Lodi—a cluster of mills and houses merging into one another almost under the west windows of New York. But the war being waged in those towns has seemed to isolate them, to shove them off to some remote industrial frontier. They have become outlaw towns, barricaded against the paralyzing restrictions of civilized practice. The police and mill-owners have leagued against the law; in full view of the world they have resorted to guns and clubs and riot acts to crush the effort of the mill-workers to win a few minor improvements in their conditions of life.

Such tactics are not new in American labor wars. I have seen mine camps in West Virginia governed by guns, with armed constabulary strolling up the tracks between the dark walls of the hills ready to pump lead into an unwary striker or an unwelcome outsider. But this was in coal valleys far from judges and courts of law, in private camps owned, to every house and store, by powerful, irresponsible companies who choose and pay—directly or indirectly—every judge and every deputy and every hired gunman. When such methods are used in the industrial backyard of a great city they not only gain dramatic effect, they make a joke of our facile city faith in certain forms of personal security.

The textile strike, now thirteen weeks long, started as a simple protest against a 10 per cent cut in wages already far below a decent living standard. As it gathered momentum the demands were stiffened: a 10 per cent rise was added, together with recognition of the workers' organization—the United Front Committee—a forty-four-hour week, and improved conditions in the mills. These were all refused and the owners declined to meet any committee headed by Albert Weisbord, the leader of the strikers. Various attempts at mediation failed. Relief committees were organized and through cold and hungry weeks the strikers struggled on. They were orderly, if not always respectful. They insisted on their legal right to picket, and marched two by two in long lines past the walls of the vast mills—closed against the world like beleaguered towns. When the police attempted to break their ranks or prevent them from marching from one town to the next, they marched anyway. They used no force even when force was used against them. They merely continued stubbornly and courageously to hold their ranks, and march. The first serious clash occurred on March 2, when the police used tear bombs, fire hose, and clubs to break up a crowd of strikers in front of the Botany Mills. The attack horrified the country and for the first time brought the strike to the notice of the world at large. This violence was followed next day by an attack in Clifton, where the police charged a crowd of strikers and sympathizers and clubbed indiscriminately workers and onlookers and newspapermen. On April 10 police dispersed a demonstration of children and arrested Weisbord, holding him in \$30,000 bail. On the following Monday a picket line in Garfield was smashed

to pieces with clubs and rifle butts, and the riot act was read forbidding meetings or picket lines and putting the town in the hands of the Sheriff. The more important leaders were arrested; so that now as I write the strike is moving of its own momentum with many of its leaders either in jail under heavy bail or awaiting trial. It has become, on the side of the police, a simple war of clubs and arrests with an added effort to cripple the power of the workers by setting bail at fantastic amounts. So far the arrests seem to have strengthened the will of the strikers and bail has been supplied by other unions and sympathetic outsiders.

No wonder the mill-owners want the picket line smashed. Of all labor's means of warfare, mass picketing is the most effective. Thousands of workers walking slowly in line give an impression of power and solidity that must disturb the most cynical of mill-owners. Two by two they go: boys and girls, grinning and shouting to the passers-by; shabby women in shawls or knitted caps, some with babies in their arms; men and boys; children by the dozen howling raucous taunts to the few faces in the factory windows. "Sol-i-dar-ity for-ev-er," shout bunches of little girls, and hoot when the police try to shut them up.

I watched them march for an hour one day—2,000 workers in line. And I watched the police at the corners and at the mill gates frown as they went by, sourly aware of the strength displayed in the long line, and aware too of the ease with which they could break that strength into 2,000 helpless particles by their guns and clubs, their horses and motorcycles. The police moved uneasily up and down the street, roughly ordering the children and the marching workers to stop their songs, hurrying them along when they fell into groups or halted for a moment.

When you're up you're up.

When you're down you're down.

When you're up against the strikers

You're upside down.

The children chanted their refrain whenever a policeman or a figure in a mill yard gave them a hostile audience.

Two, four, six, eight—

Who do we apprishiate—

Weisbord!

They yelled it in provocative, piercing tones. The police scowled—but did no more.

Not that day. But a few days later the street in front of the mill had a different look. Picketing was stopped. Strikers walking in small groups faced a bristling body of armed men: police with guns, city firemen sheepishly dangling black nightsticks. Some of the workers moved toward the mill—and clubs barred their way. They moved back toward their hall. Police shoved them angrily. Restraint was gone; now they could prove who was stronger; now they could dissolve a marching army into its helpless units. "Clear out," they growled and poked the workers with their sticks. "Come on, clean 'em out," they yelled and, forming a solid body, held their sticks in front of them and shoved

the workers at a run down the street. No children were laughing on that day; no women were singing. "Cossacks!" they said to each other as the mounted police galloped their horses up to the very curb. "Dirty Cossacks." On the evening before heads had been cracked with clubs, retreating strikers beaten to the ground, men and women arrested. The spirit of the strikers was still high, but it was angry and bitter. The holiday mood was gone.

On the side of the police not even a pretense is left of respect for law. The Sheriff and deputies of Bergen County laugh at the Constitution and wave aside as of no moment all questions as to the application of the "riot act." An insistence on legal processes has become synonymous with bolshevism and revolution. A mere mention of the law is considered an insult to the authorities. The chief of police of Garfield explained the attitude of the police: "We gotta keep order," he said. "We can't let them strikers march all over the place. Why, that last picket line was a disgrace—kids hammerin' tin pans! A stranger comin' into town would of thought he was in a lunatic asylum,"—and so, law or no law, the police of Garfield and the Sheriff of the county with his deputies are standing ready with riot guns and sawed-off shotguns to preserve the good name of the town. "If the Governor of the State come up here and told us this riot act was no good, we'd tell him to go back where he come from," thus a deputy summed up the situation.

A case has been initiated to test the validity of the Garfield riot act. Norman Thomas, mounted on a stump on a private lot rented for the purpose, spoke to a crowd of strikers, onlookers, police, and deputies. He spoke quietly, praising the workers for their amazing discipline, urging them no matter what the provocation to continue to keep order. At a signal from the under sheriff he was dragged down from the stump and put under arrest; the meeting was dispersed. The riot act had been read in Garfield two days before; it has no legal effect beyond the occasion for which it is invoked, but its practical effect seems to be permanent. As a deputy sheriff said: "It still works all right!" The courts will decide its validity—in time. Meanwhile, unless another remedy can be found, meetings will continue to be broken up and picket lines dispersed.

On the surface these lawless tactics are of excellent effect. Certainly the strikers' halls in Bergen County have been closed and anyone who disobeys orders is promptly jailed; bail is being fixed at a rate that no workers' organization can indefinitely meet. The police and sheriffs and judges and mill-owners may see in this a tangible success and try to believe in it. Actually, from the moment they chose lawlessness and violence as their weapons, they lost their case—and maybe their strike as well. Each day has seen public feeling swell and run over into nearby cities and on down to Washington; a local strike has become a national struggle.

Prohibition on Trial

By H. C. ENGELBRECHT

I. The Wets Speak

TIME: The seventh year of the reign of King Prohibition, E. V. (Era of Volstead.) Place: Washington, D. C. *Dramatis personae*: The King himself on trial under a long bill of indictment; the senatorial judges, chief of whom is the redoubtable Reed, with a wide and varied knowledge of the ways of bootleggers, methods of distilling, and the technique of annihilating repartee; witnesses from many parts of the kingdom to give evidence for and against the accused. It is the trial scene; and as the curtain rises on the crowded courtroom there is much excitement and much noise. The enemies of the King shout their grievances from the house-tops: "We will not have this man rule over us! He has robbed our treasures and shouldered us with a troop of infamous spies and oppressors. 'A bas le roi!'" But the friends of the King come forward: "You do wrong to rebel! Consider that the history of the last years was the death-agony of the old and the birth-throes of the new era. Such times are always difficult. Surely you would not strangle the babe in the cradle—merely because it is a babe!" Knowing then that we are dealing with friends and foes of the accused, we listen to the testimony of the various witnesses, vastly different as to scope, range, accuracy, and value.

To some extent it is true that "all these statements are guesses," but they are the best guesses available. There are contradictions, and the margin of error remains, but statistics of the Government, the police, and life insurance com-

panies, or careful though incomplete surveys, are more than guesswork. When we approach imaginative fiction, "Inquisitor" Reed steps in and the following results:

QUESTION: Of course, all you have said here has been a matter of hearsay? ANSWER: Yes.

Q.: That is, what has been reported to you? A.: Yes, no statistics exactly.

There is fundamental disagreement as to the classification of violations of the Volstead act. Is it moral and social wrong, like murder or robbery; or is it merely prohibited wrong, like violating the parking rules? What is its proper punishment: a fine, permitting the offender "to escape on payment of money," or "decapitation"? Does such an offense justify the destruction of every vestige of Anglo-Saxon rights, the Magna Carta, and the Constitution? A deep chasm exists here which must yet be bridged. But if we cannot compose our differences, let us at least define them. And now for the testimony.

THE SUCCESS OF THE VOLSTEAD LAW

"The law was foisted on the country by the Anti-Saloon League," which spent as much as \$2,500,000 a year and thus intimidated most candidates for office. Therefore "the law never went into effect"; "there is much resentment against it"; and liquor is plentiful everywhere. The evidence for the failure of the law may be seen in

1. *The mounting number of arrests for drunkenness and for violating the Volstead law.* Thus from 1920 to 1925 the arrests by federal agents have in-

creased sixfold, the convictions tenfold, and the seizure of stills, etc., twelvefold. Arrests by the police in six large cities rose in the same period from 78,727 to 220,599. Wayne B. Wheeler's statement that there are 500,000 fewer arrests for drunkenness since prohibition is vigorously denied. Records were gathered in 355 cities for the period 1914 to 1924 and in 457 towns for the years 1920 to 1924. The survey shows a low point in 1920, but a rapid increase with every year until the highest pre-war figures are in sight. The increase in arrests of drunken drivers for the largest cities from 1920 to 1924 shows New York, 484 per cent; Chicago, 440 per cent; Washington, D. C., 1,062 per cent; Milwaukee, 2,534 per cent; Minneapolis, 916 per cent; New Haven, 713 per cent, etc.

2. *The tragic results of violation.* Everything is drunk by the thirsty: wood alcohol, embalming fluid, kerosene. Death-rate due to alcoholism increased fivefold since 1920; the murder rate almost 400 per cent in five years; in New York the prison population is the largest since 1917, Bellevue shows an increase in alcoholic cases of 100 per cent, public institutions show an increase of 17,692 in one year; Boston's home for alcoholics shows an increase of 300 per cent. *Per contra* one branch of the Salvation Army reports a great decline in the cases of destitution due to drunkenness; further the absence of even a single arrest in St. Louis in twenty-four hours is cited as an important symptom. (Senator Reed, who is from Missouri, is in doubt here whether this was due to a moral wave or whether the police were off duty for a day.)

3. *The breakdown of the morale of the home and the state.* Up to 90 per cent of the homes are declared to be breweries or distilleries; drastic disruption of the home described through "Fatty Arbuckle parties," babes calling for moonshine, children and adolescent youth carrying flasks. General disrespect for law throughout country, the existence of a huge underworld only alien to a small degree, the creation of bootleg millionaires, the metamorphosis of blind tigers into places of romance and respectability, etc.

THE SOURCE OF THE ALCOHOL SUPPLY

There are three chief sources:

1. *Smuggling from Canada, Mexico, or elsewhere.* This accounts for 5 to 10 per cent of the total. Government agents seize about 5 per cent of smuggled goods. A year ago two boats a week were captured, now but one.

2. *The home.* In 1925 172,537 stills were seized. General Andrews estimated this number at about 10 per cent. This would concede 1,720,000 stills in the country. Senator Reed demonstrated the ease ("simpler than making bread") with which a still is rigged up out of a wash-boiler or less than that, and how a little corn sugar and fire will produce whiskey. How is so easy a process to be stopped? The increased use of corn sugar (1921—152,000,000 pounds; 1923—528,000,000 pounds) can only be explained by its use for distillation.

3. *The United States Government.* There is a great legitimate demand for industrial alcohol. The Government therefore distills the alcohol and "denaturing plants" poison it. This stuff was so deadly that it was sold without restriction. Then the situation was studied with the following result: The normal increase in the demand for indus-

trial alcohol is about 1,000,000 gallons a year; the demand was now growing at the rate of 20,000,000 gallons a year. From 1920 to 1925 the normal demand had been exceeded by 60,000,000 gallons. (Here Buckner and Andrews differ seriously.) Undoubtedly denatured, poisoned alcohol was being renatured and cleaned. So it proved. 98.5 per cent of 50,000 samples examined in two years showed traces of poison. Meanwhile the Government had furnished to the bootleggers 60,000,000 gallons, which was split three times, sold at \$5 a quart for a gross total of \$3,600,000,000. Much of this was never poisoned, but passed right on for "tobacco sprays," "auto non-freeze compounds," for filling non-refillable bottles, or what the process may be called. In February under close supervision and check the Philadelphia denaturing plants sold 500,000 gallons, in January the sales had mounted to 1,700,000 gallons. New York showed a similar increase. In a smaller way the Government has kept the public supplied through the drug-stores. New York's 1,200 drug-stores with liquor permits are allowed 240,000 gallons of medicinal whiskey a year. They actually drew 480,000 gallons. Summary: American alcohol, drawn chiefly from the Government, has been so plentiful that it competed in the Canadian market.

THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW

The ridiculously inadequate enforcement machinery was emphasized. New York conditions were described: 50,000 offenders make the fifth floor of the Federal Building a seething mob of bartenders, peddlers, waiters, bond-runners, fixers, etc., no important person being in the entire group; 85 to 90 per cent of the cases are thrown out for lack of evidence, the rest are held for trial by signing the legal papers. In this process of affixing signature the courts are five months behind; no stenographer, no finger-printing at hearings; no perjury charges are possible, substitution is easy and occurs often. One man sentenced to three days in jail instead of \$100 fine wrote to the judge from jail:

Now my contract was to appear in court, answer the calendar, and pay a \$100 fine, but not to go to jail. I was not the man at all. I was never arrested in my life.

About \$300,000 worth of bonds were forfeited by default, but were never paid; bonding companies merely "helping Government to keep courts clear"; constant attempts at bribery; courts intolerably congested; equity courts, where reasonable promptness is essential, are two years behind; jury trial prescribed for all, yet juries do not convict (twenty convictions out of 7,000 cases); only one judge available for the work. Two jury trials a day would care for the arrested petty offenders of one month, inside of a year; the only thing possible is "to call the roll and charge an exit fee"; "toy machinery" for a huge job. Changes needed for adequate enforcement: summary police-court trials without juries for petty offenders; jail sentences instead of fines; enormous increase of personnel for "war against liquor," not mere peace treaty with it; New York district must add seventeen courts with eighty-five judges and 1,300 enforcement agents; New York State must add 150 new judges; total expense of enforcement for New York State, \$75,000,000.

THE CHARACTER AND POLICY OF THE ENFORCEMENT PERSONNEL

1. *Source and number.* The prohibition agent does not come under the civil service; he is a political appointee. The force is small (the police make most arrests) about

3,800, but is constantly on the increase. The turnover is very rapid, 10,000 men having already been in the service. Of these 875 have been "separated" from the service, 20 for false statements on applications, 123 for extortion, bribery, and soliciting money, 70 for collusion and conspiracy, 119 for unsatisfactory service and insubordination, 187 for intoxication and misconduct, the rest for stupidity rather than corruption.

2. *Compensation.* The pay of the personnel is very small—an average of \$2,000 a year—considering the temptations put in their way. Despite this inadequate wage there are many applications for the jobs, showing what the expectation is.

3. *Enforcement policy.* The present policy aims at "getting the big fellow" and the liquor supply, rather than making thousands of petty arrests. Thus the "padlock order" strikes at the owner instead of the waiter, the bartender, or any other underling. If this works out at times as immunity for the little fellow, it is not so intended.

4. *Methods of enforcement.* Testimony recurs as to the outrageous methods used by government agents, e. g., the use of women as lures, securing the cooperation of a bootlegger's wife through a threat of conviction against her husband, a proposal of marriage to a woman to get bootleg evidence, etc. Criminals are freely used to get information. Such informants or "snitchers" sell their tips to the Government ("you cannot use Sunday-school teachers to apprehend bootleggers"), but most of the information is said to

come from the friends of the law. "Snooping" and spying, so warmly recommended by the Anti-Saloon League ("the nosier the better") has not the approval of the present officials. Agents are rigorously held to obey the law, secure search warrants, etc., yet many complaints continue to pour in concerning them.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT

General Andrews thinks that the permission to buy light beers would greatly aid enforcement. Beer was formerly 92 per cent of the country's alcoholic drink; today it drinks hard liquor. Attorney Buckner believes the law is enforceable with adequate legal machinery, jail sentences, abolition of the jury trial for petty offenses, heavy punishment for renaturing alcohol, the right to revoke permits without going to court, the institution of auxiliary judges and inferior courts, etc. Labor clamors for modification. For this reason Canada's experience was drawn upon. Prohibition brought an "avowed unblushing revolt" of half the people with conditions that parallel those described in the United States at present. Modification of the law to permit the sale of beer and wine under government supervision has wrought astonishing changes.

Half the evidence is now in. There is more to be taken. Prohibition has its bitter enemies and its fervent defenders. The important thing just now is to get as many of the facts as possible.

Radio Censorship and the "Listening Millions"

By MORRIS L. ERNST

FREEDOM of speech—at least in the realm of radio—is in the ear of the listener. It is all very well for Senator Dill, in the bill regulating radio communication which is now before Congress, to set forth in general terms the assurance of a continued right of free speech to the public of the air, but this assurance that broadcasting be treated like a public utility and that licenses be granted on the basis of public necessity is meaningless so long as the Department of Commerce is given, without restriction, power to classify licensed stations, to prescribe the nature of their service, and to assign and allocate wave lengths. It is as if Secretary Kellogg had said to Count Karolyi: "Sure, talk all you want—only you must make your address in this padded cell"; and to Count Szechenyi: "Permit me to offer you the Capitol steps as a platform."

If the Dill bill is passed, unamended, by the Senate (and a similar bill introduced by White has already passed the House) it will be too late to safeguard public opinion. Protests must be sent promptly to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce supporting the testimony of the American Civil Liberties Union given at the hearing on February 26. Otherwise a statute will be enacted which, in all except general terms, wipes out any relationship between radio and public welfare. In *The Nation* for April 21 we pointed out some of the dangers of such an enactment.

That the situation is unique and difficult must be recognized. Unless a selective process is exercised by some human agency, the air-lanes will be an ethereal Fifth Ave-

nue and Forty-second Street at rush-hour, since there are only 89 wave lengths available, capable under present conditions of carrying *no more than 550 stations*. But if this great power must be vested in a person, someone with prejudices and opinions like all of us, the bill outlining his duties should most carefully set up safeguards for its operation. The Dill bill is developed on exactly opposite lines, making it impossible for the public to know the facts about broadcasting or to express its opinion.

The American Civil Liberties Union has recommended concrete amendments to the proposed legislation. Here are some of the important ones:

1. No one corporation, individual, or related interests shall be granted more than one permit—an obvious provision if we are to avoid the actual censorship apparent, for example, in Chicago, where certain magazine and newspaper interests control two stations, while the Chicago Federation of Labor has been refused a license for broadcasting, even though organized labor has no broadcasting station anywhere in the United States. Surely public interest demands that the licenses be not concentrated in a few hands.

2. No licensee discontinuing his license should receive in cash more than the actual cost of the equipment, so that the disgraceful practice of trading in the signature of the Secretary of Commerce shall be discontinued. The signature of Herbert Hoover is being traded in for upward of \$100,000 in New York City. If the radio is really a public necessity, no legislation should be enacted which would permit individuals to make profit out of the mere naked owner-

ship of a governmental license. The bill should provide, in order to overcome this kind of practice, the following machinery: The party discontinuing broadcasting should notify the Department of Commerce of such intention; the Department of Commerce should notify all applicants whose names appear on the list waiting for licenses and all stations having broadcasting licenses at that time would be instructed to make formal announcement over the air that a broadcasting station is to be disposed of. The party selling should in no event receive more than the cost to him of the actual equipment and apparatus. From the various applicants who desire the station no preference shall be given on the basis per se of priority of application, but the Department, after public hearing, shall select that applicant who in the judgment of the Department will best operate the particular broadcasting station in question for "public use and benefit." For example, if three labor unions own broadcasting stations in a particular district, it might well be that a bank then applying for a station should be given greater consideration than some fourth labor union organization, to the end that various opinions and points of view may be broadcast. As conditions are today, and as they will be continued under the Dill bill if it is unamended, licenses are granted in order of application irrespective of any relation to public benefit. Preference should be given to non-profit-making organizations dedicated for public benefit, such as churches, schools, colleges, and other such institutions. The act should furthermore specifically provide that at the time of expiration of a license the holder shall not be given any preference solely for that reason, on the theory that the holder of the license must appear before the Department and justify on the basis of public benefit the continued renewal of the permit.

3. All records of broadcasting stations should be kept on forms prescribed by the Department and open periodically to the public. Such records should include programs which have been broadcast itemized in accordance with types of broadcasting such as jazz, opera, concert music, songs, sermons, political addresses, dinner speeches, etc., a list of all the persons who have applied at broadcasting stations for permission to broadcast and, if refused, the reason for the refusal; rates charged for broadcasting, the amounts of money received, the gross income, and expenditure; all the facts in regard to tie-ups with other stations.

The public and the Department, in possession of such facts, may more wisely come to a determination as to whether or not the particular station should have its license renewed or revoked on the sole basis of public benefit.

4. A provision should be inserted in the act that public hearings be held in each case in connection with original issuance of license, renewal of license, or revocation of license and that the public be given an opportunity to be heard in each instance. Such opportunity for public opinion to express itself should be open also on questions of relocation of stations, change of wave length, increase of power, or any other questions of similar import.

5. A provision must be inserted in the law that the public may institute proceedings before the Department for the revocation of a license. The greatest safeguard against bureaucratic control will be the initiation of public protest or demand—so as to develop public control.

6. No contracts should be permitted between broadcasting stations as to tie-up, etc., without permission of the Department granted only after a hearing has been held

at which other broadcasting stations and the public generally shall be heard. This is essential, for if one or two large broadcasting stations are permitted to tie up throughout the United States with other stations there is created through this process a selective censorship which should be made impossible through legislation.

7. The provision of the act should be substantially tightened in regard to the inability of the licensee to assign. As the bill is now prepared, if a corporation holds the license, the stockholders can circumvent even the present intention of the law by selling their stock. The sale of stock of a corporation holding a license should be subject to the same limitations.

8. Specific provision should be inserted in the act giving the Department control of the leasing of stations. Leases are now made in many instances, but the provisions of the act limiting or restricting the sale or the assignment of a license do not cover the leasing of stations.

9. The monopoly provision of the act must be substantially tightened. As now drafted it is obviously little more than a fiction, as the broadcasting licensee will no doubt evade this section in most cases by operating through a separate corporation.

10. It is essential that the act contain drastic provisions in regard to the holder of patents of apparatus necessary for broadcasting. Assuming that a telephone company owns certain patents essential for proper broadcasting, and assuming that a licensee wishes to broadcast statements by public citizens opposing the increase of telephone rates, it does not take much imagination to appreciate the power of the telephone company over such broadcasting station in the absence of rigid regulations on the part of the Department.

11. The provision of the law relating to aliens holding offices in corporations having the permits should be stricken out. Such limitations on aliens are un-American and inconsistent with corporate law in all of the States of the Union. Moreover, such a provision is readily circumvented. Above all else such discrimination will no doubt lead to retaliatory legislation in other countries. This country is the leader in the spread of broadcasting and manufacture of radio apparatus and such a provision will naturally and properly lead to similar discrimination against American business going abroad.

12. The provisions of the act granting power to the President in "time of war or of threat of war or of public peril or disaster or national emergency" to close down any or all stations are much too broad. Most of the phrases in this sentence are of most doubtful meaning. If the section means anything it means that the President during the late coal strike, for example, would have had the power to close down any or all stations in Pennsylvania which broadcast news favoring the cause of the miners. It might well be that in a presidential election where feeling runs high as in the times of the elections of Adams and Lincoln the President might consider that a national emergency existed and close down all stations not supporting him. The clause is fundamentally wrong. It is in time of war or threat of war or public emergency that free speech becomes a matter of public necessity. The audacity of this section is apparent if we conceive for a moment similar legislation granting similar power to the President of the United States in regard to newspapers. This clause above all else should be eliminated from the bill.

In conclusion, those provisions of the act stating in general terms the continued rights of free speech are meaningless unless the new bill sets up machinery (1) to prevent consistent exercise of censorship which is now apparent on many stations; (2) to prevent the domination of the radio stations by two or three large concerns; and (3) to establish a machinery by which public opinion may be freely expressed so that the Department shall not automatically through some process of selection of applicants exercise the greatest power of censorship ever vested in a human being.

Granted that some censorship of the air is at this time an engineering necessity, those who believe in the right of free speech must see to it that this censorship is controlled so far as possible by the listening millions of the country. To vest unchecked control in the Secretary of Commerce and a super-political Committee of Five would, in effect, be a partial deeding away of our aerial voices, our ears, and consequently our very thoughts.

[Mr. Ernst's first article on the control of radio broadcasting appeared in last week's issue of The Nation.]

Will the Democrats Come Back?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., April 17

FEW things could be more absurd than the undeniable fact that as a result of the elections this fall the Democratic chances of taking over control of Congress in the middle of the Coolidge term are far better than even. It is conceded that they will make heavy gains in the House, and it is certainly better than an even bet that they will organize the next Senate. The most casual analysis of the senatorial situation is sufficient to convince of that. The seating of Steck means that a gain of eight seats will upset the present Republican majority. Of the twenty-five Republicans running for reelection at least fifteen are facing serious fights and real trouble in their States. The Democrats are practically sure of victory in five of these and the odds favor them in at least five others. It is perfectly clear that they will either control the Senate in the next session or so curtail the Republican majority as to prevent it from functioning.

That is the admitted situation, and any degree of reflection forces the conclusion that politics in this country is an utterly illogical and ridiculous game and the American voter an unreasoning and non-understanding animal, which is of course true.

Here is a minority party so badly beaten in the last presidential election that it did not seem worth while to piece its broken bones together again. In most quarters it was regarded as more or less dead, and no one capable of clear political judgment now believes it can be vitalized sufficiently to put up a formidable fight in the next presidential campaign unless a political miracle occurs. It follows up its dreadful drubbing of eighteen months ago by the most utterly inane, inert exhibition in the present session of Congress given by a minority party in the memory of anyone now living. It has made in House and Senate a remarkable record of lost opportunities, unique and almost incredible. Its leadership is a press-gallery joke. From start to finish through the whole session it has singularly failed not only in achievement of any sort but actually in any effort. For complete inertia it has, as they say in the South, simply taken the rag right off the bush. The abject story of the Democratic surrender, or sell-out, as it is sometimes called, on the taxation bill has been told too often to repeat, but it has been typical of their whole performance—on foreign debts, on farm legislation, on everything else. They have even failed to make a respectable fight on the traditional issue of the tariff. Men like Cor-

dell Hull in the House and Carter Glass in the Senate, who really burn with hatred against the whole high-protection practice and theory, are unable to stir interest or enthusiasm among Democrats in House or Senate for an assault. They could—these Democrats—if they had shown the slightest sign of virility, solidity, or purpose, have had help enough from the Progressives to have got somewhere—at least in the Senate—in a real attack on the tariff wall.

But if they had any of these qualities they concealed them. Without unity, intelligence, or courage, they have blundered and bumped and floundered their way through the session and now without leaders, without an issue or policy or program and with a record too sad to jeer about, are about to enter the campaign. It is impossible for them to ask indorsement of what they have done, because they have done nothing. It is equally impossible for them to ask for power to carry out a party program or policy, because they have none. They have not an issue to their name, not a single principle to cement them together. They are split on prohibition, tariff, taxes, foreign debts, farm and railroad legislation. There isn't a thing in the world holding the party together save the label.

Yet in the face of all this their power in Congress will be greatly increased after November, and they will probably control the Senate in the middle of the term of a Republican President elected by seven million majority and riding on a tide of prosperity-made popularity unprecedented in history. Can you beat it?

Of course the answer is the curious inconsistency with which the people vote in presidential years as compared with off years. In the one they think and vote in terms of national politics; in the other they think and vote in terms of State politics. In the first, party lines are disregarded by Democrats; in the off years, they hold. All over the country there are many thousands of men who regularly vote for every Democratic candidate except for President. Every practical political leader recognizes the existence of this class. Since the war the number has vastly increased, due to the extraordinary success of the Republican Party in solidifying the business interests back of its candidates and selling the idea that prosperity would be destroyed should a Republican President be defeated.

Whatever the merit of this, it has certainly been put over in grand style. It is the primary reason for the amazing number of men in normally Democratic States who

believe any Republican President, however commonplace, "better for business" than any Democrat, however superior in caliber and character. Another reason is that in off years State and local issues are far more interesting and vital than national issues. In off years candidates for House and Senate are of secondary importance. The "local ticket" is the vital thing. There is, further, the desire of the Democrats above mentioned to reestablish their Democracy by voting the Democratic ticket and even contributing to the local campaign.

There are probably other reasons for the illogical but undoubted fact that the Democrats this fall are likely to gain ascendancy in at least one branch of Congress. It is the more amazing when it is considered that at this session the Democratic leadership abandoned the natural course of making its party the liberal party and concentrated upon a silly effort to edge into the conservative field, which is, always was, and always will be preempted by the Republicans.

They haven't any right to be formidable in the coming elections—but that does not alter the fact they will be.

Buck and Wing and Bill Robinson

By MARY AUSTIN

FOR himself Bill Robinson says it does not so much matter that he has reached a point in vaudeville success at which no other performer wishes to come after him on the program. The important thing is that when he is gone people will remember him solely for the quality of his buck-and-wing dancing. He is proud of being able with the tappings of his feet to produce and coordinate more distinct simultaneous rhythms than any other American dancer. And by the postures of his lithe dark body and the motions of his slender cane so punctuate and amplify this rhythmic patter as to restore, for his audience, the primal freshness of their own lost rhythmic powers. It is only by the sincere unconsciousness of his genius that he is able to attain that perfection of stage performance, in which his audience is made happily to participate. For Bill Robinson does not know intellectually that the capacity for rhythmic coordination is the fundament, not only of art but of all human achievement.

Robinson is intelligent about his audience to the extent of having his own pleasure and competence in his dancing enhanced by theirs, and by that delicate concealment of effort—the *noblesse* of the aristocracy of art—by which the audience is left intact in its privilege of enjoyment. Those swift vanishings from the stage to wipe away the sweat of muscles constrained to their uttermost, and bright returns, having all the intriguing quality of bird flight, are as carefully studied as the lifting and placing of the cane are faithfully rehearsed. But they are all done after the fashion of true genius, which senses its effects rather than rationalizes them.

What Bill Robinson does not know is that, by the engagement of our appreciation of rhythm and space, he is releasing his audience into one of the most pleasurable of its ancestral passages—the long passage music has made from the orchestration of rhythms as illustrated in the primitive play of drum and rattle and knee-and-arm ornaments and wreaths of clashing shells to the orchestration of tones in a symphony concert. One has to be slightly tone deaf or a superior mathematician to realize how much the

appreciation of spatial relations has to do with our enjoyment of musical harmony. It is safe to say that Bill Robinson's audience knows no more than Bill of what, without any diminution of frank pleasure, is going on before its eyes. It probably does not realize in any formal way that he is offering them the great desideratum of modern art, a clean, short cut to areas of enjoyment long closed to us by the accumulated rubbish of the cultural route. For Bill Robinson not only restores us to our primal rhythmic appreciations; he himself reaches the sources of his rhythmic inspiration by paths that the modern American artist would give one of his eyes—the eye filmed and colored by five thousand years of absorbed culture—to feel beneath his feet.

Quite simply Robinson admits that his ideas for his particular rendition of buck and wing come to him in dreams, as inspiration has always come to tribal man. "I dream," he said, "that I am dancing before some important person in some foreign country, and I remember what I dream and work it out for the stage." In this fashion he brought forth the most taking of his performances, that of doing a buck and wing up and down a flight of steps that, with the floor as a starting-point, make the interval of the primitive musical scale. Of this I am convinced he is utterly unconscious. Robinson was born in Carolina to the use of our Europeanly derived diatonic, and finds in Rubinstein's "Melody in F" the satisfying tonal background for his wing-footed pattering up and down the hollow sounding stair. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was dancing up the stairs to the king, and I said to my wife, by golly, I think I can do that on the stage."

And in all this there is apparently not a shadow of realization that among his African ancestry, from whom he derived his skill at it, the buck and wing was a dance for the increase of spiritual power. By it, and its cogeners, tribal man filled himself with the mysterious *wokonda*, primary essence, earth-medicine, by which he approached to and partook of the deific qualities—healing, prophecy, and protection. Something of that psychic release to which the personally orchestrated use of rhythm anciently raised them is distinctly felt in the response of any American audience to the buck and wing of Bill Robinson.

One suspects, too, a dawning appreciation on the part of such audiences that in such release and return lies the chief gift of the Negro to contemporary art. In the very ease and freshness of his resort to rhythmic sources, his exemption from the critical oddments of the long European fumble toward cultural expression, he provides a point of departure for new adventures. One sees at least music and the dance feeling their way toward such release with the prescience of a taproot underground to the hidden sources of refreshment.

In the Driftway

FOR him who plans a jaunt into Brittany this summer—and there are many such—the Drifter has certain travel notes of his own to offer. First, let the lucky traveler choose for his entry a Sunday—and a day of mists. Then he will feel at the outset the true spirit of that strange little province where a black undergrowth of superstition blows a quaint and lovely flower of ancient custom and white lace caps. It was on such a day that the Drifter

himself first journeyed into Brittany. Thatched villages emerged but dimly from the soft white breath of the sea to vanish quickly again into obscurity. Only the rumbling of the train and its impudent whistle broke the white spell of silence. Sunday had emptied the neat fields of peasants, and though the cocks of fresh-cut hay or an occasional lone hay-rack under a sheltering tree reminded him that man had once been there, it seemed doubtful that he would ever come again. For the sea had completely taken the land. When he arrived at Quimperlé near the southern coast, in late afternoon, the sea had withdrawn its tyranny, the mists had cleared, and in the square in front of the station the low rays of the sun fell upon a colorful scene—the peasant women in tight-bodiced, full-skirted black dresses, adorned with white caps and aprons; the men in wide, black-streamered hats, bright waistcoats, and dark velvet jackets. The town wore a look of having been freshly scrubbed; and the clear air resounded with the clumping of wooden shoes, the explosive chatter of French voices, and the shouts of children released from the bondage of a day indoors. But the sunshine of Brittany has a temporary quality, as if the lightest of the breezes which haunt it always might carry it off in a cloud of mist to some deep ocean cave.

* * * * *

AND now let the traveler set himself down among the sea towns to watch the fishermen who are the true habitants of Brittany. There is a tiny town set among the sand hills along the southern coast where the Drifter spent two strange weeks. Below it are spread three golden beaches separated by wild black rocks which the Atlantic is forever pounding. Here one may spend long sunny afternoons playing an exciting game with the breakers; climbing over the rocks to hunt for strange animals in the pools left by the receding tides; knowing the whole depth and mystery of oceans in the pungent smell of the deep-sea weed that drifts in on the highest waves. And always far out are the sails of the little fishing boats forever tossing, sensitive to every swell and recession of the sea, gathering the silver sardines that fleck the blue depths of the Bay of Biscay. If one follows the path along the cliffs for several miles, the sails grow more and more numerous until one finds their source in a deep inlet bordered by the fishing village of Doelan. There toward evening the fishwives gather to bicker for the day's catch while fishermen in blue smocks replace red or brown sails with filmy blue nets hung up to dry in the wind that is always blowing in from the sea. In Doelan life is lived in relation to the sea. The village has not changed its customs or its appearance within man's memory. Each summer the village priest goes out beyond the breakwater to perform his "benediction de la mer," to propitiate the sea that has swallowed so many bright-sailed fishing boats, and the girls and boys who go with him wear costumes exactly like those their ancestors wore a hundred years ago. Why should they change? The sea has not changed—nor the wind that rumples the blue water of their inlet. Even in the forest of Carnoët, five miles from the coast, where quiet lies among the trunks of the tall pines and the brightest sunlight filters but dimly through its cool green roof, he will feel the brooding spirit of the sea in the slight breeze, hardly noticeable in open country, that fills this silent place with the whispering of pine needles.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Regard to Coal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I can only think that Homer nodded when you wrote your first paragraph in the issue of April 14 in praise of Meyer Jacobstein and his coal bill. What is the matter with Senator Wheeler's bill which you have not mentioned?

The facts are these: H. S. Raushenbush, secretary of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power, during the coal strike took to Washington a very carefully worked-out plan for the nationalization and democratic administration of anthracite. It was understood that Senator Wheeler and Mr. Jacobstein would make a revision of this bill in the light of their own study and present it in similar form in both houses. The strike ended before the bill was presented. Senator Wheeler went ahead and presented the bill, making it applicable in the next emergency which he defined as broadly as possible. (Personally I wish he had made it a bill for immediate nationalization, but he thought the other plan better constitutionally and otherwise.) Mr. Jacobstein changed his mind and presented a different bill.

Now, the important difference in the bills is this: Senator Wheeler for the first time has introduced a bill not merely giving the President power to take over coal mines in an emergency; he has actually drawn up a plan for acquiring and administering the mines. Grant that it has no chance of passing this Congress—neither has Mr. Jacobstein's alternative. Nevertheless it gives a positive basis for educational discussion. Mr. Jacobstein's bill, whether he so intends it or not, is precisely the sort of political measure that is so often introduced by a man who wants to get a progressive name but really intends to pass the buck. The President in an emergency is to do everything without instruction or plan agreed to in advance. No principle is laid down as to compensation of mine owners, working conditions, or plan of administration. The bill is not educational and gives power that any President might hesitate to use.

Only at two points is there anything to be said for Mr. Jacobstein's bill: (1) It sets up a fact-finding bureau and certain machinery for settling disputes; (2) it applies to bituminous as well as anthracite mines. The first point is inconsistent with the demand for effective nationalization and might better be put in another bill. As to the second point, it might be easier to begin with anthracite rather than the whole industry. The imminence of trouble in the soft-coal field is, however, an argument for extending Senator Wheeler's bill to them.

It is not yet too late for some consolidation of these two bills for educational purposes. Meanwhile, surely it is the business of *The Nation* not to pass over in silence the only bill proposing a plan for nationalization in favor of so indefinite a measure as Mr. Jacobstein has introduced.

New York, April 13

NORMAN THOMAS

The "Hope of China"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now half an hour since I have read in *The Nation* Mr. Gannett's letter from Canton. My blood is still warm with gratitude for the publication of the same and with enthusiasm for Mr. Gannett's prophecy, the "hope of China."

Friends of China in this country are suffering too much from the lack of authentic information about China, especially about Canton, which Mr. Gannett calls the "hope of China." The other day a professor of European history in the University of Nebraska, having assured me that he was sympathetic toward China, told me frankly that what is going on now in China is just in the opposite direction of her salvation. I said: "There is growing in Canton a new force, which I believe will eventually lift China out of the seas of misery." "Why," he said in

much surprise, "I haven't read a thing about it!" I wish that *The Nation*, with its fearless and righteous spirit, would from now on publish more information concerning developments at Canton.

Borodin's criticism that "every bandit who turns into a militarist can hire enough returned students to equip a government" is, unfortunately, only too true! I want to go to the tombs of our ancient sages and weep, asking them whether they ever dreamed that their unworthy descendants would cast into the dirt the very foundation of Chinese civilization, the moral integrity which they for centuries and millenniums have been building up! I trust that all my fellow-Chinese students in this country have read carefully Borodin's words and have reflected seriously with an appeal to their consciences what they are going to be on their return to China.

In regard to Chang Kai-shek, of whom Mr. Gannett speaks favorably, may I add that he has as noble a personality as had the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and is in many ways more capable. If Chang Kai-shek does not die in five years, one may not be surprised to see him lead China to a safe and prosperous road.

Lincoln, Nebraska, April 8

KWEI CHEN

Karolyi in America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read a damnable article by Count Karolyi in the English magazine called *Foreign Affairs*. What good does it do for Secretary of State Kellogg to keep Count Karolyi silent while in this country if he is going to be vocal in magazines freely imported into this country? I hope your next issue will strongly advocate the idea that no foreign magazine can speak in this country except with Mr. Kellogg's visa and approval.

Washington, April 8

WILLIAM HARD

P. S. I dare not say what was in Karolyi's article. It was awful.

Race Segregation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the race-segregation ordinance adopted by the City Council of Indianapolis recently, will you permit me to say a few words of protest anent an editorial paragraph in your issue of March 31?

The question is not really one of civil rights but rather a social condition which is becoming a serious one, and it is just as well that the issue should be made north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, where what it means is now being realized. Our distinguished fellow-citizen Mr. Moorfield Storey and many others of his way of thinking have the idea that the Negro is being discriminated against by such ordinances as this one. In Northern cities, where the Negroes represent a very small proportion of the population, it is probably hard to understand what this problem means in the South, where in many of our cities the Negro population is frequently as much as one-third of the whole. This particular ordinance forbids white people to live in the zone set aside for the Negroes, and per contra seeks to forbid encroachment by Negroes in the white zone. This makes for a satisfactory *modus vivendi* to which it seems to me no reasonable objection can be found. To the upper classes of white people the problem is not a serious one because the instances are rare where Negroes acquire property by purchase or lease in neighborhoods where well-to-do people reside, but in the poorer sections the case is different.

If white and Negro children mingle and grow up together, race differences mean nothing. This condition makes for a mongrel breed, surely not to be desired from any standpoint. The Negro should be as anxious to preserve the purity of his race

as the white man. No right-thinking Negro can believe that he has anything to gain otherwise. Self-respect should be paramount in either case, and if you are a real friend of the Negro you will cease to advocate the intermingling of the races.

New Orleans, April 2

WILLIAM M. RAILEY

The Farmer's Plight

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with great interest the article *The Plight of the Farmer* by Senator Brookhart in your issue of April 7, and I am glad you said in a footnote that *The Nation* and many others were fighting consistently to remove artificial barriers.

Senator Brookhart has done and is doing splendid work, but we feel that he is in error in his statement: "The farmers are entitled to a system of laws that will raise agriculture to the same artificial level as all these other great industries." That is the worst sort of advice to give farmers, and they should realize that no Congress which maintains an artificial level for any other great industry will attempt to jack up agriculture to the same artificial level because privilege cannot be passed around to all the citizens of any country, not even with such financial imperialism as we have developed.

The progressive farmer is demanding a reduction of tariffs on manufactured necessities of life rather than new laws which give them tariffs but no protection. Of course, the present Congress will not enact any legislation of importance for agriculture. The selling price of farm lands in the United States fell from \$54,829,000,000 in 1917 to \$37,779,000,000 in 1925, a reduction of \$17,050,000,000, or approximately 31 per cent. The selling price of farm lands is altogether too high now in many sections, and tariffs on farm products tend to inflate the selling price of farm lands again.

No makeshift policy or measure of legislation will help agriculture in its present condition, and the attention of farmers should be directed to removing special privileges instead of trying to get new ones for farmers.

Washington, April 3

BENJAMIN MARSH,

Executive Secretary, Peoples' Reconstruction League

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "Tolerance."

FREDA KIRCHWEY is managing editor of *The Nation* and has spent several days with the textile strikers in New Jersey.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT was formerly instructor in history at the University of Chicago.

MORRIS L. ERNST is a New York attorney who represented the American Civil Liberties Union recently in the hearing on the radio censorship before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

FRANK R. KENT is vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*. MARY AUSTIN is the author of "The American Rhythm" and many other volumes.

HARRY F. WARD, of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, returned recently from China.

WALTER WHITE is assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. His latest novel is "Flight."

W. NORMAN BROWN is chairman of the American Oriental Society.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist living in New York.

LIONEL G. SHORT is a British journalist at present in New York.

MICHAEL GOLD is one of the editors of the *New Masses*.

Books, Art, Plays

First Glance

THE Pageant of America: A Pictorial History of the United States" (Yale University Press: 15 vols.: \$67.50), edited by Ralph Henry Gabriel and a distinguished staff of associates, speaks in pictures of the visible changes which have come over the North American continent since the first white men came from the East, and even—if a certain introductory section be considered—since the first red men came from the Northwest. As projected and as so far published it promises to become the richest of available documents illuminating for the layman's eye that American past concerning which he grows more intelligently curious every year.

The first and third volumes, already come to hand, reveal the method of the work as a whole and make it clear that the audience kept in mind by the editors was a wide one—so wide indeed as to take in historians at the one end and children at the other. No human being, I am sure, can have seen all of these pictures before, and no human being can fail to find most of them interesting. As a description of the first volume, "Adventures in the Wilderness," will show, the pictures derive from a vast variety of sources; and it should be remarked that together with the competent captions which accompany them they constitute the entire body of the work—there being no "text" as such. After a brief but expert statement by Mr. Gabriel concerning the ground which is to be covered in this volume come sections, edited and introduced respectively by Clark Wissler, Constance Lindsay Skinner, and William Wood, dealing with the American Indian, with the first explorers and the later settlers of the Thirteen Colonies and the West Indies, and with the struggle in the forests of Canada and the Middle West between Britain and France. The illustrations, which average perhaps three to a page, run all the way from obscure woodcuts dug out of old treatises and travel books, or maps reproduced from sixteenth-century atlases, to twentieth-century photographs, museum exhibits, magazine drawings, mural decorations in State capitols and public libraries, and paintings by Frederic Remington, Edwin Blashfield, Winslow Homer, or another. The three last-named classes are the most questionable, I think, though naturally the individual works involved vary greatly in usefulness. The editors, realizing this, furnish notes at the end of the volume defining the degree of "accuracy" achieved in each case; but scholars will not think it worth while to refer to these, and I suppose children will never learn of their existence. One cannot quarrel with the editor who chose George Boughton's painting called Pilgrims Going to Church, since everybody has seen it and been in one way or another influenced by it; in general, however, I prefer what I find here from Carl Bodmer, George Catlin, John White, or even Theodore de Bry—artists more or less contemporary with the scenes and persons they drew. I was struck by the absence, incidentally, of any piece from the hand of Joshua Shaw, surely one of the most subtle of early or late American draughtsmen.

The third volume, called "Toilers by Land and Sea," is substantially an account of American agriculture. We begin on a medieval English manor among medieval horses and plows and end up on an Iowa farm among great sloping

barns and in the hearing of complicated machinery. The experience is hardly one to be forgotten; and in this particular kind of contribution, I suspect, will the "Pageant" chiefly excel. For I note that volumes are to come on American commerce, industry, letters, art, architecture, drama, and sports. Then there will be one volume devoted to the frontier, two to our wars, two to our politicians, and one to our "idealism." I await the last with some trepidation, and somewhat at a loss for an image. If I feel at all secure, it is because I have been entertained and informed by these other two volumes as seldom before in my life as a reader or as a porer over pictures.

MARK VAN DOREN

Concerning China

Occidental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem. By H. G. W. Woodhead, H. K. Norton, and Julian Arnold. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

Oriental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem. By Count Soyeshima and Dr. P. W. Kuo. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

China and the West. A Sketch of Their Intercourse. By W. E. Soothill. Oxford University Press. \$3.

Why China Sees Red. By Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

American Relations with China. Report of the Conference Held at Johns Hopkins University, September 17-20, 1925. The Johns Hopkins Press.

HERE is a mixture of history, journalism, and propaganda concerning China, offered to that small section of our reading public which wants to understand the place and meaning of China in the world drama. How is the inquiring reader—if he still survives—to know where the history ends and the propaganda begins, where the journalism is fact and where it is gossip? Knowing the Orient even less than we know Europe, how are we to prevent the illusions and deceptions which captured and directed us during the late war from repeating their disastrous work in the greater conflict now gathering in the Orient?

Some of the materials for an intelligent judgment concerning American policy in China are here. The determining facts of Chinese foreign relations in the past can be gathered from any of these volumes. The complete record is set down in briefest compass by Professor Soothill in the best British university manner. In the other volumes the main features of the Chinese internal situation are set forth with different shadings, most objectively in the papers, and with most variety in the discussions, of the Johns Hopkins Conference.

The reader, however, does not get an adequate picture of the present problem even if he gives his time to all of these books. This is not merely because we are too close to the event. One does not expect Mr. Woodhead or Mr. Weale, members of the British Colony in China, to give a complete account or a full interpretation of recent events. The conveners of the Johns Hopkins Conference and the University of Chicago Committee that arranged the lectures printed in the first two volumes resorted to the method of presenting differing points of view—and their record, too, is incomplete. Everywhere Russia is portrayed as the evil genius—yet no one presents her case. This is also true for the left wing of the Chinese nationalists, which is more or less communistic. Here is a revolutionary situation which needs to be understood, yet the revolutionists may not explain it or themselves to us. We get their story only at second hand and mostly from their enemies. It is the same thing at Williamstown Institutes and at Foreign Policy dinners;

and the fact is not creditable to the American intellectual.

Seeing, then, that we are looking at partial and partisan interpretations of the Far East, let it be recorded that the description by the Orientals is more objective than that by the Occidentals—perhaps because the East is used to being down and the West has been on top too long to see clearly when its hold is slipping. Mr. Woodhead's account of the Shanghai shootings is as near the truth as Mitchell Palmer's report of our own Red raids and the Buford deportation. Mr. Weale represents a more reasonable British point of view—hard-headed, based on the realities of a trade empire, yet seeking to be just. Nevertheless, he betrays the prejudices that he disavows and seeks to avoid. Sun Yat-sen, the Canton Government, Feng the Christian General—he does not slander them as Mr. Woodhead does, but for him there is no good thing in them. Then the American missionaries! Some of them are responsible for the Chinese students getting out of hand because of the lack of discipline in their education. Finally the root of the trouble is in the Republic, and it goes down to more than the unreadiness of the country for that experiment—in which there is some truth.

And the remedy? Deport the trouble-makers—both Bolsheviks and missionaries. Revive the strong hand of Palmerston and Pitt. A small force could do it. Another Jameson raid before the world could be aware. Dreams? Of course; not practical politics! Then let Hongkong send ships north and get Chang's men, who will gladly go down and rid the British of the menace of Red Canton. Hostility to "foreign rights"? Largely a fiction, worked up by a corrupt press and by politicians evading internal difficulties. But Britain must seek "friendly and chivalrous cooperation" with China. Underneath this queer mixture of insight and blindness, of fairness and prejudice, there appear the basic principles of the divine right of trade and the necessity of force; with always the faint, quite gentlemanly touch of superiority. And this man, with this viewpoint—Lenox Simpson is his real name—is announced as foreign adviser to the Chinese Government. It is now a meaningless decoration, for the Chinese Minister here refused to receive him at the time of the Washington Conference; but the fact that it ever could have been is a revelation. This fact and all the implications of its dual loyalties, if indeed there ever were two, throws more light on the question why China sees red than anything written in the book. And if I were Chinese, I should see redder after reading Mr. Weale's extremely interesting volume.

Manifestly there is fear behind these British voices from China, fear of Russia as a menace, of Japan as an uncertain and dangerous force. Both of them are seen as plotting the undoing of the British Empire. Its beneficiaries and worshippers would appreciate our help, but they do not like our somewhat spotted yet dangerous altruism. Why can't we be realistic and play the game that Manila Bay made inevitable? They are quite right in objecting to our pharisaism. The record set forth by Messrs. Weale and Soothill—how we opened up Korea and made war inevitable between China and Japan and then between Japan and Russia, how we finally broke our pledged word regarding Korean dependence, how we participated in the opium trade—ought to be enough to pierce our complacent self-righteousness. The Opium War is a sore point with these British writers. It was no more about opium than the War of Independence was about tea, they tell us. It was really over the question of acknowledging vassalage to the Chinese Emperor. The historically minded Mr. Soothill tries to be fair. He admits the blame of Britain, but, after all, the Chinese were mostly responsible. Some of us at least understand why our sanctimonious altruism irritates our British brethren; but if they will remember where we got it they may presently understand that their adoration of the empire, their worshipful insistence upon its sinless beneficence bores us as much as our international Rotarianism pricks them.

Will either of us understand in time the effect upon the Chinese of both these attitudes and of the policies of trade and investment which they rationalize and sanctify? Mr. Soothill tells us that at the end of the mess which the East India Company got Britain into in China the British Government decided not to let its foreign policy be dominated by traders. There is today a struggle at that point. The discussion at the Baltimore Conference shows a similar divergence between two different attitudes and purposes with reference to China. Which way do we go? Have we enough intelligence and courage to decide? Or do we drift and drift while forces now controllable develop irresistible might and sweep us out to uncharted depths where terrible destiny impends?

HARRY F. WARD

More Negro Songs

The Negro and His Songs. By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs. By Dorothy Scarborough. Harvard University Press. \$3.50.

AMONG my earliest conscious recollections of Georgia is the memory of the wildly sweet spirituals sung there in Negro churches, or the exotic, weirdly fascinating music from the throats of black convicts repairing the Belgian block pavement in front of my father's house. Not so many years ago this folk music was threatened with extinction by the race which gave it to the world. Struggling for survival against great odds, some Negroes felt ashamed of their music because it had grown out of their oppression. Now, however, Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson and other Negro artists—beginning with the Fisk Jubilee Singers nearly a half century ago—have earned for the songs the recognition which they deserve.

There is reason for congratulation in the fact that both white and colored writers, many of them expert folklorists, have sought to record and preserve this music. Messrs. Odum and Johnson and Miss Scarborough here present two valuable additions to the record. All three writers have approached their subject with sympathy, diligence, and a very genuine love for the music itself. There is practically none of the condescension which often handicaps such efforts. Miss Scarborough, through justifiably shameless eaves-dropping in Negro churches and at camp-meetings and baptizings, in kitchens and over back fences, has gathered songs rich in ecstasy and religious fervor, as well as secular songs from the road camps and fields, even from those great sources of music sneered at by the Methodists—bawdy houses and gambling dens. Her account is anecdotal and breezy; obviously, as she alleges, she did have a good time running to earth elusive bits of song.

Miss Scarborough, however, falls into certain errors caused not so much by lack of sympathy or diligence as by the fact that she is white and that certain barriers prevented her from knowing fully the background of the Negro mind from which spring these songs. She has none of the cocksureness of the professional Southerner; she is genuinely sympathetic; and she has had an extraordinary contact with her material. Yet almost any Negro of intelligence could have saved her some of her errors through his almost instinctive knowledge of the things which are Negro and those which are part Negro and part white. In a number of cases she gives verses each one of which is from an entirely different version of the song. In other cases she gives credit for wholly Negro songs to Scotch, Irish, or English sources. I wish also that she had given us some of the music which she caught with her portable recording phonograph.

Messrs. Odum and Johnson approach their task with much greater objectivity. At the outset they admit frankly that no white person in the South can get to the roots of this music—that white commentators and folklorists can as yet only catch the more obvious and less subtle overtones. They, too, are not inclined to countenance the belief that the Negro is the simple

soul most Southerners believe him to be. They recognize the subtle, shrewd methods of communication which Negroes, knowing that the spoken thought would have brought sure punishment, utilized in song:

Nigger and white man playin' seven up,
Nigger win de money, skeered to pick 'em up.

They have produced a careful and learned work, and there is one quarrel to be picked with them. In a number of cases they misquote very familiar songs—the correct words of which could without great difficulty have been secured. But this may be ungracious.

It is to be hoped that all three of these writers will continue to add to the store of songs already recorded. White writers can be and undoubtedly are of great help in the movement—if only because their recognition of the value of this music may help those Negroes who are as yet inclined to be ashamed of it to recognize it in its true light.

WALTER WHITE

Salvation by England

India. By Sir Valentine Chirol. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE concluding sentence of Sir Valentine's latest book informs us that "... it is in India, if anywhere, that ... a synthesis must be found—and can hardly be found unless British rule endures—between the East and the West, if an irrevocable clash is to be averted in which neither could escape disaster." From these words may be deduced the chief predispositions that have determined the character of the work. British rule is in general justified, although subjected to criticism in detail; the ungrateful dissatisfaction of India is deplored, although not vituperated. In the back of the author's mind lurks a constant fear that Western civilization may fail in India, be repudiated, be ousted by bolshevism.

Possibly if Sir Valentine were as familiar with the intellectual aspects of India's culture as he is with the sequence of historical events there, with her economic development (barring such frightful blunders as the mention of an increase of population during fifty years from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000), with her administrative system, with her problems of relationship to other parts of the British Empire, and with her internal antipathies, he might not think it so necessary for India's salvation that she accept British culture. That he has no extensive acquaintance with Indian thought is evident from the long series of minor but significant errors that runs through the book. For instance, when discussing Indian religions and philosophies he speaks of "the only possible form of salvation" being "self-annihilation of the individual soul"; he alludes to the nationalist slogan, "Bande materam" (misspelling for mataram), as an "old folk-song," although it is actually derived from a well-known novel; he perpetrates a large number of incorrect and unauthorized forms, not explainable as typographical errors, of which examples are Aryavartha (Aryavarta), Yoghi (Yogi), Baghavatgitha (Bhagavadgita), Ramanada (Ramananda), Prirthana (Prarthana), bandralog (which, if it means anything at all, means "monkey folk"; what he intends is bhadralog, which means "gentle folk"), Amritzar (Amritsar), Shuddi (Shuddhi). The book is marked by a lack of understanding of the achievements of Indian intellect—a lack that has marked many British opinions of the past and is responsible for much of the present misunderstanding. A genuine study of Indian thought might have shown the futility of expecting India to shape herself according to a Western pattern, whether it be English democracy or Russian bolshevism; she will in the end work out her own order as the consequence of her own ancient and noble tradition.

The merit of Sir Valentine's book lies in its clear, unheated presentation of those surface facts that most readily present themselves to an observant stranger. There is a good account

of the continual increase in Indian demands for home rule during the past half-century, the resentment at repressive legislation such as the Rowlatt Act and at acts of terrorism such as the Amritsar massacre, the dramatic months of 1921-1922 when the non-cooperation movement was at its height and the British expected a fight to the finish, and the present tactics of the Nationalists under the leadership of the Swarajists. If the account is after all pro-British, we must nevertheless say that we have read none, whether pro-British or pro-Indian, that is more moderate.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Careful Artistry

Words for the Chisel. By Genevieve Taggard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

MISS TAGGARD is one of four or five women poets who in the last five years have won a dignified popularity, and she is particularly distinguished in having written consistently better than any of them. She is the best craftsman. Her work is intelligently sustained; it is economical; her material emerges in clean, essential outlines. The artistic aim indicated by the title of the present volume would be pretentious if it were not accurately realized. Miss Taggard obviously will not rest until all but the most inoffensive redundancy is eliminated; her devotion to poetry as an art—an integrity much rarer, in spite of our rehabilitation in technique since 1912, than is usually supposed—will not let her write unevenly. Only with excessive zeal could one discover a single failure in her three volumes of poetry. But it is unfortunately true, on the other hand, that she has not yet produced a single perfect utterance. Quality of expression eludes her. Miss Taggard's poems seem to be written in an unconscious appeal to a quality that continually escapes the terms of her vision. One must account, at any rate, for a perplexing repetition of content and of a certain technical excellence which never quite merge in finality. There is no reason why a poet cannot write many completely different, absolutely realized poems about the same emotions; Miss Taggard simply doesn't.

Her short lyric is her best performance, and it retains enough of its historical properties to be called the epigraphic lyric. It began with the Elizabethans. It was perfected by Landor. Among contemporaries Mr. Yeats alone has been able to give it, in a few examples, the absolute quality beyond competence which takes it out of craft into art:

One had a lovely face,
And two or three had charm,
But charm and face were in vain
Because the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

And Miss Taggard:

We will put Time to sleep on that warm hill,
Lie naked in the tawny grass and fill
Our veins with golden bubbles.
Grass will grow
Beneath your armpits and between your feet
Before we take our bodies up, and go
Like dazzled aliens through the dusty street.

It is impossible to overpraise too highly the deliberate artistry of these lines; it is equally impossible not to observe the extreme adjectival decoration, which makes the precision of imagery and, at the same time, diffusion of emotion; it is impossible not to see their inferiority to the poem by Yeats. The last line of the quotation delimits the emotion rhetorically; it is not its realized finality; and another poem must be sought, both by Miss Taggard and by her reader.

Considering the limited possibilities of Miss Taggard's chosen form, one feels that a single volume could have said

what is always just missing utterance in three. Miss Taggard rewrites her poems too often; more accurately, she attempts to write her one poem. Mr. Yeats has written only four or five lyrics of the type; his parsimony is significant. Among the innumerable short lyrics of Landor there are certainly not more than ten perfect poems; and Landor—with all respect to Miss Taggard's competence and artistic integrity—was a better poet than she. "Novelty," says a contemporary critic making the singular demand of poetry that it be creative, "is preferable to repetition."

ALLEN TATE

A Page of War History

The Crime at Vanderlynden's. By R. H. Mottram. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

NOW that Mr. Mottram has finished his trilogy on the war one hopes that he will write a story which is more than a page of history. His art cannot be denied. He takes a young Englishman caught in the machinery of the war and shows him working steadily and thinking quietly as he moves in and out of the line on the Western front. In so far as young Dormer needs to exist for Mr. Mottram's purpose he does exist. We watch him investigating, but never resolving, the Vanderlynden crime, acting as traffic controller in the uncomfortable neighborhood of big battles, and doing his job neatly and serenely although his thoughts are on that little bank job he had left and to which it is his whole desire to return.

Here is a document which presents a picture of more value to the New York Historical Society than will be found in the 400 volumes of press clippings which they propose to file. The war is simplified as through a sieve in about half the number of pages that they have volumes. To anyone who went through the experience this plain sketch reflects the truth as it filtered through young Dormer's concise personality. But one who knew nothing of the war as a first-hand experience, and who cares little about it now, will be less favorably impressed. There is no clash of character, no conclusion, and although the people and the incidents chosen may have been invented, this does not make the work any less a slice of history.

As such it was a job worth doing, and it is well done. No doubt Mr. Mottram was driven to writing by his observation of those who were drawn into the war and forced by its slow progress to take it as a matter-of-fact experience without heroics. The war is his hero. It caused the Vanderlynden crime, so ingeniously invented, it gave Dormer the chance of proving the value in a crisis of his meticulous disposition, and it enveloped Madelaine, though it failed to shift her peasant solidity. To anyone who knew those years as Dormer knew them the picture is extraordinarily true. Biography or history demands this quality of imagination that can refine away the useless and leave in outline the bare essentials. Mr. Mottram's three volumes earn a worthy place on our historical shelf; they must not be put among our fiction.

LIONEL G. SHORT

Books in Brief

Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody. Selected and edited by Christina Hopkinson Baker. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

A beautiful lady, a fair poet, a delightful human being—these are recorded here. It is not the lady's fault that the New England of the nineties made her as a poet so certain of what the good life was; and her prose style twitters.

My Religion. By Emil G. Hirsch. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

This is a collection of sermons by a profound scholar and a great teacher, a leader of thought not only in reformed Judaism but in the life of the whole community. In ethics,

both social and individual, and in philosophy Dr. Hirsch expresses conclusions in general similar to those of Christian modernists. But the latter reinterpret primarily the Christian tradition, and Dr. Hirsch, of course, the Jewish. The resultant differences are not only interesting in themselves but raise pertinent questions as to which of the two religions is better adapted to modernist handling. This reviewer suspects that if logic had more to do with these matters and sentiment less, we should have a modernist united front which would be neither Jewish nor Christian. Regardless, however, of such speculations, Dr. Hirsch's sermons are good reading for Jew or Christian.

Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Readable but slight recollections and stories of a few famous editors and public men by a veteran journalist and office-holder. The best studies are those of Edwin L. Godkin, first editor of *The Nation*, Horace Greeley, Theodore Roosevelt, and George W. Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal; all of these are estimates worth recording.

Academy Papers. Addresses on Language Problems by Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Taken as a whole these addresses justify the worst that scoffers have ever said about the American Academy. The academicians as they here exhibit themselves are not merely dull, complacent, pompous; they are ludicrously ignorant of the subject they presume to discuss and rancorous toward "the younger writers" and even toward such scholars as Lounsbury and Jespersen. To this the shrewd and urbane paper by Mr. Brander Matthews is a noteworthy exception.

Democracy and Representation. By William Seal Carpenter. Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

The author discusses the principle of representation in America as enunciated by the Fathers and as later modified. He believes, however, that the theory of the Fathers has been subsequently only slightly altered. The American theory of representation, the author finds, is the rule of numbers. The Senate, however, violates that principle; hence a new second chamber should be established whose members will represent numbers, but be apportioned among the six geographical divisions of the United States.

Women. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

Upon the slightest of incidents Mr. Tarkington builds his firm and whimsical art. He walks close to life, watches it keenly, writes of it almost photographically; he understands the true torture of little tragedies, elevates to a poignant significance the real anguish, however brief, of wall-flowers, of lovelorn children, of distracted parents. "Women" is a collection of short stories concerning mothers and daughters in a fashionable suburb. It is invariably diverting; and it is often wise.

Experiments. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride Company. \$2.50.

The only really tentative things in "Experiments" are five short stories. For this form Mr. Douglas betrays no talent; readers of "South Wind" know that his fictional gifts (exquisite but not diverse) bud and flower almost solely in the caressive atmosphere of refined and leisurely conversation. The most solid value inheres in two longish critical essays, one dealing with Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," the other with Intellectual Nomadism. Both give Mr. Douglas an opportunity for some keen generalizing on national characteristics, which in its freshness and detachment rivals the cosmopolitan wisdom of Paul Morand.

The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilizations. By Walter Addison Jayne. Yale University Press. \$5.

Dr. Jayne avoids the physical therapy of the ancients and confines himself to their magical and religious procedures. His book shows an extremely extensive study of the sources and authorities, and is fortified by elaborate bibliographies. There are long lists of gods, with accounts of their peculiar powers and functions. The peoples dealt with are the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians, Phoenicians, ancient Aryans, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Celts. It is not a book for voluptuous reading, but there is in it a great deal of oblique light upon some of the healing cults of our own time.

Mockery Gap. By T. F. Powys. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This novel is a definite symptom of exhaustion. Mr. Powys's closed Dorsetshire universe is now familiar to us; and like all closed universes it is a source of inevitable dissatisfaction. The author here pays the penalty of a temperament which is as narrow as it is intense—he has run out of characters. He may shortly run out of readers also. Even the most rapturous of his admirers (and they are now many) would welcome a new gesture from their cryptic hero.

The Surry Family. By Helen R. Hull. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A mean, meager, clinging home, spiteful words, weak wills—of such pitifully everyday material Miss Hull makes a gnawing and hopeless tragedy. With meticulous care she bares the frustrations of lives wound up in a heritage of narrowness and indecision.

Wives. By Gamaliel Bradford. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

Of late years the indefatigable Mr. Bradford has erred several times by portraying the souls of over-written heroes and rogues about whom he had little of worth to say; but here he applies his very respectable artistry to ladies who, save for Dolly Madison and Theodosia Burr, are relatively unknown. One notes with pleasure that the seven more or less godly dames whose bonnets and crinolines flutter through 270 pages are made genuinely human—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln most human of all, perhaps. In dealing with men Mr. Bradford has been terribly concerned with their souls—is it possible he believes that women's souls are of less account than their frivolities, their chitchat, and even their mild oaths? At all events this volume is quite the best, in warmth, in variety of treatment, and in stylistic excellence, that has come from his tireless pen.

Youth and the East. By Edmund Candler. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$6.

A Cambridge dilettante with a "nomadic soul" went to India about thirty-five years ago and, as teacher and war correspondent, had adventures which he here describes in mildly plaintive yet imperturbable prose. Inclined to be sentimental about books and silly about bolshevism and immortality, on all other topics he is notably cosmopolitan and urbane. Best of all, he is too wise to attempt to pen a straightforward narrative of his life, for he knows that life perpetually doubles on its tracks. A charmingly incomplete and tantalizing autobiography.

Art Hugo Gellert

HUGO GELLERT has always maintained a devoted fraternal contact with the working-class, its life and its problems. The average artist shudders at such a contact. He insists in his banal way that the factory is the enemy of the studio. He accepts, with his patrons the idle rich, the belief

that art must be refined and pure, aloof from sweaty proletarian life, aloof from power, order, dynamics, and daily struggle. Art is something to be hung on the wall of a rich man's dining-room. Hugo Gellert has committed every sin against this creed of the minor aesthetes. And he has not been hurt. On the contrary, he is finding his salvation through the workers' world.

He began as a naive peasant decorator, loving with simple directness the gay, sparkling values of the peasant or the child on holiday. Life was a divine toy, and the young artist played with goats and primitive Greek maidens and tiny Christmas-box houses and meadows filled with bold wonderful flowers. There was a charm about that world; it was as golden and archaic as a child's thoughts; the sunlight of a thousand years of peasant art lay over the work of the young Gellert.

But then he found himself on the *Masses*, and he plunged bodily into the socialist world. Modern life forced itself upon him as it may upon all of us—crude, terrible, and overpowering. He did not run away, nor did he attempt the folly of clinging desperately to his own lovely childhood. He grew. The human race has matured between feudalism and modern industrialism; the engineer and the revolutionary worker are more dramatic and hopeful figures than were the robber baron and the mujik. Artists must grow, too, into something more mature and universal, and Gellert was strong enough to develop from a peasant decorator into a modern constructivist painter, one who finds that his problems are not much different from those of the bridge-builder or the Communist organizer.

In his current exhibition at the Neuman Galleries he offers his recent experiments in the material of the new age. There are a series of portrait drawings done for the New York *Sunday World*, some paintings, and a few sketches of Pittsburgh steel mills done for *The Nation*. All are marked with the new industrialized mind, that mind analyzed so keenly by Karl Marx, Thorstein Veblen, and others. The anarchic spontaneity of the savage gives way to the precision, economy, order, and vast deliberate planning of the new man. In his portraits Gellert scorns as much to make a waste motion as would an efficiency engineer. He scorns the pretty and picturesque, and builds his forms with the passion for truth of an architect. He reaches toward the concrete. Some of his portraits look as if they were hammered out of rock; others are wrought in metal, or constructed of steel and glass.

Gellert's painting of a cloak-presser has a monumental quality. It ought to hang in the meeting-hall of one of our large clothing workers' unions; it is strong enough to meet this test. There is an oil portrait of a Negro, too, that might have been the effort of a gifted coal-miner, so free is it of aesthetic bunk. Gellert's sketches of the Pittsburgh steel mill where he worked one summer are immensely promising. Perhaps they are a little too like the jeweler's precise patterns, and not enough imbued with the dynamics of steel-making; but these sketches will never be mistaken for the work of a child or a peasant. They are done by a man living in America, 1926.

Old-fashioned artists find work like Gellert's a blasphemy. They say that "machine-worship" is merely a passing cult, like impressionism. But the machine is the biggest fact in the world today, and no one daring to ignore it can hope to remain fruitful. As if, too, the machine-minded artists were inferior to the older experimenters! In the hard, precise experiments of such men as Hugo Gellert, Louis Lozowick, Joseph Stella, and others there is the cosmic intoxication of the astronomer, the joy of the mathematician, the delight of the explorer stumbling on new and dangerous worlds. This is a new song—the song of a young giant—and old ears find it harsh and discordant. But it is the song of the wonderful future, and the day fast approaches when humanity will find it harmonious. Gellert is working in the main stream of human history.

MICHAEL GOLD

Drama

Weak Women

MISS MADGE KENNEDY'S particular—and admirable—talent is for the impersonation of those young ladies who are called nothing worse than sly minxes because, after all, only one kind of honor is required of the female of the species. She is at her best when she is playing the part of a weak woman before whom strong men are helpless; the facile lie, followed upon its detection by the sob which says "Now be hard upon me if you dare," is her stock in trade; and she is aware of her strength. In the exercise of the tyranny of tears she is a master and she knows, too, how to practice that most profound of frauds which consists in appearing ingenuous in the midst of the most abandoned disingenuousness. Men tear their hair and know that she is cheating, but in cases like this knowledge is not power. The weakness of the male in the presence of a pretty face, reinforced by the fact that women are not really responsible for anything except the preservation of their technical virtue, can be counted on to produce forgiveness; and only female friends, less adept than she in the art of knowing when to seem helpless, are indignant.

Such was her role in an earlier play of the season and such it is in the highly amusing farce comedy called "Love in a Mist" (Gaiety Theater), in which she appears as a young lady with a penchant for those convenient lies which turn out to be not so very convenient after all. A believer in what the Russian author of "The Chief Thing" would call "a benevolent theatricalization of life," she defends herself on the ground that one might as well make people happy by telling them the pleasantest thing, and since most men fall in love with her, she finds the most kindly (and easy) way of getting rid of the more importunate to be by agreeing upon an engagement. Of course—this being a play—there is one whom she really does love with all her heart, and of course one of the others turns up at the most embarrassing moment. With admirable but reckless fertility of invention she manages to postpone the inevitable *éclaircissement*, and then when it can be postponed no longer comes the inevitable sob which, in spite of the fact that an impressionable Italian has shot himself and a less extravagant American has prepared to explore Asia on her account, brings the inevitable forgiveness.

It is a thoroughly amusing farce written with brightness and speed by Amélie Rives and Gilbert Emery and given sufficient depth of characterization almost to constitute it a comedy. Moreover it is played with unusual deftness not only by Miss Kennedy but by Frieda Innescott, Sidney Blackmer, and Tom Powers as well; and yet I could not help being reminded that my own enjoyment was dependent upon the fact that the famous single standard of morality is hardly established yet and that under the double one women are permitted a rather liberal indulgence in certain directions by virtue of which conduct that would make a man a monster of Machiavellian infamy constitutes in them only a slightly exasperating charm. Only a woman, it is true, can be "fallen"; but, by way of compensation, only a man can be a cad. Their skirts alone have saved the reputations of a long line of ladies famous in literature from Lady Teazle to Diana of the Crossways and the heroine of the present piece, and I should not advise Miss Kennedy to be too ardent a feminist. In a world which took women seriously she might find her occupation gone and Justice less ready to break her sword.

Two interesting revivals remain to be mentioned—"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou Theater), in which Helen Hayes by the consent of all plays most charmingly, and "Pinafore" (Century Theater)—an almost too gorgeous production with Fay Templeton as a perfect Little Buttercup.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATER

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand Street
Tel. Drydock 7516
Repertoire: Evenings, 8:30; Matinees, 2:30.

Tues., Wed. and Thurs.
Eves. and Wed. Matinee.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee.

THE DYBBUK
English Version by Henry Alberg

THREE LYRIC DRAMAS
A Burmese Pwe
A Haydn Opera-Bouffe
A Chinese Fantasy

LECTURES

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. 2nd Ave.

Course 11. American Poets. Dr. WILL DURANT. Sun. 5 p. m. Adm. 25c.
Course 12. A System of Philosophy. Dr. WILL DURANT. Wed. 8:30 p. m. Adm. 25c.

Apr. 25: Edgar Allan Poe
May 2: Edgar Allan Poe
May 9: Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell
May 16: Walt Whitman—(1)
May 23: Walt Whitman—(2)
May 30: Walt Whitman—(3)
June 6: Field, Riley, Markham
June 13: Lindsay, Masters, Sandburg
June 20: Robinson, Frost, Undermeyer
June 27: Amy Lowell and the Poetesses
Apr. 28: The Modern Woman
May 5: The Beautiful City
May 12: The Perfect State
May 19: The Evolution of Religion
May 26: The Religion of the Greeks
June 2: The Religion of the Jews
June 9: Is Christianity Practicable
June 16: Immortality
June 23: A Definition of Deity

DINNER

You are respectfully invited to attend

An International Dinner

to be held under the auspices of

THE NATION, UNITY and THE NEW ORIENT

at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Thursday evening, April 29th, at 6:30 o'clock.

Guest of honor:

Rev. Dr. J. T. SUNDERLAND,

who will speak on

"INDIA and JAPAN: a Comparison and Contrast"

Toastmaster:

Rev. Mr. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Other speakers:

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard
Mr. Syud Hossain
Prof. William R. Shepherd
Miss Mary White Ovington
Miss Blanche Watson

R. S. V. P. to:

James Waldo Fawcett, The Community Church,
12 Park Avenue, New York City.

Tickets: \$2.50

International Relations Section

Two Appeals for International Decency

LAST July an appeal in behalf of international friendship and fair play toward Germany was launched by M. Victor Margueritte and signed by many distinguished Frenchmen. It was reproduced in *Foreign Affairs* (London) in September, 1925. The text follows:

A mere misunderstanding separates the world from peace. It perpetuates between the former belligerents, and particularly between France and Germany, that war spirit which inevitably arises from the consciousness of injustice leading to the instinct for a war of revenge.

It is only with deep repulsion that German sentiment endures Articles 227 to 230 (Sanctions) and Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which runs: "The Allied and Associated Governments affirm, and Germany accepts, the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies."

It is not the material fact of reparations which revolts the German nation. She recognizes their necessity. She bows to an arrangement by which the methods of international payment have at last been fixed.

What she cannot accept is that an admission was forcibly torn from her against which, both before and after her signature, she has never ceased to protest, and in which she believes her unilateral fault in originating the war and her consequent responsibility for it are proclaimed to the world.

France, on the other hand, confines herself to this belief: that aggression took shape in the invasion of Belgium.

A situation pregnant with danger has thus arisen, and it must be cleared up.

To take first the question of principle.

It is impossible to *prejudge* it here. The pleadings in this immense arbitrament which concerns all mankind cannot be heard in all their complex of causes, except after the opening of all the archives and before a super-national court. Let us then, from the beginning, reject this idea.

What remains—official documents prove it—is this: that Article 231 was extorted from Germany only by violence, and under the threat of immediately resuming the war until Germany should be utterly ruined. Can we—after declaring that we waged a war of Law against Force—give the force of Law to a proceeding so unworthy of civilization? The time for summary jurisdiction without appeal has gone by. It is as iniquitous to condemn, undefended, a people to dishonor as an individual to death.

We Frenchmen, solicitous for the honor of our country and believing also that all violation of justice entails future catastrophes, are resolved not to incur the reproach that we ourselves attack the principles of which we make boast.

If, nevertheless, there can be no question of a complete recasting of the treaty which can be the task only of time and the League of Nations, nor of the readjustment of reparations which were fixed by the London Convention (August, 1924), it still remains for our good-will to see to it that the Charter of Versailles should no longer oppressively affect the unstable equilibrium in which we find ourselves.

There will be no security in the future unless there is that moral disarmament without which there can never be any material disarmament. Article 231 must be modified in a sense acceptable to all, and in addition Articles 227 to 230 (Sanctions) must be abrogated, for these articles encourage hatred

with its reprisals, and are no less injurious to the definite reestablishment of peace.

We are at the cross-roads. We must choose. On the one hand, all the evils of war, perpetuated by the spirit of revenge. On the other hand, genuine reconciliation and fertile labor.

We invite all those whose home is a place of mourning, all those whose hearts retain the love of justice and truth, all those whose aim in life is to create a world free from war for their sons, to join their prayer to ours.

Let not German nationalism mistake us. This is no proof of weakness. It is an instance of French rectitude, a step toward human solidarity. Goethe's Germany will understand.

In these tragic days, European civilization stakes her all upon the cast. Should the butchery be resumed she is lost.

In January of this year *Foreign Affairs* published a similar British appeal sponsored by Gilbert Murray. The text, with the signatures attached, is as follows:

Deeply moved by the manifesto signed by over one hundred French men and women of distinction, and published in *L'Ere Nouvelle*, on July 9, 1925, we undersigned British citizens declare ourselves in cordial agreement with its plea that the Treaty of Versailles should be amended in two points:

1. Article 231 attributes the origin of the war simply to "the aggression of Germany and her Allies." Without at this time expressing any opinion or withdrawing any opinion which we have previously expressed as to the policies of the late Imperial German Government, we regard it as an improper and dangerous precedent that the victors in a war should thus pronounce judgment on the vanquished. Such judgment, if it is to have any legal or moral authority, should be pronounced by an impartial court after careful study of all the evidence.

2. Articles 227 to 230, dealing with offenses against "international morality and the sanctity of treaties" or "violation of the laws and customs of war," provide that any Germans guilty of such crimes shall be tried and punished by courts set up by their enemies, but make no provision either for the creation of an impartial court or for the trial and punishment of criminals who are not German. The injustice of this cannot be disputed.

We regard these articles, which were forcibly imposed upon a defeated nation under the most terrible threats, as having expressed a state of mind in the Allied and Associated Powers which has now largely passed away. We believe that they are manifestly unjust and constitute a grave obstacle to international understanding. Consequently we urge the governments concerned either to amend these articles with no further delay or, if amendment of the treaty prove too long and cumbrous a proceeding, to announce severally their intention to disregard them.

[Signed]

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

JAMES ADDERLEY, Vicar of St. Anne's, Highgate

S. ALEXANDER, some time Professor, Manchester University

RAYMOND BEAZLEY, Professor of History, Birmingham University

ARNOLD BENNETT

E. W. BIRMINGHAM, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Birmingham

RUTLAND BOUGHTON

MARGARET BONDFIELD, National Union of General and Municipal Workers

GERTRUDE BONE

MUIRHEAD BONE

H. N. BRAILSFORD

E. A. BURROUGHS, the Very Rev. the Dean of Bristol, Bishop-Designate of Ripon

KATE COURTNEY OF PENWITH (LADY COURTNEY OF PENWITH)

KATHLEEN D'OLIER COURTNEY

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES

W. H. DAVIES

PERCY DEARMER

G. LOWES DICKINSON, King's College, Cambridge

F. LEWIS DONALDSON, Canon of Westminster

W. MOORE EDE, D.D., the Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester

ST. JOHN ERVINE

J. J. FINDLAY, some time Professor, Manchester University

JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON (SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON)

H. FLEURE, Professor of Geography, University of Wales

W. ARNOLD FORSTER

JOAN MARY FRY

A. RUTH FRY

ROGER FRY

ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D., Principal, New College, Hampstead

DOROTHY GLADSTONE (LADY GLADSTONE)

G. P. GOOCH

CHARLES GORE, Right Rev. Bishop

A. J. GRANT, Professor of History, Leeds University

L. BARBARA HAMMOND

J. L. HAMMOND

C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D., some time Professor, Manchester University

FRANCIS W. HIRST

CHARLES HOBHOUSE (SIR CHARLES HOBHOUSE)

JOHN A. HOBSON

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

W. R. INGE, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

HAROLD J. LASKI, Reader in Political Science, University of London

A. D. LINDSAY, Master of Balliol College, Oxford

C. E. MONTAGUE

ROSE MACAULAY

J. J. MALLON, Warden of Toynbee Hall

W. MANCHESTER, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Manchester

ALLAN MONKHOUSE

J. H. MUIRHEAD, Professor of Philosophy, Birmingham University

GILBERT MURRAY, Professor of Greek, Oxford University

HENRY W. NEVINSON

M. D. PETRE

A. F. POLLARD, Litt.D., Professor of English History and Chairman of the Institute of Historical Research, University of London

EILEEN POWER, London School of Economics

HALSEY RICARDO

PERCY M. ROXBY, Professor, Liverpool University

BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S.

MICHAEL SADLEIR

W. B. SELBIE, Principal, Mansfield College, Oxford

HUGH DE SELINCOURT

EVELYN SHARP

G. BERNARD SHAW

ETHEL SIDGWICK

FREDERICK SODDY, F.R.S., Professor of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry, University of Oxford

H. M. SWANWICK

R. H. TAWNEY

SYBIL THORNDIKE

RAYMOND UNWIN

F. E. WEISS, Professor of Botany, Manchester University

LEONARD WOOLF

VIRGINIA WOOLF

H. G. WELLS

MARGARET WINTRINGHAM

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

A French Protest

THE atrocities committed by the present Bulgarian Government have caused the following appeal to be issued and published in the *Humanité* of March 18:

At the very moment when the new Government speaks of general pacification and boasts of the amnesty which it has just granted to the Bulgarian people, sixty death sentences have been pronounced for political deeds: thirty-one in the trial con-

MACMILLAN

A Tale of Stirring Adventure

John Masefield's New Novel ODTAA

The
Critics
Say:

"Rarely thrilling and vivid."

—*New York Herald Tribune*

"Hard to find a more exciting story."

—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*

"Another whale of a story."

—*Brooklyn Eagle*

"A thriller...in fine English prose."

—*New York Times*

At all bookstores — \$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York

Boston

Chicago

Atlanta

Dallas

San Francisco

The Riddle of Society

By CHARLES PLATT, Ph.D., M.D.

President of the National Probation Association

A book which gives a background for social work, and a vision of such work's satisfactions; a valuable contribution to the understanding of those who do wrong.

\$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.



INTERNATIONAL

Life in the Russian village as it is today,
intimately described by a master reporter

BROKEN EARTH

By MAURICE HINDUS

Introduction by GLENN FRANK

An unusual and engrossing account of the Russian peasant and his life in the new social and economic order. Glenn Frank says: "It is refreshing to come upon a book that deals, not with the policies of the Russian capital but with the people of the Russian countryside." \$2.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES



Complete catalog on request

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS CO.

INCORPORATED
321 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

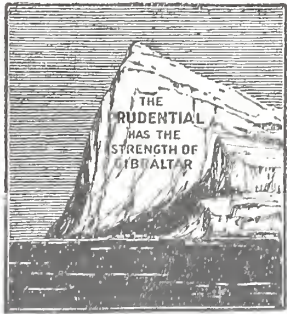
The Man Who Was Too Late

No need to name an individual. Any Prudential agent, and many who are not insurance agents, can fill in a name—or names.

To the man with dependents who procrastinates about life insurance on the ground there is plenty of time, the question is always pertinent: “Are you sure your insurability next month will be as good as it is now?”

The prudent man arranges his affairs in a manner to anticipate, so far as possible, even the remote possibilities.

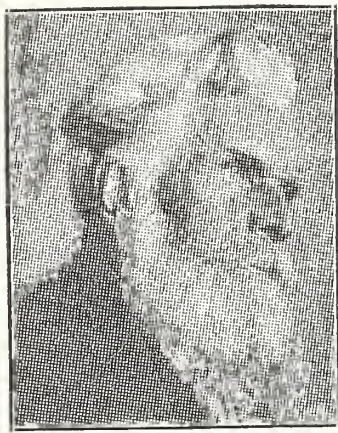
“No man” says Emerson “has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.”



THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President
HOME OFFICE
Newark, N. J.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation



A BIOGRAPHY OF
HAVELOCK ELLIS

The publishers deem it a privilege to announce this distinguished biography of a great man: HAVELOCK ELLIS, A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SURVEY, by Isaac Goldberg, author of The Man Mencken. 359 pages, 21 full-page illustrations, and a wealth of prose, verse and other miscellany by Ellis, never before available. \$4.00 at all bookstores.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

SCHNITZLER
SCHNITZLER

Arthur Schnitzler's new novel
BEATRICE
Just published \$1.50

SCHNITZLER
SCHNITZLER
SCHNITZLER

Read his new novel if you liked
FRÄULEIN ELSE
Simon and Schuster \$1.50

SCHNITZLER
SCHNITZLER

MISCELLANEOUS

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION
among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

The Russian Inn, 33 W. 37th Street
New York
Luncheon - Tea - Dinner and
After the Theatre Dancing
Phone FITZ ROY 6567 Open daily and Sundays
Balalaika Orchestra from 6:30 to 1 P. M.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

cerning a conspiratory organization at Sliven, twenty-seven in the trial at Sofia concerning Agrarian and Communist representatives in foreign parts, one at Hasovo, and one at Pachtmakli. Sixty new death sentences! Such is the debut of the Government of M. Liaptcheff, which, some persons hoped, would wish to remove the pools of blood spilled by the Ministry of Tsankoff.

All those who protested against that Ministry and who helped to deliver from it Bulgaria and Europe must now continue their protests against the Cabinet of Liaptcheff, which pursues the same policy. The Committee for the Defense of the Victims of the white terror now again raises its voice. It has begged for a general amnesty. It begs for it again as the sole means of assuring the material and moral recovery of unhappy Bulgaria.

Today, thinking of the sixty men condemned to death—who are not all contumacious and of whom at least two have had their execution authorized by the king—it addresses itself in particular to the Bulgarian sovereign, asking him to weigh his responsibilities. King Boris III at the end of the Tsankoff Ministry commuted many death sentences to sentences of hard labor or imprisonment. He seemed to have finally decided that 20,000 Bulgars sacrificed to the politics of the abettors of the coup d'etat of 1923 was enough. But now again death sentences rain—dozens of them. Here the responsibility of the king is direct. No Bulgar can be executed without royal authorization. All that are to be hanged—and, we repeat, the decision is already taken in regard to two unfortunates—will die through the royal will.

The undersigned, who have united to battle against the crimes of the white terror, declare to the King of the Bulgars, as well as to M. Liaptcheff, that their protests will keep pace with repression. They remind them likewise that three French nationals—M. and Mme Leger and Mme Nicolova—are detained

contrary to all right in the prison of Sofia, where they have been for a long time exposed to horrible acts of violence. The son of Mme Nicolova, Georges Mallet, has just been amnestied. Why has amnesty been refused to his unhappy mother, to M. and Mme Leger? The committee, which has already issued several appeals in their behalf, demands their liberation with greater insistence than ever.

[Signed]

HENRI BARBUSSE, ROMAIN ROLLAND, SEVERINE, MME DE SAINT-PRIX, FREDERIC BRUNET (Vice-President of the Chamber).

CAZALS, ERNEST LAFONT, FERDINAND FAURE, COMPERE-MOREL, FONTANIER, MISTRAL, ANDRE BERTHON, HELIES, MARIUS MOUTET, VAILLANT-COUTURIER, CHASTANET, JULES UHRY, EUGENE FROT, RAOUL EVRARD, CHARLES BARON, REYNAUD, JEAN GARCHERY, ERNEST VOILIN (Deputies).

ALEXANDRE LUQUET, LOUIS GELIS, ROBERT BOS, ANDRE GAVOT, LOUIS SELLIER, DHERBECOURT (City Councilors).

ANDRE MORIZET, HENRI SELLIER (General Councilors of the Seine).

JEAN LONGUET, BRACKE (former Deputies).

HENRI TORRES, MARCEL WILLARD, ALBERT FOURNIER (Lawyers).

LEON JOUHAUX, Secretary of the C. G. T.

LONGEVIN, PRENANT, VICTOR BASCH, ALBERT MATHIEZ, EMILE KAHN (Professors).

MATHIAS MORHARDT, GEORGES DUHAMEL, PANAIIS ISTRATI, VICTOR MARGUERITTE, LEON BAZALGETTE, MARCEL MARTINET, GEORGES CHENNEVIERES, JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, CHARLES VILDRAC, DANIEL RENOULT, HENRI MARX, GEORGES PIOCH, ANDRE GYBAL, BERNARD LECACHE, PAUL LOUIS, ANDRE SALMON, FRANCIS JOURDAIN, ZYROMSKI (Writers and Journalists).

Next Week

Secrecy in the Senate
by Senator George W. Norris

**This Cry of 30,000 Hungry Textile Strikers' Children
Must Be Heard Everywhere!**



INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' AID

Local New York, Room 237, 799 Broadway

Stuyvesant 9964

YOU GIVE

THEY LIVE

**18,000
TEXTILE STRIKERS**

and their families are appealing to you to help them win a living wage. You are not hungry. THEY ARE. You have good Shoes and Clothing. Theirs were worn out on the picket line.

Send donations, shoes and clothing to us that we may carry on our work of relief for the strikers.

GIVE GIVE GIVE

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Donation of

The Nation

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1926

No. 3174

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	489
EDITORIALS:	
How to Make Americans Vote.....	492
Wanted: An American Program for Disarmament.....	493
Ellen Key.....	493
The Poet's Way.....	494
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	495
THE GUNBOAT POLICY SHEDS BLOOD IN CHINA. By Lewis S. Gannett.....	496
SECRECY IN THE SENATE. By George W. Norris.....	498
SHADOWS FOR FLORIDA. By Carl Rakosi.....	499
A STRIKE AND AN AMERICAN. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	500
SUCCESS "DOPE." By Stuart Chase.....	501
RESTORATION. By David Morton.....	502
PROHIBITION ON TRIAL—II. THE DRY'S ANSWER. By H. C. Engelbrecht.....	503
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	504
CORRESPONDENCE.....	505
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:	
The Acolyte. By James Rorty.....	506
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	506
Mussolini Minus. By Martyn Hemphill.....	506
On the Contemporary Novel. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	507
Philosophic Realism. By Ernest Sutherland Bates.....	508
Influencing Human Behavior. By Albert J. Levine.....	508
Books in Brief.....	509
Music: "The Immortal Hour." By Henrietta Straus.....	509
Drama: Raquel Meller. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	510
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
An American Missionary Protest.....	512
The Student Meeting.....	512
Matteotti's Widow Speaks.....	513

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

IT RECALLS THE MARNE to read the recent history of the strike—or more properly the lockout—of engineers and firemen on the Western Maryland Railroad. The management refused to pay the scale which every Class 1 railroad in the United States is paying, submitting to the men instead a yellow-dog contract which they had to sign or suffer dismissal. Fifty refused to sign and were discharged; the remainder, on October 15, 1925, walked out. The company proceeded to man the road with the off-scourings of the railroad world, including many men who had been discharged from the Western Maryland itself for incompetency. It recalled its pensioned employees, and those who refused to respond were stricken from the pension roll. With as fine a staff of incompetents, ancients, and thugs as was ever gathered together, the company proceeded to act in the public weal as a common carrier. One man, discharged earlier from a Virginia railroad as an incompetent engineer, demolished sixty-three cars, an engine, and a mile of track on Savage Mountain, then killed a brakeman, then killed a trainmaster, then threw an iron bolt at a striker. He is still in service on the Western Maryland. Since October 15 there have been eighty-four wrecks and derailments on the line. Doubtless the company has its side of the case, but can anything be said in

extenuation of a condition where the defense of an abnormally low wage scale brings disaster and death upon the public at large?

NEW NEGOTIATIONS for funding France's debt to the United States were in progress as this issue of *The Nation* went to press, with an indication of a settlement on terms less favorable to the United States than those which were refused from Caillaux last autumn and yet less favorable to France than those obtained by Italy in the agreement which has finally been ratified by the Senate. As we have frequently pointed out, the only condition that matters in these agreements is the sum promised for the first five years. Italy is to pay \$5,000,000 annually for that period on a debt of about \$2,000,000,000. On a debt of twice that sum, France should be asked for \$10,000,000 if equal treatment were granted. Yet the Administration refused an offer of \$40,000,000 last autumn and will probably hold out for pretty nearly that sum until France is squeezed into submission. It appears, though, that we are to come to an agreement with the condition that France may ask for revision at the expiration of five years if her financial situation at that time demands it. This is an indirect acceptance on our part of the principle upon which France has continually insisted that she is willing to make payments to us only to the extent to which they are received as reparations from Germany. To *The Nation* this whole debt intrigue—it deserves no more kindly description—is a chapter which a quarter of a century hence Americans will regard as indefensibly sordid from the standpoint of international good-will and incredibly stupid from that of our business interests. France would gain in self-respect and in international prestige if she refused to take any further action toward a debt settlement in the present circumstances. Unfortunately France needs gold desperately if she is to stabilize her currency, and she can get it only by submitting to the hold-up jointly staged by Wall Street and Washington.

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S ADDRESS to the members of the Associated Press at their annual meeting in New York on April 20 was notable for the positive declaration that the Administration will do everything possible to bring about further limitation of armaments by checking the building of cruisers and of other types of ships—especially the submarine, let us hope. That is excellent. But the reverse is true of the Secretary's later announcement that the United States, having reduced its army to 118,000 men, has reached its minimum. If that is the case, what standing will it have in any land-disarmament conference? Whether intentionally or unintentionally, this was a highly disingenuous statement. We are far more of a military nation than ever before; the 118,000 regulars represent only a part of our aggressive military preparations which have led to recent denunciations of us in China, Russia, England, and Germany as one of the most menacing military Powers if not the most dangerous. As for our relations with Latin America the Secretary made use of the

presence of many South American journalists to use honeyed words. He declared: "There is no desire for imperialism, acquisition of territory, political or economic domination." All of which sounds well. But Mr. Kellogg's auditors were no fools; they still recall that Mr. Wilson used almost precisely the same phrases in his Mobile speech only to assault the independence of Haiti and Santo Domingo soon after. All South America knows that Haiti is still controlled and governed by American bayonets and deeply resents the fact. Mr. Kellogg ought to realize that nowhere more than in Latin America do actions speak louder than words.

WE CANNOT SEE why anyone should become particularly excited over the latest Russian-German treaty. If the "Locarno spirit" is still abroad in Europe, everyone ought to welcome the assurance that the contracting parties agree to "mutual neutrality, both economic and military, in the event of a declaration of war against either emanating from a third party actuated by motives of unprovoked aggression"—we quote from dispatches. To our minds this is simply a blow at the former system of alliances which broke down Europe; but it will be noticed that it leaves either country free to war against the other if it believes the attacker is *not* guilty of unprovoked aggression. How easy it is for statesmen to convince themselves that anything constitutes attack or defense, according to their desires, we have all learned since 1914. The new treaty provides that all disputes between the signers arising out of this document, or out of the Locarno accords, or out of Germany's entrance into the League (if it takes place) are to be arbitrated by a non-partisan court. Furthermore, the friendly commercial relations arising out of the Treaty of Rapallo are to be strengthened and, perhaps most important of all, Germany binds herself not to participate in any action against Russia by the League of Nations, whether military or economic, provided—note the grave limitation—that the German representative in the League decides that no proper ground exists for action against Russia. Some European statesmen are, of course, sure that this agreement is further evidence of German "duplicity." Why they should object to Germany's extension of the spirit of Locarno into her relations with Russia is beyond us.

WHILE THE KLAN is falling into ill-health through internal disorders, a new organization is taking hold of the South and providing an outlet for the energies of E. Y. Clarke. The Supreme Kingdom has been formed to fight a three-headed dragon which menaces with atheism, "Redism," evolution—and the deadliest of these is evolution. If its official announcements are to be trusted, the organization is admirably liberal as compared with its predecessor the Klan. To become a member one need pay no fee, but must only assert his solid and unswerving fundamentalist faith. Thus far the Kingdom has been supported by anonymous contributions. Catholics and Jews may join if they wish, and will have the help of the Kingdom in fighting the evils in their own fields. Finally, the Kingdom will fight evolution not with legislation but with education. It will be non-political, except "to the extent of seeing to it that only God-fearing men and women who believe in God, and the Bible as His inspired word to mankind, will be allowed to hold public office of any kind in the United

States." Thus Mr. Clarke. He is to be congratulated on finding at last the perfect field for his talents as an organizer and publicity man. He will establish castles in all the important cities of the land. He will have a radio station which will broadcast his voice from a mountain-top in Georgia to every American community. His educational program aims at the banishment of all textbooks and teachers that inject evolution into the young, and it has already begun with a questionnaire which has been sent to teachers, ministers, and office-holders, inquiring their position on evolution, atheism, and anarchism. Having diagnosed his countrymen as "a people loving thrills," he intends, by an active lecture and publicity campaign, to restore "the thing which has given and still can give the biggest thrill of all to any human being, namely, a good dose of the old-time religion of our forefathers."

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION of College Professors has taken a hand in the discussion of college football and, in a long and able report giving every evidence of its desire to be just by recognizing the advantages of the game, a committee of its members declares that the over-emphasis placed upon football creates hysteria which "culminates in the madness of the yelling, not in the game itself." It finds that such "over-excitement is in itself a bad thing for intellectual balance and morale"; that "it leads inevitably, also, to neglect of college work"; that the last month of the football season suffers "a very appreciable loss in value" for the undergraduates; that "the enormous financial outlay . . . creates in the undergraduate mind a false sense of its importance"; that "the sheer physical size of the stadium dwarfs the significance of the library, laboratory, and lecture hall"; and that "the student standard of values loses touch with the fundamental purposes of education." All of this is excellent and truthful. But what are the remedies? The committee offers two: First, the proposal of Dr. Edgar Fauver of Wesleyan University, who would limit to one year the participation of athletes in intercollegiate athletics; and, second, the plan proposed by the Wesleyan meeting. This was participated in by representatives of nine colleges and urges that graduate coaches be paid the same salaries as professors and that no one team play more than four intercollegiate games yearly. How to get the college alumni interested in proposals even so modest as these is now the problem—they who have put huge sums into concrete and brick and steel stadiums. But somehow it must be done. Football must be reduced to the level of its natural importance or abolished.

A GRAND JURY in New York City has been taking testimony regarding Mayor Hylan's Department of Health. It has been charged that the department reeked with graft, particularly in respect to its supervision of the city milk supply. Three subpoenaed witnesses made a startling confession in the newspapers in advance of the legal hearing. These three, Messrs. Cohen, Blass, and Tiger, with one other, were known among milk dealers as "Danziger's four horsemen." They were the shock troops of the ring which Danziger, one of the "higher ups" in the department, had organized. They allege that Danziger sold a Polish dairyman in Queens a permit to sell Grade A milk for \$1,500 (presumably with no regard to maintaining Grade A standards); that he sold poultry

slaughter-house permits for \$4,000; that when an honest department inspector was trying to maintain milk standards in Brooklyn Danziger collected \$50 apiece from sixty-eight dealers as a reward for his good offices in transferring the inspector to the Bronx. Danziger proceeded to play the same game with Bronx milk dealers. This good business man also got up a testimonial dinner to himself and assessed milk dealers \$80 for a seat, with the threat of driving missing dealers out of business if the tables were not filled. For good measure he sold many more seats than the banquet hall contained. His gross income from all sources is estimated by the worthy horsemen at between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000.

THE HISTORIC STRUGGLE of Catalonia for autonomy from Spain is becoming a sharper thorn in the side of the Spanish Government. It is of special importance to Spain to retain this northeastern region, which is the most productive portion of the peninsula and normally pays nearly 80 per cent of the nation's taxes. The Catalans, on the other hand, with a language and culture of their own, resent the burden placed upon their shoulders. Since the opening of the century they have been permitted to carry on an active development of their individual culture, the program of which rested in the hands of the Mancomunidad or local parliament, composed of the four provincial councils of the Captaincy General of Catalonia. From a purely cultural body the Mancomunidad has developed into a political organization which began in 1918 to send delegates to Madrid demanding political and economic autonomy. Before the establishment of the dictatorship, Primo de Rivera was Captain General of Catalonia and a lively supporter of the Catalan dream of autonomy. Now, however, he is dictator, and political exigencies have demanded a complete about-face. To permit the richest region of the country to slip out of his hands into independence would be inconceivable. He has therefore set about Hispanicizing Catalonia, beginning with an attack on the Mancomunidad, which has been replaced by an assembly of chosen Spaniards. The sturdy Catalans have responded with a policy of passive resistance, refusing to accept office in the Government at Madrid. Threats of confiscation of goods and loss of citizenship have so far failed to dislodge them from their position. Now nine lawyers composing the directorate of the Bar Association of Barcelona have been exiled to isolated towns of Spain for defying the law and using the Catalan language.

THERE ARE EVIDENTLY depths of sensibility in policemen which are unsuspected by those who have judged them only by their language when rebuking a lady who has made a forbidden turn in the traffic or when giving the "bum's rush" to a peaceful citizen who shows a disposition to linger on a street corner. As critics of the drama, especially, they display a remarkable sensitivity when called upon to testify against plays which have offended their moral feelings. This fact has been observed in New York, but it has remained for California to develop a police officer whose modesty would do credit to a convent-bred virgin. This paragon, Taylor by name, testified in the Los Angeles proceedings against "Desire Under the Elms" that he blushed with painful embarrassment and feared for the time when the lights should be turned on again—all because of a nightgown worn by the stepmother in the play.

When it was pointed out to him that this garment was of the old-fashioned variety which reaches to the feet, he merely replied with admirable insistence upon a principle: "Just the same, it's a nightgown," and unlike most crusaders in the interests of stage morality he admitted that the play had "a tendency to deprave and corrupt" his own individual morals. Really it is a great pity that so delicate a nature should be exposed to those sordid scenes which a policeman is so often called upon to witness in the course of his professional duties.

He believes Great Britain will not come out of the war any the worse. Life will be lengthened because of better habits and the training of youth. The productive power will be strengthened because the drones have all been put to work and will probably continue there. He estimated this would add more than a billion dollars to England's wealth, and that untold millions will be saved because of the simple lives people will lead from now.

WHO WAS IT who made this marvelous forecast of how England would profit by the World War? Why no less a person than that distinguished statesman and savior of civilization, David Lloyd George, on January 14, 1916, to Colonel Edward M. House. Nothing could reveal more adequately the caliber of this man's mind, or explain why it is, now that he is no longer surrounded by the glamor and power of war, that he has sunk to an insignificant position in political life. "The productive power will be strengthened." Yes, it has been by the unemployment of upward of 2,000,000 Englishmen ever since the end of the war; by the demoralization of industry, as in the coal mines; by the underselling of British goods by countries having depreciated currencies; by huge taxation; by the tremendous war debt and the payment to the United States of \$500,000 daily. Only in one thing was this prophet correct, that the people of England lead simpler lives than they did before the war. They do—2,000,000 of them because they are subsisting on doles paid them by their fellow-citizens who have employment; many of the rest because of losses incident to the war and the tremendous taxation.

JOSEPH PENNELL, dead at 66, was one of the most picturesque of those few American artists and critics of art who, attaining success in the nineteenth century, did vital work in the twentieth also. For many years a contributor of illustrations to the *Century Magazine* and of critical articles to *The Nation*, Mr. Pennell became quite as famous for the sharpness of his tongue as for the deftness of his etcher's hand. He was an unsparing foe of everything in American thought and art which he found complacent or second-rate; and if he borrowed his best critical weapons from Whistler, whose life he wrote and whose name he always defended, it was not necessarily in the interests of a foreign tradition that he wielded these weapons. He was among the first to see beauty in skyscrapers, derricks, and factory interiors; lower Broadway, the Panama Canal, and war-time munition works came under his hand as readily as did the cathedrals of France and Italy. The newest school of illustrators looks at cities with different eyes from his; but in his time he was a pioneer, and as such he had the courage of his aesthetic convictions. He loved to argue and to teach. His frankness with students was matched only by his genuine desire to help them.

How to Make Americans Vote

THE President has joined those who bewail the failure of Americans to go to the polls. To the Daughters of the American Revolution he pointed out that fewer than 50 per cent of the qualified voters voted in the last two presidential elections; that in the senatorial elections of 1922 "not a single successful candidate secured anything like a majority of the total possible vote." In some States "the candidates received as low as 7.9 and 10 per cent of the total vote." This is the more striking in view of the fact that attendance at the polls at the five presidential elections between 1880 and 1896 averaged 80 per cent of the qualified voters. Mr. Coolidge also pointed out that in Germany in 1924, 82 per cent of the qualified voted and that this figure was also reached in the British parliamentary election of 1922. Recalling the fact that a number of influential organizations did their best to get out the vote in 1924, and failed to do anything more, perhaps, than to check the decrease in voters, Mr. Coolidge none the less urges further volunteer work of this kind, wisely discarding all the proposed punishments for non-voting which range from disfranchisement to criminal action. Believing that self-government is at stake, the President feels that if we can only make the public sense the dangers which elections by a minority create the public will rise to the situation.

Elihu Root, too, has spoken out upon this subject to representatives of the National Civic Federation, which is already at work in preparation for the election next fall and that in 1928. After speaking of the present condition in Italy, Spain, and France Mr. Root continued thus:

Now in this country things have not become so bad as that, but there are many indications that something is going wrong with our machinery. It is not right that less than half the people of the United States should care enough about their government to go to the polls and cast the ballot. . . . Here are a great lot of people with a mild approval of free government, but who never think of doing anything about it until after something has happened and then they criticize the government. The important thing is to turn this half of the people which doesn't vote from critics into doers; show them how they can bear the responsibility, perform the duty of taking a part in the government of their country.

Now all this is a correct statement of what is going on in the way of the breakdown of political interest on the part of the average American. But neither exhortations of this kind nor volunteer organizations will, we believe, remedy the situation. Mr. Coolidge himself quotes a correspondent who asked whether "the result of the great and more or less spectacular campaign by voluntary organizations to 'Get out the Vote' " was a "tragedy" or a "farce." Voters cannot be driven to the polls nor shamed into going there in appreciable numbers. The remedy lies elsewhere—in the restoration to the voter of faith in the two political parties and in our politics and government. It is emphatically not merely a case of laziness. The 50 per cent who abstain do not all do so because they will not make the effort. Multitudes of them deliberately refuse to vote because they feel they have nothing to gain by doing so; that the choice lies between representatives of two parties which are both hopelessly corrupt and outworn, between whom there is no essential

difference in principle or program. They feel that this is a rich man's country; that the workers have no show anyway; that it makes no difference whether Republicans or Democrats control in Washington; that our institutions, excellent once, are no longer adapted to a nation of 115,000,000 of people under the conditions of extreme capitalism. Those who think this way cannot be flogged or enthused into voting until they see some reforms to be gained thereby. Particularly is this true in the South, where millions of colored persons abstain because disfranchised and millions of whites because of local conditions which generations ago wiped out all party opposition.

Again, it is a curious fact that these very leaders of the old school who berate the absentee voters never question our institutions and our political methods. They are never weary of ringing the changes upon the perfection of our form of government, the beauty of our economic system, and the hallowed blessedness of life under the American flag. A letter from one of these believers in the absolute perfection of American government lies before us. He writes of "our prosperity, the opportunity for education, for individual effort, and the widespread existence of happiness in America"; he "marvels" at those who suggest change, believing that they "recklessly attempt to destroy the good we have under our present order without the ability to insure the benefit of change through disturbance." Admitting the low average vote and "the neglect of personal responsibility in government," he thinks that all that is needed is to "give the present institutions fair play by making more people work for the U. S. A. than to try new methods." Connect the lack of voting with dissatisfaction with our present institutions he cannot. His only remedy is to *compel* people to work for the government, believing, so he says, that thus one creates "reverence for the state," forgetting that nobody ever by force made anybody love or reverence anyone or anything. Such as he cannot see that their brand of political economy has destroyed the faith of half the American people in their government. They shut their eyes to the fact that no government can remain politically static and survive.

To Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Root, and our correspondent we make the same answer: Direct the efforts of all who bewail the abstention in voting to so making over our government that it shall win anew the love of all the American people and not merely of those who grow rich and happy under the present system. Let them recall how much of the vast wealth of America is concentrated in the hands of a few of the people; that nothing has occurred to vitiate the truth of Woodrow Wilson's charge that the control of our government by big business calls for revolution. Let them realize that while they themselves cling to the anachronisms of our Constitution they are wholly indifferent to the great guaranties of human liberties enumerated in the Bill of Rights. They hold to the letter of the Constitution; they have perverted its spirit. They have permitted a situation to arise in which the will of the people can never make itself clearly felt on a single issue. Why should they wonder, since the government has become a thing apart from the life of the people, that those chiefly go to the polls who expect directly to profit from politics and privilege?

Wanted: An American Program for Disarmament

THE approaching meeting of the Preparatory Commission of the International Conference on Disarmament, to which President Coolidge, with the approval of Congress, is sending an American delegation, offers a new opportunity to America and to American friends of international peace. It will be recalled that at the time of the Washington Disarmament Conference, in 1921, the impressive demonstration of many different groups of American citizens impelled Secretary of State Hughes to make far more progressive proposals to the meeting than he otherwise would have made; they were largely responsible for whatever measure of success that gathering on naval armaments achieved.

It is frequently said by spokesmen purporting to reflect the mind of the Administration that the United States is not interested in the question of land armaments and has nothing to contribute to the subject of their reduction. Both statements are palpably untrue. The American people are vitally interested in land disarmament, because the existence of large conscript armies in the world is a serious contributing cause of fear, and fear destroys that confidence without which international disarmament and peace are difficult to obtain. It is sufficient to recall two recent American initiatives to be convinced that there are significant American ideas and practical proposals to be made to any disarmament conference that really wants to disarm. The first of these is the germ idea of the resolution twice introduced in the Senate by Senator Shipstead of Minnesota, calling upon the President to negotiate treaties with every military Power, under the terms of which compulsory military training and service would be reciprocally prohibited and abolished within the territorial jurisdiction of each state. This is the same idea which is being agitated by the youth movements of Great Britain and Switzerland, the latter looking to the League of Nations to initiate such an international treaty for the suppression of conscription as it has already initiated for the suppression of slavery and the slave trade in the mandated territories and in Angola.

Another American idea is one in which the Carnegie Foundation is interested; it is a proposed revision of international law, specifically a codification of Pan-American international law, according to which several new definitions and doctrines of right and of non-violent coercion are advanced. Perhaps the most important of these is that which declares henceforth to be illegal the acquisition of all territory by the exercise of force and violence, this proposed reform to be established by the voluntary acceptance and proclamation of all the American republics. The suggested codification would also narrowly limit the permissible use of the blockade and other forms of "sanctions" and subject the whole process of coercion of a delinquent or an offending state to American international control through development of conciliatory, judicial, and arbitral processes in the Pan-American Union.

A third American idea of great significance—the economic embargo, originally applied by Thomas Jefferson—is one which, when fully developed to meet modern conditions and applied internationally, may prove to be the

master-key to the puzzling problem of sanctions in a world in which public opinion is more or less free and active and, when sane, is the only guaranty of security. Considered from the point of view of the rights and duties of neutrals, America has a right and a duty to propose and proclaim what might be called a policy of the Closed Door—a voluntary recognition of the duty of a neutral nation to close its markets against sale of munitions and contraband of war to an aggressor state, the fact of aggression or offense or violation of obligation to be determined by a respected and impartial international judicial body, possibly the World Court, but not by any political sanhedrim such as the Council of the League. When aggression is defined as refusal to submit an international controversy to arbitration or to international inquiry and conciliation, such a revision of the doctrine of neutral rights and duties would place the moral and economic power of the neutral world on the side of defense, arbitration, and inquiry, instead of on the side of aggression, naval power, and violence, where it now is.

The doctrine of neutrality is an American doctrine. It began when George Washington and his Cabinet, disregarding the pledges of military assistance contained in our treaty with France of 1778, proclaimed a new policy in 1793, suited to the exigencies of the young nation and of inestimable worth to the subsequent history of all nations. It lies in the power of the United States to bring this doctrine up to date, to revise and apply it in a way that will make impossible a repetition of the dangerous conflict that arose between the United States and Great Britain in 1916, concerning neutral rights upon the seas.

Ellen Key

ELLEN KEY has been called the "wise fool" of the women's movement. Her wisdom lay in her bold vision of a world made safe for the free expression of women's impulses toward love and motherhood. Her folly lay in a futile and stubborn resistance to all the other tides of feminist thought and development.

Essentially Ellen Key was as conservative in her view of women's functions as Theodore Roosevelt—or H. L. Mencken. But because she accepted without reserve the changes that were necessary to set woman free for her biologic role, it was her ironic fate to be viciously attacked. Essentially, too, Ellen Key was severely moral; more moral, it is safe to assume, than the bitterest of her critics. The "new ethics" to which she subscribed and which she preached demand a conscious nobility of purpose that makes mere conventional acceptances appear by comparison flabby and mean. But because her morality was at variance with the current pattern, she was denounced even in her own country—which eventually acclaimed and rewarded her—as a seducer and corrupter of youth.

Women, according to Ellen Key, are intended primarily for motherhood. More than this, they have the right to motherhood and to conditions of life which tend to make it free and efficient and happy. In spite of current tendencies toward industrial and professional work, a majority of women, under the best social circumstances, "would probably find that they had work enough in the capacity of wives, mothers, and housekeepers." Most of them "would doubtless regard the realization of married

life and the bringing-up of their children as their great social work, their science and their art."

What, one may ask, is the revolutionary implication of such a doctrine, stated in terms that could be understood by a Southern Senator in pre-suffrage days? Ellen Key was dangerous because she had the courage of her logic. She realized that if you attempt to restrict women to the pursuit of motherhood, you cannot restrict motherhood to a limited number of women. She believed that any woman fitted for maternity should be free to choose it and that no woman who was unfit should be allowed to become a mother. "Irresponsible motherhood," she said in "Love and Ethics," "is *always* sin with or without marriage; responsible motherhood is always sacred with or without marriage." The question of illegitimacy should not be permitted to touch childhood; all children should be legitimate and equal. Love should be free, but monogamy, based on principles of mutual interest and responsibility, would tend to be the common, as it is now merely the conventional, ideal. "Love and parental responsibility," she held, should be made "the sole conditions of sex relations." Her influence undoubtedly played an important part in shaping the family laws which, in enlightenment, put the Scandinavian countries ahead of all other nations except the Soviet Union.

Ellen Key believed in peace, and in women—the "mothers" of society—as the agents of peace. She believed in legislation securing the support of women for three years after childbirth. She came to believe, after some years of bitter opposition, in woman suffrage, not because women were similar to men but because, being fundamentally different, they would revolutionize and humanize social laws. These attitudes were wholly consistent with her primary belief in woman's essential maternity. She outlined a system of ethics and a program of social change designed to make the home a sphere worthy of women. She tried to make it important, respected, economically secure. She showed with little difficulty that the ordinary modern home was either a miserable sweatshop or a disorganized plant with no system or standards of workmanship. And as the result of these efforts she aroused, among the merely conventional defenders of women's historic function, unmeasured horror and hate.

By her fellow-feminists Ellen Key was regarded with mixed feelings of respect and resentment. In her later years, when she tardily espoused suffrage, she became closely allied with the woman's movement throughout Germany and Scandinavia, where feminism largely concerned itself with the problems of motherhood and sex freedom. But she set herself stubbornly athwart the swift current of industrial change which under her eyes was turning woman from a domestic to a factory worker, from a housekeeper to a bookkeeper or stenographer. And in consequence she found herself opposed by the growing numbers of women who found that the world itself had come to be their home and who, to use Ellen Key's own words, "wanted to navigate all the seas with men."

Her death obliterates a great figure among the women of today; but it will not wipe out the problems she discussed. It is interesting to see how, in every controversy concerning women, the feminism of Ellen Key is confronted with the feminism of the unrelenting machine age, which day by day grinds to dust the differences she so stoutly expounded.

The Poet's Way

ONE of the commonest misconceptions concerning the poet is that he has a special and mysterious way of saying things. The process by which a statement in eight or ten rhythmical words becomes the property of mankind is mysterious enough, of course; but the notion that a special device was resorted to by the person who spoke the words is without demonstrable foundation. Take, for instance, the most frequent of all notions concerning him—that he speaks in figures. Max Eastman, whose book on poetry is highly entertaining, laid too much stress upon the poet as a caller of names. Poetry is more than the art of calling names—that is, the art of calling something by another than its ordinary name. The whole speech of man, in prose or in verse, is metaphorical.

Of the lines or groups of lines which have achieved something like universal fame, so that we resort to them rather than to our own tongues when we wish to express certain emotions or ideas, we suspect that considerably more than half are utterly devoid of images—at least of images perverted to a particular use. Take the following:

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

The proper study of mankind is man.

God made the country, and man made the town.

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

And if it be objected that these lines are taken from that eighteenth century which is supposed to have been, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "an age of prose and reason," and hence an age incapable of charming or magically revealing language, we can go backward and forward to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Emerson, Whitman, and Longfellow:

No where so busy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well.

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.

Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

I celebrate myself, and sing myself.

I stood on the bridge at midnight.

If these quotations prove little, they at least prove that poets can reach the ears of the world through mere felicity, mere condensation, mere speaking well. A good line of poetry is always the shortest distance between two points—and it makes no difference whether a metaphor was met on the way or not.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



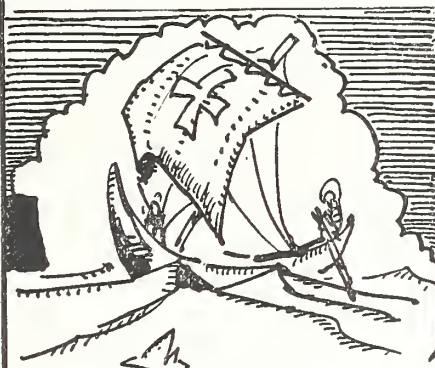
LET ME CONFESS that there are many things in this esteemed universe which I fail to understand, but here is one problem which puzzles me more than any other:



Some two thousand years ago there lived a carpenter in the land of Galilee who saw that the world was slightly out of gear and who tried to solve the many difficulties which beset him and his contemporaries—



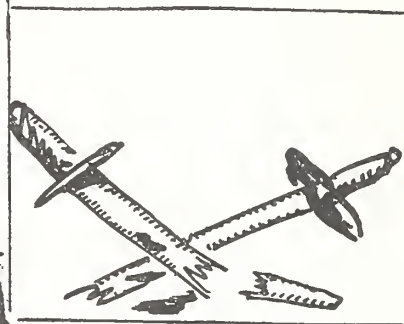
by urging the multitudes to obey certain simple laws of decency and kindness and humility of spirit and who urged them not to repay evil with evil;—



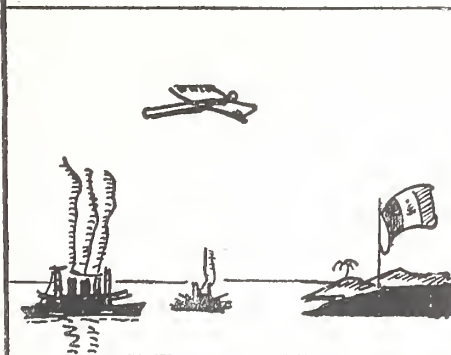
and then during the next twenty centuries those who proclaimed themselves his followers journeyed to the ends of the world—



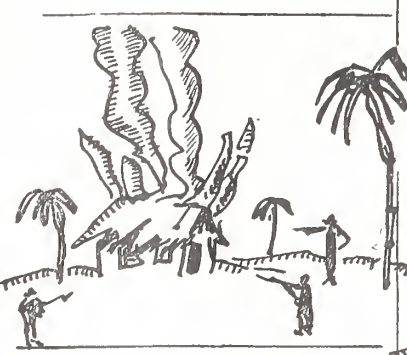
to urge upon all sinners the virtues of kindness and humility of spirit and the wickedness of repaying evil by evil—



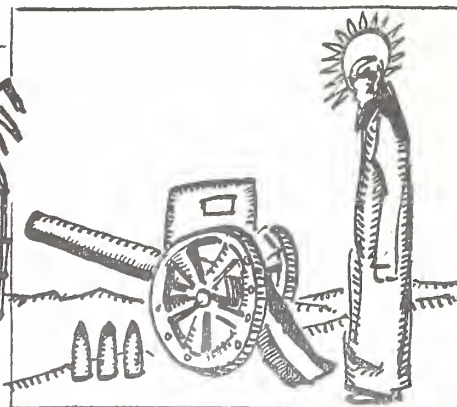
and they nobly proclaimed the doctrine that those who live by the sword shall also perish by the sword and that one must not ask a tooth for a tooth but must turn the other cheek;—



but nowadays the moment they meet with a little bit of opposition they loudly holler for warships, and insist—



that their enemies be brought to terms by the largest guns in the world.



And I for one would like to ask "How come?"

The Gunboat Policy Sheds Blood in China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Peking, March 18

WE are safe in the Legation Quarter. Rows of soldiers with fixed bayonets guard all the approaches. We are safe. But forty Chinese students are dead tonight, and sixty more lie wounded in the Peking Union Medical College, shot by Chinese soldiers as an aftermath of a foreign ultimatum. Fate plays strange tricks. While the bodies of the students still lie in blood and dust in the Peking streets, the diplomats whose gunboat policy led to their deaths are dining peacefully and talking calmly about "excited agitators."

Yesterday noon the American Ambassador met the newspapermen. The fatal ultimatum had been issued, but the diplomatic atmosphere radiated confidence. The Powers had been losing prestige in China. This firm stand, following the customs incident at Canton last month, was to change the "psychological atmosphere" so that the Powers could regain their lost "rights." Half an hour later a delegation of missionaries and educators called upon the Minister. They told him that the use, or even the threat, of armed force under the present circumstances would smash the tradition of American friendship for China and increase anti-foreign feeling. I am not at liberty to quote the Minister's reply, but it has leaked out that he did not agree with the missionaries' reading of Chinese psychology. Certain it is that men close to him had come to believe that the Chinese were so sick of their own chaos that they would welcome a firm stand which would help reestablish freedom of communications. Certain it is that they—and he and the other diplomats who signed the ultimatum—were wrong.

This morning crowds gathered in the Peking streets. They carried banners; they passed out handbills; before the red walls and towering yellow roofs of the Tien An Men they made and heard speeches. The students obtained a holiday to protest against the new foreign aggression, and a committee of them sought to see the Chief Executive to voice their protest. They were beaten off with clubs. A larger group stood firm in the face of a discharge of blank cartridges, then fell in ranks before the machine-guns of the Chief Executive's bodyguard. Who is to blame for the murder of those high-spirited boys and girls? Legally, and in foreign eyes, perhaps, no one but themselves. But the Chinese, and I with them, hold the diplomats responsible.

For the diplomats are trying to turn back the hands of history, to restore the domination of the white man over the yellow. And, unless the West is ready to sacrifice its young men by the thousand, they cannot do it. Even if the West were ready to fight to maintain the white empire, it would lose in the end. There are twice as many men in China as in France, England, Italy, and America put together.

Twenty-five years ago, after the Boxer uprising, the Powers, fearful of a repetition of the ghastly siege of Peking, not only imposed the huge Boxer indemnity upon China but forced her, by the same protocol, to agree (1) to raze the forts of Taku (at the mouth of the river which

leads to Tientsin), on the ground that they might "impede free communication between Peking and the sea," and (2) to occupy certain ports along the coast between Tientsin and the Great Wall, "for the maintenance of open communication between the capital and the sea." It is upon that agreement that the present dispute arose.

In the post-Boxer days the Powers did pretty much as they pleased in China, being limited chiefly by their fears and jealousies of one another. China was weak; the monarchy fell, and the desperate effort to graft a Western republic on the old Asiatic stock stumbled through one civil war after another. Then, after the Great War, the Allies in their petty spite forced China to deport the Germans and to cancel the unequal treaties in so far as Germany and Austria-Hungary were concerned—an example which China did not forget. Then Turkey rose and threw off the shackles of her unequal treaties by shaking her armed fist at the Westerners—which, too, the Chinese observed. And then came the revolutionary Russians, preaching international working-class solidarity (and all China is a working class), canceling the old Sino-Russian treaties with a dramatic gesture, and preaching eloquent sermons on the refusal of the Allies to do likewise. The prestige of the great Western peoples suffered. Although the refusal of the Chinese Government, after the Lincheng outrage of 1922, to accept the Powers' demand that it organize a railway police under foreign officers, and the closing of the Tientsin Railway for a few days in 1920 (in violation of the Boxer protocol) were indicative of the change, its full force was not felt until after the wild summer of 1925.

Last summer the British police in Shanghai killed eleven Chinese students and workers; British and French killed fifty-two Chinese parading in Canton in protest against the Shanghai shooting; and more Chinese were killed in Hankow. And the students of China arose and howled, and set their dormant nation howling. Foreign goods were boycotted for months over all south and central China. Even today, after nearly nine months, Canton is still refusing to land British goods and is successfully ruining Hongkong, once the greatest port in the East. All over China the foreign diplomats and consuls learned to tread softly and to avoid trouble. The Chinese people began to recover its lost dignity.

No white man dares kick a coolie in Shanghai today any more than he would dare kick a taxidriver in New York or Kansas City; extraterritoriality, over which the diplomats ponder in Peking, has ceased to have meaning in most of China; the military leaders levy taxes despite the rain of protests and citations of treaty rights by the foreign diplomats; the Canton strikers who boycott foreign goods take no interest in treaty clauses guaranteeing open trade for foreign Powers; foreign ships on the upper Yangtze River, where British and American gunboats have been exercising, uninvited, *de facto* police power, find themselves compelled, like Chinese boats, to accept military guests as non-paying travelers; and the good old "open communication between the capital and the sea," noted in the Boxer Protocol of 1901, has been upset whenever the

requirements of civil war suggested it to a Chinese general's mind. The Powers, appalled by the outbursts of last summer, have watched their "rights" go sailing by without daring to do more than pen dull documents of protest. In December the Peking-Tientsin Railway was closed for nearly three weeks despite the foreign fuss and fret; for several weeks now the Tientsin-Shanhaikwan Railway, which is guarded by foreign troops on the theory that it is a necessary part of the "communication between the capital and the sea," has been cut by the blowing up of a bridge; and on March 9 the local authorities notified the Powers that the channel by which ships enter Tientsin had been mined.

Comic aspects intrude themselves upon a serious story. The foreign ships, warned of the mines, stayed out. But the Chinese have picked up and put down the mines with such extraordinary freedom whenever they wished to permit one ship to enter or to bar another that there is grave doubt whether they ever really laid any mines at all. It is not at all impossible that the whole fuss and fury has been due to a Chinese joke, and that the mining has been purely imaginary.

At any rate, the Powers awoke to a new activity. On March 10 they composed a joint note to

protest most urgently against this state of affairs, and demand that the Government of China bring about the immediate cessation by both of the mutually hostile forces of China of these acts of obstruction to open communication to the sea through the Taku channel, reserving to themselves to collaborate for the protection of foreign shipping and for the maintenance of free access to the port of Tientsin, should the Chinese Government fail to take forthwith action to that end in fulfilment of the purpose of the Protocol of 1901.

Now, the Protocol of 1901 was intended to assure the safety of the lives of foreigners in Peking. No foreigners have this year—as yet (there is no telling what may follow the latest killings of Chinese)—been in danger in Peking. The sudden ultimatum of the Powers was not in pursuance of that purpose, but simply to aid foreign commerce, obstructed by Chinese civil war—as Grover Clark, editor of the *Peking Leader*, pointed out in a rarely sane and brave editorial printed when the ultimatum was made public. The situation at Taku was this: Six warships belonging to the Mukden faction hostile to the group in control of Peking and Tientsin were hovering off the bar. Twice they had shelled Taku; once at least they had attempted to land troops. Not unnaturally the forces on shore armed the forts for defense and even announced the mining of the channel. Whatever the letter of the treaty, the foreigners had no moral right to demand that the channel be kept open for their ships unless they were ready to agree to keep the hostile warships from following their merchant ships into port.

On February 12, two days after that note, two Japanese destroyers, the *Fuji* and the *Suzuki*, started to move up the river past the Taku forts toward Tientsin. The Chinese authorities had given permission, but there was a misunderstanding. One of the forts opened fire—the Chinese say with a blank shot of warning, the Japanese say with machine-gun fire. The Japanese replied. Three Japanese were wounded; four Chinese were killed and eight wounded. The Japanese asked for apologies; so did the Chinese. Meanwhile foreign merchant ships were per-

mitted to enter the river, but forced to submit to a rigid inspection. Then, on the 16th, the storm broke. The Protocol Powers sent a "gunboat note" to the Chinese Government, an old-fashioned ultimatum with a forty-four-hour time limit. The Powers "demanded" that

1. All hostilities in the channel from Taku Bar to Tientsin must be discontinued;
2. All mines or other obstructions must be removed;
3. All navigation signals must be restored and no further molested;
4. All combatant vessels must remain outside Taku Bar and refrain from interference with foreign shipping; and
5. All searches of foreign vessels except by the customs authorities must be discontinued.

If satisfactory assurances on these points have not been received by noon on Thursday, March 18, the naval authorities of the foreign Powers will proceed to take such measures as they may find necessary for the purpose of removing or suppressing any obstruction to the free and safe navigation of the channel between Tientsin and the sea.

In all this the chief interest was of course Japanese; but it was understood in Peking that the moving spirit was the American Government. That this was not mere Japanese propaganda seemed to be evidenced by the appearance, on the morning before the issuance of the ultimatum, of a United Press cable from Washington predicting drastic American action. The eagerness of a certain type of Americans to have our Government act as errand-boy for British and Japanese imperialism, is one of the most curious phenomena of the Orient.

Immediately following the ultimatum, the Mukden forces announced that they had seized a Russian ship carrying ammunition for their opponents, that this was what they had really been angling for, and that they were glad to accede to the request of the Powers and depart. The Kuominchun forces declared that while they could not entirely give up the right of search they would be glad, if the Allies would agree to keep the Mukden forces away, to open the river freely to traffic. The Powers seemed to have won their point. As an event in diplomatic history, the story ends there.

But, as a chapter in the history of the races, it does not end there. The incident with the Japanese destroyers led to student protest meetings. The ultimatum closed the schools in Peking. For the students bear a heavy responsibility in China these days; they consider themselves the awakeners of the people, the molders of a united nation. And the vehemence of some foreign protests against their activities only proved their success. They protested, and marched under a sea of blue and white banners through the streets of Peking to protest to the Chief Executive.

Why to the Chief Executive? Because, in a sense, Tuan Chi-jui has become a symbol of foreign domination. When Feng Yu-hsiang and his People's Army were at the height of their strength in December, about to oust the old man and institute a commission form of government in Peking, the Powers, alarmed, intervened. The plan of a commission form of government sounded like a soviet to their delicate ears. And Feng, still a little afraid of the foreigner, yielded to their threats. Tuan remained, thanks to the Western Powers. So the students, who feared a too submissive reply to the ultimatum, marched to Tuan's

office, passing out handbills which called for the deportation of the eight ministers who had sounded the offending ultimatum. Tuan's bodyguard received them, first with clubs, then with overhead shots, then with machine-gun fire. And tonight, as I have said, forty of them lie dead in

the streets of Peking and sixty more are groaning under the green roofs of the Rockefeller hospital.

Does America want the gunboat policy tried some more? Does America want China to fall into the arms of Russia? It looks that way tonight.

Secrecy in the Senate

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

THERE is no place in our governmental fabric for secret official action by any legislative body. The Senate of the United States has recently lost much of the respect of the country by refusing to let the people know how its members voted upon the confirmation of Mr. Woodlock to become a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Under its rules, the Senate considers all nominations made by the President, in executive or secret session. The rules provide that all votes had in such a session shall be kept secret and no Senator has a right even to tell how he himself voted without violating these rules and laying himself liable to expulsion. The practice of the Senate, for many years, has been by unanimous consent to publish in the *Record* the roll-call vote upon such nominations. In the case of Mr. Woodlock objection was made and the roll-call was not published. This action of the Senate has aroused a feeling of disrespect and sometimes a feeling of condemnation on the part of many of our citizens, and millions of people are inquiring why the Senate has refused to let the country know how its members voted on this important proposition. No one has yet given an answer to this query.

Why is this vote kept secret? Why is it that the practice of many years has found an exception in this one case? Are Senators afraid of their constituents? Are they afraid to let the country know how they voted in this particular case, and if so, is it because they have voted contrary to the wishes of their constituents or contrary to their own convictions, because of pressure from powerful interests or from alleged political leaders? This vote was perhaps as important as any vote taken in the Senate during the present session. The Interstate Commerce Commission has control of the transportation system all over the country. Their powers are perhaps more closely connected with the actual business operations of the country than any other department of government. Their official action has a definite and direct effect upon the cost of living of all our people. The selection of the membership of this commission is, therefore, one of the most important governmental functions in the entire fabric. It is particularly important at this time. The commission is about to pass upon the valuation of all the railroads of the country. Transportation rates for all the future years will be based upon this valuation. It is not only those who live now, but the generations that shall follow, who are directly interested in a very natural way in the official action of this commission. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be a deep and definite interest all over the country in the commission's personnel.

The qualifications of Mr. Woodlock have been discussed through the public press for more than a year, and his ideas as to valuation and the financing of railroads have

very properly become the subject of public debate. It is claimed by those who oppose him that his long affiliation with railroad interests and his Wall Street connections definitely disqualify him from a position on the commission. The writer is not now criticizing the views of Mr. Woodlock and, for the purpose of this article, is making no claim as to which side in this controversy is right. I desire only to point out that a great national question is involved and to call attention to its importance. Indeed, for the sake of the argument, it may be assumed that Mr. Woodlock's ideas are correct and that his qualifications are beyond criticism. The point is that in this important question, upon which the people are sharply divided, the Senate of the United States, called upon in its official capacity to settle the question, has settled it behind closed doors. Can any reason be offered why the votes of Senators on this question should be concealed from public view? Why should the Senate lock itself behind closed doors and pass upon such a matter as this in secret; and, if there is any justification for it, why, for the same reason, should not all votes in the Senate be concealed? There is a deep-seated and righteous conviction in the heart of every liberty-loving citizen against secrecy in government affairs. By its refusal to make the roll-call public the Senate has lost much of the respect and confidence in which it has been heretofore held by the public at large. Have the people of the country not the same right to know how a Senator voted on the Woodlock appointment that they have to know how he voted on the tax bill, on the World Court proposition, or any other important matter of official action? No one will defend the suggestion that the Senate transact all its business in secret. Such a course, however high-minded it might be to begin with, would ultimately lead to corruption and dishonor. Has any government ever survived where its high officials had transacted public business behind closed doors? Such procedure was one of the main factors that brought on in Russia the most desperate revolution that has happened in many centuries.

In considering this particular question we should likewise consider that rule of the Senate which provides that a transcript of all business transacted in executive session shall be certified to the President of the United States. This means that the information denied to the public shall be secretly conveyed to the President. Let us pause to ask why should the President be given information denied to the public? In the case of Woodlock, why should President Coolidge be told how every Senator voted when the country at large cannot lawfully secure any such information? The President has the appointing power. He naturally wants to see his nominees confirmed. He likewise controls the patronage of the entire country. He is supposed to, and undoubtedly does, make many of these ap-

pointments upon recommendations from Senators. It is to the interest of Senators, therefore, to help the President carry out his program and to confirm the nominees that he names. If a Senator is conscientiously opposed to the confirmation of any nominee and still desires to bask in the official smiles of presidential favor, this secret method of concealing the facts from the public, while they are given to the President, enables him to carry out such a program. He can violate his convictions as to public duty without his constituents finding it out, at the same time knowing that the man in the White House, who holds the power of future appointments, will be able to know that he has been faithful and is therefore entitled to favorable consideration in future recommendations. What is still more, if his constituents should refuse to reelect him, he knows that the secret information in the hands of the President may go far in placing him in the lame-duck colony and win him a fat berth because of his faithful service to the party chief rather than to his constituency.

It has sometimes been said as an excuse for this secret procedure that it is akin to the Australian ballot system and that the Australian ballot system is founded upon the principle that the voter should be allowed to vote in secret and thus be independent of any other influence. The individual voter who casts his ballot in an election represents only himself. He is performing a function that is personal with himself, and it is therefore proper that he should be protected from any outside influence. Moreover the voter who is inclined to be corrupt and who is willing to accept pay for casting his vote in any particular way is by this secret Australian ballot method prevented from giving information to those who would corrupt him and is not able to let them know whether or not he has redeemed his promise. The purchaser of votes, therefore, is deprived of the ability to ascertain whether the man whom he has purchased has made good and, as a result, he is less likely to attempt to corrupt the individual voter. The Senator acts in a representative capacity. In the aggregate a Senator's vote means the vote of more than a million of our citizens. He is acting not for himself but for his constituents, and therefore he has no honorable right to conceal from those whom he represents how he has officially acted in any particular case. On the other hand, it is his duty to give them the fullest and most complete information on the subject. Official acts of the honest and honorable agent will never be concealed from the principal.

Upon all matters of legislation as well as upon all controverted confirmations there are always two sides to the question. The Senator cannot and ought not try to escape criticism. If he is not willing to assume the responsibility of executing his conscientious convictions when called upon to act officially, then he is not qualified to be a member of the Senate. On the other hand, the Senator who does act conscientiously ought to have the approval and approbation of his constituents for his official conduct. This rule for secrecy in the Senate as now interpreted deprives every Senator of a right which every honest man must concede he should have—the right to defend himself before the public upon any controverted question upon which he has officially acted. If the roll-call is held in secret and no Senator is allowed to disclose his own vote, then any Senator who is criticized must, in order to defend himself, violate a rule of the Senate, which if enforced would mean his expulsion from that body. Not only has

the public a right to know, but the Senator himself has a right to tell.

The man who refuses to tell how he has voted on an important matter in the Senate will very likely be condemned for such refusal by both sides of the controversy; and it will not only be the individual Senator who will be condemned but such action on the part of the Senate will bring condemnation upon that body as a whole. It will lose its prestige before the country; it will lose the confidence of the people, as well as respect for its actions and its laws. This secret method of procedure enables the party in power, through its President, to control not only the action of the Senate with reference to confirmation, but to influence its membership on all matters of legislation by a method contrary to the very fundamental principles of a free government and at complete variance with the intention of the framers of our Constitution. It enables the man in the White House to keep tab upon every Senator and to know in all cases the names of those Senators who have acted in compliance with the secret instructions of the head of the party; and it does this by concealing from the constituents of Senators the official acts of their own servants who may be, without their knowledge, violating their confidence, if not their direct instructions. In addition to the power of the political machine and the political boss it places in the hands of those behind the scenes the power of punishment or reward of the people's chosen representatives. It possesses the same inherent evil that secrecy in governmental affairs always contains and, if carried to its logical conclusion and applied to other governmental functions, means the injury and ultimate destruction of free government. Such conduct on the part of high officials cannot be defended upon any ground consistent with the fundamental principles which underlie our republic.

Shadows for Florida

By CARL RAKOSI

Summer, the Negro's cabin was full of voices,
and the sawgrass pointed straight north toward the cities;
and I said: "Are you giving us a tune, brother?"

So he chanted: "Hosanna's in the cotton,
and singing's in the citrus;
there is singing with the blackbirds too;
there is singing from the rocks.
Should I sing from the rocks?
Should I sing from the rocks
if I can not find Jesus?"

Go on singing, brother, go on.
And the blackbird filled the palms.

While in the slack season the building tradesmen
quartered on the Eastern seaboard.
"Stick together, white men," I advised,
"Where else will you find so many voices?"
But they protested in a deep key:
"We don't hear anything;
nothing here but heat waves;
nothing here but scrub and dark children.
What are the voices about?
Are they with us?
Will they tell us about the snow on Main Street?"

A Strike and an American

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SCENE: A crowded New Jersey courtroom. Jersey justice is to be done to an incredible creature, one who leads a strike, one who dares admit that he believes in communism. Reporters crowd around; the room is jammed with deputy sheriffs and policemen. Authority stands everywhere. The judge enters and solemnly charges the Sheriff thus: "You will place your deputies at all the doors. Everyone will be seated. There shall be no demonstrations of approval or disapproval of any of the Court's actions whatsoever. This ruling must be strictly obeyed. Anyone disobeying will be ejected from the room." He takes his seat. The tipstaves, Jersey relics of bygone judicial dignity, stand as if at attention; their staves suggest the golf-links. The judge proceeds to settle the cases of some vulgar criminals. Then the case is called. For Weisbord, the strike-leader, there is this display of force; for Weisbord two hundred strikers have come to see and hear; because of Weisbord the reporters throng. The local lawyer for the defense arises. There is still courtesy and dignity in law courts. He asks the judge to grant the courtesy of the bar of New Jersey to his associate, Bainbridge Colby, of the bar of New York. The judge assents with much manner and there arises the last Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Woodrow Wilson, by the irony of fate the very man who framed the policy of the United States—still persisted in—of refusing to recognize the Government of Soviet Russia.

The ex-Secretary of State speaks with clearness, force, ability, in quiet tones, with all courtesy; explaining why he, an outsider, feels it necessary to plead in this "quiet, calm court"; declaring—in marked contrast to the brutality, excitability, and alarm of the Passaic police—that the issues involved can only be settled by fair play, fair-mindedness, and lack of passion. There are deep, fundamental issues, he declares, at stake, issues so far-reaching as to involve all citizens of this great country. The rights of free speech and free assembly are beyond discussion; everybody is entitled to them, he goes on. They can not be successfully challenged. But he is there, he who is not a Communist, he who thinks we have the best government in the world, to protest that such high bail is oppressive, unjust, and contrary to law and to the spirit of our institutions. Along these lines he argued always in the same calm, even, yet eloquent tones. In vain so far as the judge was concerned. Courtesy the judge may have, but inflexibility as well. Weisbord was held on the four charges, to support which there exists only police evidence, and bail of \$25,000 was demanded. As soon as it was furnished he was arrested again, this time by the authorities of Garfield on much the same charges, in pursuit of a deliberately laid plan to pile bail upon this man up to \$90,000 or \$100,000 so that he could not possibly obtain it and thus could be kept behind the bars in defiance of the laws which provide that a man accused as he is shall be admitted to bail. So anxious about the safety of the Government of the United States are these polite, petty judges of New Jersey that besides charging Weisbord with incitement to riot and solicitation to overt acts of violence they declare that he has also "incited hostility against the Government."

I have dwelt upon this appearance of Bainbridge Colby in that prejudiced, tipstaved New Jersey court not only because of his generosity and public spirit in offering to appear on the unpopular side without any compensation whatever, but also because of the glaring contrast to his public spirit evidenced by his brethren of the bar of New Jersey, the clergy, and the public men of that State, who should have been heard from in this crisis. Yes, there was one other New Yorker, Samuel Untermyer, who likewise dropped his practice, to go to Washington in order to urge a senatorial inquiry into the tearing up of the Constitution of the United States by the official law-breakers of Passaic and Garfield. But we have come to expect that of Samuel Untermyer; for a long time past it has been known that he was to be had for righteous causes in which his sympathies were enlisted and always without thought of compensation. While Mr. Colby feels that New Jersey has been disgraced by these lawless happenings, to me, accustomed as I have been to recording similar defiance of American law and principles and of the American Bill of Rights by public officials, the sinister fact is that the conscience of New Jersey has been silent. One of the best-known citizens of the State was asked to join a committee of inquiry and protest; the invitation was enthusiastically accepted and the acceptance peremptorily withdrawn the next day by telegram. Somebody exercised pressure. The Passaic Presbytery would not allow the Rev. Norman Thomas, Presbyterian minister though he is, to address it in regular session, and when he spoke afterward to some who waited to hear him there was a violent challenging of his statement that the church could not afford to keep silent, as Wendell Phillips would have put it, "in the presence of sin."

Mr. Colby was right in declaring that the issues in the Passaic case affect every American, that is every American who loves his country. That clergymen could sit by and see men, women, and children beaten up by the police, newspapermen assaulted, their cameras smashed, without lifting their voices in protest, without leaping to succor the victims of what to all attempts and purposes is a gigantic conspiracy on the part of public officials and mill-owners to break a justifiable strike seems almost incredible. The lawyers of New Jersey, like all other lawyers, are sworn officials of the court; their oath makes them a part of the judicial machinery. Yet there has been no committee formed and no public action taken to redeem the State from this disgrace. Some of them when approached, and some New York lawyers, too, have hesitated and wanted to "verify the facts."

But the facts are undisputed. The New York reporters who were beaten up by the police and had their cameras smashed while on their legal business know where the facts lie, and so does every reporter who has been in the strike area. They know that the charges of communism are trumped up; they know that these men, women, and children have shown the most amazing endurance and self-control during the fourteen weeks of this long-drawn-out strike. The Governor of New Jersey, who has backed and filled, has said he would not intervene, and then offered to mediate with a couple of military officers and a labor leader

as his board of arbitration, has confessed by this act that Passaic was disgracing the State as well as the United States. Yet even he would not negotiate with Weisbord because he was an outsider! As if this made any difference when there is intense human suffering to be ended, a most inequitable condition of affairs to be remedied, and a real reign of law and order to be established without the aid of

obsolete riot acts and double-barreled shotguns and policemen who club women and little children! When one considers these things the wonder is not that a Colby and Untermeyer have come to the front like truly patriotic Americans, but that hundreds of others have not volunteered to save the law and New Jersey authority from complete contempt.

Success "Dope"

By STUART CHASE

A COMPLETE census of American quackery would reveal, one suspects, a panorama without parallel in history. From Oom the Omnipotent, who knows how to work up stage, to Bertha Betty's Beauty Spot Shoppe, which sells you a facial clay for \$10 a pound made from equal parts of kaolin and water, costing just 20 cents; from obesity cures containing the head of a tapeworm in a pellet of gelatine to rejuvenating lotions compounded of dried glandular matter; from Divine Healers, who supply their advance agents with self-portraits copied from the head of Christ, to swamis in cerise bathrobes in the spook parlors of Los Angeles; from Florida realtors to those Men of Vision who sell us, annually, six hundred million dollars' worth of recently vacated oil wells and other sky-blue securities; from Oriental universities furnishing Ph.D.'s for \$50 cash down or \$55 on the instalment plan to that great industry which, with many beautiful illustrations, instructs us in the art of eating soup so that it does not sound like a subway train—in brief, from San Diego to Portland, Maine, we have a diverting spectacle of organized quackery in action. But of the whole panorama none charms us more than the peddler of success dope. We refer not so much to the bright youths who write for the *American Magazine* as to the super-salesmen who have made a paying business of purveying to the simple, the hopeful, and the incompetent various patent specifics for obtaining success and power—such a one, for example, as the gifted Robert Collier, whose latest opus, "The Book of Life," lies before us.

In order to understand the nature of Mr. Collier's services, let us submit ourselves cheerfully, without fear of expense, to his life-giving ministrations. Preliminary to the examination of the opus there are certain rites and ceremonies without which one fears there would be no opus at all. These ceremonies include (1) a prospectus in two colors, profusely illustrated, and (2) a Special Introductory Coupon engraved like a bond certificate which entitles the fortunate holder to a 40 per cent reduction. As a ledger clerk or a toiling pants salesman, and thus in good standing on Mr. Collier's sucker list, we open the imposing letter and proceed to absorb the pictures and the underlying text of the prospectus.

Page One. THE SECRET OF THE AGES. HOW YOU LIVE YOUR DREAM

Picture of Moorish gentleman about to embrace Moorish lady—happily unveiled and with vast décolletage—under minarets, while a mystic figure in the background does a sort of a Shriner's obeisance athwart a blood-red moon.

You cannot see It, but you can feel It, use It. Properly used it can make of you a Napoleon, an Edison, a Roosevelt, a Lincoln. *There is no limit to what you can*

do with It! Call it what you will, It is there—a sleeping Giant who, aroused, can carry us on to fame and fortune overnight.

Though we may call it what we will, it seems that the SCIENTISTS have a name for it, a smashing name—"Our Second Subliminal Mind." Furthermore it appears that the scientists are just beginning to understand the Power—deep within ourselves—which "Wise Men of the East had grasped, thousands of years ago." Which puts us in tune with the Mystic Shriner at the top of the page, and also with a sort of coffee percolator steaming away down at the bottom, and not to be mistaken for anything but Aladdin's lamp.

Page Two. BUBBLES. THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Picture of Nordic gentleman on plush sofa, clasping Nordic lady, while back of sofa rise two round soap bubbles, one greater, one smaller; the first containing a large Queen Anne mansion, with cypress trees and a limousine under the porte-cochère; the second an ocean-going steam yacht.

You know the air castles a young fellow builds when he is planning his future with his Best Girl.

Alas for most of us, these dreams collapse. The Bronx instead of Tarrytown. But, thank heaven—

Man, man, there's more to life than that! There is everything you looked for in the roseate dreams of your youth! Right within yourself is the Rockefeller-Morgan-Ford-Edison power of TURNING THE TIDE IN YOUR FAVOR AND TURNING IT NOW, NOW, NOW! Listen! There really is a well defined SECRET OF SUCCESS, whereby OTHER men rose higher—and YOU can!

Note those two words "well defined."

Page Three. HOW FORTUNE CAME TO JOHN RANDALL. OPEN SESAME!

Picture of same Nordic couple in full fig crashing into what appears to be a combination of the Waldorf dining-room and a Japanese pagoda. The obsequiousness of the waiters is superb.

When a man 38 years of age, who has been working at a moderate salary all his life, suddenly awakens and solely through his own efforts jumps into a \$12,000-a-year job almost overnight—*there is something about his methods that other men would like to know at once.*

It cannot be any too soon for us, Mr. Collier. "The secret of his sudden rise is in the little books pictured on the next page." We turn over with eager fingers.

Pages Four and Five. Double Spread. No text at all except a few chapter headings of the opus which is to teach us all to be John Randalls:

THE FIRST LAW OF GAIN
ALADDIN & Co.
THE MAGIC STREET
THE ACRE OF DIAMONDS
WHY GROW OLD? [*Why, indeed!*]
THE FORMULA OF SUCCESS
THE TALISMAN OF NAPOLEON

Picture of gentleman seated at his office desk rubbing the aforementioned coffee percolator, from the nozzle of which issue (1) steam, (2) seven volumes of the "Book of Life," (3) a genie, (4) the skyline of New York.

Page Six. Picture of a flight of steps made up of volumes of the "Book of Life." On the highest book is a flat-topped mahogany desk surmounted by a telephone, and on its shank the word "executive." Up these steps, his eye glued to the word, our hero is climbing, with a fade-out of the New York skyline again in the background.

Page Seven. PAY DAY. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

Picture of father, mother, and curly-headed kiddy seated amid the splendors of a Hearn's parlor suite (\$187.50) gazing with what can only be called rapture at an open book which father holds in his hand. The "Book of Life"? Wrong. If one may say so without sacrilege, an even greater book. A bank book.

If you had to have more money to support those dependent upon you, could you make it? You could if you had the Secret of Success.

Thus are these two great books happily united.

Page Eight, and last. ARE YOU HITTING AT NOTHING?

Picture of Hart Schaffner and Marx young man whanging away at nothing at all, with appropriate text drawing a parallel with the Niagara River. It seems that the Niagara River was whanging away at nothing at all—for uncounted eons, mind you—until the General Electric took it in hand. Thus a mere scenic dud has been turned into a Success.

And so we can turn uncertainty, hesitancy, delay, and fear into POSITIVE, VIGOROUS, UNAFRAID, SUCCESSFUL ACTION!

Our pipe is out, the *Saturday Evening Post* lies unheeded in the corner, forgotten the pinochle game at Joe's. . . . Spires and towers and minarets. Lamps and genii. Moorish ladies and steam yachts. Limousines and cypress trees. All packed away deep, deep, down inside. Just a little rub, just a little formula, and wouldn't we tell that fellow Smith who thinks he is trying to run the audited vouchers department where he gets off! We take up the gaudy coupon.

Mr. Collier: You may send me one of the Autographed Advance Sets of the "Book of Life," beautifully bound in Artercraft, at your special Introductory Price of \$6.85.

A clatter of dishes comes from the kitchen. We open our mouth to shout to the wife, as is our wont. Then, abruptly, we shut our mouth. Women are no judges of things like this. Really big things. Big business things. Lord! Twelve thousand smackers a year! Women just haven't any sense where big, hustling, two-fisted decisions are involved. And he was 38 when he started. . . . We sign on the dotted line.

There is very little more to tell. We get the books. But so much of Mr. Collier's art has been exhausted in the prospectus that little remains for the opus. Each volume

contains about fifty pages, with very few words to the page. Which, all things considered, is a mercy. The printing cost per volume can hardly exceed 10 cents. The technique seems to be to employ one paragraph for general exhortation, such as "You have that gift. Use it!" followed by a paragraph in which Messrs. Napoleon, Carnegie, Cato, Galileo, Rockefeller, Pygmalion, Brisbane, Humboldt, and Plato are brought to bear witness that you have the gift.

So far as the promised formulae are concerned—magic formulae, but well defined—the only one that we have been able to locate is this, a formula to keep us from growing old:

Find a picture—or, better still, a statuette—of the man you would like to be. Keep it in your room. When you go to bed at night, *visualize* it in your mind's eye—hold it in your thought as YOU. Give that model to your Subconscious Mind to build upon—and before eleven months are out, that model WILL BE YOU.

Mr. Collier may be sincere. The kindest thing is to hope that he is. But he certainly possesses an uncanny divination—in his prospectus—for selecting the vulnerable points in the psychology of the white-collar worker. He makes six specific and telling drives upon the hopes and the despairs of the man who finds himself settling into the rut of a standardized and futureless job; the man who is almost beaten, but, like a fish on a bank, has still a feeble flop or two in him:

1. The appeal to cupidity. He will tell you how to become rich and powerful.
2. The appeal to sex. Beautiful ladies; even the delicate hint of a harem of beautiful ladies.
3. The appeal to mysticism. Magic formulae; the wisdom of the East. The roots of all religion are bound up with this appeal.
4. The promise of the end of monotony and routine. No appeal is more forcible in a machine civilization.
5. The fountain of youth; coupled with the diabolical suggestion that aging men can achieve the formulae.
6. The appeal to the hearthstone. For \$6.85 he will deliver your loved ones from the ghastly threat of economic insecurity.

It takes more education, more worldly wisdom, than the average slave of the desk possesses to stand up against any such assault as this. Still, there is always the chance that he hasn't the \$6.85.

Restoration

By DAVID MORTON

Whatever it was that troubled me went by,
With a great wind that went with a great roar;
And there were mountains . . . and a road . . . and I,
And fields—and stars, where nothing was before.
The road had left the town so far behind
That all there was of town had fallen away,
Where roads and winter fields were all but blind
With darkness coming over the ends of day.

Whatever it was that troubled me was gone,
When I turned back, with starlight sifting down
Gray in the road that I was walking on;
And a great wind strode with me into town,
With a great shout that might have been my name,
And all the stars behind me as I came.

Prohibition on Trial

By H. C. ENGELBRECHT

II. The Drys Answer

THE drys have had their inning. After the spirited attack of the wets they jumped into the fray to recover any ground they might have lost, and, if possible, to establish themselves even more firmly. Dry tactics may be grouped as follows: An answer to the wet indictment of the Volstead law; an attack on the saloon and its concomitant evils—for they insist that any modification of the present law will inevitably bring back the saloon; an attempt to ascribe to prohibition enormous social and economic gains; an appeal to the conscience of the world; and a reminder of their voting strength.

In carrying out these tactics the drys chose their witnesses from the very groups which had testified for the wets: enforcement officials, educators, labor leaders, Catholic priests, district attorneys, social workers, the Canadians, etc. Governor Pinchot sent a statement covering Pennsylvania. The heads of the score of anti-alcohol leagues, mostly Protestant ministers, defended their cause. Finally mention must be made of the testimony of Chicago's mayor. Claimed by both sides as important evidence, it was perhaps the sanest, most careful, and least biased statement made at the hearings.

The ministers outnumbered all other witnesses by about two to one, but their testimony was, by comparison, worthless. They paid more attention to rhetoric than to exact evidence; they specialized in appeal rather than in statement of fact; they were readier with generalizations than with specific instances. For that reason Senator Reed wielded his lash: "Ninety per cent of the dry evidence would be excluded in any court on earth." For the purposes of this summary we may safely ignore their remarks and briefly review the more serious testimony of the other witnesses for the defense.

THE ANSWER TO THE WET INDICTMENT

Briefly, every charge of the wets was categorically denied. The enormous diversion of alcohol from government plants (60,000,000 gallons) was declared to be fantastic, 13,000,000 gallons being much nearer the facts. The number of stills was greatly exaggerated, their total being closer to 17,000 than 1,720,000. Deaths due to alcoholism were decreasing. The mounting number of arrests for violation of the Volstead law proved the increasing effectiveness of law enforcement, not the multiplication of violators. Bootleggers were recruited largely—at least 60 per cent—from the aliens and the foreign-born. The liquor interests were said to have agents in several European countries which were sending over aliens ready to undertake this very profitable, but also dangerous business. The trade being mostly un-American it would be well to fingerprint and deport the aliens engaged in it. Educators declared that the students were obeying the law; social workers and ministers vouched for the scarcity of stills in the homes; leaders of young people insisted that their proteges had been badly maligned. Government agents were defended against the charge of disregard for law in enforcing prohibition.

Organized labor, far from presenting a united front against the present law, was said to be much divided on the question, for which reason Mr. Gompers had tried to avoid public discussion of the issue at conventions.

Answer was also made to specific points in the indictment. One Catholic priest had declared the anthracite region of Pennsylvania to be wet and demoralized; another insisted that it was dry and law-abiding. Yale was claimed for the drys by a professor, for the wets by students, and again for the drys by the professor. Pennsylvania had figured in the wet indictment, so Governor Pinchot made a written report concerning the progress of enforcement in his State since 1923. Philadelphia formerly counted from 150 to 400 intoxicated persons in the streets on any evening; that number has been reduced to three. Over one hundred breweries were compelled to cease operation. Of 151 manufacturers of toilet water, hair tonic, tobacco, or disinfecting sprays 128 were found guilty of violating the law and most of them were prevented from further transgression. Arrests and convictions of violators were increasing, likewise the seizure of illicit liquor and stills. Thus the Governor made a case for the possibility of enforcement, if sincerely attempted. In a similar way, the same point was made in the case of Chicago and Cleveland. The New York situation was analyzed, and while it was declared to be far better than had been reported, disregard for the law was blamed on the failure of the State to cooperate with the Federal Government.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC GAINS

It was in the field of social and economic welfare that the drys saw the justification and the necessity for prohibition. They showed a tendency to appropriate every advance of recent years for the dry law. The more careful witnesses were ready to concede the importance of other factors. The mere list of their claims is impressive. The outlawing of the saloon destroyed a great social and political evil and eliminated enormous economic waste. Prohibition has been a great blessing for the home. It has made money available for better and more sanitary dwellings; it has helped to give better educational opportunities to many children and youth; it has prevented disease or helped to cure it; it has wiped out much suffering from poverty or from cruel drunkards; it has made for better-dressed, better-fed, and happier children. Economically, likewise, many excellent results were ascribed to the Eighteenth Amendment. Real wages were said to be 32 per cent higher than in the wet era. Savings in the banks have mounted to unprecedented sums. Our present prosperity was held to be chiefly a result of the dry law. Employers found more dependable laborers now than formerly. The high standard of living in America was further evidence of the excellent prohibitory laws.

THE PRESENT PROBLEM

The drys insisted that the overwhelming majority of people in the country were against any change in the law. The farm population was solidly behind it. The only problem was in the cities. Here the huge profits of the traffic

had brought forth the law-defying bootlegger. To yield to this lawless element would be a surrender of democracy. The problem to be faced was one of law enforcement. Observation and study showed that cooperation between federal, State, and city authorities always succeeded in driving out the traffic. Prohibition being "the greatest social advance since the emancipation of the slave" every effort must be made to hold the progress that has been attained. There can be no thought of modification. The best and most efficient enforcement ought to be the only topic considered.

CONCLUSION

The wets have again answered the drys. The debate is therefore just opened, not ended. Wets and drys both seem pleased with the testimony of Mayor Dever of Chicago. Let them ponder the wise words of this man: "We want intelligent consideration and to drive the ballyhoo and the blah out of the discussion. Rely for advice on people not affected by personal advantage and pay-roll attachments either way. Don't pay attention to men whose minds are not operating while their tongues are clamoring. . . . I have only arrived so far in my belief on the question that it has got to be studied, that it has got to be thought over most earnestly and carefully and sincerely."

In the Driftway

FROM Impach, Washington, comes a plea to the Drifter to do justice to an incident which, as the correspondent writes, "our reporteress lost in a cloud of words" in the local paper. On an Indian reservation recently a dance for white people was in progress. Suddenly the orchestra stopped short in the middle of a tune. Through the door glided the sleek dark body of an Indian boy of 18, naked except for a loin-cloth, his face daubed fantastically with lampblack. In front of the startled crowd, which huddled against the walls, the gleaming body gyrated through a weird, primitive dance. When he had scarcely begun, however, civilization interfered. According to the "reporteress," "quick hands grabbed at the gliding warrior and with a propelling kick from the floor manager, 'Mr. Red Man' was launched outside into the snow." And soon thereafter, she relates, "he was hustled into his clothes and away from the scene." The party proceeded as if nothing had happened; the dancing of the wild brown body was replaced with the virtuous regularity of the fox-trot; and law and order were restored.

* * * * *

THE story goes on to explain: "It was sometime before a reason could be assigned for this extreme reverting to the primitive, but on investigation it was found that for several weeks, in the homes of some of the older Indians, the annual Chinook dances have been in progress. At these dances the weird medicine-making performances of olden days are still indulged in. It is said that one dancer of the group is designated as the 'Blue Jay dancer.' His duties are to make medicine and dance, clad only in nature's garments and a breech-cloth. Of these practices," she hastens to add, "the white folk who live in the neighborhood know nothing, for they do not mingle with the Indians in any way. The Indian lad, who shocked and scattered the dancers Saturday night, had apparently been in attendance at one

of these dances and had conceived the idea that he would show the white folks what a Blue Jay dancer could do. It might be possible that a little fire water had made the Indian more bold than sane."

* * * * *

IT is the last paragraph of this smug description of an ancient rite to which the Drifter's correspondent most strenuously objects. "Nothing could be more absurd," she says. "There are many preparations for the medicine dances and they are religiously performed. 'Fire-water' is not permitted, as the Good Spirit will not work with it in the room or tent where the dance is carried on. Blue Jay's conduct can be explained as self-hypnotism or religious ecstasy, but certainly not as drunkenness." Then she goes on, "His name comes through the fact that he is inspired by the blue jay. Our present Medicine Man is not very good because he gets his instructions from the common barnyard fowl, the hen! The squirrel, robin, ground-hog, and bear are among the most efficient messengers of the Spirit. At least the Indians here have more faith in them." The Drifter, too, is discouraged by the style of the newspaper report, but he is even more disheartened by the incident itself. Even in the West, apparently, wildness has become a sin, and sanity is valued above boldness. Civilization, with its fear, its self-righteousness, is creeping westward, to bind the Indian's lithe muscles with ugly clothes and tame the poetry out of him. And if he does, in the words of the reporter, "forget his white man's training" and "revert to primitive type," he is taunted with having used fire-water or some other stimulus which his tame white brother, in self-defense, has invented that he may himself sometimes find relief in primal carelessness. Thus wildness fares in a tame world. But fortunately it has a way of breaking through at unexpected moments to frighten civilized man with the gleaming naked body of reality. And though it is banished as soon as common sense and logic regain control, it can never be wholly captured or destroyed. For which fact the Drifter cannot but feel a certain pagan gratitude.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The House Autobiography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with both surprise and interest your criticism of the House Memoirs which appeared in *The Nation* of April 14. Knowing your impression of Mr. House, I was not prepared for the severity of the comments; as, indeed, no one could have been prepared for such a challenge to criticism as those volumes present. For one, I would have been glad to count Mr. House's contribution with the many quasi-official but uninteresting indiscretions that have of late flooded the market. Obviously, that is impossible. Neither can Mr. House be classed with Page, who, however unique in his conception of an ambassador's obligation, was at least consistent in advocating the interests of the same foreign country throughout.

But the personal attitude of Mr. House scarcely concerns us, hard as it is to fathom how a man who claims to have inspired all the actors in a great drama, without ever so much as getting between the wings of the stage, could now gather the resolution to step before the public with so revealing an account of himself and the dead President. Would he have done it if his former friend were here to speak?

However, that is all incidental—fit subject for psycho-

logical inquiry. What does concern and astound us is the proof of the humiliating position in which a great and supposedly free people were held during all those years, through the maneuvering of a stray politician who was permitted by the secret authority of our President to gain audiences, to invite and to extend confidences in matters of gravest concern, to issue threats and to extend assurances that involved the physical and moral fate of a nation, to promise peace with no result but to perpetuate war; and in general to so shape his course as to spell disaster in every instance as the culmination of his vagarious plans and tortuous schemes.

But we must not be ungrateful. When Mr. Lansing remained in the Cabinet, his best friends regretted his sacrifice. When his book appeared, they saw a new method by which the man may serve the cause. So here. Humiliating as the picture is to its author, to the dead President, and to the people, nevertheless we have solemn warning how foreign affairs should never be handled; and how they may and perhaps must be conducted, so long as we continue to be the easy victims of ready slogans and felicitous speech.

St. Louis, April 24

CHARLES NAGEL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think your review of House's book is one of the most brilliant pieces of book reviewing I ever read. Of course, I totally agreed with House in thinking this country ought to go into the war. However, you are not supposed to write book reviews from my point of view. You are supposed to write them from your own point of view. And, from your point of view, that attack of yours on House is most certainly one of the ablest things I ever saw. Congratulations! Moreover, from any point of view, House's notion that a wandering individual American, even though the President's best friend, could change the Europe of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar and Charlemagne and Philip II and Napoleon, out of hand, was certainly the most fantastic idea since Don Quixote thought that Rosinante was a war horse. You certainly have the core of journalism; and that's courage.

Washington, April 16

H. B.

"Pig Iron" Kelley

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am making a study of the life and public services of Judge William D. Kelley, better known as "Pig Iron" Kelley, Congressman from the Fourth District of Philadelphia from 1861 to 1890. I should like to obtain originals or copies of any letters written by or to Mr. Kelley during his long period of public life. I should like to hear from any of your readers who may know about the existence of such letters.

HUGH T. LEFLER

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, April 1

The Mind of a Creditor Nation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did it ever occur to you that when we confiscated private alien property we were still in the frame of mind of a debtor nation; that we now are a creditor nation with real American money all over the world, and that if we did not know that there was such a thing as a "moral responsibility" the time would now be ripe to invent one?

Must we always imitate our English brethren by ascribing anything we do to our aspiration to spread Kultur and religion? Those millions which we now refund, and which never belonged to us, are a mighty fine investment when we claim in the next war—the sanctity of our money.

Brooklyn, April 2

M. KIRCHBERGER

The Name "America"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shall the United States maintain its long-assumed right to the name "America"? In featuring "America and the World Court," and later (March 3) in its rejoicing that "America is not mixed up in the daily intrigues and quarrels of Europe" (notice Brazil keeping out of the mix-up), and in many another notable instance *The Nation* answers in the affirmative. *The Nation* is but one of hundreds of voices of press, pulpit, and statesmen through which the nation continually asserts this right. Could a national assumption so well established be translated—say, in Latin America—as national arrogance?

Berkeley, California, March 19

C. L. COGGINS

For Historical Research

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A movement for the promotion of historical work in America, which has just been inaugurated by the American Historical Association, is of so much importance to all who care for the humanities that I venture to bring it to your attention and that of your readers. It is proposed to raise an endowment fund of \$1,000,000, the income of which will be used by the association to develop its present activities more adequately and to expand them to include, among other things, the promotion of individual and cooperative research through surveys and subventions and the publication of the results of such research. Special attention will be given to the study of the historical backgrounds of current problems in cooperation with workers in the related social sciences. This attempt to raise an endowment is in the hands of a special committee, of which Albert J. Beveridge is the chairman, and headquarters have been established at 110 Library Building, Columbia University, New York.

The American Historical Association was founded in 1885 by a group of the leading scholars in the historical field, led by Ambassador Andrew D. White. In the forty years of its existence the association, which was the first of the social-science groups to organize, has extended its membership to almost 3,000, and a survey of its work would show that it has been immensely effective in stimulating, directing, and developing the study of history, the preservation of records, and the organization of State and local societies working for the same purposes.

Besides publishing its reports and conducting annual meetings the association has sponsored a considerable series of publications and investigations ranging all the way from the teaching in secondary schools to the study of the archives and records of the various States. Possibly the most signal thing is the maintenance of the *American Historical Review*, which, under the editorship of Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, the director of the Department of Historical Research of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and one of the founders of the association, is now, I think, freely recognized as the best of the historical magazines.

All of this has been done on very limited funds, chiefly the annual dues of the members, who are themselves, in the most part, teachers and scholars in this field. I know that when I was a member of the council some years ago it was a matter of distress to make out a budget when we could give only \$25 to an important committee—hardly enough to pay postage. In this effort to increase the endowment fund, little will be accomplished unless support comes from outside the membership. If the endowment desired is secured, the association will be able to mobilize the energy of its trained scholars, and the result will be a great advance in historical research.

Minneapolis, March 22

GUY STANTON FORD

Books, Music, Plays

The Acolyte

By JAMES RORTY

The locust, because the meadow is warm in the present
Stare of the sun, has devised this evident
Ritual, whereby a pious rubbing of thighs
Proclaims that the sun doth rise
Higher toward noon; and though the incessant whine
Of his metaphysical saw cuts nothing but the blue
Air, nothing less strong than this divine
Unreason will suffice for you,
Poet; look how the mowers in the field
Lean on their forks and listen to the long
Drone of this ignorant cantor—would they yield
An equal unforced tribute to your song?
Nothing less strong, poet; and in your lack
Of accomplished thighs, one might suggest
A season or two of silence; then come back
And listen first at evening, it were best,
And when the whippoorwill begins to cry,
Say nothing; be a most astute
Listener; later you may want to try
A pale derivative hoot.

First Glance

THE numerous series of reprints wherewith we are blessed today continue to thrive and to put forth new titles. Eight new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam: \$2.50 each) carry that enterprise, so frequently celebrated in *The Nation*, further toward completion; and they introduce into the series a new, much-needed author. Mr. R. D. Hicks by translating Diogenes Laertius in two volumes has rendered accessible once more (the Bohn edition being no longer easily attainable) the one surviving compiler of late Greek times who wrote the lives and discussed the works of the Greek philosophers from Thales to Epicurus. With more faults than virtues, Laertius is yet unparalleled; and he is priceless. Two more volumes of the Plato are also now to be had, one, translated by W. R. M. Lamb, containing the "Lysis," the "Symposium," and the "Gorgias," and the other, translated by H. N. Fowler, containing the "Cratylus," the "Parmenides," the "Greater Hippias," and the "Lesser Hippias." The eighth volume of Ernest Cary's Dio, the third volume of R. M. Gummere's "Epistles" of Seneca, and the second volume of H. Weir Smyth's Aeschylus are continuations or completions; while the "Histories" of the incomparable Tacitus are begun by Clifford H. Moore's highly competent version of the first three books.

The World's Classics (Oxford: 80 cents each) would seem to avoid the specialization which distinguishes the newer series; yet even within the range of its hundreds of titles there are to be seen signs of an interesting and intelligent direction. The new volumes of "Selected Czech Tales" and "Selected Russian Tales" follow the "Polish Tales" of a year or so ago; the Tolstoi of Aylmer Maude now includes "What Then Must We Do?"; the selection from Southey's letters is followed by selections from the letters of Gray and Dr. Johnson; and an edition of Smollett—I hope—begins with "Humphrey Clinker."

The American Library (A. & C. Boni: various prices) is building upon the best of bases—a desire to make available certain vigorous and representative American books which for one reason or another have never effected an entrance into our canon. The "Journal" of Columbus and the selection from "The Jesuit Relations" made by Edna Kenton are perhaps the most important titles thus far, though the volumes of Melville, Ambrose Bierce, Artemus Ward, Crèvecoeur, Harold Frederic, and Fitz-James O'Brien which have appeared have of course been interesting. The claim of the Blue Jade Library (Knopf: \$3 each) that it explores "the field of the semi-classic, semi-curious books which have enjoyed great celebrity but little actual distribution" is best vindicated, I think, by the latest addition, a complete translation into the flawless English of C. K. Scott Moncrieff of "The Letters of Abelard and Heloise," with a characteristic prefatory letter by George Moore—who in these days has a unique right to be thus involved. The latest volumes in The Modern Library (Modern Library Publishers: 95 cents each) were noticed in a recent issue of *The Nation*. I should add that "Don Quixote" (2 volumes: \$7.50), with an introduction by George Edward Woodberry, is now to be found among The Borzoi Classics (Knopf). And as this goes to press a new Catullus, in the English of F. A. Wright and others, arrives among The Broadway Translations (Dutton: \$3).

An entirely new series which promises more than well is The Rogue's Bookshelf (Greenberg), under the general editorship of Ernest Brennecke. Both the editors and the titles as announced are a guaranty that the library will be varied in what it offers and expertly attended as it appears. The six items already published are "Lazarillo de Tormes" (\$2), with an introduction by Carl Van Doren which incidentally introduces the series; Smollett's "Ferdinand Count Fathom" (\$2.50), edited by Ernest Boyd; H. H. Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry" (\$2.50), edited by Mr. Brennecke; Godwin's "Caleb Williams" (\$2.50), edited by Van Wyck Brooks; Nashe's "Unfortunate Traveler" (\$2), edited by Samuel C. Chew; and Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" (\$2), edited by John Macy. This is a superb beginning; but Mr. Greenberg promises twenty-seven further titles, most of them just as good.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mussolini Minus

The Life of Benito Mussolini. By Margherita Sarfatti. Translated by Frederic Whyte. Frederick A. Stokes and Company. \$5.

MUSSOLINI himself provides us with a most apt criticism of Signora Sarfatti's book in the preface he has contributed: "In this book my life is to be found recorded—at least such part of it as can be made known, for every man has secrets and shady nooks that are not to be explored." The shady nooks, if not the most edifying, are certainly not the least interesting part of Mussolini's career. Though his latest biographer carefully avoids them, her book is for all that very readable, as she seems to have known her subject intimately and to have studied his character at close quarters over a number of years.

The vicissitudes of Mussolini's life have been many. The son of a village blacksmith and innkeeper in the Romagna, he first qualified as a teacher; but the profession does not seem to have appealed to him, as he is to be found tramping from

canton to canton in Switzerland within a year of obtaining his first position. Eventually he learned the trade of stonemason, which he alternated with that of errand-boy when the weather put a stop to building. By hook or by crook he managed to scrape together enough cash to attend lectures at the universities of Geneva and Zurich. During this period the future dictator of Italy saw life; he visited Germany and France; he was turned out of one Swiss canton after another on account of his socialist views and vagabond habits. His boon companions were the Russian exiles; he thought himself lucky when he had enough money to find food and shelter.

Finally the Swiss Government expelled him from the country. Before long his name begins to assume a certain importance in the Italian Socialist Party. He is secretary of the local Socialist group at Forlì, a small town in his native Romagna, and at the same time editor of a local weekly, *The Class War*, which soon comes to the notice not only of the Socialists but also of the police. The new editor is strong; he is individual; he is an incorrigible opportunist (this side of his character is tactfully glossed over by the biographer); and he has that perfect genius for publicity which up to the present day has stood him in good stead. Italy becomes too warm for him. So for a short time we find him editing a Socialist paper in Trent.

The Austrians, too, deported him. In 1910 the Italian Socialist Party called him to the editorship of the Milan *Avanti!*. Mussolini was a success as a journalist; he worked hard and wrote with force and conviction. The circulation of the *Avanti!* was quadrupled, and in 1914 its editor was perhaps the strongest figure in Italian Socialism. Some years later Trotsky said to an Italian Socialist delegation: "You have lost your trump card. The only man who could have carried through a revolution was Mussolini."

Probably the secret of Mussolini's lapse from socialism lies in his distrust of internationalism. He is first and foremost an Italian. Before 1915 he toyed with internationalism. With the declaration of war he declared for neutrality. Soon, however, intervention appealed to him as the surest path toward Italian aggrandizement. He founded the *Popolo d'Italia* to fight for it. The Socialists accused him of taking French gold; they expelled him from the party; they spat on him and called him traitor. He has never forgiven them. The rest of the story is well known. He was badly wounded and returned to convalesce at his desk in Milan, where he remained until the march on Rome.

The present narrative stops short with Mussolini's assumption of office. We miss the enthralling story of Mussolini the dictator; the book is interesting only in that it gives his background. As a critical historical study its value is nil; there is too much of the press-agent about it. No one is too great to be compared with the hero—St. Francis, Cromwell, Savonarola, Napoleon, Lenin. But the book is a marvel of tact. Anything unpleasant is left out. We should have been interested, for instance, in the inside story of the Matteotti murder or even in the facts about Mussolini's marriage and the legitimization of his children.

MARTYN HEMPHILL

On the Contemporary Novel

The English Novel of Today. By Gerald Gould. The Dial Press. \$2.

The Modern Novel. By Elizabeth A. Drew. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

MR. GOULD surveys the contemporary English novel with a somewhat jaundiced eye. Either inclination or duty has led him to read an enormous mass of contemporary books, and he remembers a surprising number of those which seem to have little claim to remembrance; but with the most striking tendencies of contemporary fiction he has little sympathy.

He speaks of "the splendors of the Victorian age which our young men deride but do not rival"; of "that abundant cleverness of the moment which is off upon the wrong tack"; and he reaches the somewhat summary conclusion that the inferiority of the new "is not the mere consequence of poorer gifts in the individual writer" but of "something stamped deep in what the individual writer is attempting, in the very nature of his artistic purpose." He is, in a word, very dogmatically sure that he knows what constitutes "a novel" and his stock in trade is the question "It's very pretty (or clever or subtle or passionate), but is it art?"

Now this, I submit, is the very worst of all possible ways to approach a consideration of the novel, for the most striking thing about the history of that very rich form is its persistent refusal to confine itself within the limits of any definition formulated upon the basis of past example. I am perfectly sure that had the criticism of prose fiction been from the beginning as abundant as it is now the generation raised upon Defoe would have objected to Richardson and the generation raised upon Scott would have objected to George Eliot upon exactly the same grounds that Mr. Gould objects to James Joyce or D. H. Lawrence. "This," they would have said, "is striking enough, but it isn't the novel as Defoe or as Richardson or as Scott wrote."

Time after time also Mr. Gould falls back upon some variant of the assertion that "life is not like this"; and in doing so he begs the whole question, first, because neither Mr. Gould nor Mr. Joyce knows what life is like as distinguished from what it looks like to them, and, second, because the novel never has been more than a record of things as, to this interesting mind or that, they seemed to be. If, as Mr. Gould seems to admit, Joyce, Lawrence, May Sinclair, *et al.* possess the most original minds to be found in our generation then it is with them that the critic of the novel must chiefly deal, and the futile question "Is life like this?" is swept aside by the significant fact that at least to many of the most interesting minds of our generation it seems thus to be.

I do not of course mean that Mr. Gould is bound to admire these people or that there is any necessity for him to conclude that their works constitute an achievement comparable to that of the Victorian masters, but I do mean that as a critic of the contemporary novel his chief business is to deal with them and not, as he seems to assume, to dismiss them briefly in order to indulge in discussions of quite unimportant people of whom it can only be said that if they are not very distinguished it does happen that their aims and opinions are not as irritating to Mr. Gould as those of their more gifted contemporaries. A book in which Joyce and Lawrence and Huxley were anatomized and damned might be interesting indeed, but one in which they are briefly ruled out, in which for example Huxley is given three mostly contemptuous pages and a Miss Leonora Eyles is given four pages of praise, is at best a little silly. "The English Novel of Today" bristles with the names of people not worth discussing; it is only for pigmies that the author has any really hearty praise. Our giants may be evil and they may be only relatively gigantic, but it is pretty well agreed who they are.

Miss Drew is an English lady lecturer who has been addressing women's clubs in America. She devotes herself largely to the major figures and it is her aim to prevent the doves from being too much fluttered by an unreasonable fear of genius. She leads both Lawrence, whom she doesn't like, and Conrad, whom she does, in by the hand and shows that neither will bite; she explains the purpose of Huxley; and she points out that both psychoanalysis and best sellers "illustrate how dull life becomes if you narrow it to nothing but sex." She is suave, she is persuasive, and she takes infinite pains to make the significance of everything comprehensible to the meanest intelligence. One merely wonders if it is worth while to do so.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Philosophic Realism

The Ways of Knowing. By William Pepperell Montague. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

DURING the past three years three important works of philosophy have appeared from American pens: "Skepticism and Animal Faith," by George Santayana; "Experience and Nature," by John Dewey, and this book by Mr. Montague. All three are from the realistic camp; philosophic idealism would seem to be, outside of Italy, if not dead, at least quiescent. The present volume labors to establish both a realistic logic and a realistic epistemology.

Logic, for Mr. Montague, is not, as for so many, the art of reasoning correctly from incorrect premises—in the sense, for example, in which the French are often called logical thinkers, and in the sense which has naturally discredited logic in the eyes of the practical-minded. The selection of premises, so far from being irrelevant to logic, is, in Mr. Montague's view, its main business. Logic is not a game with certain formal rules but a serious search for final principles of truth which when attained are found to be not mere "laws of thought" but ultimate laws of being. Five main methods of search have actually been employed by humanity according as knowledge has been supposed to rest primarily upon testimony (authoritarianism), intuition (mysticism), reason (rationalism), the evidence of the senses (empiricism), or the successful outcome of experimental action (pragmatism). Weight of testimony, Mr. Montague admits, can be partially determined by prestige, numbers, and age, but in the last analysis authoritarianism is dependent on other methods, since the final word of authority could not itself have been obtained from authority but must rest upon some form of direct experience.

Of the latter, mystical intuition can be fairly adequately explained as the "congruity of a proposition with a subconscious system of tendencies" derived from racial instincts and individual memories, although the possibility of its revealing supernatural or cosmic influence cannot be absolutely denied. "Intuition is the function that originates new hypotheses but seldom proves them, reason is the function that proves but seldom originates them." Mysticism may be of a deplorable negative type characterized by pessimism, asceticism, and occultism—and here Mr. Montague dismisses the bulk of Hindu philosophy somewhat too cavalierly—or of an admirable positive type which leads to the emotional enhancement of life. It is from the combination of rationalism and empiricism, however, that the author expects the real fruitage of knowledge. His account of the origin and status of universal concepts and his reduction of all judgments to propositions of identity are pieces of brilliant philosophic reasoning in which, as against idealists, pragmatists, and logicians, he succeeds in showing that the types of relation treated by modern science can all be brought under the principles of the old Aristotelian logic. The estimate of pragmatism is a model of judicious criticism; full recognition is given to the Deweyan form with its emphasis upon future results, while the shoddiness and inconsistency of the Schillerian kind of pragmatism are mercilessly pointed out. In addition to the five positive methods of obtaining knowledge there is the ever-present need for the critical and negative method of skepticism, to which Mr. Montague devotes an able chapter.

The discussion of the epistemological problem, which is taken up in the second part of the book, is somewhat less satisfactory. Mr. Montague offers an eclectic combination of elements from idealism, new realism, and critical realism, but the resultant compromise remains nearer to new realism than to either of the others and is open to many of the objections which have been urged against the neo-realistic position. His chief argument for presentative as against representative knowledge is that perceptual space and time are qualitatively identical with conceptual space and time, but that this is not necessarily

true is witnessed, among others, by Riemann's or Lobatschevsky's conceptions of space, Einstein's conception of time, or Alexander's conception of space-time. A supplementary dialogue, which presents the author as Hylonous easily out-arguing certain men of straw who maintain the views of Bradley, Santayana, and others, is interesting but advances no ideas not set forth in the earlier portion of the volume. Nevertheless, in the second as well as the first part, Mr. Montague's book is not merely a work on philosophy but a work of philosophy and one which cannot safely be overlooked by any student of the subject.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Influencing Human Behavior

Influencing Human Behavior. By H. A. Overstreet. The Peoples Institute Publishing Company. \$3.

Man the Puppet. By Abram Lipsky. Frank-Maurice, Inc. \$2.50.

SOMEONE has said that "suggestion and imitation are the two legs upon which mankind stands." No doubt this dictum was never accepted literally; but it gave concrete expression to a process of education which became a fundamental of good teaching. Research in the field of social psychology has tended latterly to place increasing emphasis on "suggestion" and "imitation" as powerful forces making for sociality. When one considers that human beings are born with but an imperfect technique for acquiring knowledge and that their dependence on others seems ordained from infancy, it is but natural that society should assume the burden of education; and since a measure of uniformity is a prerequisite to social solidarity, society knows no better way to encompass this end than through the control of instinctive trends. Many psychologists attempt to lay down the line along which this indirect modification of behavior might proceed. Others, acutely conscious of the inchoate nature of human conduct and of the ruthlessness displayed by those who control it, see in the technique of influencing behavior an instrument for enslavement. Mr. Overstreet's book is a contribution to the art of making men "skilled artists in the enterprise of life." Mr. Lipsky's book sharply arraigns the art which mankind has employed so coercively.

Mr. Overstreet conducts the reader into the recesses of the mind and invites him to view the operation of the major drives actuating conduct. His book is a brilliant exposition of behavioristic psychology written for the intelligent lay reader who prefers his science in compact form and who is tolerant of Procrustean logic so long as the fundamental conclusions are inherently sound and have something of the mnemonic appeal of a slogan. It elaborately describes the technique of controlling and modifying conduct, in ourselves and in others, in the interests of the self-regarding instinct. Yet self-aggrandizement is not the goal. That knowledge may be used for selfish purposes is frankly conceded; man will continue to exploit his fellows. But this danger may be in part averted when men, with the weapons fashioned by psychology, learn to withstand the wiles of charlatans and demagogues. "Influencing Human Behavior" may place us at the mercy of the clever salesman, but it will also increase our sales resistance.

Mr. Lipsky inclines to the view that the common man is fated to play the part of a puppet. He sees him held fast in the meshes of propaganda. The school, the pulpit, the newspaper, the market-operator, and the advertising man are banded together to keep him in subjection through the exercise of the nefarious art of controlling men. The facts, marshaled with great journalistic skill, are impressive. But Mr. Lipsky is not so happy in his conclusions. Man is something of a puppet—an indolent creature forever seeking the line of least resistance. In this he is unchangeable. This puppet has strings—instincts, aptitudes, attitudes, and propensities. Somebody has to pull them to make him dance. The author admits that man is subject to control because he "has a psychological nature that

reacts in specific ways whenever objects or ideas are brought to his attention. To get men to act in a desired way the manipulator touches off the appropriate mechanism." That society, responsive to its baser instincts, makes him dance to a sorry tune "Man the Puppet" amply proves. But that proof belongs to the realm of sociology and economics rather than to that of psychology. Man is not a puppet solely because society wills it; it is rather because the role is to his liking. And man the puppet is not the whole of man. Man in the past has been hampered by a hit-or-miss technique of self-expression. Both of these books are steps in the direction of self-enlightenment; one points out, none too kindly, the many pitfalls into which the unwary are forever stumbling, and the other provides ready means whereby they may extricate themselves.

ALBERT J. LEVINE

Books in Brief

The Genesis of the Constitution of the United States of America. By Breckinridge Long. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A chronicle of the colonial instruments of government, the creep-mouse crawl-mouse steps toward union, and the "perpetual Union" under the Articles of Confederation as predecessors of various provisions in the Constitution, with the text of the Constitution annotated by references to the appropriate twigs and branches of the family tree pictured in the preceding chronicle. Interesting and useful and free from the foolishness characteristic of most writings on the Constitution by men who have held public office.

Creative Oxford: Its Influence in Victorian Literature. By William S. Knickerbocker. Syracuse University Press. \$3.50.

A useful and comprehensive account of the aesthetic and intellectual influence of Oxford University in the nineteenth century; unfortunately without sufficient critical interpretation or feeling for the significant.

Carlyle on Cromwell and Others (1837-1848). By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

The third volume of Mr. Wilson's work presents Carlyle at the height of his powers and at the center of what Thackeray called "the best company in England." But the biographer's acquaintance with the social and literary history of the time is not wide and deep enough to permit the best use of his magnificent materials, and the reader is left with an amorphous mass of insufficiently interpreted facts from which to create his own values.

The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature. By Annie Russell Marble. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

Biographies and bibliographies of the twenty-four authors who have won the Nobel prize to date. A preliminary chapter on the conditions of the donor's will adds to the usefulness of a needed reference book.

Russia. By Valentine O'Hara and N. Makeef. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Norway. By G. Gathorne Hardy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

These two volumes, without being up to the level of Mr. Gooch's volume in the same series on Germany, are both of them useful and competent performances. Mr. Gathorne Hardy does his best with not very inspiring material; Norway, in fact, is not big enough as a force in the modern world for a canvas of his size, and it would have been better if, in the space at his disposal, he had been asked to treat of Scandinavia as a whole. The authors of the volume on Russia have had an exceptionally difficult task and they come out of it with credit. They are opposed to the Bolsheviks, but they realize that the

old order is irretrievably gone. They look upon the Soviet government simply as one form of autocratic government which they believe will one day be transformed, though through Russian agency alone, into a more democratic state. They tend, one may believe, to exaggerate the "accidental" nature of the Bolshevik seizure of power; and they do not sufficiently emphasize the dishonesty of the Russian policy of the Allies after 1917. But, granted their standpoint, they have written an illuminating book, far superior to most of the commentaries which seek to explain the outstanding event of the modern world.

Educational Frontiers. By Scott Nearing. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50.

In this book Mr. Nearing pays a debt to his teacher, Simon Nelson Patten, late professor of economics in the University of Pennsylvania. He pays it partly by testifying to Patten's greatness; but partly also by going on to consider the meaning of education and especially the intent and accomplishment of American teaching as measured by Patten's achievement. He is not too hopeful of our system. Too many of our teachers, he thinks, are simply making their living in an easy way—either that or vicariously enjoying the maternal relations with children which they somehow fail to achieve in reality. The kind of teacher Patten was, who strives strenuously not to choke developing minds with material but to open them to enlightenment, is rare and becoming rarer. For, Mr. Nearing feels, there are special reasons why enlightenment is not wanted, the chief one being that it is dangerous to the present order and to its privileged individuals. The defenders of old faiths have come to see that men like Patten—enlighteners rather than dogmatists—are the real cause of intellectual revolt, and they are determined to kill the root of the tree rather than cut off any more branches. Possibly Mr. Nearing exaggerates the prevalence and the immediacy of the pressure upon most teachers, but he is right to address a book like this to members of the profession. Most teachers can find something to envy in his record; and they owe his thoughtful and experienced study of educational values careful consideration.

Music

"The Immortal Hour"

MANY who have witnessed the lamentable failure of the Opera Players in their first venture, "The Immortal Hour," have been wondering openly how this work could have had so long a run in London. To understand this one must have seen the London production; for one must admit with those thus bewildered that the musical setting of "The Immortal Hour," which the English composer Rutland Boughton has put to Fiona Macleod's play and poems of that name, is of little value. A tenuous imitation of Wagner, with a thin coating of Celtic "atmosphere," its only outstanding features are some effective choruses and a pretty theme that runs through these until it reaches its climax in a tenor solo in the last act. The text itself is built around a garbled version of the old Gaelic legend of Etain, which comes from the "Book of the Tain." This version, according to James Stephens, Sharp (Fiona Macleod) probably got from his friend Yeats. In it, as in most of these legends from the Tain, one must pass constantly to and fro between the world of man and the half world of gods and shees—those fairies so close to the hearts of the Celts. It is a difficult transition to make, and yet upon it hangs the idea of "The Immortal Hour." And this is what the company of the Birmingham Repertory Theater, which gave it in London, accomplished with such marked success. They not only caught this elusive substance but projected it so exquisitely in voice and gesture, in the choruses and even in the

settings, that the spectator also felt himself part of this world of haunting, beautiful shadows headed by the Etain of Gwenn Ffranggon-Davies. It is not surprising, therefore, that in London, where every other person one meets is a mystic, people should have gone to see the performance again and again, some even going so far as to declare that they beheld an angel hovering over the hall. It must be admitted again that there was no danger of any such illusion or delusion here. Intrusted to the rankest of amateur singers, and to a conductor who gave it a frankly Italian reading, whatever mysticism lay in score and text was lost equally in the obscure intentions of the actors and the loud, unmistakable ones of the conductor.

The result was a failure that may be considered little short of disastrous—not because of the loss in the work itself but because of the damage it has done the cause for which it stood. The Opera Players had led one to believe from their announcements that at last we were to have one of those small opera houses in which Europe abounds, where opera for small stage would be given artistically, and where young singers with Metropolitan aspirations could find a stepping-stone from the studio to the larger and more important stage. The time was undoubtedly ripe for just such a venture, and everything seemed to be in its favor; sufficient backing had been raised to build a most perfect Little Theater on Grove Street to house the project; the interest and sympathy of press and public alike had been enlisted; and, most important of all, there was a pressing need of just such an undertaking. And yet these advantages were deliberately thrown away by presenting a company that turned out to be students with no outstanding talent to recommend them, and by presenting them, moreover, in a work so far beyond their limited abilities that it was doomed even before the curtain rose.

As it is, opera here still remains where it was before—in much the same state, in fact, that the drama was in before the Little Theater movement was started. Convention and tradition have stifled its growth until today one finds much more artistic vitality and initiative in a purely commercial enterprise like "The Song of the Flame," with its magnificent choral effects, its thrilling stage pictures, and its pretty music which, if reminiscent, is at least not stale to boredom. In the meantime the Little Opera movement is in the air, quivering with all its potentialities of delightful old works and vital new ones that have been especially written for small stage. All it needs, indeed, to catch fire and spread is an intelligent and understanding beginning. Hence one's more than passing regret at the Grove Street Theater's failure.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Raquel Meller

CURRENT discussion of Señorita Raquel Meller (Empire Theater) seems to concern itself chiefly with the question whether or not she is worth the \$11 per seat which is demanded by her management, and that is a question which the professional critic of the stage—thanks to his limited experience in buying tickets—is very poorly qualified to answer. To me it seems a question related more intimately to the financial condition of each member of her potential audience than to the merits and limitations of her art; so to the makers of budgets I shall leave it, contenting myself with some remarks upon her aims and her methods.

She is not, in the first place, an impersonator in the ordinary sense. From Ruth Draper and, to a less extent, from Yvonne George she differs in that she does not attempt, as they do, to enact her songs or to do anything which offers an analogy with the false art of the elocutionist. She is content instead to sing them entirely as songs and to illuminate their meaning

from time to time with a gesture or an expression which is not usually either sustained enough or complete enough to constitute an impersonation but which remains instead an extraordinarily vivid suggestion. To those who expect a showy virtuosity or any of the more obvious tricks of the mimic she will seem unspectacular almost to the extent of invisibility; underemphasis is, indeed, the keynote of her entire method. She does not enter in a blaze of glory and she makes no effort to take her audience by storm; her first song is the slightest of her repertory and her trick is to demand of her audience its alertest attention and most delicate sensibility. To those, however, who give both she will reveal glimpses of an art which, slight though it may be, is at least perfect in its kind.

Consider for example a typical song, "The Jailer's Daughter," a preposterous ballad about a young girl who has never been in love before but who, being taken by the eyes of a young convict, helps him to escape because "the only prison she wishes for him is in her heart." Raquel enters in the dress of a jailer's daughter as it is conceived by Jeanne Lanvin. She carries a coil of rope which she tosses carelessly into the wings, she advances to the front of the stage, and she sings her song in a directly simple manner. Then, almost before one is aware of what has happened, there is a moment of extraordinarily vivid pantomime. She motions to the convict that his moment has come, she follows with her eyes his imaginary figure as it crosses the stage, and she waves him a farewell. In all it has taken not more than fifteen seconds; one hardly knows what has happened; but in a lightning flash a scene has been evoked by suggestion alone which has an almost hallucinatory vividness and Raquel is gone.

When one has described this little miracle and when one has added that she is possessed of a magnetic personality and of a poise that is marvelous to contemplate one has said about all there is to say. Her range is extraordinarily limited and her songs are almost without exception vulgar—written in the same rather banal musical idiom and for the most part either absurdly sentimental or tawdrily melodramatic. Over the limitations of her material she triumphs, it is true, to a considerable extent by illuminating only an occasional moment instead of underscoring each vulgarity after the usual manner of the elocutionist or the impersonator, and her own appeals to the imagination are infinitely subtler than any employed by those who furnished her words and her music. Yet at best she can hardly make of them more than something exquisitely meretricious. Hers is an art which deliberately restricts itself to the trivial, which is, in a word, always dextrous rather than important, and which seems all the more marvelous because it is art only in the very narrowest sense of the word. Still there is no one else who can do quite so well just the thing which she does. Is it worth \$11? That, as I said, depends upon one's budget. Raquel is a luxury like *marrons glacés* or a bit of French porcelain. She is not, as the Russians were, a necessity.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre Theater) is a funny bit of fluff by Clare Kummer which deserves more praise than I have space to give it. As in her previous plays Miss Kummer has taken a situation which might have served as the basis of a soddenly boisterous farce and has transformed it by means of her gift for subtly humorous characterization and delicately absurd dialogue into a well-bred extravaganza with a flavor all its own. It is fantastically incredible and as lacking in substance as an iridescent bubble, but it has the grace, the charm, and the individuality which are so conspicuously lacking in forty-nine out of fifty of the comedies offered as part of the staple fare in our theaters. Laura Hope Crews is perfectly cast and Ernest Truex is also admirable.

At the Bayes Theater is being revived "The Bells," another favorite of our grandfathers' day to keep company with "The Two Orphans." It shows its age but it has its moments of melodramatic effectiveness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

To know these men is a liberal education

The Ten Great Educators of All Time

ARISTOTLE—Born B. C. 384. The Greek philosopher in Athens, who wrote on logic, rhetoric, natural science, ethics and politics. His philosophy is made clear to you by many immortal authors in the Five-Foot Shelf.



GALEN—Living in the second century, A. D., he was the first physician who felt the pulse of his patients. Some of his remedies are used to this day. Read about him in the Five-Foot Shelf.

DA VINCI—Born 1452. The Italian artist whose famous painting of "The Last Supper" is known throughout the world. He was also an engineer, and his sculpture is of the highest excellence. Interesting details of his life and work are in the Five-Foot Shelf.



SHAKESPEARE — This sixteenth century literary figure needs no introduction. Besides many of his immortal plays and poems, you will find interesting commentaries on the great poet by many authorities in the Five-Foot Shelf.

MILTON—The seventeenth century poet, who was Cromwell's secretary, a champion of a free press and of religious liberty, and the writer of "Paradise Lost," as well as many masterpieces of noble verse. His finest writings have been selected for you by Dr. Eliot.



BACON—Lord Chancellor, philosopher, master of worldly wisdom. He presented to the world, in the Elizabethan Era, a judgment of phenomena which was completely scientific in our own modern sense of the word. Read Bacon's writings in the Five-Foot Shelf.

LOCKE—The philosopher—born 1632, was one who, like Dr. Eliot himself, sought, in a contentious age, to apply to all the problems of life a clear light of reason. His great "Thoughts Concerning Education" is included in the Five-Foot Shelf.



NEWTON—Born 1642. Newton formulated the laws of motion under gravity, separated the colors in light by means of the prism, and made other far-reaching contributions to science. He tells about his discoveries in the Five-Foot Shelf.

KANT—Born in East Prussia, 1724. He analyzed with abstruse insight the mysteries of mental perception. His "Fundamental Principles of Morals" is in the Five-Foot Shelf.



EMERSON—Born in 1803. For seventy years he was the apostle of liberalism in religion, philosophy and statesmanship. He lectured, preached, wrote, always profoundly yet always with a popular appeal. Many poems, essays and some of his finest public utterances are available to you in the Five-Foot Shelf.



How YOU can know them is told in the most famous Free Booklet in the world. Your copy is waiting for you to mail the coupon below.

A FEW years ago Dr. Eliot of Harvard undertook to gather into one handy library the greatest thinkers of history. His choice has been accepted as supremely authoritative, since Dr. Eliot is himself America's greatest scholar. Has he since changed his mind? No.

Recently Dr. Eliot was asked to name the world's ten greatest educators. His list, shown opposite, was sensational. But every one of the men he named is represented in

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Read the column on the left. Says a famous authority: "To know these, humanity's aristocracy, is a liberal education." You, too, can know these men. By coming into contact with their brilliant, fascinating minds, *you* can gain the knowledge of life, the cultivated viewpoint, that are the tools of success in modern life.

The free book tells all about it—how Dr. Eliot, from his life-time of reading, study and teaching, chose the 418 great masterpieces that contain what he calls "the essentials of a liberal education," and how he has so arranged these "Harvard Classics" that even 15 minutes a day are enough.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your free book meant a big step forward and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

What's a home without books? The famous Collier plan of permitting you to pay for good books while you read and enjoy them brings the finest reading within reach of all.



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Mr. _____
Name Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation



Mail the coupon for the interesting FREE book now.

International Relations Section

An American Missionary Protest

THE inclosed statement was issued by a group of American missionaries in Peking immediately after the ultimatum to China had been issued by the Powers. Among the men and women signing the statement were J. Leighton Stuart, president of Yenching University, Dwight Edwards and W. B. Pettus of the Y. M. C. A., W. H. Gleysteen of the Presbyterian Mission, Lucius Porter of the American Board Mission, Dr. Louise Morrow of the Y. W. C. A., and George Davis of the Methodist Mission.

The action of the representatives of the Protocol Powers, including the United States, in delivering an ultimatum to the Chinese Government to the effect that unless "free and safe navigation of the channel between Tientsin and the sea" is reestablished by noon of March 18, a foreign armed force would be employed to secure this result, seems to us to raise grave issues that involve not only questions of international fair dealing but also of direct American interests in China. As American citizens, therefore, we make the following statement of our views:

1. The Boxer Protocol provision relative to keeping communications open with the sea, in so far as it still can be considered a practicable measure, should be applicable if at all only when the situation is such that there is definite or clearly apparent prospective danger of armed Chinese attack on foreigners. This situation does not at present exist.

2. The use of foreign armed force in the present circumstances, and along the lines indicated as under consideration by the American Government in joining with the other Protocol Powers in sending the ultimatum would be a direct setting aside of the spirit of friendly cooperation with the Chinese people in the effort to work out their problems. As such it would be a clear departure from the policy in relation to China which the American Government with the strong and united support of the American people has pursued since relations between China and the United States were first established.

3. The inevitable consequence of the use of foreign armed force in the circumstances contemplated will be a marked increase of such anti-foreign feeling as exists in China today which in turn will definitely aggravate Chinese foreign relations. American participation in such armed intervention thus would work grave harm to Chinese-American friendship. At the same time it would, we believe, seriously injure the American interests in China with which we are directly concerned and American interests in general.

We would submit the above points to the American authorities for their most serious consideration. We would ask, too, that steps should be taken to prevent American participation in any foreign military or naval action which may be taken as a result of the Protocol Powers' note of March 16, 1926, to the Chinese Government.

The Student Meeting

The following description of the events immediately preceding the massacre of the students described in Mr. Gannett's article on page 496, is taken from the Peking Leader of March 19.

The mass meeting, which preceded the massacre in front of the Provisional Government, was held [in Peking] in front of the Tien An Men. Hsu Chien presided over the gathering at which it is reported the Peking Students Union, the General Labor Union, the Kuomintang, the Dare-to-Die Corps, and different schools were represented. . . .

Over six thousand students, workmen, and residents of the capital attended the meeting. . . . A platform was specially erected for the occasion, on which stood representatives of various popular organizations in Peking. There was virtually a sea of flags and banners, bearing such inscriptions as "Overthrow the Protocol Powers," "Expel the Ministers of Protocol Powers," etc.

Mr. Hsu Chien, president of the Sino-Russian University, presided in his capacity as chairman of the Canton Diplomatic Delegation. Mr. Hsu said that the united front of the imperialist Powers against China had been completed with the delivery of the recent ultimatum and that it was time that the masses rise.

Mr. Hsu was followed by Mr. Ku Meng-yu, former dean of the Peking National University. Mr. Ku said that all internal traitors should be treated in the same way as the imperialists are treated. Mr. Wang Chang-kuo, representative of the Canton Nationalist Government, read the draft of an ultimatum to the ministers of the Signatory Powers to be sent in the name of the residents of Peking. The gist of the note, which was adopted by the meeting by acclamation, is that if the Protocol Powers will not withdraw their ultimatum, they should pack up and return home.

A representative of Premier Chia was present on the platform and expressed the apology of his chief for the incident in the Cabinet Office Wednesday afternoon, which resulted in the injuring of several students when they clashed with the guards on duty. The meeting closed with the passing of a series of resolutions after which the demonstrators paraded the principal streets of the East city and went to the Cabinet Office to petition the Government to take a firm stand in regard to the ultimatum of the Protocol Powers.

The general sentiments blazoned on the banners carried in Wednesday's and Thursday's demonstration as well as the resolutions passed at the meeting of students are translated as follows:

1. A circular telegram should be issued to the people all over the country opposing the ultimatum of the eight countries.

2. A circular telegram should be addressed to all the oppressed peoples in the world to ask that they oppose the eight countries sending an expedition to China.

3. The eight ministers signing the ultimatum should be sent out of Peking.

4. The Peking Government should be urged to send a note to the eight countries solemnly and seriously rebutting the ultimatum.

5. The Protocol of 1901 should be proclaimed null and void.

6. The demands to be made upon the eight countries:

- (a) The Protocol of 1901 and all other unequal treaties should be made null and void.

- (b) The foreign warships and foreign troops at Peking and Tientsin and at all other ports should be withdrawn immediately.

- (c) The instigator of the Taku incident should be punished.

- (d) Compensation and indemnity should be paid to the dead and wounded of the Kuominchun in the Taku affair.

- (e) A monument should be erected for the dead officers and soldiers.

- (f) On the day of their burial the different official institutions under the eight countries in China should hoist their national flags at half mast.

- (g) An apology should be offered to the Chinese Government by the eight countries for the unfortunate event.

7. Those bodyguards who wounded representatives of the different public bodies on Wednesday should be severely punished.

8. A telegram should be sent to the Kuominchun encouraging them to fight anti-imperialism.

It is reliably stated that Hsu Chien has submitted a petition to the Government urging five things:

1. The dismissal of the bodyguards of the Provisional Government and substitution of a new guard;
2. The request that Marshal Tuan resign;
3. Organization of a people's government;
4. A union with Germany, Russia, Austria, and other countries to defeat British and Japanese imperialism;
5. The removal of the ministers of the eight Protocol Powers.

In some circles it is reported that the Cabinet yesterday morning discussed this decided radical proposal, but no mention was made thereof in the public statement of the Chief Secretary.

A translation of one of the handbills circulated at the mass meeting follows:

TO ALL OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:

Two days ago Japan attacked Taku. Yesterday England, Japan, America, and France expressed the imperialistic idea, giving China forty-four hours to destroy the Taku fort. China is not a subject nation. Chinese are not the slaves of foreigners.

Fellow-countrymen, arise, arise, arise! Break down imperialism! Boycott England, Japan, America, and French ideas and goods, and break off relations with these people!

[Unsigned]

Another handbill, signed by the Peking branch of the Kuomintang, concluded:

Wipe out the Protocol of 1901!
Oppose the unreasonable and oppressive ultimatum!
Oppose Tuan Chi-jui's Government and his alliance with the imperialistic Powers!
Wipe out the unequal treaties!
Drive out the foreign soldiers and warships!
Expel from our borders the ministers who issued the ultimatum!

Stop Japan's aid to the Mukden troops!
Strengthen Taku as one of the country's defenses!
Oppose British and Japanese imperialistic plans!

The Kuominchun (People's Army) should oppose the unequal treaties, and all the people of the country should stand up against the allied forces of the eight protocol Powers.

Ten thousand years of life to the Kuominchun, and ten thousand years to China's Kuomintang!

Matteotti's Widow Speaks

THE following letter, written by the widow of Matteotti to Danza, the president of the court which tried the murderers of the Socialist Deputy, was printed in various German newspapers. The text given below was taken from the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* of March 22, compared with and emended according to the versions in the *Berliner Tageblatt* and *Vorwärts*:

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

The murder of Matteotti, a tragedy not only for me and my children, but also for all civilized and freedom-loving Italy, permitted me to hope that justice would not be called for in vain. This was the sole comfort in my sorrow and induced me to join the trial as civil accuser.

But in the process of law, and thanks to the newly proclaimed amnesty, the actual facts of the case have been gradually obscured. What remains today is but the shadow of the fact.

GOOD HEALTH

is of interest to every living soul. Here is a new book that shows why our present system of medical and surgical service does not have a chance to do what it might for the human race. This is a subject that should be of intense interest to every American citizen.

BETTERMAN II on the BUSINESS of MEDICINE

by Charles Elton Blanchard, M.D.

An interesting analysis of medicine as a service, showing why it fails to do its best for all the race *because it is a business*. This is Dr. Blanchard's second "Betterman" book and it brings to you the experience and contact of thirty years in medicine. It is interesting as a study and as an autobiography; many incidents and stories being used to illustrate the thesis.

"Schools of Medicine," "Straws That Point," "Evidences of Medical Chaos," "Present Status of Medicine," "How Progress Is Made,"—these are some of the important analytical chapters.

The real purpose of the book is reached in "Medicine in a New Day," which paints a picture of a real medical service that will reach everyone, rich or poor, high or low. Several pages are devoted to "Now and Then" comparisons, the statements of which are surely hard to controvert. An appendix presents much more valuable material and data together with some biographical sketches of marked interest.

4 Reasons Why You Will Want This Book

1. It will help you to select your physician intelligently.
2. It will prepare you to function successfully on health matters.
3. It will enhance your respect and good will for the real doctors in your midst.
4. It will aid you in side-stepping all pseudo-medicine.

BETTERMAN II is bound in fine red Interlaken cloth, size 6x9,—250 pages. There is a frontispiece of "Dr. Amos Betterman," the character prototype about whose life and work the argument is built.

Price \$3.00. Sent postpaid.

MEDICAL SUCCESS PRESS

36 North Phelps Street
Youngstown, Ohio

I harbor no hatred nor do I cry for revenge. I ask only justice. Men have denied me justice; God and history will grant it to me. Therefore I wish to stay away from proceedings which in no wise concern me. My attorneys, who are at one with me in this matter, will clothe my decision in the proper legal form. I beg Your Excellency to spare me the agony of appearing before the court. My presence there would seem to me as an insult to the memory of Giacomo Matteotti, to whom life was something very serious.

From now on I live lonely and distracted for and in this memory, with the sole purpose of rearing my sons to proud and fearless men after the great example of their father.

Respectfully,

VELIA MATTEOTTI

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind," "Tolerance," etc.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, has been in China studying the background of the present ferment.

GEORGE W. NORRIS is one of the Senators who believes that an open vote on the confirmation of Thomas F. Woodlock to be a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission would have brought a different result.

CARL RAKOSI is one of the editors of the *Issue*, a new student magazine at the University of Wisconsin.

STUART CHASE is the author of "Waste." He is a special editorial writer on the staff of *The Nation*.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT was formerly instructor in history at the University of Chicago.

JAMES RORTY won *The Nation's* poetry prize in 1921.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly professor of philosophy at the University of Oregon.

MARTYN HEMPHILL is an Irish journalist who has been in Italy under Mussolini.

FOR PASSAIC STRIKERS

First appearance of

NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of NEW YORK

Conductor: Dr. Sigfrid Prager, with 75 men.

Soloists: Dorothy Adrian, soprano; Elsie Kirchgessner, pianist; Max Bloch, tenor.

CARNEGIE HALL,

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 2.30 p. m.

SPEAKERS:

NORMAN THOMAS, ELIZABETH CURLEY FLYNN, FRANK BELLANCA.

Chairman: ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.

Under auspices Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Il Nuovo Mondo and Italian Chamber of Labor.

Tickets at Rand School, Civic Club, Carnegie Hall. \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c.

Now Is The RIGHT Time

to decide where you will start building your home this Spring. Visit

MT. AIRY (Croton-on-Hudson)

A community of artists, writers, professional people—where $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ acre plots cost less than the cramped 25x100 lots elsewhere. Wooded country, glorious views, only 32 miles from city; 100 trains daily; near shops and schools. Let us tell you more about this ideal community.

HARRY KELLY 70 Fifth Ave. New York Chelsea 0432

The RESOURCES of the AMALGAMATED BANK are Steadily CLIMBING



Since we left our old quarters and moved to the new, our ability to give increased service has increased our total resources

\$1,370,000.00

These resources are now over

\$7,600,000.00

The Amalgamated Bank has just begun to grow. If all of those who have expressed their interest in the success of Labor Banking will translate this interest into availing themselves of its services, its success will be one of the outstanding developments in the financial and industrial world.

Readers of *The Nation* are invited to use the Bank's Four per cent. Interest Department, its Checking Department, its Foreign Remittance Department, and to avail themselves of all of the Special Services the Amalgamated Bank offers.

THE TRAVEL DEPARTMENT —of the—

BANK IS EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL FACILITIES: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS' CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

THE AMALGAMATED BANK

Member Federal Reserve System

11-15 Union Square, West, New York

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	515
EDITORIALS:	
Farm Legislation at Washington	517
The Shipping Trust Dissolves	518
The "Wicked and Criminal Fight" in England	519
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon	520
HALF A CENTURY OF ETHICAL CULTURE. By Henry Neumann	521
SEX STANDARDS IN MOSCOW. By Paul Blanshard	522
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	524
CORRESPONDENCE	524
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Averescu: Rumania's Mussolini. By James Fuchs	526
FOREIGN BOOK SECTION	
ITALIAN LITERATURE TODAY. By Arthur Livingston	529
NEW BOOKS IN FRANCE. By René Lalou	530
REALISM IN SCANDINAVIA. By Julius Moritzen	531
BOOKS:	
Fundamentalism. By Allen Tate	532
Marcel Proust. By Dorothy Brewster	534
Helmholtz in English. By Benjamin Harrow	536
Frank Harris Continues. By Nathan Asch	537
A Lame Arm and the Wreck of Europe. By Roy Temple House	538
Books in Brief	539
DRAMA:	
"Iolanthe." By Joseph Wood Krutch	540
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR	
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	
LEWIS S. GANNETT	JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
ARTHUR WARNER	JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MANAGING EDITOR	LITERARY EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY	MARK VAN DOREN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS	
JOHN A. HOBSON	LUDWIG LEWISOHN
NORMAN THOMAS	H. L. MENCKEN
CARL VAN DOREN	
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER	

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurlte, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, London.

A WAR OF ATTRITION is obviously the campaign by which the power interests that have laid greedy eyes on the government-built dam at Muscle Shoals hope to take this great natural resource away from the people. They hope to talk the demand for government operation to death, and when the public is weary with the whole debate walk off with the prize. But they are pushing the campaign a little too fast. The public is not yet sufficiently drugged so that it can be expected to be indifferent to the report just made to Congress by a joint committee of the Senate and House, proposing to lease Muscle Shoals for fifty years to the Alabama Power Company. Quite apart from the other terms proposed, the idea of alienating this invaluable resource for half a century is in itself unthinkable. Fortunately one member of the committee, Representative James of Michigan, is attacking the report with vigor. He charges that an unfair advantage in the bidding was given to the Alabama Power Company and that there is no guaranty of any production of fertilizer at either high or low cost. He says:

The naked truth is we are putting up our \$150,000,000 development at Muscle Shoals while our only guaranty of any sort in connection with this fertilizer experiment is \$20,000,000 of the public's money which the power company provides through the sale of stock which is to earn dividends out of our own investment.

THE INJUNCTION PROCESS, which all too often has been used solely for the protection of property interests and to the hurt of labor, has been legitimately applied by Vice-Chancellor Bentley of New Jersey temporarily to restrain the Sheriff of Bergen County, under his amazing interpretation of the riot act, from forbidding meetings of strikers even in private halls. It is significant of the weakness of the Sheriff's legal standing that the very judge who granted the drastic injunction against the workers sought by the Forstmann and Huffmann mills should have issued a restraining order in this case. His action means that it is possible in New Jersey to get some legal protection against the autocracy of a sheriff who, by the simple process of reading the riot act when there is no riot, makes himself for an indefinite period the czar over an entire county. Public sentiment, even in Bergen County, had swung definitely against the high-handed action of the Sheriff. Who, the taxpayers were beginning to ask, was to pay the bills for all the armed deputies who swaggered along the streets of Garfield? Nevertheless, public opinion was slow in achieving results. The American Civil Liberties Union was obliged to organize another test meeting. It was called for April 30, at Belmont Park. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes was announced as the speaker. Meanwhile John Larkin Hughes, attorney for the Civil Liberties Union, was moving heaven and earth to obtain an injunction.

THE HOUR OF THE MEETING arrived but not the injunction. Sheriff Nimmo and Under Sheriff Donaldson barred entrance to the hall. Beside them was a bag of tear-gas bombs. At least 100 police and armed deputies kept a crowd of some thousands of strikers and their friends moving along the streets in the neighborhood of the hall. Minutes and, finally, hours passed. Mr. Holmes was ready to make the test even if it meant his arrest, as it had meant the arrest of Norman Thomas two weeks before. Once it seemed that the Sheriff was about to scatter the crowd by force. But the rumor that the injunction had been signed in Jersey City was in the air. Finally, about five o'clock, Mr. Hughes arrived with it. A writ conquered guns. The halls of Garfield were open. It was a real and dramatic victory to be charged to the credit of the American Civil Liberties Union, its speakers, and its attorney. It is a victory, however, which would not have been possible were it not for the remarkable self-restraint of the strikers, who were denied an elemental right, and the courage of the Magyar association which owns Belmont Park and permitted its use for this particular test. The officers of the association refused to be intimidated by the Sheriff, and by their quiet assertion of their rights these foreign-born citizens contributed notably to a victory of real Americanism. But the strike still goes on and a decent settlement is yet to be won.

THE FRENCH WAR DEBT to the United States will be settled, as we have been predicting, on terms less favorable to this country than those offered by Caillaux last autumn, if the agreement reached at Washington is

ratified by Congress and by the Parliament of France. Whereas Caillaux offered \$10,000,000 annually for the first five years, the present schedule begins with \$30,000,000 and reaches only \$35,000,000 in the fifth year. It is not necessary to consider the various increases by which payments are theoretically to be dragged out over a total period of sixty-two years, for the arrangement will not last that long. Although France does not have, as she had asked, the specific privilege of demanding reconsideration of the agreement if her promised reparations from Germany do not materialize, there is, of course, nothing to prevent asking for such a revision. In fact, there is every reason to believe that most of our debtors will be demanding changes within at least ten years. Some opposition to the French debt plan has already been voiced in Congress, but it will probably be no more effective than that against the Italian agreement. Opposition in France may prove more serious, and although the way is now clear for a Wall Street loan, such an issue is unlikely until the French Parliament takes action.

ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL reminders of the Civil War which remains to the present generation is the countless number of atrocious soldier monuments, surrounded by carefully piled pyramids of cannon balls, that still clutter the streets and parks of our towns. So it is pleasant to note that the American Battle Monuments Commission, of which General Pershing is the head, has adopted a resolution that no decorative memorials will be approved for erection in the war zones of France and Belgium except such as are in the nature of public improvements of use to the inhabitants. As the French and Belgian governments have agreed not to permit any monuments by Americans which have not been approved by our commission, it would appear that Europe is to be spared from a humiliation keener perhaps than any of those of the war itself. Upon his return from South America General Pershing was struck with the fact that there were numerous projects for American memorials in Europe; there was danger that "the bounds of good taste" would be exceeded. In the opinion of the American Battle Monuments Commission conditions tend

to make even a moderate number of American memorials conspicuous and too many would create an entirely erroneous impression of the American object in erecting them. It should be considered that our country was fighting during the latter part of the war only and had fewer troops engaged and lighter losses than either France, England, or Italy.

THE COMPLETION of Hindenburg's first year as head of the German Republic makes it incumbent upon all who, like ourselves, were disappointed by his selection, to note the fact that he has made an admirable record as president. He has refrained from bellicose speeches and his military appearances have been limited to the reviewing of a company or a battalion here or there. He has given not one word of encouragement to the monarchists and has preached no sermon of revenge, so far as we are aware. In fact, he has refrained from much speaking and has attended strictly to his job. More than that, he has by all reports exercised a most valuable influence behind the scenes in keeping the Ministry going; indeed, in providing a Ministry. Probably there would have been no Locarno

had he not abetted actively. Altogether, at this distance, it seems to us that when Hindenburg took the oath to support the German Republic he meant what he said. He has lived up to that oath, carried the country through a difficult crisis, made the politicians do their duty without antagonizing them, and has given the world a genuine feeling that the stability of the German Republic is there and is growing.

THE LAST OF THE MEN actively associated with John Brown in Kansas, Luke F. Parsons, has just died in that State. After taking part in all the struggles to make the soil of Kansas free, he even went as far as to go to Springdale, Iowa, and to drill with Brown's men there during the winter of 1857-1858. He was also a member of the little convention of forty-six men, headed by Brown, who met at Chatham, Canada, on May 8, 1858, and adopted a provisional constitution and ordinances for the people of the United States, "the better to protect our persons, property, lives, and liberties, and to govern our actions"—a constitution which planned armed insurrection. By putting off the attack upon Harper's Ferry until 1859, Brown lost the services of Mr. Parsons, who, brave man as he had proved himself to be in those Kansas skirmishes which are still called battles, had no stomach for an attack upon Harper's Ferry or any belief that such a venture could succeed. Mr. Parsons thus survived his leader for no less than sixty-six years, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. Since John Brown's children are all dead, and all the leading pioneers in Kansas have left this scene, it is probable that Mr. Parsons was the last living link between the days of Bleeding Kansas and of Harper's Ferry and the present.

OSCAR STRAUS'S REPUTATION will not depend upon the fact that he was the first, and so far the only one, of his race to enter the Cabinet of the United States—Judah P. Benjamin made an excellent record in the Cabinet of the Confederacy. Mr. Straus, who died on May 3 in New York City, was also extremely successful as the first of our Jewish diplomats in Turkey, though the situation there was, of course, a far easier one than that faced by Messrs. Morgenthau and Elkus in later years. It was Cleveland, a Democrat, who recognized Mr. Straus's worth by sending him to Turkey, but it was a Republican President, Mr. Roosevelt, who made Mr. Straus his Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Undoubtedly political considerations entered into the latter choice, but so they do with most Cabinet appointments, and the truth is that Mr. Straus was distinctly Cabinet material and measured up well to the duty of an office which has since been divided into two departments. A lifelong advocate of peace, he never lost his interest in the question, though that interest was of the type which is loud for peace until the drums are heard. As a philanthropist and a leader of his race along many lines he won the esteem of all who came into contact with him.

INTERNATIONALISM in its best sense has been furthered by two recent conventions in New York City. The International Electrotechnical Commission, along with the usual banquets and motor trips and greetings from the Mayor, has been coming to grips with certain fundamental definitions and the standardization of terms and tests which are of the highest importance in facilitating a uni-

versal language for applied science and in aiding the transfer of its benefits from country to country. A common rating for electric motors was one of the objectives of the conference. Its establishment, among other things, would put an end to the differences in pulling power between British and American horses! Meanwhile another series of meetings and banquets was laying the basis for a general international organization for industrial standardization. The constitution was drafted and discussed by the representatives of eighteen nations, including three extremely competent delegates from Russia. London was recommended as the seat of the new organization. Standardization may be a blight or a blessing, depending upon the fields in which it operates. The problems which both these learned conferences are tackling appear, fortunately, to be in the category of blessings.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY is to be congratulated on obtaining in Henry Sloane Coffin the ideal president. Dr. Coffin is a rare combination of scholar, teacher, pastor, preacher, and administrator. He knows the ministry from all its angles. He has long been connected with the seminary as a teacher, yet he brings to its service the fresh and practical point of view of the active ministry. The pity of it is that he has to leave his own church and his own parish wherein he has rendered a unique community service. As pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, moreover, he could assert a liberal leadership in the whole Presbyterian communion which will be denied him as head of the non-denominational seminary. Altogether we are tempted to wonder whether the seminary might not more easily than the church have found a substitute for Dr. Coffin. But of that he himself is the best judge. That one and the same man should be so needed in two positions is not only a tribute to Dr. Coffin; it is a testimony to the difficulty of filling certain positions in the modern church world.

NEVER HAVE THE PULITZER PRIZES been so well awarded as this year. Particularly do we rejoice that the Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer-Sun* of Julian and Julia Harris has been recognized as the daily which has rendered the most conspicuous public service during the past year by the unsurpassed courage of its attacks upon the Ku Klux Klan and other Georgia evils. We are happy to record, too, the selection of "Craig's Wife" by George Kelly as the best American play of the year, and of Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" as the best novel, all the more so as the merits of his "Main Street" and "Babbitt" were not thus recognized. Mr. Kelly's play was fortunate in the extraordinarily brilliant acting of it, but in workmanship and skill and general effectiveness it thoroughly earned the award. While the biography of Sir William Osler by Harvey Cushing has not had a great vogue, the worth of the volumes cannot be questioned, and the same is true of the sixth volume of Edward Channing's "History of the United States," which has been awarded the prize as the best book of the year in its field. Mr. Channing has been an admirable teacher and writer for so long now that it seems a most happy event that this award should come to him after his many years of arduous toil. Finally, the award of the poetry prize to Amy Lowell's "What's O'Clock" is a fresh reminder of the great loss sustained by American letters in her premature and lamented death.

Farm Legislation at Washington

SO far as Congress and the President are concerned, the question of what legislation shall be passed for the benefit of the farmers at the present session of Congress has become a purely political one. If this were not a year of congressional and senatorial elections, there would be no legislation whatever. But so great is the fear of the farmer vote next fall, and so eager are the Democrats to make capital of the existing situation, that it now looks as if some legislation would be jammed through for the President's signature, or possibly for his veto.

Mark Sullivan and other correspondents declare that the Haugen, or so-called Corn Belt bill, provides during a period of two years for an outright government subsidy of \$350,000,000, plus another \$25,000,000 which is to be repaid in twenty years. The bill provides that the fixed price for American consumers of American crops shall be the price abroad "at the principal export market of the principal competing foreign country," plus the American tariff, plus the cost of transportation to America. The Haugen bill even goes so far as to provide that whenever foreign goods are sold here at a price below that fixed under the measure the President shall declare a complete embargo against the foreign goods. But this interpretation of the bill as calling for an outright subsidy is challenged by its advocates. They point out that from the first the intent was to use the \$250,000,000, originally proposed, as a revolving fund to be repaid by equalization fees upon the units of the products handled. The fees thus paid by the farmers in return for government aid were to repay the \$250,000,000 to the government. Aside from an appropriation of \$300,000 a year to carry on a service of information the sponsors of the original McNary-Haugen bill never intended that the Treasury should be mulcted for a cent. It was Representative Haugen personally who accepted an amendment to the Corn Belt bill providing for postponement of the equalization fee for two years and adding an extra \$100,000,000, thus laying the proposal open to the charge of its being a raid upon the Treasury—we so interpreted it in our issue of April 28. It is only fair to state, however, that this was done over the protest of the farmers' organizations and appears to have been an effort to placate the Administration, which is opposed to the equalization fee.

The Secretary of Agriculture has been supporting the Tincher bill, which provides for a farm board with limited powers and for a loan fund of \$100,000,000 up. Here, too, there are varying interpretations, since there are those who believe that the bulk of this sum would eventually be a gift to the cooperative associations. If the bill was a device to win Southern cotton support away from the Corn Belt measure, it has apparently failed in its purpose. Moreover, the President himself has put both his Secretary of Agriculture and Mr. Tincher in an unhappy situation by announcing, in connection with his signing of the bill increasing the Spanish and Philippine War pensions, that he will sign no other bills carrying large appropriations from the Treasury. In our judgment the Tincher bill will not pass, but a modification of the Corn Belt bill may be voted for politics purely. If that happens, we do not look for a presidential veto despite the fact that there have been the usual dispatches declaring that Mr. Coolidge will

"stand fast." He has stood fast at no point in this entire farm-relief fight.

As for our own attitude toward this legislation, we find it indefensible in principle and vicious in practice, justifiable only on the ground of a serious temporary emergency necessitating immediate relief at any cost. By all means let us have legislation to free the cooperative associations from any uncertainty as to their present position and helping them to develop. If relief must come from the Treasury it should be clear-cut and above board with a definite limitation as to time. The truth is that this emergency of the farmer is, as we have frequently pointed out, a direct corollary of our mischievous tariff policy. Many of those who demand help recognize this, but ask this "equality" for agriculture because they see no hope of modifying or removing tariffs for years to come. We agree with Mr. Coolidge, or rather with a Mr. Coolidge who spoke at Chicago on December 7, that the precedent is bad; it puts the government into partnership with the farmers as it is now in partnership with the manufacturers.

Finally, if the Corn Belt bill should pass, it should be with an amendment returning to the immediate equalization-fee plan and by striking out the extra \$100,000,000 which Mr. Haugen put in with so delightful a gesture of generosity when he postponed the fee for two years. The clause giving the President the power to lay an embargo on foreign goods when they are sold in America at a price under that fixed in the bill ought also to go. The whole proposal of price-fixing is an unnatural one and is bound to work badly in practice. In our judgment it would be better to give direct financial relief. The real remedy is the freeing of agriculture by abolishing the tariff.

The Shipping Trust Dissolves

THE announcement from London that the sale of the White Star Line by the International Mercantile Marine has been finally agreed upon marks the beginning of the end of what was to have been a shipping trust and was one of the elder J. P. Morgan's most unfortunate business ventures. It was in the spring of 1902 that Mr. Morgan, having successfully launched the gigantic United States Steel Corporation, conceived the idea of creating a great merchant fleet to be owned by an American holding company or trust. The hour was most unpropitious, for the year 1901 had been marked by a slump of 30 per cent in coal rates and a decrease in other freight tariffs. The Boer War was still going on and had in its service no less than 2,000,000 tons of shipping, the exact equivalent of the entire German tonnage of that date. Despite that absorption of vessels, a number of ships had been laid up and others were running in ballast one way across the Atlantic. In addition to that, new construction in 1901 had reached the high figure of 2,617,000 tons. Yet in the face of these facts and of diminishing profits, Mr. Morgan not only put together the American, White Star, Red Star, Leyland, and Dominion lines, but the Atlantic Transport also, and bonded them for \$50,000,000. Naturally, he did not go unrewarded. For its services the underwriting syndicate, which he headed, received \$2,500,000 in preferred and \$25,000,000 in common stock.

Not unnaturally the merger roused great uneasiness in England and a dissatisfaction which has never been dissi-

pated. To have the finest English liners owned and directed from America was obviously an unhappy situation. It gave rise to no little political controversy on both sides of the ocean—in England partly because of the desire to retain the British ships on the reserve list of the fleet. In this country the criticism was directed against the combination of American and British interests, which it was held gave the British a control over ships supposedly owned by Americans. The most powerful indictment of this situation was voiced by the late Senator La Follette in August, 1921, when he declared that the company should be compelled to divorce itself from British shipping interests if it wished to continue in business as an American company. The International Mercantile Marine, he declared,

cannot serve two masters. It cannot be bound by contracts or by self-interest to serve and promote our own shipping, which is in direct competition with that of Great Britain. . . . There must be no divided allegiance. The crews must be American seamen, the officers must be American officers, and the ships must be American owned and free to . . . struggle for our portion of the maritime commerce of the world.

That which Mr. La Follette desired to accomplish by legislation now bids fair to be achieved as a result of the action of natural forces and unnatural ocean conditions. The company from the beginning was heavily over-capitalized, and the untoward conditions attending its birth, followed by the dislocation of traffic during the war, the over-building of the war period, the rise of a great American nation-owned fleet, and the great slump in shipping since 1921, have all combined to make it impossible for the company to earn the cumulative preferred dividends for some years past. They have now mounted to 63½ per cent and constitute a burden that can hardly be lifted for years.

No one denies the ability with which the International Mercantile Marine fleet has been managed. Yet the time has come when the management is ready to sacrifice the line which earned the most money for it, the White Star, and it is taken for granted that the sale of this company will be followed by a similar procedure in the case of the other foreign-owned lines. This is an outcome to be welcomed. It will do much for better relations in the shipping world, even if it increases the competition between Great Britain and America, and we sincerely trust that it is true that P. A. S. Franklin will devote his great organizing talents to acquiring additional ships from the Government so that there may be a first-class American line in the transatlantic trade. He has already begun to move toward the Pacific by operating ships from the Atlantic to our West coast, and we believe that, with its heavy bond issue paid off and its finances conservatively reorganized, the company may yet play a great role in American shipping.

So far as the trust aspect is concerned, Mr. Morgan failed to realize properly how free the sea is and how difficult it is to limit competition thereon. Again, his dream that his shipping trust would turn out to be a valuable aid to the United States Steel Corporation proved an idle one. The breakdown illustrates the fact, too, that this combination did not make the savings in management and overhead which were expected, and never became a harmonious whole, not only because of the different flags under which the ships were operating, but because of the varying natures of the several lines themselves and the different kinds of traffic to which they had to cater.

The "Wicked and Criminal Fight" in England

THAT'S what Ramsay MacDonald has called it, and that is what it is. More than that, it is a revolt against the old, decaying political order which once more, in the person of a good and kindly man, Premier Baldwin, has shown its utter incompetency to deal with a pressing economic issue that cannot be solved until it is solved aright. Those London newspapers are correct which have likened the situation to that which precipitated the nations of Europe into the base and needless war of 1914. This dreadful civil impasse has been reached primarily because the British Cabinet of today has similarly bungled the simple question of a continuing peace among the miners and their employers. The Prime Minister has had months of warning. He himself fixed the date of the crisis by declaring that the Government would cease its subsidies on May 1. He knew that the miners could not accept the Coal Commission's report or he would not have been for several weeks past seeking a compromise.

To us it looks as if Mr. Baldwin had all but invited the conflict—press reports of Winston Churchill's speech on the night of the general strike declare that he seemed "almost to glory" in the struggle—in the belief that the appeal to patriotism, to stand by the government against a near-revolutionary "alternative government," as Mr. Baldwin has termed it, would carry him through and enable him to smash both the unions and the Labor Party. If so, then, as Mr. MacDonald has said, the action of the Ministry is more than ever a crime, and we are happy to record his earnest statement as to the attitude of his Labor associates: "It is my conscientious belief that I have never been associated with a body of men who have striven more earnestly or with greater desire to make peace. The decision of the Government last night to break off negotiations was a crime against society. This fight is an unnecessary fight, a wicked and criminal fight."

So the mischief is done. The Government which charges the strikers with having assailed civil liberties and the constitution of England begins by abolishing both the liberties and the constitution under a special emergency act passed just after the war. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill now assume to save England from miners fighting not only for a living wage and decent conditions of labor but against being victims of an industry avowedly chaotic, avowedly medieval in its ownership, avowedly in need of complete modernization of its methods. The Sankey Commission thus portrayed the industry in its report of March 20, 1919, and the Baldwin Coal Commission has done no less. It, too, declared that the industry needed complete overhauling, the consolidation of mining operations, the abandonment of mines too costly to operate, pending which labor was to pay the price of the mismanagement by giving longer hours and taking smaller wages. We are glad that the miners have refused; that they have had the manhood and courage to face the issue; that they have risked defeat rather than to submit once more to bearing upon their backs the burdens of mismanagement, inefficiency, and waste. We rejoice with all our hearts that their comrades in the other unions have faced suffering and great financial loss in order

to show their solidarity with men who deserve the sympathy of the world.

That they will not get. Already this strike is being portrayed in this country and in England as a fight between liberty and tyranny, with Baldwin playing the role of prostrate liberty and millions of English workers as the tyrants. The same men who were considered good enough to be slaughtered in the trenches because of the criminal incompetence of their statesmen are now to be slaughtered in the eyes of the world by being denounced as "reds" and revolutionists, the enemies of their country. The very editors in the United States who have not one word of opposition, or who openly rejoice, when a Horthy or a Rivera or a Mussolini wipes his feet upon liberty and destroys all vestige of democratic government will now inveigh most solemnly against the menace to democracy of workers who are asking nothing more than that they shall have decent conditions of life for themselves and their children. Again will the world be drugged by high-sounding phrases. Precisely as in 1914 the facts will be obscured by the appeal for civilization against chaos, for government against rule by a "selfish and irresponsible minority." Everywhere the claim will be made that only the ministerial side is patriotic, and we shall have an echo of this in every country on earth among those who believe that their will shall prevail because they have education and wealth and are fortified by successful greed and privilege.

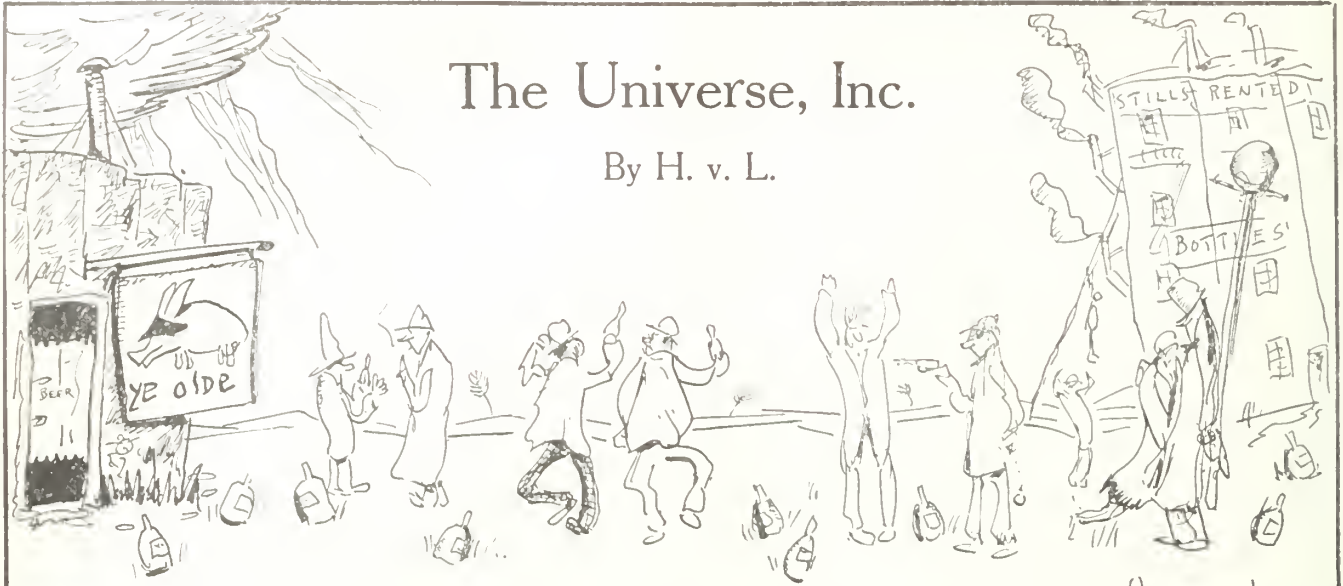
For ourselves we are not at all afraid of any threat to government which lies in the strike, even if it proves to be another nail in the coffin of political government. We are not so in love with the results of government by the masters as to be terrified at the thought of government by the mastered. What we do regret is that the British unions are jeopardized and that the Labor Party must now fight for its life. Possibly it is as well; perhaps since the issue would have to be joined some day it is best to have it now. The pity of it is that it has had to come at all; that men cannot yet order their social relations so as to do away with conflict altogether.

We cannot deny that when an industrial war like this has been begun it is no more possible to say where or when it will end than it is possible to limit a military war. If blood is spilled, then the innocent will be the chief sufferers and the most guilty will probably escape with whole skins, like the bunglers of the World War. Unfortunately, when passions are aroused in such a conflict the extremists on both sides come to the front; moderate men are brushed aside. We can only hope that, even now, the sound British instinct for muddling through will find the solution before irreparable damage is done, before the strike becomes a class war in dead earnest, before the industrial ruin of England takes place.

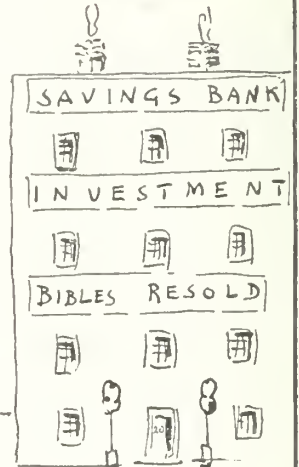
With the odds all against the workers, we none the less hope that they will win promptly and to the extent that the promised nationalization of the mines will have to take place at once. If justice is done this will happen. If justice is done, the Baldwin Ministry will fall. If justice is done, it will be succeeded by a cabinet devoted not to the interests of the few but to the welfare of the masses.

The Universe, Inc.

By H. v. L.



FIRST WE HAD TWO WEEKS of our friends the Wets, and we had to listen while they told us how Prohibition had ruined the land, made drunkards of our men, women, and children—particularly the children—corrupted our officials, crowded the jails, and generally filled our fair republic with stills, blind tigers, and snuffling spies.



Then we had two weeks of our friends the Drys, and they told us that Prohibition had turned the home of the free into a veritable paradise of virtue, that the workingman had grown rich, the merchant richer, and the jails had been emptied of their terrible contents.

And now, what a joy it is to forget all about these friends and to realize that the sun still shines, the birdies continue to sing, and we shall not have to listen to either side for at least another three weeks.



Half a Century of Ethical Culture

By HENRY NEUMANN

"THE progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals." Emerson's statement comes to mind again as this month brings the fiftieth birthday of the Ethical Movement, a movement which from the start went far beyond even the most liberal of the churches in dedicating itself simply to "promoting the knowledge, the love, and the practice of the right."

Religious it has been from its beginnings. The usual rationalist objections to the dogmas were not the chief reason why Felix Adler went out from the faith of his fathers. The leading impulse was the intensely felt need of a new consecrating influence; and though to many persons the Sunday meetings of the ethical societies, without prayer or ritual, seem cold, there are those whose desire for spiritual life has been so touched by the moral passion in the founder that they sometimes wonder why others do not respond in similar fashion to the words inscribed in the New York Meeting-House: "The place where men seek the Highest is holy ground." If the orthodox have not felt at home in this hall, neither have the moral skeptics. The atmosphere is too religious.

This positive purpose has given to morality as understood by the ethical societies a grander connotation than the meager and often unlovely suggestions sometimes conveyed by the term. In his platform utterances, in his writings, and in his classes and seminars at Columbia University, where he has held the chair of Political and Social Ethics since 1902, Mr. Adler has never ceased to insist that ethical living for the human race as a whole, no less than for the individual, is essentially a life of constant advance. Profoundly reverent toward the sages and seers of earlier ages, he has taught that more light upon the way of life is necessary than can be found in the Old Testament and the New. He holds that for the complicated existence of today there is need, for example, of a new ideal for the relations of the sexes. The dealings of group with group in modern industry require more thoroughgoing formulas than the old unexamined maxims—justice, mercy, the Golden Rule. That our democracy has never genuinely faced the root problems offered by the need to respect diversity as truly as unity is evidenced by the shames to which America has been led in recent years by its sudden awakening to the fact of acute differences among its peoples. Wickedness has slain its thousands; inadequate ideals have slain more. "The better world we look for will come, not merely by better conditions, nor yet by the level application of such conceptions of truth and justice as we already know, but with the aid of larger shapes of truth and juster justice that will appear as the ages roll their course."

Of the efforts to put its views into practice many pages might be written. The *International Journal of Ethics*, the quarterly now published at the University of Chicago, was founded to promote specialized thinking in this domain. The International Moral Education Congresses and the International Races Congress (held in London in 1911 to draw attention to the highly serious world-problems arising from racial contacts) were inaugurated by the International Ethical Union. The Ethical Culture School, begun in 1878

as the first kindergarten in New York, has been a pioneer to which not only many of the progressive schools of later date but public schools all over the globe have been largely indebted. Not a few widely read books, besides Mr. Adler's, such as the texts of David Saville Muzzey and Percival Chubb, fellow-leaders in the movement, have been the outcome of work in the Ethical Culture School. An experimental school of the same kind was started by the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture four years ago. To the present New York School of Ethical Culture of 900 pupils, with its Normal Department and its Pre-Vocational Art High School, there are now to be added on a site in Riverdale two other pre-vocational high schools.

To allude to Dr. Adler's work with Jacob Riis and others in the early days of tenement-house reform, his long chairmanship of the National Child Labor Committee, his chairmanship of the Arbitration Committee instituted by masters and employees in 1911—the first of such tribunals created by the clothing industry—his chairmanship of the Sub-Committee on Social Legislation in the Reconstruction Committee appointed by Governor Smith in 1920 is but to mention an example and an influence carried further in many directions by his coworkers.

Whether in such efforts as those of the recent Housing Commission in New York or of the Inter-Professional Conference to raise the ethical standards of the vocations, or of liberal or of radical groups in the peace movements, or in civic reform, or elsewhere—wherever attempts to promote better life are under way—members of ethical societies are sure to be active. In endless striving "to produce a new excellence in the nature of man, to change the externals of life with a view to the effect which such changes will have on the inner life," and, in so doing, to continue clarifying their vision of better and best relations for the whole of life, they have learned from Felix Adler is the way to live religiously.

But it is also characteristic of the man that membership in the ethical societies does not imply commitment to the views of the founder. No person is pledged to the beliefs of any of the leaders or of any majority in the membership. Although, for instance, Mr. Adler supported America's participation in the World War, two of his colleagues took the pacifist position as freely, and they and others have differed with him in their philosophic, economic, or social beliefs. The freedom with which instructors in the Ethical Culture School have discussed with their classes burning problems of the day has made them the envy of many teachers elsewhere. To escape from theological sectarianism only to found other sects on social or ethical lines has been as remote from the purpose of the Ethical Movement as anything that can be conceived. To multitudes brought up on detailed and rigidly prescribed statements of doctrinal belief, a freedom such as this seems either vague or terrifying. It has kept the numbers in the ethical fellowships (there are only six societies in America) smaller than they would perhaps otherwise have been. But this liberty in the quest for truth has contributed mightily to the vitality of the movement.

Sex Standards in Moscow

By PAUL BLANSHARD

RUSSIA since the revolution has been an experimental laboratory in sex relationship. The innovations in family and personal standards under the Communist regime constitute the first deliberate attempt by a modern nation to alter its fundamental sex ideals.

On the surface of things the visitor to Moscow is not struck with any startling innovations in personal conduct. Lovers walk through parks, parents play with children, wives ask for divorces with alimony. The great majority of the Russian people are probably unaware that an experiment is going on in sexual adjustments. For the peasants the old habits continue. The church wedding is almost universal for them, the abhorrence of divorce is carried over from the old regime. The most reactionary church in the world still holds them in its grip and the priests of that church continue to describe marriage as a sacrament. When the village bridegroom is tempted to shake off the old standard and seek blessings without benefit of clergy his bride is likely to demand a religious ceremony as a guaranty of social standing. She is "more married" that way. Among the city workers the change in outlook upon sex standards is much more obvious.

The most striking result of the Communist regime in the field of sex life is the complete frankness of the younger generation in Moscow in facing and discussing sex problems. One night last August an outdoor meeting of young Communists was held in Moscow to discuss the problem of abortion. About six hundred were present ranging in ages from eighteen to twenty-five. The meeting lasted five hours, everybody stayed, everybody listened. The young people discussed sex relations, abortion, and love with the candor of obstetricians. The views advanced ranged from the naive to the cynical, but they were all stated unblushingly. Sex experience was taken for granted as a normal thing inside or outside of marriage. The desire of Russian women to have children was also taken for granted as a normal thing. The meeting was unanimous in recognizing the dangers of abortion, but offered no adequate alternative. Sexual abstinence was generally considered impractical for adults, but birth control was scarcely mentioned.

This frankness in public discussion of sex problems probably constitutes a more important contribution to the solution of sex problems than any actual changes that have taken place in Russian family life. The Communists persistently campaign against the reticences which have surrounded sex life. Their posters on venereal disease, pregnancy, and abortion have been plastered all over Russia. The government film "Abortion" has been distributed to all the cities and towns. It shows the birth of an actual baby upon the screen and depicts in excellent, non-salacious diagrams the process of conception and the growth of the foetus. It tells the story of a working girl who went to a midwife for an abortion and died as the result. The final reel pictures the midwife grimacing behind prison bars. This film has drawn enormous audiences wherever it has been shown in Russia.

Part of the robust attitude toward sexual facts among

the young people of Moscow is a product of Russian tradition. Mixed bathing *au naturel* in the rivers near Moscow has been common for generations and can be witnessed any Sunday afternoon in warm weather. The novelists and story writers of Russia are not burdened with prudery. The Communist censorship, although very rigid in political matters, makes no attempt to suppress any description of passion which is the work of a serious artist, but its hand falls heavily upon peep-hole obscenity. In this respect its standards are in sharp contrast with those of American Puritanism.

Marriage as a legal form in the Bolshevik view is of little importance and recent changes in marriage and divorce laws have not in any way modified the fundamental attitude of the Government toward sexual union. Marriage is an agreement between two people to have each other; there is no legal compulsion to register marriage; there are no laws against people who live together without marriage. There are no legal handicaps upon the children of non-registered sex unions. The Communist Party still expels any member who is married by a priest. But the Communists have been far from successful in imposing their view of marriage upon a majority of the Russian people.

There seems to be no proof of the conventional charge made against the Communists that they are "destroying the family" unless the critic adopts a special definition of the family to suit his purposes. While extra-marital unions are probably increasing in Moscow under the Communist regime, it is also true that marriage is increasing. When it is pointed out that it is quite common for young couples to live together in Moscow without legal ceremony it should also be pointed out that extra-marital unions in Moscow are not an exclusive feature of these post-revolutionary days. The life of the Russian city has never been particularly chaste, and there are some who declare that extra-marital sex life was more common under the Czar than it is today. The family as a voluntary love-union of a man and a woman seems to be little affected by the changed standards. The family of a compulsory union of two people who stay together out of habit or fear of social stigma in separation is being destroyed slowly. It is also being destroyed in Tokio, Chicago, and Milan.

The Communist's attitude toward divorce is consistent with his attitude toward marriage. Institutional forms are not emphasized; the personal choice of the parties involved is all important. When both parties agree to ask for a divorce there is no place on the official application blank for "grounds for divorce." In fact, "grounds for divorce" do not exist in the new Russia. The marriage clerk would not ask the couple why they wished to be married and the divorce clerk would consider it equally impudent to ask why a couple should seek divorce. The causes of divorce are matters of private concern, and, if the line is not too long, man and wife can still get a divorce in Moscow in fifteen minutes, provided both parties sign the application. Marriages and divorces for the Moscow area are granted in the same little upper room of the court building, by the same clerks. An artist would find it infinitely diverting

to study the faces of those workers in their gray smocks and women with shawls drawn close, who sit on the benches waiting patiently. There are stolidity and wistful hope and fear and springtime ecstasy written there, but who knows whether they are seeking marriage or divorce?

Russian newspapers are almost completely free of family scandal. The Communist censors would not permit them to gloat over a Rhinelander case. Political and academic careers are not snuffed out overnight by personal departure from an established sex code. In fact, the lasciviousness of sex suppression is noticeably absent from both the press and stage of Moscow. The traveler who goes westward in Europe is startled by the intense and almost hysterical sexuality of the Berlin and Paris stage after the matter-of-fact robustness of Moscow.

The observer who hears of the ease of divorce in Moscow in those cases when both parties agree to disagree may jump to an unwarranted conclusion. He may infer that all divorce in Russia is easy and that nothing is done to protect women with children from desertion. This is not the case. A husband with children cannot shirk the burden of contributing to their support after divorce. If the wife wishes to contest the husband's request for divorce, alimony for the children must be set by the court in essentially the same manner in which it is set in America. If the husband satisfies the reasonable economic demands of his wife and children the divorce is granted in every case, but not until then.

Last summer the court was called upon to make a ruling in the case of a woman who wished to divorce a crippled husband and remarry. The crippled husband complained that he had no source of help if his wife deserted him and the court ruled that if the woman married again she must arrange to have her new husband contribute to the support of her old husband. The law also protects the children of the unmarried as rigorously as the children of the married.

During 1925 several new rulings were made concerning the protection of "illegitimate" children. (The phrase "illegitimate" children is never used in the new Russian law in an odious sense. Children are rated as equals whether born in or out of wedlock.) Hitherto if the paternity of the child of an unmarried mother was in doubt, all possible fathers who could be identified were compelled to contribute to the support of the child. This led to much confusion. Under the new law the court must choose one possible father and place the responsibility upon him. When the first case under this new ruling came up, Moscow papers suspended their usual rule of suppressing scandal and printed with much hilarity the account of a selection by the court of a hapless young worker as the most available of all possible fathers, chiefly because he was less attached and more able to pay than others involved.

The ideals of the Lucy Stone League have now been definitely sanctioned by the Russian Government. A woman in marrying signifies on her application blank whether she wishes to keep her own name or take her husband's name; if she fails to signify her choice, it is assumed that she keeps her own name. The names of children who have parents with different names are chosen mutually by the parents and, in the absence of agreement, a child takes the parental name which comes nearer the beginning of the alphabet.

In spite of these minor innovations there are not as

many divorces in Moscow in proportion to marriages as there are in American cities. In 1924 in the government district which includes Moscow there were 3.8 per cent as many divorces as marriages. In the State of Ohio there were 22 per cent. In Moscow itself the percentage was about 7. That is, there were seven divorces to every one hundred marriages in Moscow in 1924, and 51 to every one hundred marriages in Cleveland during that year. No far-reaching conclusion can be drawn from these figures, because it is impossible to know the number of extra-marital unions in Moscow or Cleveland, but they raise a very serious question whether the family is being broken up any more rapidly in Russia than in the United States. Marriages, incidentally, definitely increased in Moscow during the early months of 1925.

Do the new sex standards of Moscow lead to degeneracy? It is impossible to make any scientific answer to the charges that have been advanced by some Communists that there is an over-indulgence in the new generation. Certainly the worst forms of degeneracy, prostitution, and venereal disease have not been increased by the new standards. Probably no capital of Europe is more free from open vice than Moscow. The government department of health is conducting a thoroughgoing campaign against venereal disease, by means of posters, lectures, books, and clinics, in all parts of Russia.

With all the emphasis upon a modernist attitude toward sex problems, it is surprising to find almost no birth-control movement in Russia. Birth control is branded by some Communists as bourgeois, apparently because it was practiced in the old Russia almost exclusively by the upper class. The Russian peasant lacks all the prerequisites of birth control, including money, knowledge, and inclination. He breeds prolifically with no opposition to his fecundity on the part of the Bolsheviks. In fact, a historic speech of Lenin's before the revolution is quoted to show that the great leader definitely condemned birth control. The Russian birth-rate is now almost as high as before the war and it must be remembered that the pre-war birth-rate was very high as compared with other nations.

In lieu of birth control the Government has turned to legalized and regulated abortion. Abortion was legalized in 1920 by the health authorities in order to diminish the number of deaths from operations performed by incompetent midwives. For the last three years careful statistics have been kept of the registered abortions performed in the government hospitals in almost all parts of Russia, so Russia becomes the first country in the world in which a thorough sociological study of abortion is possible. Theoretically, it is illegal for any Russian woman to have an abortion performed outside of a licensed hospital, but the law cannot be enforced, because there are not adequate hospital facilities for all Russia. The problem of abortion is chiefly a city problem, because the practice is very uncommon among the peasants.

The Soviet Government has established a definite order of preference in handling cases of abortion in its hospitals. There are categories of descending preference. First come women out of work, then women who have many children and no living husband, then women who are working who have a young child, then women who have many children with a husband, then all other women who are members of some health-insurance unit like a factory.

In 1924 a study was made of the causes for abortion

in the Moscow district and it was found that the crowded conditions of Moscow homes constituted the chief cause for abortion. In fact, overcrowded homes were given as causes in 67 per cent of the cases. Most of the women asking for abortion had many children already or else, as in 33 per cent of the cases, they were nursing young children at the time of application. The aim of the Soviet health authorities is to reduce the cases of serious illness due to abortion outside of a recognized hospital, first by urging women to avoid abortion whenever possible and second by educating them to use hospital facilities if they decide that abortion is necessary. A large task is still to be accomplished in this educational work as evidenced by the fact that in 1924 there were 150,000 women treated in Soviet hospitals due to abortion, of whom 40,000 came to the hospitals in weakened condition because of outside treatment. The Soviet health authorities argue that their method of bringing abortion into public use and regulation is producing better results than the strict repressive penalties of Germany. They declare that in 1924 in Berlin four out of every 100 cases of abortion resulted in death, while in Moscow less than one-tenth of one per cent resulted in death. They point out also that the proportion of abortions to births in Russia is decreasing.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never until lately been able to understand the solemn determination with which some persons choose a place in which to die. He never could see why the point of departure should appear so important when the voyage ahead looms so dark and menacing and uncharted. But recently a letter from a friend, an absent editor of *The Nation*, has brought him to a different state of mind; the Drifter has decided to die in China. Says the Drifter's friend:

* * * * *

"I STRAYED out this morning, out of this neat and frigid Legation Quarter—whose only touch of human warmth was a cheerful shout of *Camarade!* from an Albanian member of the Foreign Legion who sat behind me on the way from Tientsin into Peking. . . . A most impressive funeral procession caught me in its wake. Some sixty dirty-faced urchins led the parade, strung out loosely for the equivalent of a couple of city blocks, each wearing a curious green smock and carrying a Chinese painting, bordered by red cotton cloth, on a long bamboo pole. Here and there among them strolled a toothless old man carrying a sort of enormous red lampshade, embroidered most intricately with gold and green and pink and yellow, also on a red bamboo pole. Behind them, somewhat closer together, were some twenty small boys carrying, again on bamboo poles, wreaths of luridly colored paper flowers. Then came a group of very old and bent gentlemen wearing curious black hats, like sailor hats with a higher turned-up brim, bearing beautiful and strange gilded drums. A dirty Robin Hood character with a large red feather in his hat wandered about this part of the procession, superintending affairs. More lampshades. Then six boys, looking like bakers' apprentices in dirty white smocks, carried an ornate structure like a French chef's dream of the frosting for a giant's wedding cake. Four diminutive lads, six or eight years old, tripped along carrying large dummy dolls, life-size and man-size, mostly Chinese but one of them wearing a sort of Charlie Chaplin

felt hat. The boys wore dirty tams with red feathers. A handsome empty sedan chair, very ornate, followed, carried by enormous gentlemen. Ten men in white smocks followed, carrying a huge drum slung on a bamboo pole, and another walked alongside beating it. A Chinese band—flutes, gongs, and drums—followed, and, playing simultaneously, a Western band followed that—beautiful bandmen with double red ribbons down the sides of their blue trousers, generous red epaulettes, and white feathers in their chocolate-soldier hats. Twelve happy young men with red and green bands about their soiled foreheads came next, bearing seven-foot-long white paper imitation feather-dusters—these young men being, or looking, younger than my son Michael. Then came the hearse itself—a magnificent funeral car, covered with a really beautiful piece of embroidery, with gorgeous peacocks on both sides, and a pattern of flying cranes along the top. Thirty men struggled along under the complex system of red poles which held it; these bearers wore ornamented green smocks and round black flat hats from which red feathers leaped skyward. And behind them came the mourners, in ancient cabs which looked as if they had been exported from Richmond, Virginia, in the days of Reconstruction hardships. And all through the leisurely procession dodged rickshaws, coolies, indignant parents chasing their young, squeaky Chinese wheelbarrows, and—myself."

* * * * *

NOT only are Chinese funerals colorful and festive occasions for the public, but provision is made for the traveler's own comfort on his long and dangerous journey. He is sent off well supplied with food and utensils and some of his favorite knick-knacks. A Chinese gentleman, recently deceased, even had the comfort of taking with him into the next world—in effigy at least—his new and much-prized motor car. Whether these arrangements actually ease the voyager on his lonely way the Drifter cannot pretend to guess. At least they relieve the emotions of those left behind and create a public diversion contrasting pleasantly with the dismal pomp of even our most magnificent Western funerals. The Drifter, when his time of departure comes, has decided in spite of all precedents that he will "go East."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sigmund Freud's Seventieth Birthday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On May 6 of this year in his quiet home in the Berggasse, Vienna, Sigmund Freud will celebrate his seventieth birthday. For many months in all parts of the world the followers and friends of Professor Freud have been planning the celebration of this event.

One recalls with a certain amusement the picture which Freud gave us of what he expected his future to be. "I should be able," he wrote in an early work, "to support myself, but science will take no notice of me during my lifetime. Several decades later someone will stumble on the same findings." This more fortunate person would bring the discoveries into general recognition.

And today from all over the world—from Germany, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary, England, India, Russia, and America—branches of the International Psychoanalytical Society are writing to honor and send greetings to the master of Vienna. The complete works of Freud in eleven large vol-

umes are being presented to him by the International Psycho-analytic Press. This company was founded in 1919 with the object of publishing and spreading the work of Freud and his disciples. Special issues of the two German psychoanalytic magazines devoted one to the medical and therapeutic aspects of the new science and the other to its application to arts and letters have been prepared for the occasion.

New York, April 29

CAROLINA NEWTON

The Uncivilized Chinese Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Civilized" warfare is apparently taboo to the soldiers of the Chinese radical army, according to an account sent by an American missionary, Father Gleason, formerly of St. Louis, from Fachow and published in the May number of the *Field Afar*, a missionary organ. In this account Father Gleason tells of the taking of Fachow by the "Bolsheviks." He then reports:

The next week there was a young revolution in the Fachow "Reds" camp when nearly one thousand soldiers refused to obey orders. Imagine it: Bolsheviks acting bolsheviky! I never saw a town shut up so quickly. The rebels were marched out upon the beach in front of the mission. They were disarmed; their guns stacked up, the ammunition put in piles, and we expected that they would be shot. But no; instead, each man was given two ounces of opium as his pay and all were sent home. A few hours and the excitement was over.

Possibly when these "Bolsheviks" become conservative, civilized, and Christianized they will treat their recalcitrants in the conservative, civilized, and Christian way in which the missionaries had thought they would be treated.

Baltimore, April 28

SAMUEL DANZIGER

"Labor Economics"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Benjamin Stolberg's review of "Labor Economics" by Solomon Blum with mingled feelings of satisfaction and disappointment.

I agree substantially with what Mr. Stolberg says of the book itself. It is probably true that Mr. Blum "suffers somewhat from the Fabian complex of the scholar who hesitates to draw conclusions even from the soundest premises, and who tends to cover most fully those aspects of his subject with which he is most familiar." But Mr. Stolberg thoughtfully pointed out in his first paragraph that "the same facts often lead to different findings," which may explain Mr. Blum's hesitation to draw conclusions; and the practice of writing about what one knows best is worthy of emulation.

Mr. Stolberg is evidently disappointed because Mr. Blum did not write a book like the "History of Labor in the United States" by Professor Commons and his associates, "which was a definitive appraisal of American labor before the war," but whose central thesis "no longer holds good." Mr. Blum had a profound respect for the work of Professor Commons but no desire to duplicate it. His field lay elsewhere. Mr. Stolberg's statement that "He really deals with the general structure of economic society, with special reference to labor," is a pretty fair statement of Mr. Blum's position.

Mr. Blum might have written a book on "Labor Problems" and an answer book to accompany it; but he distrusted facile solutions. He regarded the labor situation as a parallelogram of forces, the resultant of which never gains more than momentary equilibrium. He was not so much interested in the temporary position of this resultant as in an analysis of the permanent forces that give it direction.

San Francisco, March 15

A. B. MAVITY

London's Foreign Affairs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editor of that fine, truth-telling paper, *Foreign Affairs* (London), announces that Mrs. E. D. Morel offers a donation of \$500 to the Union of Democratic Control—which publishes that paper—provided four other persons can be found to make a similar offer.

Is not this a good opportunity for the American friends of *Foreign Affairs* to do something in a financial way to show their appreciation of this organ of the best public opinion of England today?

No one—it seems—who has read the last issue (in particular), knows the spirit of the publication and has the money to give, ought to refuse to help in such a good cause. The editor's article, *Anarchy at Geneva*, in the April issue itself, might well decide the matter.

Along with the enormous mass of misrepresentative press matter that comes to our shores, by a variety of routes, comes this trustworthy, courageous, internationally minded monthly. I am sure there are those in this country who would contribute to an American gift to *Foreign Affairs*.

New York, April 25

BLANCHE WATSON

A View of "Israel"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read with intense interest Dr. H. M. Kallen's review of Ludwig Lewisohn's "Israel" in your current issue. It is as masterful a piece of review work as the book itself.

The flaws Dr. Kallen has found in the book are quite a few. He is quite right that the undertone of the entire work is considerably narcissistic. Also from a purely psychological standpoint the book is more or less illusory, as Dr. Kallen points out.

Yet, from the standpoint of one who is intimately acquainted with his fellow-Jews of all varieties in every phase of their existence here and abroad, the book contains a great deal of valuable material.

Leaving out what may be termed the chauvinism of "Israel," the book should serve as a guide to both Jews and non-Jews toward the elimination of the "Jewish question" precedent to anti-Semitism with consequent pogroms and oppressions depending on locale.

This book "Israel," in itself, will not accomplish much toward that goal. But applying the rule of habit as enunciated by William James, repeated acts will do it. From an ordinary Jewish-layman standpoint this book should inspire writers, both Jews and non-Jews, to proceed and write enlighteningly upon the subject.

Cleveland, April 10

L. N. SPERLING

Religious Bigotry in Kansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following excerpt from a personal letter received from a friend now traveling in Kansas constitutes an interesting exhibit of the extent to which religious bigotry is being carried on and is suggestive of its steady and stealthy encroachment in every department of our social and political life:

Emporia is now so good that raids are to be made in private homes on Sundays to see if they are playing cards.

In Osawatimie people are so good that many of them display a large card in their windows

WE GO TO CHURCH

Cleveland, Ohio

BETTY BRADSHAW

International Relations Section

Averescu: Rumania's Mussolini

By JAMES FUCHS

THE "Rumanian Mussolini" is not a label fastened upon General Averescu by unsympathetic publicity, foreign or domestic. It is, on the contrary, an epithet which the new Premier of Rumania bestowed upon himself, through the medium of the governmental press of Bucharest, on the very day of taking office. The meaning of this designation was made plainer the next day by manifesto of the Premier, announcing "closer fraternal relations with Italy" as part of his ministerial program. These closer relations will assuredly be realized, but they are only part of an impending Rumanian reorientation in the field of foreign politics. The present Premier was avowedly called to office by the Crown as a provisional moderator of national affairs, pending parliamentary elections to be held the last week of May. It is understood that his predecessor in office, Jon Bratianu, had to go because his party, the Liberals, lost the municipal elections in February. The elections, to be sure, went against the Liberals, but they were lost only *technically*, in the unimportant particular of a heavy anti-Liberal majority of votes cast at the polls. The true cause of Bratianu's dismissal had no direct connection with the national insurgency against him at the polls. He had to be dismissed because there is urgent necessity of stabilizing a rapidly depreciating Rumanian valuta through Anglo-American loans; and foreign high finance has lost confidence in Bratianu's capacity to carry on a regime of reckless plunder under quasi-constitutional forms. Also, it has little confidence in the permanency of the kingdom within its present bounds under any but a dictatorial rule, for weighty reasons presently to be mentioned.

To pave the way for substantial Anglo-American loans, two preliminary concessions had to be made to foreign high finance: in the first place, Bratianu had to vacate office, because fraud and force, as wielded by him at the February elections, had shown themselves ineffective tools in his hands; in the second place, one of those "strong men" beloved by the great international banking interests had to be put into his place, whose well-attested ruthlessness in suppressing socially subversive movements would be a sufficient guaranty to foreign capital for the consolidation of a stiffly centralistic, financially responsible Rumanian statecraft. On the strength of his record as a queller of peasant insurrections and as political grand inquisitor into real or alleged communistic heresies General Averescu took office as provisional Premier. He was not in any sense but a Pickwickian one a political "opponent" of Bratianu. Averescu's chief mission, as officially announced upon taking office, was to prepare the impending elections, and Bratianu, just before vacating office, helped him "prepare" them by forcing upon the nation a new election law after the Italian pattern, which practically insures the victory of a governmental majority at the polls. As technical opponent of Bratianu, the General stood at the head of a parliamentary faction of five Deputies when his sovereign extended to him a call to form a Cabinet, the reason for his preferment—apart from his personal qualifications—being the numerical insignificance of his party as compared with other

opposition parties in Parliament, and its undoubted venality behind the parliamentary scene. As leader of a serious parliamentary opposition, numerously represented in the National Assembly, he would have been impracticable as a Premier; as chief of a fake opposition, delegated by the bought or bullied peasantry of five rotten boroughs, he was qualified to take charge.

For an understanding of these and other comic-opera complications leading up to the debut of a Rumanian Mussolini as a probability of a near future, a brief survey of Rumanian political and cultural realities is necessary. The new Rumania of the post-bellum period consists of three parts:

1. The Old Kingdom, in area less than one-half of present-day Rumania.

2. A vast agglomeration of former Austro-Hungarian provinces, nearly equal in extent to the Old Kingdom, annexed to it, after the armistice, by military occupation subsequently sanctioned by the assent of the Great Powers.

3. Bessarabia, wrested from Russia by force of arms and not as yet a part of Rumania *juris publici*, owing to the refusal of the Soviet Union to enter into treaties with governments acknowledging the status of Bessarabia as a Rumanian province *de jure*. The "closer fraternal relations" with Fascist Italy, announced by General Averescu, mean, among other things, an impending Italian sanction of Rumania's Bessarabian conquest and, by implication, an Italo-Rumanian embroilment with the Soviets.

In official terms, this extension of Rumanian sovereignty over vast stretches of former Austrian, Hungarian, and Russian territory is represented as the gathering in of the entire Rumanian race under one flag and allegiance—a correct statement, but only a part of the truth. The gathering in of the entire race—including a substantial Rumanian minority in Bessarabia that did not wish to be gathered in—involved at the same time the annexation of two million Hungarians, 500,000 Germans, 175,000 Bulgarians, 75,000 Russians—altogether about three million souls of non-Rumanian stock, as against the like number of "redeemed" Rumanians. Furthermore it meant the unification of the Rumanian race under a German dynasty propped up by French loans, a territory held together by foreign guaranties and by an intolerable military servitude of the "redeemed" Rumanian peasantry. In a political and economic sense, racial redemption meant the economic ruin of the redeemed through the frauds and extortions of the redeemers, and a startling change in Rumanian politics, brought about by the enfranchisement of the new provinces.

In the Old Kingdom, homogeneous in population and almost wholly agricultural in character, politics were of a comparatively simple bi-partisan description. The Conservatives were the party of the great landed houses, with their following of lesser noble landlords, Greek Catholic prelates, tory soldiers, and blooded bureaucrats. The transportation of lumber, fuel, and farm produce and the management of credit were in the hands of a coterie of bankers and railroad kings heading a Liberal Party. As usual in such a setting, the strife between modern capitalism and a semi-feudal landlordism formed the content of the sharp early clashes of the two parties, with the usual evolutionary outcome: modernized landlordism entered into an economic league with high finance and became a part of it.

A few tory traditions of the boyars and their entourage survived this economic merger of privilege, but in the main the struggle between the two parties ceased years before Rumania's entrance into the World War to be more than a wrangle of the ins and outs over the possession of office. Eighty-five per cent of the peasantry within the Old Kingdom were—and are to this day—illiterate. Being easily cozened, these peasants could never exercise an effective control over a handful of opposition Deputies whom they managed, in spite of a preposterous electoral system, to delegate to the National Assembly. Small peasant factions in Parliament were a safety-valve of the old system and rather encouraged by the Conservative-Liberal administrations. They stormed and blustered about the manifold extortions heaped upon the peasantry by conservative landlords and liberal bankers alike, they denounced the governmental oppressions of local and metropolitan administrators; which kept the peasants in high good humor, but on the whole did no harm to a government of privilege. At ordinary divisions they were hopelessly outvoted; at closely contested ones they were easily bought over, with cash or ministerial flattery.

The conquests of the war and the conditions of the peace treaty put an end to the Arcadian simplicity of Rumanian parliamentary politics. As a condition of protection in Rumania's new possessions, the victorious Allies insisted upon a democratic election franchise. Universal suffrage had to be granted as a concession to European public opinion, and could only in part be nullified in its effects by the efforts of local gendarmes and a newly organized political police. The new provinces sent Deputies to Parliament representing a multiplicity of racial minorities, but these minorities were easily unified into substantial opposition blocs by their common hatred of their Old-Rumanian oppressors, whose spoilsmen swarmed all over the new provinces, taxing, harassing, imprisoning, and ruining many thousands in the assertion of Rumanian racial supremacy over the alien minorities. It so happens that only about 40 per cent of the redeemed Rumanian peasants of Transylvania and the Bukowina are illiterate, as against 85 per cent of their redeemers. Apart from their educational superiority, the redeemed had been politically enfranchised, in their erstwhile capacities as Austrian or Hungarian citizens, many years before the redeemers. The former consequently possessed a stock of political experience wholly wanting in the latter. Under a regime of universal suffrage the Rumanian peasants of the new provinces gravitated politically toward an interracial opposition bloc, in two directions: They struck hands with the peasant war veterans of the Old Kingdom and with the victims of forcible Rumanization in their own provinces. The landless war veterans had been promised land—partly grants of crown lands and partly soil expropriated from the great landlords of non-Rumanian stock, on terms of fair compensation. Nearly three million acres were actually divided among the landless—at a price fantastically in excess of a fair fee simple. They had to agree to pay, within fifty years, forty times the lease rent paid for their allotments in 1906! The much-vaunted distribution of land turned out to be a new form of Rumanian peasant enslavement, superadded to the old ones. The victims of this heartless swindle joined hands with their class-mates in the new provinces. The latter, furthermore, allied themselves—for the first time in Rumanian history—with the

Jews oppressed by educational restrictions; with the shopkeepers of the towns heavily taxed for permission to trade, keep books, and announce their firm-names in languages other than the Rumanian; with thousands of qualified teachers in the new provinces, driven out of their jobs by poorly qualified Rumanian substitutes, installed by governmental decree; and finally, with Social Democrats of peasant stock or affiliation. Thus reenforced by alliances with most of the seriously disaffected elements of town and country, the new Greater-Rumanian Peasant Party (Partidul Taranesc) entered Parliament. After the political debut of the new "third party," five years ago, it became clear to the Rumanian governmental powers that their Rule of Plunder could be maintained only by adopting anti-constitutional and liberticide measures. They were first resorted to without express disavowal of a constitutional form of government. Having failed, at the elections, as an expedient of a sham-constitutional regime, such measures will now be resorted to by a coming dictatorship.

As Man of the Hour and Savior of Society, there enters now upon the scene—for the second time since 1920—General Averescu. His chieftaincy of a sham peasant party, old style, makes him all the fitter for combating the perils of a real peasant party, new style, for he will always have enough peasants behind him for popular demonstrations against the new Rumanian Farmer-Labor Party. He has suppressed, with fire and sword, four peasant-insurrections since 1919, affecting, at the same time, the airs of a blunt, outspoken friend of the peasantry. He earned his popularity in a few benighted agricultural districts, first as a promoter of the land distribution desired by the agricultural laborers returned from the war front, and then as a declaimer against its unpopular terms.

However, Averescu's premiership is in the main founded upon his reputation for ruthlessness. His dictatorship, if he achieves it, will be merely the extension of a military dictatorship that has existed in Bessarabia for the last six years, over the whole kingdom. On that unhappy province, suspect because of its proximity to the territory of the Soviet Union and because it is claimed by the Union, the general had a strangle-hold through two instrumentalities: Siguranza and Granicierii. The Granicierii, or border guard, are a Rumanian gendarmerie notorious for lawless methods throughout Eastern Europe. In Rumanian village life along a far-flung frontier, they play the role of ill-paid janissaries permitted by their superiors to supplement their wages by extortion and sometimes by open banditry. During the four peasant insurrections between 1919 and 1924 they have sacked and burned down entire districts, put thousands to the sword, and behaved in general like Tartar hordes on conquered soil, giving General Averescu his first prestige as the kind of ruler that knows how to deal with rebellious subjects. His other arm, the Siguranza or political police, was founded after the peasant revolt of 1907, in imitation of the Russian Ochrana. Like its Russian prototype, the Siguranza, with central headquarters in Bucharest and branch offices in all important centers of the kingdom, consists of a regular staff of officials employing, as casual agents paid by the job, about 125,000 persons, chiefly janitors, cabmen, barbers, hotel porters, waiters, and other poorly paid people stationed at strategic points for eavesdropping.

In Bessarabia these creatures of the Rumanian Mussolini functioned mainly as agents provocateurs, to throw

the Red Specter upon the national screen by means of planting Communist manifestos with peasants incapable of reading them, and then denouncing them wholesale to the military authorities. In the prison cells of the Siguranza, between the autumn of 1924 and the spring of 1926, thousands of workers and peasants not affiliated with Communist groups or organizations were horsewhipped; terribly beaten with fists, clubs, bars; seared with hot irons; tortured in unnamable ways, until they signed confessions of conspiracy and incriminations of others, which many of the signers, not knowing Rumanian, could not read! When some of the prisoners went on a hunger-strike and after six days of fasting declared the strike off, their jailers refused them food and literally starved them to death! In Kishinef the Siguranza tried to extort confession of a girl accused of Communist propaganda, by hanging her to a hook in the ceiling of a guardroom by her hair. The weight of her body tore off hair and scalp, and the girl died. The Czernowitz *Vorwärts* told the story, which remains uncontradicted to this day. At the trials of alleged peasant-communists at Tatar Bunar and Kishinef sworn evidence piled up, showing that not only scores of the accused but hundreds of witnesses for the prosecution had been terribly beaten by Averescu's political police until they agreed to testify against the defendants whatever they were bidden to say. The very physicians of the Siguranza could not but testify to hundreds of terrible beatings, administered day by day, and one of the accused, almost with his dying breath, swore in open court to having been tortured on thirty successive days, twice a day. It was a Fascist coterie of the Bucharest Siguranza, inspired by General Averescu, that insulted and threatened Henri Barbusse, who came upon express invitation of the Rumanian Government to look into the astounding records of the trial at Tatar Bunar. Another Fascist coterie around the General, consisting of students in government pay, is responsible for the mobbing of German actors and the closing of German theaters in the new provinces.

On the whole, it will be admitted, after examining the record of the Rumanian Mussolini and the mettle of his henchmen, that he bids fair to excel his great exemplar, and that Rumania may in the future expect stirring times.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind."

HENRY NEUMANN is the leader of the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture.

PAUL BLANSHARD spent three months in Russia recently. He will be attached to the staff of *The Nation* this summer.

JAMES FUCHS is known as a writer for the liberal and radical press.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is an authority on Italian literature and politics.

RENE LALOU is the author of "Contemporary Literature in France."

JULIUS MORITZEN is editorial director of the Scandinavian Authors' Bureau in America.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and essayist living in New York.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English in Columbia University and co-author of "Dead reckonings in Fiction."

A History of the Future

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST

By
OSWALD SPENGLER

Translated with Notes by
CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON

HARRY ELMER BARNES writes: "Whatever one's opinions concerning the doctrines expounded by Spengler, his *Decline of the West* must challenge the attention of all alert historians and philosophers. It is easily the most pretentious contribution to the philosophy of history since the archaic efforts of Hegel and Comte. It is the first attempt of any proportions to execute a philosophy of history based upon the scientific and cultural advances since the Industrial Revolution and the triumphs of modern science. It represents a departure from the current and popular assumptions of inevitable and assured progress, and revives in a much more erudite and sophisticated fashion the cyclical theory of history so popular in classical times.

"It thus represents a challenge to the optimism which has pervaded contemporary social science and historical writing. It is most certainly a work which must be reckoned as one of the outstanding intellectual achievements of the present century."

Second Printing
\$6.00 at all bookstores

Alfred A. Knopf

730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
PUBLISHER OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY

In Canada from The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd.
1 St. Martin's House, Toronto

BORZO
BOOKS

Foreign Book Section

Italian Literature Today

By ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

ITALIAN literature has been dogged by the curious fatality that its influence should be much greater than the recognition accorded it. The instructive contrast is the case of France, a country which in every age has been able to sell its intellectual produce at prices higher than par. It has often been said that the French know how to write, while others don't. But the explanation is a tautology. The fact is that sympathies are matters of sentiment and not of rationality, and the safety and sanity of French "common sense" is more nearly the common denominator of Western civilization than the much more original and fundamental thinking that sometimes appears, for instance, in Italy. One might cite, from Italy's past, the case of Machiavelli or of Giordano Bruno—both men who in one connection or another shock every decent feeling which the commonplace individual, unable to attain any high degree of philosophic detachment, is likely to harbor. So these men are berated and condemned though no one after their time is able quite to escape them. Whole epochs of Italian culture, whole areas of Italian thought, have had to wait for the serene historical criticism of later ages to attain just appreciation in other countries. Critics read and praised the "Défense" of Du Bellay for 350 years before it was found to be a rather vulgar plagiarism of an Italian source.

This is to a large extent the case with the three outstanding movements in contemporary Italian writing—the "new idealism" of Croce, the "new Machiavellianism" of Pareto, and the "grotesque" theater of Pirandello.

As for the last and least of these, Pirandello, I doubt whether there be a living author of his eminence and originality who is, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, more generally pitied and patronized. One may predict that by the time Mr. Dodd and Mr. Eugene O'Neill have found a long line of successors here and elsewhere, by the time, that is, the Pirandellian influence has been consolidated abroad, Pirandello himself will be pretty thoroughly discredited. And the trouble is not that he doesn't know how to write but that he is thoroughly and incorrigibly a Sicilian.

Croce too is thoroughly Italian, even south Italian, and his system is a brilliant specimen of Italian ways of thinking. Only in Italy would a philosophy which stresses the distinction and delimitation of the spiritual spheres above all else be impressive as a revealing analysis of reality. At bottom, probably, it was more against the Italian temperament of Croce than against Crocean thought that Mr. Irving Babbitt, one of the earliest of Croce's American critics, rebelled, denouncing as a degenerate romantic the man whom an Italian critic, Mr. Momigliano, has recently styled "the only great classic that modern Italy has produced." (Mr. Babbitt, at any rate, wrote the "New Look-oon" after reading Croce's "Aesthetics" but before reading the "Ethics.") In addition to his Italian mind, Croce has a quality from which he not infrequently suffers. There is something tremendously vital and inspiring about his thought. No one ever read the "Philosophy of the Spirit" without at once gaining the feeling that he was

something of an aesthete and philosopher himself. It was this exultance that expressed itself in Mr. Spingarn's "New Criticism," a free summary of some chapters of the "Aesthetics" dedicated to Croce but presented only incidentally as "of" Croce. The result was that Croce's doctrines were first discussed in America as a peculiarity of Mr. Spingarn, the debate going astray little by little on theses that Croce never really held. With the close of the war, however, American response to Croce took a fresh and authentic start, working downward apparently from the universities and gradually permeating the literary reviews. Of America it may be said, as it has long been said of Europe, that "all intelligent critics are Croceans." And I would cite in proof two of our most brilliant newer arrivals in criticism, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Krutch, who have gained their distinction by applying the principle of the "integral personality" which Croce was the first to validate in the critical theory of our time. Nevertheless, despite the infiltration of Crocean thought among us, his ideas rarely appear here under his name, and slurs and condescensions are still more common than appreciations and enlightened interpretations.

The case of Pareto is more gloomy still. If it is Croce's destiny to inspire and be denied, it is Pareto's to be plundered and ignored. I pick up, for example, the "Phantom Public" of Mr. Walter Lippmann and find him quoting Burke, Bryce, Michelet, Jefferson, Hamilton, Aristotle, and scores of writers who could be quite comfortably ignored in a progressive history of political thought, while every sound idea Mr. Lippmann has derives more or less directly from Pareto, who is not quoted at all. If I turn to the *Commonweal* I find Mr. Carleton Hayes exploiting Pareto's idea that "nationalism is a religion" without acknowledging or accepting the Paretan system which makes that truth a truth. In Professor Robinson's "Mind in the Making" Pareto is indeed admitted into a group of men who are or have been fighting for the scientific point of view in politics and sociology; but there is no advertisement of the fact that "The Mind in the Making" is just a popularization of one of Pareto's fundamental discoveries. Meanwhile, in France, M. Francis Delaisi is warming over Pareto's theory of the "political myth" in a book which reviewers are praising as something new and revolutionary. Clearly we are very far from establishing in the vaguer fields of literature and thought that same fastidiousness as to priorities which is so attractive in science.

In Italy itself, Pareto, who died in 1923, has returned to a vogue such as he enjoyed twenty years ago in the heyday of the "new nationalism"—this because his criticism of democracy furnishes in startlingly prophetic terms a ready-made theory for Fascism. The problems of the new regime have likewise occasioned a general and impressive revival of the works of Alfredo Oriani—particularly the "Political Struggle in Italy" and the "Ideal Revolt." Oriani's system has very direct dependence on a political thinker of the Risorgimento, Giuseppe Ferrari, whose "Philosophy of Revolution" has therefore been brought into renewed prominence at this moment. Croce himself is working at remoter amplifications of his system, particularly attempting to delimit the field of politics (inside the sphere of the practical, but outside the sphere of ethics). However, for seven years past, in the work

of Gentile and Lombardo-Radice, Italian new-idealism has diverted to pedagogy and education the energies which in the two preceding decades it unfolded in literature and aesthetics. Pirandello followed the "Six Characters" with "Henry IV," "Naked," and "Each in His Own Way." Barring his brilliant one-act pageant called "Our Lord of the Ship," he has since completed nothing new for the theater.

Since, of all contemporary Italians, Papini is the only one to count a noteworthy financial success abroad, it may seem strange to deny him a place among influential Italian exportations. But I doubt whether Papini himself is satisfied with the clientele which has brought him wealth and fame. In strictly Italian terms he must count as a survival from the pre-war period when he was a real force in giving a new movement and a new direction to Italian intellectual life. He has postponed publication of his "Life of the Virgin" and of his "Report on Mankind" in order to stage some "Plays for Children," which are reported to be charming, and to issue a volume of verse called "Bread and Wine," therein refreshing a gush of beauty that seemed to have dried up in his now famous "Hundred Pages."

If the balance in Italian letters leans heavily to the side of thought as opposed to belles-lettres proper, it is tipped rather by weight of significance and power than by normal considerations of quantity or excellence. In Italy, it should be remembered, art is a dominant social religion. The cult and practice of the intellectual life are intensely and widely prevalent in the middle and upper classes, and not only nationally but regionally. Reorganization of the book trade and of theater management has, however, had the effect of spurring authors to issue from local molds and seek the wider national public. In this field old celebrities add to their lists each year and newcomers press forward for recognition, only incidentally to be known to foreign readers. Sem Benelli has done another play ("L'Amorosa Visione") based on ancient factional strife in Florence, but with not inobvious political connotations; Annie Vivanti has published another volume of sophisticated "stunt" stories—among them one gem of humor: "Do Forgive Eglantine!" Borgese is being considered for the Academy as a result of pyramiding "creative" literature on his eminence as a scholar. Alfredo Panzini seems firmly ensconced on a national reputation, though he continues to knock vainly on the doors of the foreign market. Luciano Zuccoli, the best plot-maker in Italy, attained notable sales for his "Vita Elegante," an ethical treatise on the ideals of Mayfair. Of the new movement in poetry, preached by Enrico Thovez in 1898 and initiated by Gozzano, Corazzini, and the *Voce* in the 1910's, only Govone, Gori, and Folgore seem continuously productive, the last with a certain popular vogue. With each successive posthumous publication, *estime* continues to gather about the name of Federico Tozzi. In fear of regional reprisals, Rome timidly points to Baldini and Bontempelli in hope that the nation at large will recognize these local youngsters. When Ugo Ojetto rises, all Italy continues to listen with respect. Brocchi and Gotta are well established in the field of entertaining reading. Two other novelists, Marino Moretti and Mario Puccini, keep coming forward, with greater pretensions to depth. Adriano Tilgher has forced his way into the higher circle of journalistic critics long formed by D'Amico, Praga, Simone, and others. The death of Piero Gobetti opens a wide gap in the group at Turin. And so we might go on.

New Books in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, April 1, 1926

APUBLISHING season may be said to have been good when it leaves on the critic's shelves ten or twelve books he proposes to read again as soon as the flood subsides. Such has been the case this winter. "Mes Poisons" took us into Sainte-Beuve's private laboratory and revealed the most secret workings of the mind of the greatest French critic. Pierre Borel has edited in four volumes the complete diary of Marie Bashkirtseff; while Alberic Cahuet gave in "Moussia" a novelized version of her romantic career. Madame Rivière has published "A la trace de Dieu," a treatise written by Jacques Rivière during his captivity in Germany, and also the letters that passed between him and Paul Claudel. Both books are extremely interesting. As Henri Franck's letters to several friends, recently produced with an introduction by André Spire, show us how the Jewish problem appeared to a young enthusiastic mind just before the war, so Rivière stands as a witness to the progress of Catholicism during that period. Let it be noticed, however, that it was the time of a spiritual crisis very accurately described by the brothers Tharaud in their new book on "Notre cher Péguy"; its social consequences have been studied by Jean-Richard Bloch in ". . . et Cie." Yet Rivière's attitude in his letters does not seem to have been his final one, since he has insisted that he wished to be judged by his two novels, "Aimée" and "Florence."

A volume of selected works, a collection of pious poems called "Feuilles de Saints," and the first "day" of "Le Soulier de Satin" have brought about a revival of the old Claudelian fervor. The theatrical work of Jules Romains now stands complete in three volumes. "Albertine disparue" has shown Proust in dishabille, death having prevented him from enlarging upon that powerful first draft. With a new edition of "Amyntas" (a travel notebook subtly enriched with all the perfumes of Algeria) André Gide has brought forth his "Faux-Monnayeurs"; it is both a fresco of contemporary society and a Dostoevskian study of the Freudian complexities of youth. In works of imagination this season has been prolific. I shall mention only "La pierre d'Horeb," that moving confession of an ordinary man delicately penned by Georges Duhamel; "Paulina, 1880," a fine analysis by P. J. Jouve of sensuous mysticism; and "En joue!," Soupault's thrilling portrait of the up-to-date romanticist. A striking fact is the interest in political problems, testified in the three galleries of portraits painted by Jean Piot in "Comme je les vois," Jacques Sindral in a novel ominously named "Mars," and Jean Giraudoux in "Bella," a masterpiece of irony and tenderness.

After that short retrospect let us turn to the new announcements. Novels seem less abundant than might have been hoped or feared. The Nouvelle Revue Française will be responsible for "le Dernier Européen," by J. R. Bloch, Aragon's "Paysan de Paris," and two novels by Henri Pourrat, the painter of Auvergne, and André Maurois, the author of "Ariel." From Rieder we are to get "Trois hommes et un minaret," a humorous picture of North African life by Gabriel Audisio, and "Chalet I," in which André Baillon has related his experience under the shadow of the psychoanalysts. Plon opens a new collection, "l'Aubier,"

to young novelists of talent. Something may be expected to come from that quarter as well as from the "Bureau d'études cinématographiques" which Bernard Grasset has intended as a link between literature and the seventh art.

Many publishers seem to think more of collections than of books. As their "Maîtres du Livre" draw to a close, the house of Crès is going to build a "Musée du Livre" with a section dedicated to the Belgian masters. At Les Arts et le Livre Georges Crès will supply serious people with intellectual food under the motto "L'Intelligence"; his other enterprise, "La Joie de nos enfants," will perhaps show that France is not after all so totally deficient in books for the young as has often been said. The Editions du Siècle have resumed the publication of the Cahiers de la Quinzaine under the management of Marcel Péguy, the son of the writer whose several unpublished essays are going to appear under that new form. The same editors are beginning a collection of philosophical works by "the masters of anti-Christian thought." On the other hand Rieder will add to his already mentioned "Judaïsme" and "Christianisme" a new series under the title "l'Esprit"; the contributors to "Philosophies" will be henceforth found there, the first two numbers being dedicated to Christ and Bergson.

Few revelations are to be expected. Plon, however, promises us a posthumous book by Maurice Barrès, "Le Mystère en pleine lumière," and there will appear at les Arts et le Livre a new volume of poems by the late Victor Segalen. If the N. R. F. publishes the collected poems of Valéry, many readers will rejoice as they already rejoiced over the announcement that the Editions du Trianon were to give France a complete Shakespeare in forty volumes. Another monument, a scientific one, will be raised by the Presses Universitaires under the form of a general history of mankind; the name of the editor, Professor Glotz, the author of "The Ægean Civilization," is the best warrant for that work.

Encouraged by the success of the eloquent "Demos-thenes" of Clemenceau and the gesticulating "Balzac" of Benjamin, Plon will go on with his series of famous lives; the next items will be a Rivarol by the well-known journalist Louis Latzarus and a Villon by Francis Carco; Stanislas Fumet will depict an orthodox Baudelaire and Mrs. Longworth-Chambrun will do Shakespeare the actor, while Abel Chevalley will provide the N. R. F. with a complete Thomas Deloney. Lives freely interpreted were the "Liszt" of Pourtalès (N. R. F.) and the "Montaigne" of Elie Faure (Crès); to the last-named firm we shall soon be indebted for a Cervantes by Han Ryner, the anarchist philosopher, and a collection of essays by Robert de Traz, the editor of *La Revue de Genève*.

In addition to his many translations Stock will concentrate on Apollinaire, Bloy, and Cocteau. The firm of Kra shows more and more its European character with translations from Ramon, Unamuno, Sternheim, Pirandello, and Conrad as well as with a collection of synopses of foreign contemporary literatures. Its Cahiers Nouveaux will include representative works by Giraudoux, Edmond Jaloux, René Joulet, and several *surréalistes*. And the same firm is proving its eclecticism by announcing "A Vision of Our Times," by J. E. Blanche the painter; "A Citizen Against the State," by Alain the philosopher; and "A Defense of Man" (essays on criticism, the psychological novel, and the much-discussed *poésie pure*), by the author of these notes.

Realism in Scandinavia

By JULIUS MORITZEN

AS the annual springtide of Scandinavian books is let loose the bystander, watchful for any new tendency, becomes conscious of an ever-increasing realism among Northern authors. Not only fiction evidences this trend. Historians, both Danish and Norwegian, are bent on relieving the past of whatever romantic glamor may formerly have been considered requisite. As for the religious domain, Georg Brandes goes so far as virtually to deny the existence of Jesus, whom he designates a legendary character pure and simple; and in his latest book, "Petrus," the famous Danish writer lays about him vigorously with the same argument—which in this case seems hardly waterproof.

While there is nothing remarkable to report concerning such long-established authors as Knut Hamsun, Johan Bojer, Martin Anderson Nexö, Johannes V. Jensen, and Selma Lagerlöf, certain newer names demand attention. J. Anker Larsen, whose book "The Philosopher's Stone" may be familiar to American readers through translation, has to his recent credit "Martha and Maria"; here his religious tendency is again conspicuous. Sigrid Undset likewise is beginning to be known on this side of the Atlantic, and while this sterling Norwegian author still goes to bygone centuries for her plots, it is realism with a vengeance that characterizes her "Olav Audunsson i Hestviken." Helge Rode, a poet of distinction, in "The Place with the Green Trees" treats a subject that brings the Salvation Army, open-air meetings, and religious idealism into the foreground. In somewhat similar strain is Ludvig Holstein's "The Green Field." As elsewhere in Europe, the war left as a heritage to Danish literature a profound conviction that beyond the things of every day are other phases of existence worthy of being utilized. And with all this we still have realism. Professor Harald Höffding, the noted Danish philosopher, declares of Holstein's book that it comes like "a refreshing breath from nature and human existence," and that "all religion to him at last emanates from human souls and their experiences. This is the green field where grow all plants of the spiritual life; the religious, as well as all other."

Alexander Svedstrup, Gunnar Gunnarsson, Sophus Clausen, Jörgen Bukdahl, Valdemar Rørdam, Axel Juel, Palle Rosenkrantz—the list of writers prominent in contemporary Danish literature might be extended indefinitely. Both in prose and in poetry production continues uninterruptedly. It is worth stopping for a moment, however, to consider Sven Lange's "The First Battles." This decidedly is a book built upon living types; Georg Brandes and his brother Edvard furnish the author an opportunity to introduce an entire gallery of figures conspicuous in the literary and political life of Denmark during a quarter-century. It is with mixed emotions that one familiar with this background sees the spotlight turned on Brandes during his early struggles for recognition. And no less interesting is Lange's picture of Edvard Brandes as the latter rose to the position of minister of finance in the radical government that he assisted in building until it was succeeded by the present Social-Democratic regime. Sven Lange, by the way, is known to American theater audiences through his "Samson and Delilah."

Even a cursory recital of Danish literary activity within the recent year must include mention of the renewed interest in Hans Christian Andersen, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death in August of last year finally released his writings to all publishers. His romantic career has been retold in a number of new biographies, foremost among which are those by Professor Karl Larsen, St. J. Holbech, and Elith Reumert. These are valuable additions to the already extensive literature concerning the famous story-teller, and they reveal an interest in him that continues to be world wide. And who is there to deny that in his own way Andersen was a realist, albeit in a domain unexplored by others less far-visioned than he and conventionally dismissed as romantic?

The rugged character of their land stands reflected in much that Norwegian writers are producing at present. Take, for instance, Hulda Garborg's "The Graybeard." Following his trilogy about the Huldra forest, the author returns to the former source of his inspiration, the great heaths. In "Hansigne Solstad" Peter Egge once more shows his mastery in feminine portraiture; he gives us now a simple woman whose rise from comparative poverty to wealth, followed by her decline, leaves her unspotted before the world. In "Light and Shadow" Johan Fr. Vinsnes displays his power of satirizing society through the action of a few characters. Vinsnes is a psychologist to the manner born. A Norwegian writer who is rapidly impressing himself upon the reading public is Elias Kraemmer. In "The Waves Roll On" and "The Path to the Lighthouse" we see the Norwegian panorama unrolled in all its variegated beauty. Kraemmer delights in bringing out the good in humankind, the less acceptable qualities being always subsidiary to his main theme. Andreas Haukland continues in "The Viking Exploits" what he began with "Helge the Young." It is a picture of the ancient sea; here we have heroes clothed in shining mail, arrows flying like lightning, and dramatic encounters between the foemen. Although Hans Kinck is far from being a newcomer, yet it would not do to pass him by. Of late he has put his talents at the service of the theater. His play "On the Rindal Heights" is in keeping with his work as a novelist, although there is a mysticism here which those acquainted with the author's former books had hardly expected he would bring to the stage. It remains to be seen how the piece will go in the theater.

In Sweden literary interest at present may be said to be divided between prose and poetry. An outstanding figure is Anders Osterling, whose collected poems have won wide attention. Swedish poets, more so than their Danish or Norwegian colleagues, are taking themselves seriously, and we have evidence of this in Frans G. Bengtsson's "Legend of Babylon." It were futile to bring the name of Werner von Heidenstam into the present discussion except for the fact that "The Swedes and their Chieftains" and "The Tree of the Folkungs" have recently been translated into English under the auspices of the American Scandinavian Foundation. The translators, Charles Wharton Stork and Arthur J. Chater, have done their difficult task with remarkable fidelity to the Swedish original. As for Selma Lagerlöf, also one of the standard-bearers of Swedish literature at its best, her latest book, "Charlotte Loevenskjöld," bears out the contention that few writers of the North equal her in the art of modernizing history and making of it a living thing.

Books

Fundamentalism

The Decline of the West. By Oswald Spengler. Vol. I. *Form and Actuality.* Authorized Translation with Notes by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

A NEW philosophy pretending in any sense to the philosophy of history must challenge at least a brief comparison with the system of Hegel. Oswald Spengler belongs with Hegel in his conviction that history is the world. But their difference, which is radical, may be summed up in a brief antithesis: Hegel portrayed his history-world as dialectic, while Spengler subsumes dialectic, along with painting, music, architecture, under the concept of history; all are expression-forms in the quite homogeneous cultures in which they arise. His viewpoint is not Hegel's world-as-dialectic, which he rejects as being identical in form with the world-as-nature of science, but the world-as-history, as organism.

Spengler returns to Goethe's philosophy of nature as organism, and with Goethe he ignores the Idealistic distinction between Reality and Appearance. Goethe knew that such a split resulted in a disastrous mechanism of appearance versus a chimerical ultimate reality. He fixed his attention to organism; he insisted that mechanism is a fiction of much the same value as "Tom Jones," that it was not a philosophical issue at all; it was the time-spirit, as Professor Whitehead has indicated, of seventeenth-century science. Spengler accordingly repudiates the eighteenth-century tradition of "scientific history." For historians have solemnly borrowed from natural science the concept of causality. We think of history as a linear past, Ancient, Medieval, Modern, progressing in a mechanical succession to the present age and projecting itself in the future toward "some far-off divine event." The divine paralogism, in the Hegelian system, achieved one of its apexes in the power of the Prussian state. Spengler directs his criticism against just this paralogism of history. He attacks the superimposition of formal logic, of mathematical number, of ideal possibility, on the organism of life. His philosophy, therefore, is the Morphology of History, a method for the identification of uniquely occurring events within chronologically parallel forms. It is Physiognomic (organic) as opposed to Systematic (mathematical).

Systematic, for Spengler, stands for the method of natural science and approaches mathematical law as an ideal. Now the opposition between organism and mathematical law (the central problem of neo-realism) is the opposition between the uniquely occurring event, momentarily vanishing, and the constant possibility of recurrence which comes of abstracting the merely typical aspects of events into an ideal order. In organism there is growth and decay—process is impossible and action is irreversible; in mathematical mechanism there is process only and action may be reversed. This latter principle, applied to society conceived as a physical laboratory, explains the confusion of the last century. History became whatever optimists or pessimists desired, for constant possibility of reversible action permitted the stage to be set by "law" and a devised action, called "rational purpose," satisfied the personal emotion of the historian. But the character of organism is that it unfolds according to its inherent properties, which are not *laws* but *forms*. History should be the chronological study of these forms appearing in cultures as expression-media; it is not possible to control or alter them, but it is the business of history to predict their formal course.

Physiognomic and Systematic, organic and mechanical, are further distinguished as the Becoming and the Become—as Time and Space: Time is the form of the organic, Space the

Mr. R. F. Foster has no desire to go to Heaven

"What do I care about a harp and a crown?" asks R. Frederick Foster, author, scholar, thinker, who has issued a startling challenge to orthodox religion in his daring new book "The Coming Faith."

IF you will be candid with yourself and get down to a concrete conception of what you call God, you will probably admit that while you speak of Him as a Spirit, your mental vision shadows forth something on the order of a venerable old man with a long beard."

With such utter frankness as this, R. Frederick Foster turns the cold light of logic upon our religious beliefs and reveals them in all their glaring inconsistency, their disregard for fact, their childish superstition. In his startling new book, "The Coming Faith," he sounds a challenge that is ringing round the world.

IS THIS BLASPHEMY?

"Our present beliefs, collected under the name of Christianity, were absolutely unknown two thousand years ago, and will probably be unheard of two thousand year from now."

You may be shocked by such statements as the above. You may cry out in protest. But whatever your personal feelings may be, you **MUST** read "The Coming Faith," if only that you may defend your own beliefs intelligently when it is discussed before you.

Twenty years ago this book could not have been published. Then years ago no magazine would have accepted this announcement. But now, with the present day freedom of thought Mr. Foster feels the time is ripe to give his message to the world.

It is an amazing message, a mighty message—a message that has set the whole world agog, that is being discussed everywhere, that must command the attention of every thinking person, regardless of his religious beliefs.

What is "The Coming Faith"?

Mr. Foster does not simply tear down our present religion and give us nothing to take its place. He gives us a religion in accord with the laws of nature and the truths of science, a religion that reveals the true place and destiny of mankind in the magnificent order of the universe, a religion founded on unassailable logic.

The British press, in reviewing Mr. Foster's book says:

"In this work Mr. Foster does not preach. . . . His book, the result of many years' thoughtful probing into the why and wherefore of things

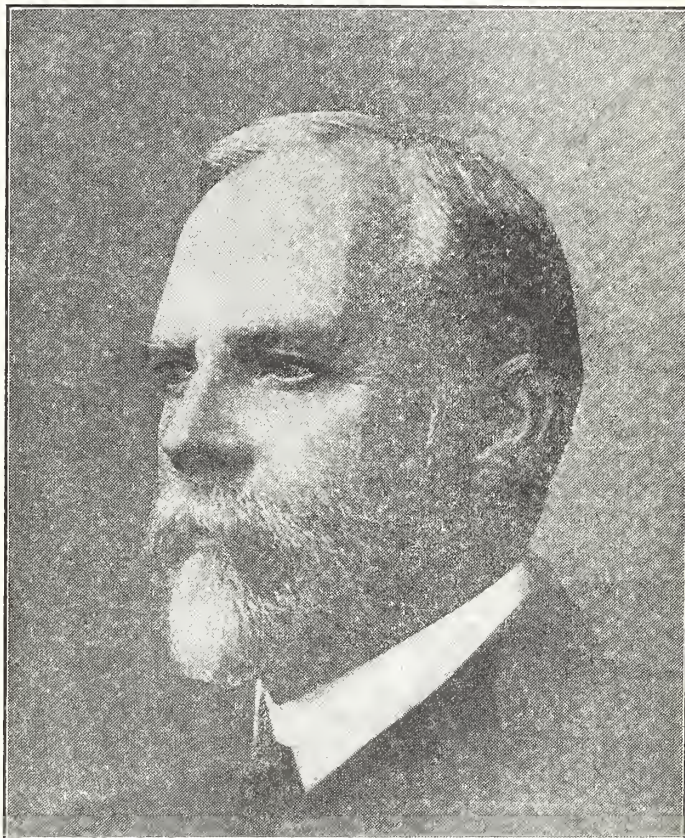
that matter, reveals in non-technical language, man's present position in the ordered scheme of evolution. Slowly . . . by applying the results of scientific research . . . man may establish a real heaven on earth. . . . By study and investigation . . . scientific research can teach us to wipe out the appalling wastage of our present system, in which people work at the wrong trades, where men marry the wrong women and where all is speculation and doubt.

"Where did we come from?" "What are we here for?" "Where are we going to?" Such are the questions Mr. Foster answers by strictly logical reasoning in this remarkable book."

Here is a mighty searchlight upon the greatest mysteries of existence. Here is a tremendous challenge to sham, hypocrisy and superstition. And here is a definite, logical, clear-cut answer to the momentous questions of life and death that concern each one of us more deeply than anything else possibly can.

Some of the Chapter Titles

The Four Infinities
Space and Time
The Creation
Mind and Matter
Mind Without Matter
Other Worlds
Ideas of God
Immortality of the Soul
Heaven and Hell
Physical Evolution
The Universal Mind
What Are We Here For
Birth Control
Vice and Crime
War and Peace
Marriage and Children
The Individual and The Race
The Future



R. F. Foster, whose astounding book, "The Coming Faith" has created a world-wide sensation

Examine It Without Obligation

Because "The Coming Faith" is a book that should be in the hands of every thinking person, a special offer has been arranged that enables you to examine it for yourself without obligation to keep it.

You need send no money in advance. Simply mail the coupon below. "The Coming Faith" will be forwarded to you by mail. Deposit the price of \$2.50 with the postman. Then read. If it does not immediately grip your attention; if you do not want to read this enthralling book through from cover to cover, you are at liberty to return it and your money will be refunded in full without question.

Send for your copy now: the demand is already overwhelming; the present edition must soon be exhausted.

The Personality Press

Dept. 1335

71 W. 45th St.

New York City

The Personality Press
Dept. 1335
71 W. 45th St.
New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of R. F. Foster's daring new book, "The Coming Faith." 300 pages bound in rich green cloth. I am enclosing no money, but will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the postage on delivery. If I care to return the book within 5 days you agree to refund my money in full.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

If you prefer to send \$2.50 with this coupon, the book will be mailed postage prepaid. Same return privilege. (Remittance should accompany Canadian and Foreign Orders.)

form of the mechanical-mathematical. Spengler points out that the living sense of direction (time) is in science reduced to another mathematical dimension which includes it in the law of reversible action; this law, strictly spatial, denies time as direction and destiny; it denies organism in the reduction of organism to causality. Again, Space is Time not felt but perceived—Time actualized. And Spengler revises Kant: Time is the form of perceiving, Space the form of the perceived. Now every culture (men in life-unity) must perceive; every culture, then, must have its idea of Time and its own way of actualizing the idea. Therefore the way in which a culture actualizes its idea of Time is the way in which it envisages Space; the conception of Space is thus the index to the spirituality of a particular culture, the key to its "prime symbol." The postulate of prime symbol (pure Platonism) is the basic assumption of Spengler's philosophy; its corollary, the consistent homogeneity of a culture, is more obviously questionable. But he makes no pretension to empirical foundations; the conception is deductive and visionary. Its weakness is that of the Germans and Procrustes: Spinoza is thrown out of Western culture a priori because he lacks the idea of force and continues the "Magian" (Arabian-Semitic) notion of two soul substances.

Spengler identifies nine distinct cultures and as many prime symbols. He develops his philosophy through a parallel analysis of the Classical and the Faustian (Western) world-attitudes, for these are presumably homogeneous and antithetical. The prime symbol of the Classical is the Extended, Time actualized as corporeality, as multiplicity of sensuous bodies; Time as direction is intolerable and its actualization as infinite Space is consequently denied; hence the notion of space as the Void (Parmenides, Plato). The Extended Body being the inherent form, the prime symbol, of the Classical, all the activity of that culture was a priori predetermined to actualize it. The mathematics of the Greeks was therefore three-dimensional (ontologically neither true nor false), not because the Greeks lacked the wit for more complex operations but because they were conditioned spiritually to the given spatial construction; their religion was polytheistic because they could imagine only a multiplicity of bodies and abhorred the desensualized idea of infinity, of the Unextended. The Unextended, on the other hand, is the prime symbol of Faustian men. It is Time actualized as infinite Space; sensuous extension is intolerable to our spirit, and particular bodies (appearances) are denied; infinite relations, conceivable only in pure Space, are affirmed. Our metaphysics identifies Reality with Space the infinitely immaterial; our religion conceives God as the infinitely immaterial. The Gothic cathedral is symbolic of this infinity; Western contrapuntal music is a system of functional relations, an image of unsensuous Space; Western mathematics is spiritually identical with Western music—relational, unconfined by optical, Euclidean dimension.

Since cultures are organisms they must die. They must disintegrate when their prime symbols are actualized—the doctrine of conceptualism which the scholastics derived from Aristotle's revision of Plato. The period of actualization is Culture proper; the aftermath, in which nothing new may be spontaneously created out of the prime symbol, is Civilization. Classical culture flowered in the millennium before Caesar; after that time, it was spiritually sterile, skeptical, practical, lacking in grand religions, occupied with craft-arts, with eclectic philosophies; it had become Civilization. Spengler examines the Faustian culture and maintains that, on the analogy of parallel forms, we are contemporary with Divus Julius. Our forms are actualized and exhausted. We are Alexandrians; our chief absorption must be a practical, unmetaphysical pursuit of the materials of living, for our sole remaining activity in letters is morphological research into the past. No expression-form is universally valid; the Western mathematics is not "true"—except for Western men as a major form in which

they have actualized the prime symbol of Space. This spirit of relativity, of skepsis, has rounded off every great culture. The great forms of pure expression break up; systematic metaphysics abdicates in eclecticism (Santayana, Keyserling); literature orders the past (the neo-classical school of Eliot); architecture confounds the modes, existing for utility.

Spengler examines the scientific problem in this spirit, in the last chapter of the volume. He is a mathematician and a physicist; his critique of physics—culturally "contemporary" with Sextus Empiricus's attack on the ancient mathematicians—destroys it as sheer fiction; in fact, even as an expression-form it is collapsing, for it begins to doubt the law of reversible action and merges with a metaphysic in entertaining the concept of organism. But whatever the future of science may be, it is absolutely certain that with Oswald Spengler metaphysics returns to its medieval position; it becomes the critic of science, the queen of the sciences; it resumes authority. Spengler would evaluate the resumption of philosophical authority historically, as symbolic of profound decadence in the Faustian spirit; for metaphysics as authority annihilates the separate integral expression-forms of the culture. Nevertheless, Spengler is involved in a new Western tendency. Ten years ago Hulme called for the historical method and deprecated the confusion of mechanism with the organic. The present school of neo-realism is fundamentally concerned with an organic philosophy of nature and with the extent to which the law of reversible action is valid. It is, moreover, a rationalist Fundamentalism—in which Bishop Manning would not be conceded authority—and it promises to send the ambitious experimenter back to his test-tubes. Spengler says that this is a sterile if necessary task. But the Alexandrian Age, which could produce a Sextus Empiricus and collect the texts of Homer, was not an age of conspicuous disorder.

ALLEN TATE

Marcel Proust

Marcel Proust, Sa Vie, Son Œuvre. Par Léon Pierre-Quint. Paris: Simon Kra.

M. PIERRE-QUINT has based his study upon the three-fourths of Proust's novel already in print, without waiting for "*Le Temps Retrouvé*." For he believes it possible at this stage to grasp the harmony of its vast proportions—a cathedral with uncompleted towers. His work includes an animated sketch of Proust's life; an interpretation of his universe, as reflected in his novel; and a technical analysis of his style—to be omitted, remarks the author, by people who "do" Paris in eight days. But not to be omitted by readers who are awaiting the next volume, or who are stalled somewhere in the midst of "*Sodome et Gomorrhe*." It deals lucidly with that absorption in the intricacies of memory association which grew out of Proust's conviction that we recapture the past, with its emotions, not by any effort of the intelligence but through the accidental stimulus of an odor, a musical phrase, an involuntary movement, a flavor upon the tongue. His aim—to reach by intuition, to express by intelligence, the most fugitive sentiments of our inner life—conditions his style. Its transitions are not logical, but imitative of the movements of memory association. In a single period he endeavors to inclose a complex moment of our consciousness. Yet his style moves; the verbs are numerous; it conveys his sense of the perpetual evolution of our conscious and unconscious life. And his characters evolve, though no method would seem less adapted to display their evolution than one which devotes 150 pages to an hour or two in a salon of the Faubourg. But such pages paint the great frescoes. A person like Swann appears in one, years later in another, later again in a third. Between these appearances evolution has occurred. We measure its nature and extent in the contrasts revealed by the figures in the three frescoes.

"In Heaven's Name, Arouse the Jews of America!"

*This is the cry that comes from the
Jews of Europe to the Jews of America*

"Make them understand that we are dying! Make them understand that a whole people is dying!

Dying for lack of food!

Dying for lack of medical help!

Dying for lack of shelter!

"Make them understand that hundreds upon hundreds are killing themselves because their suffering and the suffering of their loved ones has made life unbearable.

"Make them understand that millions of Jews are trapped in Europe and there is no hope except the Jews of America help.

"We solemnly declare to the Jews of America that never in the history of the Jewish people, dating back for centuries, was there a situation like this, and never before in the history of the Jewish people was there any emergency as great as this.

"Time and again the Jews of America have saved us from death. And now, from the depths of our despair, we plead with you again to help us quickly or we perish."

Extract from a letter received from one of the leading Jews in Europe to David A. Brown, National Chairman, United Jewish Campaign for \$15,000,000.

Jews of America, you have the opportunity and privilege of saving these, your people, by subscribing as never before during the Campaign now being conducted.

Every Jew worthy of the name will want to carry his full share of this great responsibility.

Every Jew will want to give answer to the cry that comes from Europe.

"In Heaven's Name, Arouse the Jews of America!"

\$15,000,000

UNITED JEWISH CAMPAIGN

DAVID A. BROWN, National Chairman

Greater New York's Share \$6,000,000

Headquarters, Biltmore Hotel

(This Advertisement is published and paid for by a friend of The Nation)

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

Proust himself presents a striking contrast between the two phases of his career: in society, and in retreat. "Is he really so charming?" inquired his father, the doctor, puzzled by his son's social success. During the years of dizzy oscillation between the Étoile and the Faubourg St. Germain, Proust felt that he had a work within him, but the only outward signs of it were countless notes jotted down on calling cards, invitations, telegrams, recording this gesture or that form of salutation. Forced by illness to withdraw more and more into seclusion, protected by walls lined with cork when his mother's adoration no longer shielded him, he emerged now and then into society only to verify his documents—as when, at one in the morning, he called on a lady and asked to see a certain hat she had worn twenty years before. He couldn't believe she hadn't preserved it: "But Mme Daudet has kept all her hats! I have seen them." "A charming idea! But I haven't a museum."

In analyzing his universe the critic is at pains to account for Proust's interest in the drama of the salons on some basis other than snobbery. He was no more a snob in writing about society than he was a seeker after sensational themes in dealing with inversion. His long contact with the world of society was a progressive disillusionment. His philosophy of desire and disenchantment reveals itself here, but even more in his treatment of love. Underneath all the diverse manifestations of love runs this refrain: love is a drama, played out within us; its object is our own creation, resembling in little more than name the person we love; one love differs from another according to the strength of our desire and the quality of our imagination; love substitutes for our habitual self another which presently disappears without our having been any more responsible for its birth than for its death; in the last analysis, it is perhaps only a nervous state.

This conception of love M. Pierre-Quint thinks "nearer to psychological reality than any other." As if there were any one psychological reality of love! His conclusion appears inconsistent with his belief that in the consciousness of each artist the world reflects itself in a unique manner. The Proustian drama of love, then, is that of the artist who, as a boy of fourteen, asked for his idea of misery, replied, "to be separated from mama"; who spoke of his mother ten years after her death as if she were still living; who felt alone after her death until the day of his own; who makes his hero suffer the same pangs when Albertine withholds herself from him as he suffered when his mother did not kiss him goodnight; whose hero found a momentary calm and happiness in love only when Albertine lay passive in sleep. Another artist, another *drame d'amour*; another psychological type, another psychological "reality." Proust, the perfect emotional introvert, escaped from his intense awareness of self only at rare moments of ecstasy when he had the sense of communion with a reality outside himself. "Neither society nor travel nor love—or very rarely—," says M. Pierre-Quint, speaking as if we were all introverts, "can bring to us this mystical fusion of our lives with the life that surrounds us, because they are not powerful enough to permit us to escape from our self." For Proust, art realized this miracle. Hence his idealization of art, and the complete gift of himself to art after he withdrew to his tower of ivory—or of cork—to "summon up remembrance of things past."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Helmholtz in English

Helmholtz's Treatise on Physiological Optics. Translated from the third German edition. Edited by James P. C. Southall. Volume I. Published by the Optical Society of America.

HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ, the foremost German physicist of the nineteenth century, gave a new direction to physiological research in his "Sensations of Tone" and

The
best
selling



travel
book

for more than two seasons

KEYSERLING'S THE TRAVEL DIARY of a Philosopher

"The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" was published in the spring of 1925. It was recognized at once as a work of genius by prominent critics and men of letters the world over. It has remained until now, however, for the general public to become fully aware of its importance; and today, a year after its publication, it is reaping the benefits of the unanimous acclaim with which it was greeted. Its surprising sales prove that:

- (1) "It is one of the few NECESSARY books for a modern man."—*J. Middleton Murry.*
- (2) It is "a great book, introducing for the first time in travel literature philosophical illumination."—*Rabindranath Tagore.*
- (3) "The publication of this diary is a spiritual event of national importance."—*Glenn Frank.*

7th printing. 2 vols. \$10.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

383 Madison Avenue

New York

Acclaimed
By the
Critics



The Year's
Best
Romance

The SILVER STALLION

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

This romance culminates the famous Poictesme cycle and is peopled with familiar and well-loved characters including "Jurgen." "As good as 'Jurgen' if not better."—*New York World.* "Romantic irony at its finest."—*New York Times.*

Kalki edition, \$2.50

A Brazilian Tenement

By ALUIZIO AZEVEDO

The first translation of one of the most interesting of South America's novelists—the story of a Brazilian outcast community, presented with magnificent candor and fidelity. \$3.00

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

7 West 16th Street

New York

'Physiological Optics.' The first book has long been available in English; the second has had to wait until now to be translated. In 1921 the Optical Society of America celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Helmholtz, and it was decided to commemorate the event by bringing out an English version of "Physiological Optics," which, first published in 1867, had expanded by 1909 into three bulky volumes. The third German edition was brought out fifteen years after Helmholtz's death; and as it contained all of the author's original contributions, and, in addition, valuable additional material by Professors Gullstrand of Upsala, von Kries of Freiburg, and Nagel of Rostock, the American Optical Society selected this edition for translation.

The first volume has been edited (and translated, I take it) by that distinguished American physicist, Professor Southall, and the work is a glorious tribute to American scholarship. The volume includes Helmholtz's descriptions of the anatomy of the eye, of the general physical characteristics of light, and of the dioptrics of the eye, with liberal corrective footnotes by Professor Hooker of Pittsburgh and by the editor; the appendices by Professor Gullstrand, bringing the subject up to date, occupy nearly half the volume. Gullstrand's chapter on ophthalmoscopy is particularly worthy of mention.

The book is hardly meant for the general reader, but for the physicist and physiologist it is a mine of treasure.

BENJAMIN HARROW

Frank Harris Continues

My Life. By Frank Harris. Vol. II. Published privately in France.

AT the age of seventy or more, Frank Harris, not tired but spent, good fortune gone, comes to Nice and writes his memoirs. He quotes Poe: "If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize . . . the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment . . . the road to immortal renown lies straight open . . . before him. All that he has to do is to write . . . a book . . . 'My Heart Laid Bare.' But this little book must be true to its title."

Laying bare your heart, especially to tempt immortal renown, is difficult business. It is so difficult that, as Harris further says, quoting Poe, there is "not to be found one man having sufficient hardihood to write this little book." It is not sufficient to tell the truth about your sexual experiences. You must also be frank as to your thoughts, your motives in doing, in saying things. You must be a pitiless judge of yourself, analyze everything of importance you can remember and then give the opinion as if you were only an outsider. It is not sufficient to tell of the great men you have discovered, of the witty things you said at historical dinner tables. If you do these things all you will have is the average volume of reminiscences. To lay your heart bare you must forget all about immortal renown; you must be a Pepys writing to amuse himself, a Casanova trying to pass the time away in dull surroundings; you must be interested only in trying to put yourself in paper. A sort of moving picture of yourself, but a moving picture without the makeup and without favorable lighting.

Not that "My Life" is an average volume of reminiscences. Sometimes Frank Harris does forget himself. Sometimes the agonizing voice is heard. You do occasionally see the man with all his doubts, with his hopes, not knowing which way to turn, groping, stumbling. Occasionally his heart is laid bare. But it is very rarely. Most of the book is how *he* did this, how *he* did that, how *he* got the job, how *he* won the girl, how *he* bowed his rival to the floor, how this and this great man showed *him* the dirty skeleton of his family life. Through most of the book he brags mercilessly. And this is an old story. Frank Harris has always bragged. He has always reached further

NEW MASSES BIRTHDAY PARTY

FRIDAY EVENING, May 14, at 8:15 P.M.

Central Opera House
205 East 67th Street

Admission, 75 cents, at the door

FIELD EVENTS

1. **Two minute speeches and greetings by—**
Art Young—Moissaye J. Olgin—James Rorty—Michael Gold—Norman Thomas—William Gropper—Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—Hugo Gellert—Mark Van Doren—August Claessens—Moisha Nadir—Norman Studer—Floyd Dell and others.
2. **Orgy for critics—**You know—what's the matter with the New Masses? It's all right! So's your old man! Sit down! Cheers! Cat-calls. A pleasant time, we trust, for all—after which there will be
3. **Further entertainment.** A startling new motion picture, "**BALLET MECHANIQUE**," created by Dudley Murphy and Ferdinand Leger—the ballads from "East Lynne," sung by Louise Bradley of the Provincetown Theatre—dramatic reading by Leonard Doyle—violin selections by Carl Schaiovitz—Passaic Strike Tableaux, led by Albert Weisbord.

You're coming? Right. No advance tickets. Just pay 75 cents at the door. You can't come? Then send us your regrets on the attached subscription blank. Our May issue sold out, so do it NOW, please, whether or not you can come to our party, and you'll go on our June mailing list.

NEW MASSES
39 West 8th Street
New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$2 for a year's subscription. Start it with the June issue.

Name

Address

than he has grasped. In all of his work, in his "Portraits," his "Shakespeare," his short stories, he has waved his own flag. The result has been that his readers at first were amused, but finally were bored—and himself neglected. And all this in spite of the fact that he is a first-class critic and has fair storytelling abilities. The only being who can brag with impunity is the Almighty.

Harris's prose is hardly readable, although this is not always his fault. Sometimes he undertakes work for which modern English has no adequate vocabulary. There is no way in English of describing intimate sex life, certainly no way comparable with that of the French. You must use either words that stare at you, shock you, or colorless, meaningless technical terms. When you try to veil these with apparent synonyms the result is pernicious. Frank Harris, apparently shocked at his own freedom in the first volume of his memoirs, tries this latter method in the second. The result is pornography. Whereas in the first volume the terms, if absolutely free, are at least frank, in the second they are malicious. There is no filthier adjective in English than "naughty." The second volume abounds in naughty this and naughty that.

The second volume is distinctly inferior to the first. The stock of jokes is poorer than that of any smoking-car drummer, the sex episodes are similar to those that can be bought in any well-protected bookshop, and the anecdotes, with the exception of those on Maupassant, are not even interesting.

The last chapter, however, is admirable. Frank Harris realizes that he is old, that all he has talked about, reveled in, is no more, that there is really nothing more for him except his memories. His life has been full, everything man can taste he has tasted, and his regrets are great since he knows what he is losing. With every moment the end approaches. He tries to console himself, but he cannot. The end, the end everywhere. And so, much like Casanova at Dux, but without the latter's gifts and without his integrity in writing, he relives his life by writing of what has happened to him. And maybe because his life was not as full as he would have us think, or maybe again because by writing he lives over what he would like to have felt once, he often exaggerates, he often gives special emphasis to things hardly remembered, to emotions which, being old, he cannot relive.


NATHAN ASCH

A Lame Arm and the Wreck of Europe

Wilhelm der Zweite. Von Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag.

EMIL LUDWIG studies the ex-Kaiser as he has studied Bismarck and Napoleon, as a creature of circumstance and in his turn a circumstance which has contributed to the unmerited wrecking of other fortunes. But since this time the author has himself suffered in the blind cataclysm, his book has a black and terrible melancholy which the others lacked. It is no history of modern Germany, no history even of the exterior circumstances of Wilhelm's life. Ludwig is a character-analyst, and what we learn, in this long and richly documented study, concerning the old Emperor, Bismarck, Bülow, Eulenberg, Holstein, and fifty other eminences is not what they did but what they were. Of the Kaiser himself we learn also why he was this and not something else. Physically weak and deformed, mentally gifted but irresolute, ruined by hate and mistreatment in childhood, by irresponsible power, and by flattery, this ugly duckling was predestined to prove the curse of his age. Ludwig has arbitrarily excluded from his record all comment from socialists, foreigners, open enemies of all sorts; his material is the Kaiser's own utterance—the most damning evidence of all—and that of his closest friends, his ministers, his public servants.

The World War is treated in small space as the natural and inevitable climax of the Kaiser's megalomania, fear, and



OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES

by
**Jacob
Wassermann**

Translated by
Allen W. Porterfield

**HARCOURT
BRACE & CO.**
383 Madison Ave.
New York

By the author
of
**The
World's
Illusion**

"Sharper than
Tolstoy and as
deep as Dostoev-
sky." 2 vols. \$5.00

Also	
GOLD,	\$2.50
FABER,	\$2.50
THE GOOSE MAN,	\$2.50

TO the large number of readers in America who have found in "The World's Illusion" and Jacob Wassermann's other translated novels an insight into the subconscious thoughts, the subtleties and perversions that motivate the human mind, this new work will be completely understood, since they are already familiar with the blinding light which this great writer has cast on so many of mankind's darkest secrets. In these pages lies the explanation of Wassermann's extraordinary popularity abroad and in this country, and for the statement of a prominent critic that he is "the master analyst of the human soul."

Just ready, \$2.50

FRENCH — GERMAN ITALIAN — SPANISH BOOKS

Thousands of them, for every taste and every pocket-book. Text books, too, for those who travel and those who study.

Folks of many lands, speaking all manner of languages find the book or magazine they want when they want it at Brentano's.

Standard Sets and Fine Bindings
Foreign Old and Rare Books
Foreign Art Books
Periodicals

Branch
Fifth Av
& 27th St

BRENTANO'S
Bookellers



to the World
47th St
New York

folly. Ludwig accepts as unquestioned fact the theory that Wilhelm Hohenzollern was personally responsible for the war. Not that this war, or any war, was ever any part of a serious plan of his. No other monarch or minister ever feared war as greatly, or would have gone to greater lengths to avoid it. Three decades of the Kaiser's shifty tactics, of intrigue, insult, braggadocio, faith-breaking were not the occasion but the one great cumulative, compelling cause of the world cataclysm. Thus Ludwig; and though the documents do not establish that the timid swashbuckler ever wielded as much influence as either the Kaiser or his biographer assumes, these thirty years of theatricals were certainly a contributing cause of the disaster. If's are idle, but it is fascinating to speculate how different the face of Europe might be today if Germany had had an emperor of the type of Wilhelm's cousin, Max von Baden.

There is more of that interesting fellow Emil Ludwig in the present book than in any other of his "scientific" and stubbornly objective character-studies. It is appealing to discover that this detached philosopher is at heart as hopelessly patriotic as other Germans—or Frenchmen, or Tennesseans. If in 1912, he reasons, the Kaiser had not foolishly rejected England's proposal for a limitation of fleet-construction, "the English would not have decided against us in July, 1914, and the war would have been averted—or won!" Poor Wilhelm, poor Ludwig, poor humanity!

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

Wenn die alten Türme Stürzen. Roman von Ernst von Wolzogen. Berlin: Dr. Eysler.

A novel by Ernst von Wolzogen is an event worth recording; an event, moreover, which we shall probably not have many more occasions to celebrate. Yet the old man's natural force does not seem to have abated greatly when he wrote this story of the downfall and near-extinction of an Upper Bavarian noble family. His merits and defects are still those of his whole output: a marvelous story-telling instinct, a joyous gift of humor, a touch of epic power, but an inability to keep his narrative constantly on the move, an exasperating fashion of exciting our interest in an approaching event and then disposing of the event itself, when it finally arrives, in an indifferent phrase or two, a mercurial turn which robs his books not only of steadily advancing action but even of unity of spirit. "When the Old Towers Fall" has for its protagonist a half-imbecile young Count Wolf von Theising, for its date the decade or two ending with 1918, and for its denouement the destruction of the Theising castle by excited peasants egged on by Spartacists from Munich. Thrilling as a novel, it is valuable for its vivid glimpses of conditions in Bavaria during and immediately after the war.

Die Heimtückischen Champignons und Andere Geschichten.

Von Gustav Meyrink. Berlin: Verlag Ullstein.

The spiritual descendants of Edgar Allan Poe, amateurs in their gruesomeness, are much more numerous and true to type in Germany than in Poe's own land. Most of them prove as harmless on acquaintance as Shakespeare's honest handicraftsmen presenting Pyramus and Thisbe; but one has a feeling that Gustav Meyrink, when he is not poking sophisticated fun, is obeying a deeper and more imperious inspiration than the Bodo Wildbergs and the Hanns Heinz Ewerses. He loves hypnotics and voodooism and pseudo-science in the service of Satan; but he is a psychologist and a philosopher, and he would be much easier reading if he were not so constantly and conscientiously a symbolist. He is at his best when he is simplest. Of the present collection, the little story of the ex-convict who refuses to blind the canaries is a pure jewel. But he is at his cleverest in that astonishing tour de force, *The Toad's Curse*, which may be parody, if one had reading enough to recognize it.

*A statement of the religious
belief of a thoughtful man*

A MODERNIST AND HIS CREED

EDWARD M. CHAPMAN

Mr. Chapman is concerned with the inner spirit of religion rather than with its institutions, its dogmas, its controversies. In this series of semi-autobiographical chapters, he gives candid expression to his convictions and recounts the varied personal experiences which have helped him find a Way through Life. His comments on the literature, ethics, art, and manners of the times are no less revealing than his discussion of the diverse phases of religious belief.

"Mr. Chapman shows his essential genius in the delightful autobiographical chapter with which he opens his volume. This note is sustained throughout and leads to valuable comments on American life, most notable, perhaps, the interpretation of the old-time Puritanism of New England. . . . It is all sane, wholesome, stimulating, reassuring, rich with wisdom, beauty, sound principle, high idealism and fine human feeling. To read this book is to feel a clean wind blowing freshly through the mind."—John Haynes Holmes in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Price, \$2.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. Boston

*Once again
has a French
writer produced
the unusual in
biographies—*



Franz Liszt

(*L'Homme d'Amour*)

By GUY DE POURTALÈS

With charming grace and superb skill, Guy de Pourtalès recreates the life of the great virtuoso, in whose story an unusual group of fascinating ladies were the successive heroines. Many famous people figure in the narrative. This biography is duplicating in France the amazing success of M. Maurois' "Ariel" and a hundred thousand copies already have been sold. To American readers it is now offered in a splendid translation by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. If you enjoyed "Ariel" and "Glorious Apollo," you will not want to miss "Franz Liszt."

\$2.50

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

One Park Avenue, New York

Drama

"Iolanthe"

THOUGH it is not, in America at least, so often revived as some of the others, none of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas is more charming than "Iolanthe" (Plymouth Theater). Never was the collaboration between the marvelously attuned pair more perfect, and never did they hit upon a subject which provided a more rich intermingling of the fancy and satire in both of which they excelled. So happy indeed was the idea of bringing the fairy band into conjunction with that most unfairlylike of companies, the British House of Lords, and of showing that the traditions of the one are hardly more fantastic than the traditions of the other, that it might well stand as the type of Gilbertian wit; for that wit consists essentially of treating fanciful conceptions in a ludicrously prosaic fashion while transforming the world of every day into a sort of harlequinade. The poet in "Patience" who is puzzled to know whether or not to attribute his romantic pains to indigestion and who is tortured by the thought that the flowerets by the river's brim are, after all, only uncompounded pills is Gilbert himself. Somehow his most fantastic characters have, like the demi-immortal in "Iolanthe," their very human legs while all of his most prosaic characters—his Lord Chancellors and his Peers—have all, like the beef-eating sentry in the same play, foolish little fairy wings ready to sprout upon their backs. His art of sinking in poetry—of, to borrow a phrase from one of the best of his songs, turning the firehose of common sense upon the aspiring flames of passion—is supreme, and even his Peri have their distressingly practical moments; but by way of compensation his very High Executioners themselves are always ready to break into a jig. And when his nonsense, irresistible in itself, is married to the buoyant tunes of Sullivan with their own mocking intricate arrangements, there is nothing quite so liberatingly joyous.

Gilbert has also, of course, his moments of apparently savage satire. In "Iolanthe," for example, one of the party leaders in the House of Lords, while expressing his horror at the proposal to make admission to that august body dependent upon the results of a competitive examination, remarks: "I don't want to disparage brains, I admire them; in fact, I often wish I had some myself." But so sweeping and so reckless is this satire that it produces an effect less of bitterness than of something boisterously funny, and it is to this fact, I think, that Gilbert's lasting quality is to be attributed. He was himself a good deal of a John Bull; with the advanced movements in art or government he had scant sympathy; and yet the laughter which he arouses knows no distinction of party, and Greenwich Village can produce "Patience" even though the joke is on it. Perhaps no great satirist ever lived of whom it could be said with equal truth that it makes no difference in one's enjoyment whether one happens to have been born "a little liberal or a little conservative." Voltaire said that the comic poet Aristophanes was "neither comic nor a poet," but it is difficult to imagine anyone so enthusiastically partisan that he would be tempted to say that of Gilbert. The joke is always too good, too indubitably funny, no matter where it hits.

These operas have, however, one grave defect: they can never be really adequately performed. They demand performers who can sing and act and dance supremely well all at the same moment, and there is no player who can possibly be both as funny as the lines and as agile as the tunes. The perfect performance of any one of them must remain, therefore, along with the Just Man and the Golden Mean in that realm of pure being concerning which philosophers speculate; but within the limits of the physical world the present production of "Iolanthe" is excellent. The fairies are agile; they can sing; and they are

pleasant to look upon. Ernest Lawford's Lord Chancellor is funny and Lois Bennett's Phyllis is melodious. One could hardly ask for more, and I do not think that I have heard in the theater this year more heartfelt applause.

As its last offering of the season the Theater Guild has chosen a comedy called "At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild Theater) and by virtue of a number of excellent performances made of it a very agreeable evening's entertainment. Jean Cadell gives an amazingly complete interpretation of the role of the old maid; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne romp delightfully through their parts; and Helen Westley plays her role with her usual acid humor. It is, however, rather to these performers and to the direction than to C. K. Munro, the author, that most of the credit is due. His play has its touches of shrewdness in both the characterization and the dialogue, but it is decidedly wobbly both in construction and in tone, never certain whether to be character comedy or farce and ending with an incident—the mock presentation of the sword—whose lameness only the vim of Alfred Lunt's playing can disguise. The same author's "Beau-Strings" (Mansfield Theater) is also often amusing, but it is even more halting in its action. Estelle Winwood plays the lead well. "The Bunk of 1926" (Broadhurst Theater) is a fairly amusing revue with little else but its liveliness to recommend it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE WORKS OF STENDHAL

The Abbess of Castro And Other Stories

THIS is the first complete issue of the works of the great French psychological realist. The edition is under the general supervision of C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, noted translator of Proust, who has furnished the translation for the first two volumes: THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA, (2 vols. \$5.00) and THE ABBESS OF CASTRO And Other Stories (1 volume \$2.50), the Italian stories which Goethe admired so deeply. (Published this season.)

Early next season we will publish RED AND BLACK.

THE THIBAUTS

by Roger Martin Du Gard
Translated by Madeleine Boyd

FRENCH critics hail this long and powerful novel as the most important literary event since Proust. It is regarded as the most perfect picture of actual French life ever given in the literature of France. The first two volumes, (comprising the first four French volumes) will be published early next month. Orders may be placed with your booksellers now. The volumes are: Vol. 1. *The GREY NOTEBOOK. The PENITENTIARY* Vol. 2. *The SPRINGTIME OF LIFE*. 2 vols. boxed, \$5.00 Per vol. \$2.50



BONI & LIVERIGHT
Publishers New York

THEATRE

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1926

No. 3176

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	541
EDITORIALS:	
Stanley Baldwin's Guilt.....	544
Keeping Up with the Joneses.....	545
Harvard and Its Students.....	545
A Literary Main Street.....	546
PROPHECY IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES. By Hendrik van Loon..	547
LOS ANGELES MUST BE KEPT PURE. By Conrad Seiler.....	548
DEMOCRACY: EASTWARD HO! By Ralph Kent.....	549
HARRY DAUGHERTY'S PAST. By Edgar Mels.....	551
THE MASSACHUSETTS ESCALATOR. By Frank R. Kent.....	553
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	554
CORRESPONDENCE	554
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
The Spire. By Edgar Lee Masters	556
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren	556
Democracy Reconsidered. By Lewis Rockow	556
Our Island Story. By Joseph Wood Krutch	557
Dostoevski and the Intellectuals. By Donald Douglas	558
Confessions Without Confession. By Henry Raymond Mussey	559
Mr. Cabell's Problem. By Ernest Sutherland Bates	559
Books in Brief	560
Drama: Señorita Nora. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	561
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Should Germany Have Colonies? By Frederick Kuh.....	562

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

Then all of a doggone sudden
A peak riz over the sun,
And I swear on me soul
'Twas the Arctic Pole . . .

IN these historic words Wallace Irwin chronicled the polar victory of an early explorer who went to the Pole with his matey John, the latter, unhappily, being drowned en route. Commander Byrd and his more fortunate matey Floyd Bennett can check their observations by those earlier ones, which are admirably specific. We doubt, however, if any peak riz over the sun to show the Commander where the lines of longitude met at the top of the earth. He had to resort to delicate instruments, his sun compass particularly, and the Pole can hardly have appeared as anything more thrilling or convincing than a chunk of ice in a world of jagged ice chunks. Still, the thought of circling airily around the invisible, imaginary point about which the great globe itself circles is one to stir the sluggish blood of men and women and boys and girls who live in cities and steam-heated flats and seek their adventure in the movie halls. We only hope that the apparent ease of Commander Byrd's voyage will not make polar hops a summer diversion for the tourist trade. The old-style exploration, besides its hardships, had to be carried on in the winter darkness; flying has brought polar travel into the eternal sun of the Arctic summer. We cling to and fear for the future isolation of that white and empty waste; and we only hope that

within measurable years we shall not hear of the establishment at the world's top of Ye Olde North Pole Hotte Doggie Shoppe.

A WEEK of the general strike in Great Britain has proved beyond dispute the following facts:

The strike was not a political move.

The strike was not revolutionary, or inspired by "reds."

The strike has been carried on with the most amazing self-restraint on the part of the unions and even the street roughs, since the police courts have had less to do than ordinarily.

The Government itself has had to testify to the extraordinary control by the strike leaders of their men.

The British Government by no means comes out as well. It has done everything to create the impression abroad that revolution was in the offing, and by the massing of troops, tanks, armored cars, and artillery, and the marching through London of long trains of food trucks to provoke the strikers has given the impression that it alone was moving food and that it was doing so in spite of the strikers. This is falsehood and misrepresentation. Thus, the *British Gazette* declared on May 7 that "vital services of food, milk, light, power are being successfully maintained," but quite forgot to add that these were precisely the services which the Trades Union Congress ordered to be maintained uninterruptedly. Fortunately, the issue has not been misunderstood abroad, where foreign labor has warmly responded with sympathy and cash.

DEFENSE DAY, we are happy to announce, has been put to death by its parents. We make the announcement more sweepingly than the War Department, which states that its expectation is to have a national military muster hereafter once every four years instead of annually. It won't. The event, once put off, will not be heard of again. The first Defense Day, held on September 11, 1924, aroused an antagonistic spirit even among persons who are not normally anti-military in their views. The State of Wisconsin officially refused to participate at all, and the War Department's own estimates indicated that only 17,000,000 people had in any way taken part. Last year, when the Fourth of July was chosen for the test, criticism was even more widespread and the War Department's enumerators showed only 8,000,000 persons to have taken part. President Coolidge, much to his credit, has been reported to be opposed to the annual goose-step, and the War Department this year was forced to abandon the event or see it a worse fiasco than ever. Happily the United States is not sufficiently militarized to relish an annual mobilization—and has said so.

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY'S name has appeared again on the front pages of the newspapers, this time not merely as the head of a Department of Justice which reeked with corruption, but now accused personally of crime in relation to the orgy that went on during the Ad-

ministration of the amiable but pitiful Mr. Harding. Mr. Daugherty has been indicted by a federal grand jury in New York City, along with Thomas W. Miller, once Alien Property Custodian, and John T. King, formerly a member of the Republican National Committee from Connecticut. The indictment followed a five-months' inquiry into the transfer of \$7,000,000 of the funds of the American Metal Company, which had been seized during the war, to a Swiss corporation. The indictment charges that in accepting \$441,000 as commission from the foreign claimants the three men in question—together with the late Jess Smith—defrauded the Government of their honest and impartial services, acting instead from motives of "personal gain." Mr. Miller had been previously indicted in regard to another aspect of the case, while Mr. King had already been charged with the concealment of income tax, due because of the transaction. Mr. Daugherty is not yet convicted—and may never be—but the intelligent public which followed the Wheeler oil inquiry came long since to the inevitable conclusion that President Harding's Attorney General was morally besmirched from toe to topknot, whether or not any successful legal action should be brought against him. The scandal is that an attempt at prosecution has been so long deferred.

THE INDIANA PRIMARY ELECTION has resulted in the renomination of the redoubtable Senator "Jim" Watson, despite the fact that his brilliant young opponent, Claris Adams, proved that he makes no worth-while contribution in the Senate to its business or its lore. But Mr. Watson is past master in the art of running a political machine, and this was plainly not the time to unseat him. Senator Robinson likewise won the chance to succeed himself. What the elections next fall will bring forth is a different matter. Mr. Robinson will have against him an able and high-grade Democrat in the person of Evans Woollen of Indianapolis. The candidate to run against Mr. Watson must now be chosen by a party convention, since none of the candidates in the primary received a majority. The indications point to the nomination of John E. Frederick of Kokomo, and there are those who think that he may get half of the 100,000 Republican votes cast for Mr. Adams. If this is the case he may win the election, and so may Mr. Woollen defeat Senator Robinson. In view of the fact that Senator Watson won by a large and impressive majority, although he did not take the trouble to go out to Indiana and make a contest, it seems to us as if it would take something like a deep-seated revolution to oust him.

SENATOR WALSH has introduced a resolution in the Senate which starts with an impressive recital of recent combinations and mergers, no less than twenty-five companies being named. It then proceeds to point out that these mergers were consummated through buying physical assets rather than capital stock, thus taking the transactions beyond the reach of Section 7 of the Clayton Act and so beyond any effective anti-trust legislation. The abuses of such mergers are then set forth, followed—and this is the important point—by the benefits of large-scale operation. Finally, the Federal Trade Commission is called upon to investigate the whole merger situation, to appraise quantitatively the abuses and the benefits, and to report to the Senate "what new form of federal action is recommended as most effective to control such corporate

combinations . . . to prevent speculative banking control and to prevent excessive profits." Thus, instead of another blind attempt to smash the trusts, Senator Walsh is prepared to recognize them, evaluate their good features, and control them in the public interest. In the long run, economic facts being what they are, this is the only common-sense policy for the Government to pursue.

THE TRADITIONAL HOSTILITY between traveler and guide can no longer be indulged with impunity, at least in Italy. John Adams Abbott of Boston lately made the acquaintance of a guide, with the consequences of a fractured jaw for the guide and imprisonment for Mr. Abbott for calling Mussolini a "brigand." This charge was later dismissed as unfounded, although Mr. Abbott was held for assault upon the guide. But this is a minor charge, without the seriousness of an insult to the Premier, which a recent law has made a criminal offense. A sentence of eight months was lately visited upon an Italian woman convicted of making derogatory remarks about Mussolini. Another victim of Fascist disfavor is Arturo Toscanini, who is remembered here for his rare success as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Toscanini has been replaced as conductor of the Scala Opera in Milan, and press correspondents pointedly recall past conflicts between art and Fascism, with the conductor uncompromisingly on the side of art. On one occasion it was a Fascist hymn which he refused to include in his program. A weightier matter was his stubborn opposition to a plan for merging the three great opera houses of Italy—La Scala, the Constanzi in Rome, and the San Carlo in Naples—under single direction. Mergers are regarded tenderly by the Fascist Government, and Signor Toscanini's stand against their extension to art may bring about his artistic exile from his country. But Italy's loss would be America's gain, for orchestras here are longing to play under his baton.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS are unpopular with everyone in Canada except the reading public, but their popularity with the reading public—judged by their circulation—is eight times that of Canadian publications; which is the direct cause of their unpopularity with the rest of the Canadian population, namely, the censors and the publishers. Some time ago the censors suffered a severe attack of shivers caused by certain American tabloid newspapers, and barred these from the country. Now authors and publishers have descended upon Ottawa with the demand that Parliament erect a barrier against foreign publications in the form of a duty by weight, which in one instance, at least, would amount to 450 per cent. The usual glowing arguments are offered: Canadian ideals must be preserved; Canadian art and literature must not be choked by foreign weeds; Canadian youth must be saved from the lure of this nearby land painted in glittering colors by the literature it disseminates. There is, besides, the powerful economic argument—foreign advertisements breed a desire for foreign goods. But the proposal endangers a commendable Canadian policy. The same principle which impels the Ottawa Government to carry publications through the mails at less than cost has maintained free entrance into an otherwise protectionist country not only for unbound printed matter but for printing presses and type-setting and type-casting machines as well. Certainly it is the duty of an enlightened government to protect its people's

freedom of choice in reading matter against special interests of however worthy a class.

THE COLLAPSE of two of the newspapers owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., can have surprised no one in the profession. The moral is the old one that not every man is a born journalist or able to make newspapers pay. Again, Mr. Vanderbilt doubtless thought that by expanding rapidly he could cut his overhead. As a result he went ahead too fast in creating a chain of dailies. In many ways this young man has been a pleasant figure in journalism, and his mistakes have doubtless largely been due to bad advice. Yet the fact remains that some of his stock-selling methods were not above reproach and that he chose to found not high-grade newspapers but more of the new sensational, tabloid variety. The growth of these journals continues. The *Chicago Tribune's* child, the *New York Daily News*, now boasts of a circulation of 1,000,000 daily. Whether or not it is true that this type of journalism reaches a kind of people who never read newspapers before, we cannot see any defense for putting them forth. The circulation reports of the New York dailies for the half year ended on April 1 go to show that the tabloids are checking the growth of the old-type newspapers. Thus while the *Daily News* gained 203,000, the *Mirror* 98,000, and the *Graphic* 46,000 readers in a year, the *Times* gained only 10,000 and the *Herald Tribune* 11,000. The *American* lost 32,000, the morning *World* 51,000 (explained in part by a rise in price), the *Evening World* 16,000, and the *Telegram* 8,000, while the *Evening Post* stood still.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT took place recently in New York City that hardly a daily newspaper commented upon. It was a get-together dinner of the employers and employees in one of the greatest trades in the country, the clothing industry, in honor of Jacob Billikopf, the impartial chairman appointed two years ago to settle all disputes between the two groups. Hundreds of representatives of both groups were present to testify to their appreciation not only of Mr. Billikopf himself but of the worth of the impartial machinery. C. D. Jaffe, president of the New York Clothing Manufacturers' Exchange, voiced the satisfaction of the manufacturers with the progress made during the last two years, and Sidney Hillman expressed similar sentiments on behalf of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, with a warning, however, as to the necessity of maintaining the right spirit of cooperation and good-will if the machinery is to work satisfactorily in the future. Mr. Billikopf himself spoke as if the achievement for which he was feted was something calling for no particular praise. But anyone who has been familiar with the record of this industry, and the bitter fights that have gone on within it, knows better.

THE OLD ADAGE "Seeing is believing" has been verified anew with the arrival in New York of the wind-driven yet sailless rotor ship *Baden-Baden*. Up to that time American sailors and technicians, with only theoretical explanations to go by, had been inclined to scoff at, or at least to doubt, Anton Flettner's invention. Since the *Baden-Baden's* arrival from Europe a change of sentiment is obvious. To begin with, her passage across the Atlantic is impressive. Leaving Hamburg on April 2, she headed south for the Canary Islands, whence her transatlantic

voyage practically began on April 14, ending at New York twenty-five days later. For sixteen of the twenty-five days the rotor ship sailed by wind power alone, obtained from the two revolving towers which stand up from her decks like giant smoke stacks. One day's run under wind power totaled 207 sea miles, which is as good as the speed of the average tramp steamship. Fortunately, too, the *Baden-Baden* came up New York harbor with a strong west wind blowing abeam—the most effective place—all the way to the Battery. She made this last leg of her voyage—under hundreds of critical eyes—in beautiful fashion, at a speed which the pilot estimated, after making allowance for the counter-current, at eight miles an hour. Mr. Flettner, it must be remembered, does not expect to propel ships by rotor alone, but regards his invention as an auxiliary source of power to reduce expenses in fuel and increase speed when circumstances permit.

MARY AUSTIN has written and printed an open letter to clubwomen and business men of the Southwest which we can only hope will take effect. With admirable good manners Mrs. Austin explains to her special audience why it is that the artists of Santa Fé, New Mexico, wish to remain as they now are—quiet, happy, and productive. They have been fortunate in that they could count on the locality to give them not only ideas to develop but peace in which to develop them. But now come the Federated Women's Clubs with a proposal to found a summer "Culture Colony" at Santa Fé whereby several thousand ladies may benefit each year from the neighborhood of several hundred artists—attending lectures, reading, and showing a willingness "to mix with the artists and entertain them in their homes." Mrs. Austin is, we believe, the first to point out so publicly and firmly the incompatibility of the creative and the Chautauqua tempers. We hope the women's clubs will withdraw their plan in time to prevent the artists from scurrying like ants from a molested hill.

WHO CARES about noise? Practically nobody—yet. Our cities are a howling, clanging, banging, roaring bedlam of jarring, unmusical, nerve-racking hubbub. Most of it is unnecessary and much of it is on purpose. Youth delights in noise for its own sake, and our youthful civilization builds and runs its cities not only without recognizing that noise is an evil but with a certain gleeful assurance that it is a mark of progress and energy. "Our bustling cities," we say with pride, and anyone who seriously objects to their raucous racket is regarded as a crank. Yet we predict that within half a century—perhaps less—noise will be considered as deadly as polluted water or bad plumbing; we shall have city bureaus and private societies to combat it with all the energy that is now centered upon tuberculosis or typhoid germs. Automobiles will not be permitted to go hooting and roaring through our streets; subway, surface, and elevated railways will not be designed so as to make the greatest possible amount of clangor; electric drills and rivet drivers will not be constructed with a view to a maximum dissemination of dissonance. Then the sound filter which Professor George W. Stewart of the University of Iowa has invented to eliminate noise will be hailed with the same acclaim with which today we welcome the loud speaker and the megaphone. But by then, perhaps, Professor Stewart will be dead and the rest of us deaf, delirious, or demented.

Stanley Baldwin's Guilt

EVERYTHING that we have said about the colossal blunders by the British Government which led up to the general strike has been more than borne out by revelations in the British Parliament on Wednesday, May 5. These revelations were so amazing that their significance was lost sight of by the American press until Raymond Swing pointed out in the *New York Evening Post* what they meant and reported that many Conservatives were deeply alienated by the disheartening knowledge that the Prime Minister had drawn up a compromise offer which the Trade Union Council had accepted, but had then made the catastrophe inevitable by withdrawing it because of an idle rumor which he did not stop to investigate. A more amazing example of incompetence, of losing one's head, of being stampeded into an action resulting in the most lamentable injury to one's country it would be impossible to find. But we shall let the facts speak for themselves as they were brought out in the Parliamentary discussion.

In reply to a question from Lord Hugh Cecil as to why the miners did not go to the Prime Minister with a formula that would satisfy them and say to him: "This will satisfy the miners. What have you to say about it?" J. H. Thomas replied that at "eleven o'clock Sunday night we had no formula, but the *Prime Minister's own word in writing*. The Trades Union Council not only accepted it but said that they would take the responsibility of telling the miners that they had accepted it." This was just one hour before Big Ben tolled out the midnight hour which precipitated the general strike. What happened? What was it that prevented this happy adjustment of the situation at the eleventh hour? We give it in Mr. Baldwin's own words:

It was while the Trades Union Council were seeing the miners and while I and my colleagues were explaining to the Cabinet what we hoped for that we learned by telephone that the first active overt move in the great strike was being actually made of trying to suppress the press. We felt that in those cases the whole situation was completely changed. We felt this was more than threat; it was direct action, and direct action, in my view, of the worst kind, because it was trying to suppress the possibility of the dissemination of news to the public. In those cases, with infinite regret, we had to take a stand; we could go no further.

To this Ramsay MacDonald made a quiet, dignified, but utterly crushing rejoinder. According to his information the Prime Minister's statement of the case was "perfectly accurate." "And that," he added, "to me is the sorrow of the whole thing. The Prime Minister knew what the mind of the representatives of the Trades Union Council was. He also knew that at the moment those representatives were in consultation with the miners' executive. Then came the *Daily Mail* incident. Never was the question put [by Mr. Baldwin] to these people: 'Do you know anything about this? Are you responsible for this? What action do you propose to take about it?'" Thereupon, Mr. MacDonald reported, a letter was received by the Trades Union Council as they were just on the point of communicating their decision to the miners, declaring that all negotiations were at an end. Naturally they were thunderstruck and entirely at a loss as to what it was all about, since they knew nothing

about the *Daily Mail* incident, which was not a strike, which had not even been ordered by the local chapel of the union in the *Daily Mail* office, but was a spontaneous action by a group of pressmen—not even the type-setters were involved. Thus, without waiting to inquire the nature of this sudden outburst, Mr. Baldwin threw the whole thing overboard, although the Trades Union Council was meeting *under the same roof only a few doors away*. It is impossible to draw any other deduction than that he lost his head or that he was stampeded by the Churchill, Birkenhead, Joynson-Hicks element in his Cabinet, who lusted for the battle and took this as the excuse for precipitating a situation which they hoped would annihilate the unions. The final scene was thus described by Mr. MacDonald:

No approach of any kind was made to them, but while they were working out this formula, hammering out, if they could, a settlement, a letter was received that the negotiations were at an end. When the consternation at receipt of this letter was over a deputation went to the room where the Government representatives were to ask what all this was about and to explain the whole situation to them, but when the deputation arrived at that room they found the door locked and the whole place in darkness. [Loud cries of "Shame!"]

To this the Prime Minister could only reply that "When the Government got to know that a general strike had begun by an attack on the press in the *Daily Mail* office they felt they had reached the point when it was impossible for them, or any other government in like circumstances, to make any progress." Therefore, without waiting to make a single inquiry as to the significance or real purport of this incident—which was not paralleled in any other newspaper office—Mr. Baldwin wrote to the Trades Union Council, insisting that there must be repudiation of this act and an immediate withdrawal of the order for a general strike, although the strike had not then started. There was no time for the Trades Union Council to do this after the fruitless trip to the Cabinet room. The fatal hour struck, the strike was on, and another crime of incompetent statesmanship entered upon the records to humiliate England and cause her immeasurable suffering.

We are quite aware, of course, that a further defense of the Government has been essayed by Winston Churchill in an article signed A Cabinet Minister, which appeared in the *British Gazette* of May 7, in which he attacked Mr. Thomas for trying to persuade the public that only the Government's anger at the stoppage of the *Daily Mail* caused the general strike. This he declared was untrue. But that merely raises an issue of truthfulness between Winston Churchill and the Prime Minister, for we submit that there is nothing else to be deduced from the Prime Minister's words than what we have set forth above. No assertions that, after all, the formula approved by the Prime Minister called merely for an indefinite undertaking on the part of the Trades Union Council will avail. The not-to-be-denied fact is that both the Prime Minister and the Trades Union Council mediators felt that a solution had been arrived at. How, after reading the debate, any honest man can deny that the responsibility for the general strike rests upon the Prime Minister is beyond us.

Keeping Up with the Joneses

THE American Surety Company has recently made an analysis to determine the chief causes for moral lapses on the part of defaulting employees—for which lapses, up to the face of the policy, the American Surety Company undertakes to indemnify employers. The question is thus not only a moral one but a business one as well. What moral causes operate to take money away from the company's stockholders and give it to employers with gaping cash registers? With such a practical problem before him, it is probable that the investigation of B. J. McGinnis, manager of the Claim Department, was a thorough one and that its conclusions are worth listening to:

It has been evident for some time that defalcations by employees handling money and securities are on the increase. . . . It is clearly shown by our reports that there are several ruling factors which cause men to become dishonest. Fashions change in crime as they do in medicine and in other fields, and so do inciting reasons. Today the desire to own an automobile or a large car, it is revealed by our studies, lies at the bottom of the peculations of many employees—whereas a few years ago race-track gambling stood among the leading causes of "inside" theft. It is not always the joy-rider who steals either—it is often the young married man whose wife insists upon having a car in addition to a fur coat, platinum jewelry, and all the luxuries of modern life.

Another factor tending to larceny has been the movement to the suburbs, where competition among neighbors in regard to cars, radio sets, smart dinners, etc.—all part and parcel of the attempt "to keep up with the Joneses"—has been too much for many an "unassisted" salary.

Mr. McGinnis also pays his respects to instalment buying. He recites the case of one defaulter whose rent and instalment payments on an automobile *alone* equaled his salary. In addition he was purchasing a fur coat and jewelry for his wife, and

had enough extra to make a social hit in the neighborhood. . . . Changed standards of living are often responsible for peculations. Defaults are not always *due* to economic pressure (of sheer poverty) but to a desire to live in a luxurious way and impress the neighbors. Luxuries are born faster today than ever before, and every one of them can be bought "on time."

Finally, Mr. McGinnis pays his respects to "wages for wives." His reports show that wives are seldom, if ever, familiar with their husband's embezzlement. They do not know what the husband's income is, and they do not care—provided it produces the fur coats and the gasoline. "Usually they are living in a fool's paradise, although almost always a brief investigation on the part of the wife would show that the husband's salary could not possibly justify their expenses."

In the light of these carefully compiled data and essentially sound conclusions, what does Mr. McGinnis recommend as a remedy? His recommendations are almost too pathetic to chronicle. He grasps the facts ably enough, but he sees no way out except the old sing-songs: (1) Educate children to honesty. "Parents should impress upon their families that there is a difference between 'mine' and 'thine' which must be recognized and respected." (2) Never admire the romantic deeds of brigands within the hearing

of children. (3) Go to church more. (4) "The courts should be more severe in sentencing criminals, for the knowledge of prompt punishment is one of the greatest deterrents to crime."

Alas, our only alternative to Mr. McGinnis's pious blah is an observation which carries no weight in the work-a-day world. It is this: If you want to stop peculations due to a desire to keep up with the Joneses, you have got to modify the categorical imperative to keep up with the Joneses. That imperative is primarily the creation of high-pressure salesmanship, boosted tremendously by the recent utilization of instalment selling for luxury goods. This obvious conclusion is so contrary to the principles of American boom-erism, boosterism, Rotarianism, Kiwanism, chamber of commerce-ism, zippyism, realtism, sales-resistance-smasherism, I-check-with-you-chief-ism, and in-conference-ism that we will not commit the heresy of drawing it.

But it is the go-getter who keeps us humping after the Joneses—in so far as we are humping harder than normal human nature calls for. In conclusion may we quote from the report of another statistical survey, a survey of the cost of living among poor families in Philadelphia made in 1925. The report was written by Jacob Billikopf, director of the Federation of Jewish Charities in Philadelphia. He says:

The very men who preach thrift spend thousands of dollars in advertising, trying to make poor men miserable if they do not buy things they cannot afford. . . . I sometimes wonder whether there is not far more danger of a social revolution caused by making people want intensely what they cannot buy than of one caused by talking to them about theories of distribution.

Harvard and Its Students

TWO events have again called public attention to Harvard University's undergraduate problem. New rules of admission have been promulgated which involve a serious break with past traditions, and the committee on education of the Student Council has made an unusually able report giving some undergraduate ideas about the future development of our oldest university. As for the first, the freshman class is now definitely restricted to one thousand men. All candidates will be admitted whose examination average is 75 per cent or higher. From the remaining candidates, the committee on admissions will pick those who are accepted without examination from certain selected schools under what is known as the "highest seventh plan" now in force, and then choose from the remainder those who in the judgment of the committee have "best proved their competence." Next comes this all-important clause: "Candidates should bear in mind that in all admissions to the university regard is given to character, personality, and promise as well as to scholarly attainments." It is this which has given rise to much uneasiness, since it obviously confers sweeping powers upon the admissions committee and makes everything depend upon the point of view and judgment of its members.

Plainly, if the committee so desires, it can readily rule out competent Jewish, colored, or Catholic students, and can do it in such a way as to make it difficult to prove bias or deliberate intent. What constitutes character and personality? Some of the most striking personalities Harvard

has ever had on its teaching force have been personally so odd in their manners and appearance that any such committee might have failed to recognize the genius under their exteriors. Some of the ablest writers of today are men of unusual personal appearance. If many a Jewish youth hides great talents under outward appearances which lack polish and social attractiveness, so do multitudes of boys of old American lineage who enter our universities direct from the farms or the small towns. Abraham Lincoln himself had much of the uncouth about him all his life. Would an admissions committee at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton have sensed his latent ability, his wisdom, his greatness? Would he have been sufficiently "clubbable" and well-enough tailored?

Upon this question we have just had the evidence of President Wilbur of Leland Stanford University, where the limitation of students has for years been forced upon its authorities. Writing in the *New Republic* for April 14, he frankly admits the enormous difficulties of the task and that it is still an experiment. He also states that limitations of any sort are "extremely troublesome," that scholarship based upon grades alone is an inadequate basis for a choice, especially as high-school records are often deceptive. Many a boy who does badly at school and stands low in his first years at college has developed later into a first-rate writer or scholar. Mr. Wilbur recognizes that, for he says it is the intelligence tests which give the best aid, that personal interviews are not now emphasized, and that "the more experience we have the more we are impressed with the fallibility of human judgment in forecasting the possibilities of youth." The Harvard admissions committee with the best wishes in the world may entirely make over the spirit and traditions of its university. Yet we do not deny Harvard the right to limit her numbers. What we do wish is that she shall never yield to the clamor to select her students because of color or race or group or residence. There is a strong feeling in Cambridge now against the commuting student who lives at home, or in some suburb, and comes only to classes. But discrimination practiced on a residential basis would be a grave blow to the finest Harvard traditions. If the problem of limitation is great, so has been the university, and this should be only another challenge to its greatness and its ability to live up to the best of its past.

The undergraduate report would solve some of the undergraduate problems by applying the English college system—a plan favored in some degree by President Eliot thirty-five years ago. But breaking up the college into a number of small colleges would only intensify the problem of admission and inevitably raise the question of "clubbability" more than ever. The report states that ways could be found of preventing the flocking together of men of like tastes, but as to that there must necessarily be great question. There is much more hard thinking to be done on this plan before it can be accepted as a solution. Meanwhile, if Harvard must definitely limit its numbers because of its resources, we sincerely trust it will stick to intelligence and scholarship tests. Inevitably, in our judgment, Harvard's new departure must bring to the front once more the question of a State university for Massachusetts to be supported by an annual tax and capable of receiving unlimited numbers without regard to their appearance, race, or color, precisely as is now the case in the Western States.

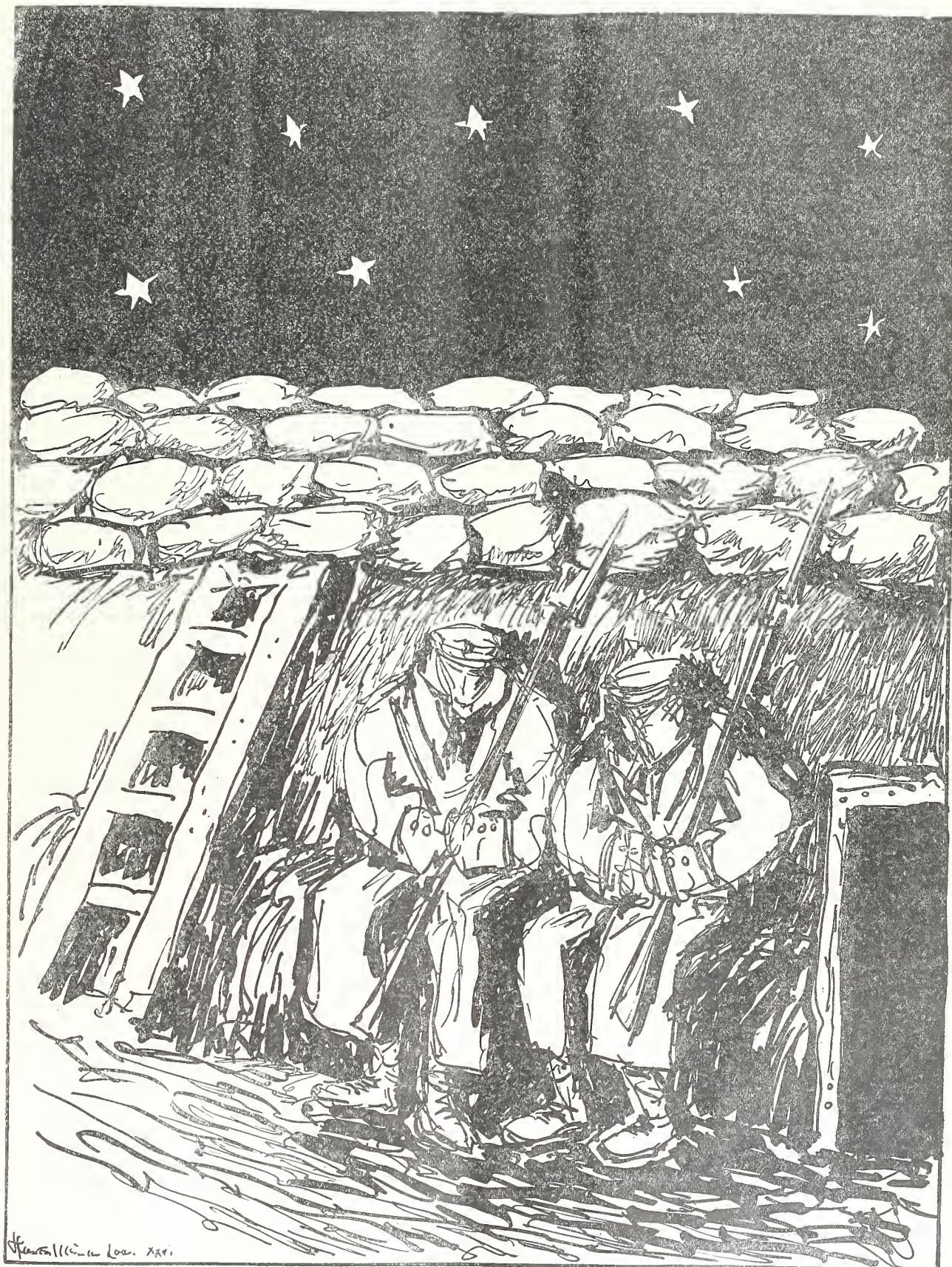
A Literary Main Street

THREE minor points should be made first of all in any commentary upon Sinclair Lewis's refusal to accept the Pulitzer prize offered him for "Arrowsmith." The first of these is that the reasons he gave were as honest as they were interesting; no one familiar with Mr. Lewis's record can accept for a moment Ralph Pulitzer's intimation that the novelist did what he did in order to exploit himself. The second is that Mr. Lewis seems to have exaggerated the danger to American literature embodied in the terms of the award. We have known all along that Joseph Pulitzer conceived the prize novel of any year to be that which should "best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." We have known, too, that this was nonsense; and so have the committees known it when they awarded the money at their disposal to "The Age of Innocence"—or, to speak of other prizes equally ill-conceived—to Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" and the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay. There seems actually to be little danger that committees will ever be influenced by the elder Pulitzer's unfortunate phraseology. The third point is that Mr. Lewis, in citing as an analogy his refusal of membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters some years ago, compared a fairly large thing with a very small one. The Pulitzer prizes have on the whole been admirably administered; the National Institute has on the whole, through its ineffably silly exclusions as well as through its admissions, made itself laughable.

But Mr. Lewis has brought up the whole question of literary awards, and by his fame no less than by an excellent letter has forced a degree of attention upon it which it might not have got for a long time to come. This is all to the good, since the question is indeed debatable. While we do not share Mr. Lewis's extreme concern over the possibility that in the future the administrators of the Pulitzer prizes or of any other prizes "may become a supreme court, a college of cardinals, so rooted and so sacred that to challenge them will be to commit blasphemy," and while we do not suppose that the temptation will ever be great among writers who count "to labor not for inherent excellence but for alien rewards," we do agree with him that the idea of a literary prize is in essence absurd.

It is absurd because of the capacity it assumes in a group of persons in a given year to decide which among several good books is the best. When generations of critics are unable to agree upon a ranking of the poets, when as many opinions of a contemporary book are printed as there are reviewers to manufacture them, when nobody knows what literary virtue is anyway, how can three or five or seven gentlemen sitting in a room come to a meaningful agreement? Obviously they cannot, and anyone who has had the experience of being a judge on such a committee remembers compromises arrived at rather than preferences proclaimed. A's choice being obnoxious to B, B's to C, and C's to A, they end perhaps by agreeing on a fourth book that has nothing the matter with it—or nothing to recommend it. The absurdity lies after all in the assumption that there is one best book or poem, and also—as Mr. Lewis himself points out—in the rather pathetic faith of the public in the wisdom of judges. Prizes are probably not dangerous. They certainly are without consequence.

Prophecy in the British Trenches



1914-1915-1916-1917-1918

*"Bill, this is pretty terrible. . . ."**"I know it, Joe. But think of the wonderful time our children will have."*

Los Angeles Must Be Kept Pure

By CONRAD SEILER

LEWDSNESS and immorality must not escape punishment in this City of the Angels.

On February 18 at the Orange Grove Theater seventeen actors in the employ of Mr. Thomas Wilkes, theatrical producer, were presenting Eugene O'Neill's somber tragedy, "Desire Under the Elms." Little did they know of the awful Nemesis of the Law, lurking within the very portals of the theater. Members of the City Vice Squad, acting upon the instructions of Sergeant Sidney Sweetnam, were there to see the performance and to ferret out any possible obscenities. As the curtains closed on the last act all the actors were placed under arrest and taken to the Central Police Station. They were accused of having presented a lewd, obscene, and immoral play.

In the Vice Squad Room of the station, where dipso-maniacs, dope addicts, prostitutes, and perverts are sent before their final consignment either to jail or liberty, as the case may be, these seventeen sons and daughters of Thespis were herded together and their finger-prints taken, like ordinary criminals.

The management of the play made vehement protest. It was absurd to arrest the actors; they could not be held to account. The management itself assumed all responsibility. But all that did not make the slightest impression on the law. The actors were kept under arrest until 4:30 the following morning, when they were set at liberty under \$50 bail each—\$850 in all. Later, through the solicitation of Attorney Arthur W. Green, the bail was returned, and the actors were released on their own recognizance.

Sergeant Sweetnam, whom one ungracious reporter called "Key-hole Sweetnam," or "the Chemically Pure Cop," asserted that the Parent Teachers' Association and the Board of Education were behind the arrest, and that it was a serious affair. No member, however, of either the Parent Teachers' Association or the Board of Education ever appeared in the court.

After several words in Mr. O'Neill's work were modified to suit the moral sensibilities of the police, particularly Sergeant Sweetnam—that is, after "whore," which was used twice in the play, was changed to "harlot," and "gone a-whoring" to "gone to get himself a woman"—the performances were permitted to continue, pending the final decision of the court.

A jury trial was demanded. On April 8 the case opened in Judge William Fredrickson's court. Twelve men and women—housewives, salesmen, retired farmers—were asked to pass judgment on the morality of a work of art. Such obviously vulgar aphrodisiacs as "Artists and Models" "Weak Sisters," "Lady be Good," "The Demi-Virgin," "The Gold-Fish," and scores upon scores of cheap burlesque shows had been produced without interference in Los Angeles. Their intrinsic decency or indecency had never even been questioned.

Le Roy Reams—small in body, large in head, pugnacious, irascible, "the fearless boy prosecutor," as one paper described him—called Officer Taylor to the witness stand. Officer Taylor solemnly testified that he "had went" to the play, "Desire Under the Elms," on the night of February

18; that he had heard such horrible instances of profanity as "damn," "hell," and "whore" used on innumerable occasions during the evening—he couldn't say how many; that, although as a police officer in pursuance of his onerous duties he had gone to the performance "stepped against" anything obscene, he had really been shocked, yes, shocked. When he left the play he felt "like he couldn't look the world in the face again"; he had to walk up dark alleys to hide his shame. Ephraim Cabot (Mr. Frank McGlynn) at the end of the first act had said: "If I catch ye, I'll break your bones!" Officer Taylor swore that on the night of the 18th he had heard: "If I catch ye, I'll bust your —!" The dash indicates a word which even the prosecutor pronounced with reluctance. On cross-examination Officer Taylor said that he had not been able to find any good in the play, but he was certain it was very bad, very bad indeed.

Sergeant Sweetnam, City Mother Gilbert, a salesman, and an elevator operator were the principal witnesses for the prosecution. They testified also that they had heard "damns," "hells," and "certain Biblical words galore." The play was unquestionably immoral—a seducing woman in a nightgown, several beds, and so forth. . . . No, the play had not had an immoral effect on them personally, of course not; they had not left the theater with impure thoughts, or with the intention of committing any abomination, but that was because they had gone "prepared."

The prosecutor stressed the fact that it was not so much the individual lines and expressions—filthy though they were—as the play itself that was in question. Why, the mere idea of a woman seducing her own stepson—think of it, ladies and gentlemen, *her own stepson!*—was lewd and immoral and had no place in any respectable God-fearing community. Would they, the jurors, care to tell that story in their front parlors to their sons and daughters?

Eminent clubwomen, students of the drama, the wife of the dean of the University of Southern California, several producers, all the dramatic critics of the Los Angeles newspapers, and a girl and boy testified in behalf of the defense. To them the play was not immoral—far from it. It was a literary and dramatic *tour de force*. It taught a strong, wholesome, moral lesson: the wages of sin is death. When they came from the theater they felt cleansed, morally elevated. The chairwoman of the drama committee of the Friday Morning Club said that, after seeing the play, she felt as though she wanted to rise from her seat and say with utmost reverence: "Now let us pray." The repetition of hard, perhaps ugly words, did not embarrass or shock any of the defense's witnesses. Such words impressed each of them as being very natural and necessary expressions in the mouths of O'Neill's crude, pathetic characters.

On the afternoon of April 15, at two o'clock, the entire court, including the judge, jury, prosecutor, attorney for the defense, attachés, and witnesses, and also a few reporters, were given a special performance of "Desire Under the Elms" at the Orange Grove Theater. No one else was admitted in the audience. The actors were the seventeen persons under indictment.

Before the play began all the players were summoned before the curtain, and the clerk of the court, B. O. Kersey, asked them: "Do each of you solemnly swear that the performance you will give here today is the play 'Desire Under the Elms,' word for word, action for action, identically as it was presented in this theater on the night of February the 18th?" The actors took the oath. And then began the most unusual performance in the annals of the theater. The actors, with a possible jail sentence staring them in the face, and playing before the most critical audience ever assembled in any theater, surpassed themselves. Frank McGlynn as Ephraim Cabot gave a magnificent interpretation; Jessie Arnold as Abbie caused even Bailiff Cummings to say: "She's the greatest actress I've ever seen." Women jurors wept copiously; Sergeant Sweetnam and Judge Fredrickson applauded along with the witnesses and reporters. Four curtain calls were demanded at the conclusion of the play.

On Friday morning, April 16, came the final argument. The court allotted one hour to each side. Frank McGlynn—tall, gaunt, dramatic—attorney in his own right as well as leading actor in the play, was granted half of the defense's time. McGlynn appealed to the jury as liberal-minded men and women. He hoped they were not pruders. Surely they were not shocked when life was stripped of its veneer. Surely they felt no embarrassment when he told the story of "Desire Under the Elms." Sex had its place in life; everyone knew that. There was nothing essentially obscene about it. If persons came to see O'Neill's play and smirked and giggled over the poignant lives of Eben Ephraim Cabot and Abbie—as the prosecutor said they had—it was a reflection upon *their* morality, not the actors' or the play's. The jury was not called upon to decide whether "Desire Under the Elms" contained a moral lesson. It didn't have to have one. The question was whether the defendants were guilty of presenting an obscene play.

Attorney Green, of the defense, mentioned the classics of literature, the plays of Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, Racine, Schiller (particularly Schiller's "Don Carlos," Racine's "Phèdre," and Sophocles's "Phaedra," in which women are enamoured of their stepsons) and the tragedies of a certain well-known playwright, William Shakespeare. Most of them are not only read and studied in the classrooms of

our high schools and colleges, but are actually performed by thousands of students every year. . . . Eugene O'Neill is one of the few significant figures in the American drama. He is a famous author; his works are read, played, and admired throughout the civilized world. . . . Many of the words which Officer Taylor and Sergeant Sweetnam testified that they had heard on that memorable night of the 18th, were never in the play. The prosecution had not proved its case; there was absolutely nothing obscene in the play and consequently the defendants must be pronounced innocent.

The prosecutor, in his rebuttal, took occasion to castigate "those Greek and French degenerates" who are sully-ing the minds of our children. "Desire Under the Elms" was mere "smut and filth." There was no justification for such a play. O'Neill a famous author! He was infamous—morbidity, lewd, obscene. . . . The play was not true to life. Had any member of the jury ever heard of a mother seducing her own stepson in real life? Of course not. Were the lives of O'Neill's characters similar to the lives of any people in New England or elsewhere that they had ever known or heard about? What a question! But they did know of thousands of clean, patient, hard-working farmer folks, didn't they? O'Neill knew nothing of such people; he only knew about morons, adultresses, infanticides, seducing stepmothers. . . . Suppose it were true to life. So are sewers. But that is no reason for putting them on the stage. . . . "Desire Under the Elms" should be suppressed. The defendants were guilty of presenting a lewd, obscene, and immoral play.

The jury retired at three o'clock that afternoon. It deliberated for almost nine hours. Shortly after midnight the verdict was announced: eight for conviction and four for acquittal.

The jury was dismissed.

At the time of writing Judge Fredrickson has voiced his intention of proceeding immediately with a new trial. In the meantime the play, which, normally, would have had a run of two, or at the most, three weeks, is doing capacity business the tenth week, and will soon go to San Francisco to commence its sinister demoralizing work there. But—Los Angeles must be purified.

Lewdness and immorality must not escape punishment in this City of the Angels.

Democracy: Eastward Ho!

By RALPH KENT

Athens, April 7

THE Athenian citizen has just been told that, as a free Hellene, he has elected the late dictator, General Pangalos, President of the Hellenic Republic. The press, or rather such members of it as have escaped suppression, says so. General Pangalos says so. And so no doubt he has. But the story of the Dictator's victory, another chapter in the tragi-comic history of Greek politics, is in its details almost too good to be true.

As dictators go General Pangalos has been an unqualified success. He engineered his assumption of power last January with just enough of the dramatic to satisfy a public that likes nothing so much as a coup d'état with a difference. He was invited by a group of brother officers

to lunch on the slopes of Hymettus. He went as General Pangalos. He came back dictator. This triumph was signalized by parades, illuminations, and, for psychological effect presumably, the driving through the streets of armored motor cars. When in the course of the ensuing weeks there were hints of dissatisfaction and rumors of active objection, the originators of these disquieting statements were hunted out and straightway dispatched to the little island at the end of the Cyclades that boasts the only active volcano in Greece. Santorin became a rest-home for freethinkers. For the moment it became more representative of the political sentiment of Greece than Athens itself, for there, within a month or six weeks after the establishment of the dictatorship, were to be found the leaders of

most of the opposition parties, the editors of the more outspoken journals, in fact any one who might in any way prove annoying to the dictator.

And then the comedy began. The President of the Republic, Admiral Coundouriotis, resigned. The published reason was his state of health. But it is not hard to see that it must have been irksome for a president to give audience to a dictator so that he might be told what his policy in matters of state was to be. Nor that he sometimes found it difficult to countenance the wholesale deportation of those who in certain cases were his personal friends or the suppression of newspapers that had done nothing worse than to tell the truth. He may have resigned to bring matters to some kind of issue. At all events it is clear that the Dictator, given his choice, would hardly have chosen that moment for a presidential election.

But when the President refused to reconsider his resignation and when it was apparent that for appearance' sake the form of an election must be gone through with, General Pangalos was not the man to despair. He had a whole handful of cards still to play. And the first one was the setting of the election for so short a time in advance that the opposition parties would have to spend most of the interim deciding on their candidates and have no time left for campaigning. It doubtless comforted him, too, to discover that unwittingly he had been foresighted enough to exile the majority of the opposition leaders to an island two days away by boat.

The opposition parties realized that their only hope of victory lay in a pooling of interests and the nomination of a common candidate. But when they looked about at their depleted ranks the only logical choice was a man over seventy with no especial desire to reenter the troubled ranks of politics. Against his will, however, Mr. Zaïmis was persuaded to allow the suggestion of his name as a candidate. Whereupon the Dictator played his second card. Realizing Mr. Zaïmis's strength and capacity for drawing votes even in the party of the army, General Pangalos's own, he published in the *Officiel* a proclamation to the effect that no candidate was eligible for nomination whose age was more than sixty-five. Since this proclamation was published only five days before the Sunday set for the election, the despair that prevailed in the opposition camp can be understood. Their second choice was Mr. Demerdzis.

What process of reasoning determined the Dictator's next step is hard to imagine. But certainly behind it lay a desire to suggest to the public at large that Mr. Demerdzis's nomination marked the first step in an organized attempt to undermine all established authority. Having originated a decree to the effect that Mr. Zaïmis was *hors de combat* because of his age, General Pangalos now intimated that his candidature would have been far more acceptable than that of Mr. Demerdzis, in fact that should Mr. Demerdzis become the candidate it would be necessary for the Dictator to offer himself as the other candidate to save the country from certain destruction. For blatant, rampant arrogance nothing can exceed the statement with which he announced his candidature. After having made repeated statements during the week previous that his one desire was that the coming election should have none of the party rancor of previous elections and that it should usher in a new era of better understanding between the people and their representatives, he issued a statement addressed To the Hellenic People, extracts from which follow:

On Sunday next you will find yourselves at a turning-point in your existence as a people. Two roads lie open before you. One leads to the destruction of the state, anarchy, and the rule of brigands. . . . They will pillage the state treasuries and bring humiliation on our nation, degradation to our glorious country. The other road, that toward which I point, leads to order, safety, honor, and the protection of property, the latter to be safeguarded, if need be, by the hanging of the rascals who would steal the public funds which have been the fruit of your labors. As a great and free people cross yourselves and choose according to your consciences.

One would have supposed that this vilification of the motives of the opposition would have satisfied the Dictator. But not so. When members of the united parties came to him to arrange the details of the balloting, he refused to grant their request that they, too, be allowed to have representatives at the polls to see that the voting was legal and not subject to bribery. On the face of the matter he might have seemed justified in this refusal. But since the city had been under martial law for some time and since the fixed election committees had consequently been supplanted by the army, the upshot of the matter was that Pangalos was putting the control of the election in the hands not of an impartial body but of his own party. To satisfy the objections made on this score he finally agreed to the restoration of the fixed committees. But since it had been made a law that each committee should be headed by a judge and since there were not enough judges to head all the committees (hear, ye shades of Gilbert and Sullivan!), he issued a second decree to the effect that the election must be postponed in those districts where the committees could not function. This also might have been reasonable if the districts selected for the postponement had not been the districts where General Pangalos felt that his hold was weakest and where he could continue his campaigning.

The opposition, by this time made futile, had either to accept the proposal or to abstain from voting. And the latter is what they finally decided to do; they withdrew their candidate and retired from the fight. The Dictator's efforts to curry popular favor before this decision was reached were little short of comic. The famous bill regulating the length of women's skirts was withdrawn with the statement that women had now seen the wisdom of the measure and would need no such ruling to keep them in the narrow path of virtue. The decree regulating the closing time of places of amusement was withdrawn with the statement that summer was at hand. Landlords and property holders who had been clamoring for a raising of the moratorium were pacified by a regulation authorizing them to charge rents twenty times larger than those of before the war. As a sop to the protesting tenants this was changed the next day to an increase of only fifteen times the original rent.

The meeting held on the night before the election demands to be described by an Aristophanic hand. General Pangalos lacked the humor sufficient to see that an election for which he was the only candidate was something for the gods to laugh at. With all solemnity he ordered that the election should take place as planned. In the Place of the Constitution under the shadow of the old Royal Palace a great meeting of his party was held. It was not really dark enough for the illuminations to be lit. It was not really necessary that there should be all the display of

gendarmerie but it satisfied the theatrical sense of the conquering Dictator that the troops should march, that the flags should wave, and that the crowds should greet his appearance with what the papers the next day described as "tumultuous acclamations."

The General's speech deserves to be quoted in full as an example of all that a campaign speech can be. However, only extracts of its more remarkable portions can be given. It began with a survey of all that the Dictator had already done for the resurrection of the new Greece. Considering the facts of the case it went on to this extraordinary statement:

It was my wish that the presidential election should effect reconciliation within the country. But scheming politicians, whose motive can be none other than hate, have made this impossible. They formed among themselves an illicit coalition (why illicit only the gods know), and making use of the press to air their views they proclaimed that this coalition was a milestone in the course of Greek independence. They have thought with their cries to terrorize a people. But in this they were wrong; they did not expect the people to recognize their danger. My friends counseled me not to propose my candidature. But I, putting my faith in the people, have decided otherwise. A noble gathering has rallied around me. The thousands of telegrams which I have received would have been enough alone to put to rout the opposing parties. But scheming politicians that they are, they have already taken flight. They have died in the same lamentable way in which they were born. By your vote of tomorrow a new and glorious era dawns for the Greek fatherland. Long may the republic live and long the Greek people!

There remained but one difficulty. A people apathetic to the normal manifestations of their sovereign electoral power, now that the excitement was over and the victory already won, might forget to go to the polls the next day to confirm the choice of a man already elected. The Dictator displayed his last card. It was clear, he said, that

he was the choice of the people. But over both him and them still hung the innuendoes of the double-faced intriguers. What then he wanted was not so much their votes as votes as their votes as an expression of confidence. Let them throng to the polls on the morrow that he with a clear conscience might proceed to the reforms which he had in store for them, the reduction of the period of compulsory military service among other things. That was his last and most brilliant play. It worked like a charm. An unprecedented percentage of the eligible voters manifested their choice on the following day.

The new President has already set his heart on new fields to conquer. Proclamations crowd one another for precedence. The Senate, arbitrarily suppressed last autumn, is about to be resurrected and senatorial elections to be held with the least possible delay. One looks for the loophole and there it is: A committee appointed by the Dictator is considering the introduction of certain reforms in the constitution. One gives the President the absolute power to dissolve the Senate whenever he sees fit. By some misconception the President announces at the same time that the measures he has taken are only the beginning of an attempt to model the Government of the new Greece upon that of the United States!

And what of the opposition? Just how soon, one wonders, will these remaining leaders join their brothers on the volcanic island of Santorin? There is a last picture of them meeting at the home of Mr. Demerdzis the evening of the day after the election, called there by the late candidate to decide what action should be taken on the letter sent by the victor proposing that if they were not satisfied by the result of the election he was willing to have it put aside and a new one set. The meeting, it is said, was a long one and the heads of the parties decided in the end not even to reply to the letter of the President. They should have. It is somehow not "in the picture" that scheming politicians should preserve the equanimity of gentlemen.

Harry Daugherty's Past

By EDGAR MELS

"YOU are either the most maligned man in America or the cleverest crook," I said. The former Attorney General of the United States, Harry M. Daugherty, recently indicted in connection with the Alien Property scandal (as suggested in *The Nation* of April 21), smiled; he shrugged his shoulders. "You can take your choice," he said.

Indifference to public and individual opinion has been the philosophy of Daugherty since those early Ohio days when Foraker was running for the Senate. The State Legislature elected the Senator then, and in the case of Foraker a scandal developed, and Daugherty, among several members of the Assembly, was accused of having sold his vote for \$5,000. The local grand jury investigated; the political bosses got busy; Foraker's vote was needed down in Washington and—the episode passed into history.

Thus began what subsequently developed into the Ohio Gang. Its brain was Daugherty; its guiding spirit was Daugherty; it was Daugherty. As a lieutenant of Mark Hanna's, he learned the tricks of his trade—politics. A subsequent opponent of Hanna, he improved in certain

respects on the methods of his master. Impervious to criticism and public opinion, with a huge self-esteem, a crafty brain, a somnolent conscience, Daugherty soon became a power in Ohio politics. A lawyer who practiced in a limited way but who had wide interests in public utilities, Daugherty prospered materially if not spiritually. But it was not until 1919 that his big chance came and he was wise and astute enough to open the door when opportunity knocked. For the presidential convention of the next year loomed ahead.

Daugherty had known Warren Harding for years. They were neighbors and intimate friends. Harding, amiable, easy-going, influenced usually by the last person who held his ear, fell under the mental domination of the strong, but not always silent, man from Columbus and Washington Court House. Whereupon Daugherty conceived the idea of making his protege a presidential candidate. Leonard Wood had already spent much of other people's money collecting a set of delegates—who ultimately did not stay put. Jake Hamon of Oklahoma, Sullivan of Wyoming, Hert of Kentucky—a number of other

State leaders objected to Harding at the outset and said so.

Then came the Chicago Convention. Six ballots had been cast and a tiresome deadlock in torrid weather seemed likely. Hamon had gone to Wood with a direct offer: he could have the presidential nomination if he would agree to turn over the Teapot Dome oil leases to Hamon and his friends. It is told by Wood's son that the General walked up and down his room in his hotel a few times and turned on Hamon: "I'm an American soldier; I'm an American citizen; and I'll be damned if I'll sell out my country. Get out of here!"

Whereupon the future "best minds" met in a room far from the interruptions of the convention crowd and conferred. Daugherty's man, Harding, was nominated as a direct consequence of this conclave; the Teapot Dome oil leases were delivered; Fall was made Secretary of the Interior; and Daugherty, Columbus lawyer, became the Warwick of the Administration.

The moment Daugherty took office the Ohio Gang took office, too. Jess Smith and Howard Mannington had desk room in the Department of Justice. The rest of the gang did not need desks—they free-lanced their talents, using the name of every high official to extract graft. Mannington, inartistic in his methods, was ordered out of Washington by Harding. He was sent to Cuba by the largest banking corporation in America to straighten out its tangled sugar investments. No one knows why he was chosen, unless the name of Daugherty carried weight in some way or other.

In the meantime the War Department was selling surplus army supplies at a tenth of their cost—to former army officers. It was an "I to me" sale game on a huge scale. The saddlery and harness frauds alone amounted to \$150,000,000. Seven or eight indictments were found on facts dug up by Major W. O. Watts. The cases were tried in Virginia, and the learned federal judge threw them out of court. Dozens of investigators were employed by the Department of Justice. They made elaborate and careful investigations; they unearthed huge frauds; they drew up briefs; they presented them to Daugherty and Goff and the other best minds.

With few exceptions these briefs were placed into what became known as the "Morgue." But they were not dead; far from it. The Ohio Gang, promptly notified of the existence of these briefs, "shook down" the men against whom they were directed. Evidence adduced before the Brookhart-Wheeler committee indicated that a Japanese, alleged to have been connected with Mitsui and Company, the bankers, gave one hundred \$1,000 bills to Gaston B. Means, who in turn handed them to Jess Smith. And since then the case—the Standard Aircraft case—has slumbered.

And so the gang prospered and grew rich. But forces were at work to expose the wholesale blackmail and grafting. The New York *World* had thrown light on the American Metals case, in which Daugherty was finally indicted last week. The Brookhart committee was holding hearings. An exodus of the gang members began. It was at this period that I met the Attorney General for the first time. He talked to me from five one afternoon until twenty minutes to eight. He told me his version of the Chicago Convention; how free Harding was from pledges of any kind—"the freest President who ever entered the White House"; how Fall was made a cabinet member while Harding was on a Southern trip, away from the benign influ-

ence of Daugherty; how Daugherty was in no way to blame for Fall's shortcomings. It was a plausible story and, possibly, Daugherty believed it. It was never published by the North American Newspaper Alliance, for which it was obtained, because Daugherty, to whom the story was submitted, returned it with the remark that it had been shown to "the White House, which deemed it inadvisable to release it just now."

Then came Daugherty's ousting from the Cabinet. I pursued him to New York and Columbus, where he talked for another six or seven hours—always about himself and his innocence. He was most voluble about Jess Smith, the master grafter of the Ohio Gang.

"Jess Smith was my friend for years," said Daugherty; "my brother and I set him up in business. He was my secretary, my collector [whatever that may have implied]; he paid my bills and looked after me in every way. About two months before his death his mind must have failed him, for *he defaulted in \$300,000 belonging to me*. He could not have been in his right mind. His suicide proves that."

I cannot agree with Daugherty on this point. Because he was in his right mind; because he realized that the jig was up and that exposure faced him; because he feared prison—that is why he died. Smith was Daugherty's alter ego; his man of odd jobs; his deckhand. Smith had made much money. What became of it after his death I do not know, and those who do know will not tell. He realized that he had played the game and would have to pay for it. And he also realized that if exposure came he would be held responsible for everything. His own words to Roxie Stinson, his divorced wife with whom he was on friendly footing, proves his frame of mind. "They are going to get me," he told her on a trip to Columbus. He walked in the middle of the street to avoid physical harm. He grew morose. Repeatedly he told Miss Stinson of his dread. And then a week before his death there came a happening, never before told in print and related to me by Warren F. Martin, Daugherty's assistant and confidential secretary, now in the office of Senator Du Pont.

Smith and Daugherty had a terrific quarrel, their first, in their so-called "shack," a small farmhouse near Columbus. Smith had bought a revolver in Columbus the day before. Night came and Daugherty went to sleep. He was awakened at three the next morning to find Smith prowling around, revolver in hand. He explained that he thought he heard something. The next day Daugherty and Smith returned to their elaborate apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. For reasons unknown, Daugherty refused to stay that night with Smith. Instead he had Martin take his place while he, Sinclair, Doheny, Colonel Forbes of Veterans' Bureau fame, and some others passed the night in the White House.

Smith and Martin, who did not like each other particularly, read a while. Then, according to Martin's story, Smith went into his room. Martin subsequently took Daugherty's room and went to sleep. Shortly after six the next morning he was awakened by a crash. He thought it a tray dropped by a waiter and turned over for another nap. But he could not sleep and went to the sitting-room. Smith's door was open. Martin saw him on the floor, his head in an iron waste basket, a revolver in his right hand. He phoned to the police and the papers chronicled the suicide of Jess Smith, the friend of Daugherty.

The indictment of Daugherty may be lost in the question of the constitutionality of the statute of limitations. The saving period was originally three years, but was extended to six years by an act of Congress which Daugherty fought vigorously for six months, eventually, under Congressional pressure, declaring it constitutional. If it is found constitutional—and that means a long legal fight—and Harry Daugherty is actually brought to trial, then perhaps an apparently apathetic and satisfied citizenry will

learn why the Department of Justice has never shoved through hundreds of important cases of fraud and mismanagement, why millions of words have been wasted in briefs which found a resting-place in the department morgue.

It may also learn just why Daugherty's two successors in the department have done nothing, why *mañana* is the watchword of the cautious and economical Coolidge Administration, which threw Daugherty out of the Cabinet only when forced to do so by outraged public opinion.

The Massachusetts Escalator

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., May 7

THE badly concealed uneasiness of the little White House group over the flaming Massachusetts campaign which the Hon. David I. Walsh has started against the return to the Senate of William M. Butler, whose relations to the President plus his position in the party link his political fortunes tightly with those of Mr. Coolidge, will make the Massachusetts fight increasingly interesting from now on. Of course the odds favor Mr. Butler. It is a one-man fight against a highly organized, splendidly financed, well-disciplined machine, supported by the patronage of city, State, and national administrations and tremendously stimulated by the danger of having the President's closest friend, the manager of his campaign, and the chairman of the National Committee, repudiated by Mr. Coolidge's own State. Under these conditions it seems incredible that they should let Butler lose. Normally there would be little risk, but there is nothing normal about the Democrat running against Senator Butler. True, he has no real organization, very little money, and a complete absence of the patronage power swung by his opponent. What he has, however, is a vote-getting personality almost unparalleled in the country. The only man whose record even compares with Walsh's is Governor Smith in New York—and in the odds he has overcome in his State and the calculations he has upset as a vote-getter, he excels even the redoubtable Al.

In a more heavily Republican State, with no Tammany organization behind him, Walsh has twice been elected Governor, once elected United States Senator, and two years ago, in the greatest Republican landslide of history, when Coolidge carried Massachusetts by approximately 500,000, he missed beating Gillett for the Senate by a bare 18,000. It is easy to understand the Republicans' apprehensions when they reflect on these figures, notwithstanding their tremendous advantages. When a Democrat runs the way Walsh has run in Massachusetts with its normal Republican majority of 200,000, it means a lot. It does not mean anything for a Republican to win time after time in that State, but for a Democrat—that's another story.

In the many eulogies written of Mr. Coolidge since he became President, invariably stress has been laid upon the fact that before he was nominated for Vice-President he had eleven times successfully run in his State as a candidate for office, starting as alderman in Northampton and culminating with election twice as Governor of the Commonwealth.

Not one of his biographers has refrained from dwelling heavily on these eleven Massachusetts victories as indica-

tive of the faith of the people in the man. They also contend they illustrate his remarkable vote-getting abilities and furnish a complete answer to those who think him a purely accidental President with nothing in his career to justify serious consideration for such a place.

Coolidge admirers, forced to concede an absence of achievement in his record and who know the facts about the Boston police strike, fall back on these unbroken successes in Massachusetts as proof that there is really more to him than appears.

"No man elected eleven times by the people and not once defeated can be," they say, "dismissed as an accident. There must be something in such a man, some inherent power, some reserve strength of which his surface feebleness and inertia give no hint. If there were not, these eleven victories could not have happened."

It seems a pity to take away the consolation of that idea from those who have nothing else, but the truth is that the facts render it completely untenable. The Coolidge record is not unique in Massachusetts. It is the system that is unique, not the man. There have been plenty of Republicans there who have equaled his record at the polls and quite a number who have exceeded it.

There is, for instance, Senator Gillett, who has submitted himself to the people for one thing or another sixteen times and been elected every time. There is Representative Tinkham with a record of twelve elections, ex-Governor Channing H. Cox, who, starting in the legislature, ran twelve times for various offices, concluding with election twice as Governor. Others could be mentioned. Even those Republicans who gained the Senatorship, with its six-year terms, have a long record of election successes—eight each for the late Senators Lodge and Crane, nine for John W. Weeks—with one defeat at the hands of this same "Dave" Walsh, now running against Mr. Coolidge's bosom friend, Senator Butler.

The explanation is simple. In Massachusetts more than any other place the Republican machine, well disciplined and strong, has developed a line of succession system to which it rigidly adheres. It is known in Boston as the "escalator system" because of the similarity of principle with the escalators that in some places carry the crowds up out of railroad stations or subways.

If you get on the Massachusetts political escalator at the bottom, as a candidate for the legislature, or, as Coolidge did, as a candidate for alderman, and behave yourself, with any luck at all you are bound to get to the top. Once aboard the escalator, if you stand steady, don't push those

in front, keep your balance, and refrain from monkeying with the machinery, you are sure to go on up the political hill.

Any survey of Massachusetts governors and senators for thirty years back proves this. With almost no exceptions they started as members of the legislature or aldermen in some town, served four or five terms, went to the State Senate, served several terms, and finally got promoted to the presidency of that body. Their nomination for two terms as lieutenant-governor and two terms as governor was then traditional and a matter of course.

No one gets to the top in Massachusetts politics except along the escalator route. If you get on, stand steady, keep your eye on the operator, you get there unless the machinery breaks down. Mr. Coolidge is only one of many who have done that. He is a pure product of the escalator, and so is his friend, Senator Butler.

In recent years Walsh is the only man who has upset the escalator. He has done it half a dozen times in the past fifteen years, and he narrowly missed doing it last time in spite of the power of the Republican engine and the speed at which it was run. Experience has taught the Massachusetts group that every time Dave Walsh runs there is real danger of an upset. They have faith in Massachusetts all right, but their faith wavers a little when Walsh runs.

In the Driftway

THE little folk have returned to Ireland. Their horns have been heard blowing in a clump of bushes near Milltown, and one fortunate listener caught a glimpse of a little man in red riding a little horse. The Drifter has no difficulty in believing this, but for the skeptical he can produce a newspaper dispatch clipped from a page bearing a story of a million-dollar robbery and another story of incredible diplomatic blundering, to neither of which these same skeptics would hesitate to give credence. But each man may believe what he pleases, and it pleases the Drifter to believe that Ireland is again one of those lands where strange things may happen at any time to any one, even a skeptic. The most complete armor of skepticism always leaves exposed at least a millimeter of Achilles's heel, but for the discovery of it conditions must be favorable. The Drifter remembers an incident of his undergraduate days which shook, though ever so slightly, a whole citadel of skepticism manned by the student body. It was a spring evening, a hazy blue twilight, which hung a veil of vagueness over the old trees on the campus in their feathery young leaves. All human talk and laughter sounded far away, and one caught oneself listening for strange other sounds which just eluded human ears. The entire academic community seemed to be strolling that evening, until a knot of students began to gather at a spot on the lawn under an ancient tree. The Drifter wandered over to see, and behold, it was a ring of pale toadstools which must have stolen up during the night and stayed unobserved during the busy day when people walked on paths. The group of embryo scientists, philosophers, and bond salesmen stood quietly contemplating the unbroken circumference of toadstools. Presently came a faint suggestion in a voice subdued for the occasion "It might be a fairy ring . . . ?"—and no one laughed. The next day the machine age, in the person of a gardener with a lawn mower, did for the fairy

ring, and its disappearance went unnoted. But the Drifter had glimpsed Achilles's heel.

* * * * *

THERE was a Japanese student in that group who bewailed to the Drifter, as they strolled away, the orderly uneventfulness of modern life in his country. He talked of the badgers and the foxes whose delight it once was to play tricks on unwary travelers in the mountains of Japan. In the old days one never knew when even the loveliest lady might suddenly and with a mocking laugh reveal herself to be a shaggy fox. The Drifter spent the rest of that magic evening in a New England college town listening to strange and amusing witch stories of an Eastern land. There was the sad adventure of Chokichi, the sock-maker, who one day wrapped up his lunch of rice-cakes and went on a pilgrimage to the mountain shrine Miyamoto Yama in a bad year to pray for better business. The path was lonely, and Chokichi was glad to meet a roguish maiden bound for the same shrine to pray for her sick mother. They proceeded together, Chokichi before and the maiden properly following, when a cry of pain informed Chokichi that his companion had hurt her foot. He bent gallantly to her aid, but suddenly the delicate ankle in his hand became a shaggy paw, and a hairy giant sneered down on him. Chokichi fled precipitately into a nearby rest-house, where a kindly old man offered him a cup of tea and listened to his breathless tale. When Chokichi reached the point of the hairy paw, the old man lifted his robe and revealed another such paw, shouting, "Was it anything like this one?" This time Chokichi was enraged by the laughter mocking him from every corner, and he fought. A hunter found him in the morning with a cut on his head and a bunch of red hair in his hand. They were foxes who had bewitched him, messengers of the goddess of rice, Inari, whose shrine was beyond the mountain. Chokichi ruefully returned homeward to trouble the gods no more but to mind his own business thereafter.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Solution of the British Coal Question

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shed the light of your countenance on the remote Santa Cruz Mountains. If coal is vital to the whole nation, and if to cease mining is "an act of rebellion striking at ordered government" (Baldwin) and "menacing the social order" (Asquith) and "a revolution against parliamentary government" (Churchill), why doesn't the Government take over the mines for the general good and save billions? It seems simple to those in the mountains.

Los Gatos, California, May 8

C. E. S. WOOD
SARA BARD FIELD

The Abolition of Food Blockades

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of April 7 on the crime that was committed in widening the scope of blockade during the late war you neglect to point out that it is supremely Britain's interest that a national blockade of food supplies shall not be permitted. A continental Power, blockaded by sea, can import food across a land border; a food-importing island blockaded by sea must perish. Traditional British policy is so sure of the invincibility of the British navy as to feel that

whatever makes sea-power more decisive must help Britain. It would be more prudent to secure Britain's future by putting international law in such condition that no future enemy or group of enemies, even if triumphant at sea, would dare blockade Britain's coast against corn for fear of the resentment of the neutral world. Better be safe than haughty. Britain could afford to pay almost any bill of damages for the sake of establishing the principle that it is always illegitimate to blockade a nation against food.

Ballard Vale, Mass., April 8

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

The Truth About China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American Committee for Fair Play in China, which has been functioning since June, 1925, when it issued its first bulletin on conditions in China, will send its literature to anyone requesting it.

The committee, with headquarters in San Francisco, was formed directly following the Shanghai affair "to give to Americans the uncolored truth about China, with the conviction that a proper understanding between nations is the only requisite to just relations and mutually helpful dealing, and that out of this understanding good will come for China and for the world."

Our first bulletin gave enough of historical background for an understanding of present conditions. Bulletin Number 2 sketches briefly the reaction of the Chinese to our movement, as reported by Elizabeth Green, who is furnishing from China copy for further bulletins.

The activities of the committee are purely educational in character. Cooperation of all persons interested in the promotion of a better understanding between the people of our country and those of our Pacific neighbor, in the spread of the truth without political, religious, business, or other special interest coloration, is invited. Any persons who will undertake distribution to groups or communities will be furnished bulletins by applying to the undersigned at 1616 Taylor Street.

San Francisco, April 9

NATHALIA WALKER,

Secretary, American Committee for Fair Play in China

Another Joke on the "Errand Boy"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is another "joke" on the United States that Mr. Lewis S. Gannett did not mention. In an obscure document known as the fundamental law of the United States which many people find it convenient to, and most politicians do, ignore, it is alleged that treaties require the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate. Minister MacMurray, in signing the Ultimatum of February 16 [see *The Nation*, May 5, p. 497], based his position on "treaty rights" derived from the 1901 Protocol. The protocol, however, has never received the sanction of the United States Senate. Thus, in threatening belligerent action, the worthy Minister was talking of something *unbekannt*.

Whenever British and Japanese traders and smugglers get into hot water in China, the United States marines are always there leading the march—a fact highly complimentary to the efficiency of the Navy Department, Colonel Mitchell "to the contrary notwithstanding." In the fracas under discussion "the United States has two cruiser gunboats, seven gunboats, nine destroyers, two mine sweepers, one air tender . . . one oiler . . . and another destroyer division from Manila" (the *Historians' Chronicle* from *Current History* by Professor Quincy Wright). Considering that once a year, at the annual banquet of the China Society, sonorous addresses are delivered on "the amicable relationship existing between the sister republics of the Pacific"—a sentiment very care-

fully packed up and stored away during the remaining 364 days of the year—one can only congratulate Mr. Gannett for his happy choice in designating the Republic as "the errand boy of British and Japanese imperialism." And I wish to offer an award of \$20 to any resident of these United States (as usual, aliens ineligible to citizenship excepted) who can produce an errand boy as solicitous of the interests of his master and as self-sacrificing as the American Legation at Peking!

Cambridge, Mass., April 30

CHAO-YING SHILL

The Right Books for Children

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In our endeavor to establish a library for Pioneer Youth, an organization conducting clubs and summer camps for boys and girls from workers' families, a deplorable lack of good books was revealed. The folk-lore, myth, and fairy tales that pass as history and the available story material which is either nonsensical or glorifies the go-getter and military hero are not suitable for those curious-minded and alert children. They want truth—facts—and quantities of it! So, we have started the big task of building up a new literature, a literature that will stress the heroism of men and women whose victories were peace-time victories, whose personal sacrifices were made for the good of the race, and who fought war, poverty, intolerance, and ignorance in all its manifestations.

We would therefore appreciate it if the readers of *The Nation* would send us names of any books for juveniles that cover the following fields:

Science and scientists;

Social, civic, and progressive movements and their leaders;

Movements for religious freedom and their leaders;

Pioneers in developing the labor movement;

Pioneers in architecture, art, music, etc.;

History of engineering and invention;

Explorers and discoverers.

Responses to this appeal should be sent to Pioneer Youth of America, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York, in care of the undersigned.

New York, March 31

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON,

Secretary, Pioneer Youth Literature Committee

Samoa Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call attention to two misprints in the article on Samoa in your issue of April 14? In the account of the trial of Toeupu "but" has been substituted for "not"; it should read: "The accused was judged by a court composed of a former court clerk, a naval officer, and a Samoan, *not* one of them a lawyer." In fact, no one connected with the trial in any capacity was a lawyer. The following paragraph should contain, "A special school tax *has* (not was) paid for but one ordinary schoolhouse."

In justice to President Harding, it should be known that before his death he sent the following: "I am writing now to say that when the Congress is reassembled, the question of proper legislation to deal with the situation (in American Samoa) in accordance with American ideals will be invited at the hands of Congress." His death unfortunately prevented the fulfilment of his intention.

Bills have, however, been introduced during the present month in the Senate and House respectively by Mr. Lenroot and Mr. Knutson "Accepting the cession to the United States of certain of the Samoan Islands and to provide for a temporary (civil) government therefor."

Richmond, California, April 29

MADGE A. RIPLEY

The Spire

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

In swine-land built from thefts a sculptured spire
Arose, wherein two feathered-serpent priests
Of rumor and of slander kept the feasts
Of Envy. In a city where the liar
Vied with the bandit, feudist in the mire
Of fraud and broken compacts, and men as beasts
Employed the leaven of envenomed yeasts
For power and gold—there, even as their sire
Destroyed, these two plucked forth the hearts of men
And held them to the mob in ritual
Of self-idolatry. Many a capital,
Gargoyle, and frieze blood-stained and over-stained
Grew caked with gore blue, green, and cardinal,
Until the spire stank like a slaughter pen!

First Glance

THE dreariest and at the same time the most difficult history which we can set out to write is that of our fathers' generation. Our own times are by one chance or another tolerable. Our grandfathers, and back of them our vaguer forefathers, may loom large through heroic light. But our fathers—they, alas, were merely what we have just ceased being ourselves, or what we once decided never to be and so have never been; our fathers lived in a time which we would rather forget. And we do forget it very heartily until a historian like Thomas Beer, who in "The Mauve Decade" (Knopf: \$3.50) has restored the American nineties, forcibly turns us back into the mist we were for shaking from our eyes. Mr. Beer finds America rather tolerable now, what with the sophistication and the realism which can be proved to exist here and there. And he is willing to admit that in the old days there were heroes—outlived, perhaps, but nevertheless of greater than common size. For the nineties, however, he has little more than a pained look. Still he looks; and as we look with him, straining our eyes to make something out of the mess, we too experience pain. "The Mauve Decade" is not easy reading, nor was it easy writing. The research was difficult enough, requiring as it did a pair of hands to stir the particular thick dust of an age more talked about than known; and Mr. Beer has fairly plunged his hands in that deposit. But he labored even more steadily over his style, which is so mannered that only a minority will understand it, let alone like it. I like it, though I was always aware that the wielder of it wavered a bit too much between the methods of history and of fiction. History is an art as fiction is an art—it has its procedure. Mr. Beer proceeds down two paths at once, as he did in "Stephen Crane," which was both a biography and a novel. The result is nothing pure, and I am convinced—in spite of a multitude of minor excellences—nothing permanent. But it is something rather bitterly entertaining.

The villain of "The Mauve Decade" is vulgarity, and the hero is a civilization struggling through several lone personalities to save itself from utter suffocation. Mr. Beer in seven ingeniously ordered chapters displays the

villain's many forms—his ignorance, his timidity, his prudery, his cruelty, his unconscious guile. The evidence is not so much piled as woven; we scarcely know how great a quantity of it there is until we finish. Then we may follow back the various strands—political, social, literary—until they meet in the crazy center which was the genius of the age. And never is there any thunder in our ears. Mr. Beer speaks most softly when his intentions are most wicked, as when he quotes Constance Woolson as saying that Louisa May Alcott had many imitators—and goes on to record that she "resumed the imitation of Henry James, a habit in which she so far progressed that 'A Transplanted Boy' might have been written and destroyed by James himself." Or when he ends a long paragraph with the news that a niece of Ada Channing Walker "married a sugar broker six feet three inches long." Or when, after reporting the opinion of "a person in a pulpit" that Harry Thurston Peck had been lured "from the path of truth," he adds: "No definition of truth was supplied." Even his saving remnant is wayed in with the left hand. Henry George, Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Harry Thurston Peck, William Graham Sumner, and the rest are equally subdued to Mr. Beer's too precious style. The nineties had no style at all. I hope the moral is not that we who come after have too much of that good thing.

MARK VAN DOREN

Democracy Reconsidered

The Phantom Public. By Walter Lippmann. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

MR. LIPPMANN'S book may be briefly summarized. We must, he states, reject the notion that the public controls the general affairs of society. Public opinion does not direct society to some clearly conceived goal. Society is not a mystical unit but an adjustment of individual purposes. Government is actually carried on by influential people who are doing particular things and who are in constant communication with other influential people who are interested in the same particular things. These influential people are the insiders who perform direct, executive, and specific actions. There is no single identical public intervening in all questions. Each problem thus has its own set of executives on the inside and its own public of interested persons on the outside. Each public can check from the outside only in a general way the actions of the insiders. It intervenes only when a crisis occurs, and even then its aim is not at rewarding merit or at establishing justice but at removing the crisis. A public, as here defined, should confine its interest in a question only to the fact that settled rules should be enforced and that rules that cannot be enforced should be amended in accordance with an agreed rule. Thus, when the validity of a rule itself is questioned, its task is then to decide whether the rule is defective and who can best mend it. Open debate before the public will sift out the partisan insiders from the interested outsiders. Rules that effectively adjust relations must be based on the assent of those involved, hence when the dissent from, or violation of, an existing rule is widespread the rule is most likely defective. For reformation of existing rules the public will generally have to rely on the Outs as opposed to the Ins. More specifically in judging disputants it will be useful for the public to observe what side is willing to submit its claim to inquiry. Sincerity, however, is no measure of the merits of a rule proposed. "To judge a new rule, then, the tests proposed here are three: Does it provide for its own clarification? for its own amendment by consent? for due notice that amendments will be proposed?" When these

rules cannot be applied, the public had better stand aside and not meddle. For in such a case the problem is too complex for the public to form judgment. It is, however, further necessary to deconcentrate the sources of power. Capitalism thus cannot be fought by a centralized government, for different sections of the people feel its effect in a different way. In regard to nationalism we must not confuse the interest of an oil prospector with national advantage. Then balanced relationship between governments may be more easily attainable. In fine, this theory recognizes that individuals are the only units, the purposes of the individuals the only purposes, and the best society is when the purposes of the individuals are best adjusted.

The above résumé may do less than justice to a book that is challenging in several respects. In contemporary American political philosophy the two books of Miss Follett alone approach in importance the present book. As for England, Mr. Lippmann's book may perhaps be placed on the same level with the best efforts of Cole, the *magnum opus* of Laski, the acute criticism of Hobhouse, and the noble edifice of the Webbs. It has been compared to the "Contrat Social" of Rousseau. Rousseau set himself to the task of analyzing the nature of authority and found it to rest on consent; Mr. Lippmann, on the other hand, offers a criticism of the theory of consent. He aims at bringing "the theory of democracy into somewhat truer alignment with the nature of public opinion." "The Phantom Public" is thus rather in the nature of a commentary on, or perhaps a sequel to, "Contrat Social." The importance of the book for political theory is just this: it is the most acute defense of the position of the political pluralists yet offered in the United States. Pluralism is a theory of individualism; it is a reaction from the statism both of the Idealists and of the older Fabians. It represents a return to Locke. The individual, however, is viewed not as an isolated being but as a member of various groups. To protect the individual from the Great State the pluralists demand wide functional and territorial federalism. Mr. Lippmann approaches this view by a denial of the existence of a unified public opinion able to steer society toward a coherent goal. By his particular approach Mr. Lippmann has enforced the pluralistic view and the pluralists have at the same time won a strong adherent.

Yet in some ways Mr. Lippmann's book may fall short. Unlike the British pluralists Mr. Lippmann has not as yet translated his theory into institutions. Of course he intentionally restricts himself to a discussion of theory, but unless the theory is identified with an institutional structure the task is still half done. What, specifically, will be the form of organization by which the insiders will adjust their functions? Shall it be other than geographical? What form of decentralized organization can tame capitalism? Concretely, how is federalism achievable against the prevailing trend toward centralization? What authority will adjust the disputes between the decentralized functional units? To answer these questions will require arduous social exploration. Perhaps in the future Mr. Lippmann may offer to us the results of his further speculation. Again, Mr. Lippmann omits to consider the common unifying force of the modern nation-state. He considers nationalism, but only as a "realm of disorder." Yet it assuredly does tend to soften the diversities of particular purposes and the clash of functional groups. It does establish a common ground between Mr. Henderson and Mr. Winston Churchill and between Mr. Mellon and Mr. Lippmann. For the nation-state is a secular and non-economic organization. To follow Mr. Lippmann, there exist in each of the problems of education, or coal-mining, or immigration a distinct body of insiders and a public of interested outsiders. Yet there exists also an interest on the part of the entire American people to perpetuate a particular type of civilization. This interest modifies the nature of these problems and a change in the nature of the problems may make inevitable also a change in the tests suggested. To be sure, any explanation of society which fails to take account of citizenship is not wholly adequate.

However, to the bulk of its readers Mr. Lippmann's book will be less significant as a technical presentation of a theory of the state than as a general discussion of the limited competence of public opinion. It has, of course, long been recognized that public opinion does not govern. All that it does, or can do, is to favor or oppose general tendencies. In England and the United States this, in fine, is what the electorate does in a general election. It then virtually chooses one set of party leaders to govern it out of two competing sets, each set professing allegiance to a slightly different political faith. It is a realization of this fact that makes such real leaders of European democracy as Ramsay MacDonald suspicious of the initiative and referendum. While the place of public opinion in a democracy is now generally recognized, yet the penetrating diagnosis of Mr. Lippmann will make it still more obvious and coherent. The ingenuity of demagogues is as unlimited as the vanity of the populace. But in the future it will be more difficult even for such makers of buncombe as Lloyd George to attribute to the masses omniscience in solving all the riddles of the universe or to confound the judgment of 51 per cent of the mob with divine purpose.

LEWIS ROCKOW

Our Island Story

Rough Justice. By C. E. Montague. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

THERE are phrases famous in literature whose greatness as expression is only thrown into higher relief by the fact that we have come to regard with a certain irony the thing expressed. "The happy warrior" and "our rough island story" are great because they embody so completely the mood which called them forth—because, like the mood, they include in themselves the germ of that complacency which comes to full and ridiculous flower in the most fatuous self-sufficiencies of Kipling. With a certain marvelous adequacy they imply both England's greatness and England's deficiency; they reveal her elevation of soul, while at the same time their conscious rectitude prepares the way for "the white man's burden."

It was of such phrases, of their nobility and their fatuity, that I was continually reminded in reading this much-heralded novel. The title itself is singularly expressive, for it suggests the characteristic British feeling that justice is all the more manly for being rough and a little incomplete, and it foreshadows precisely Mr. Montague's intention to take up the tradition where Tennyson left it. He has written a novel, but his story is a fable and his book an argument. His chief purpose is to show that contemporary England and contemporary Englishmen are still, for all their defects, a worthy part of "our rough island story"; and though his novel is not, as a novel, very good, nor his point of view one with which I have much temperamental sympathy, he has succeeded in saying with considerable skill what he wished to say. "Rough Justice" is a capital expression of the faith of those who believe that England, with all her faults, is still the cradle of the only virtue—a pure and a courageous heart—that really counts.

To be sure a great deal of water has flowed under bridges since the Victorian optimists seemed so entirely natural and complete. The current of the times forces the staunchest of intelligent patriots into moments of bitterness and into a realization of the fact that there are spots neither green nor pleasant in the famous isle; but in opposition to those, like Wells and Shaw, who would scrap the Great Tradition *in toto* there are those who would salvage it, and among them Mr. Montague takes his stand. For the public schools, once the nurseries of virtue, he has little good to say; for staff officers and statesmen he has scant regard, and war has its incidents which are not a proper part of glorious adventure. But the heart of the people is sound, and when his well-born hero takes

the hand of one of his servants as a sign of a tacit agreement to stand side by side in the ranks of war, he sees in that act a symbol of the hope of civilization. Cricket is no longer at once the perfect discipline for life and the type of its highest activities; labor has its rights and the ruling classes are not perfect in unselfish devotion to the common cause; but Englishmen are still Englishmen, not brilliant perhaps—and just see what cowards all the brilliant people in this story turn out to be—but still possessed of “the sane earthen humor, the plodding mother-wit that always arrived at the end, the gruff old good temper in keeping discipline and enduring it—all the traits that had saved England so many times, when leaders had faltered or luck failed.” Others may think things out, but an Englishman’s forte is action. He does the duty nearest him, even when it happens to involve blowing up a few millions who are doing the same thing, and thinks about it afterward, if at all. Of course Jesus was right, but then “I’m for denying him, honest, *this time*, and fighting it out, and then, when we are out of this hole, we might see what can be done!” The italics and the exclamation point are mine. They furnish the only commentary which I can make upon the adequacy of the Great Tradition, for this speech of the hero reveals the confessed inadequacy of the honest heart to do more than muddle through, and I, for one, should prefer to see the clear head given a chance for once, if only by way of a change.

Mr. Montague writes well, though often a little too much like a man who has been praised for his style, and occasionally, in the earlier parts dealing with his hero’s childhood, he writes like one who knows he has been called “whimsical.” Instead of saying simply that the child had begun to talk he must say that “by that time Auberon was putting the tongue of Shakespeare to fairly free, if inexact, use”; but the chief defect of his novel as a novel is the glassy perfection of his hero and heroine. She is completely in the tradition of the Meredithian goddess, and he is too chronically manly, too absolutely certain upon every occasion to “behave like a thoroughbred,” to “do the decent thing,” and to play cricket. From childhood on through love and war, he never, it appears, had a single flicker of thought that was not worthy, and when in the last paragraph the two paragons reach their embrace: “She returned with a sort of humble fervor the mighty love hug of the Adam-like lover whose whole and unwasted estate of passion was still his to bring a bride. So the two unconscious emblems of all that had saved England in war and had now saved her in peace stood enlaced, each of them freed at last from every care but the fear of not being worthy of the other.” It is at the adjective “unconscious” that I balk. Emblems they undoubtedly are, but they have been throughout the book, I fear, too completely aware of the fact ever to be quite human.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dostoevski and the Intellectuals

Dostoevsky. By André Gide. Translated from the French With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Knopf. \$2.50.

AN intellectual is a man who talks about a woman as a good mother or a careful wife or a horrid vampire or a conscientious voter or a flapper, but never by any chance as a woman. By the same token an intellectual is a critic who talks about Dostoevski as a moralist or a queer Russian or a literal believer in the gospels or a prophet, but hardly by any chance as a novelist. The whole performance takes on the air of a keeper explaining an elephant as a big-hearted animal or an horrendous monster and failing to mention the specific attributes which make an elephant formidable and set him off from every other creature. The keeper even finds it necessary to apologize that the beast isn’t a bear (like Tolstoi) or a brave

alley cat (like Gorki) or a helpful St. Bernard dog (like Tchekhov); the great monster is unfortunately only an elephant. It is a sad thing, ladies and gentlemen; he is a curious and disturbing apparition, but as educated naturalists we must make the best of a bad behemoth. M. Gide is not quite certain whether he should be a keeper explaining a queer beast or a naturalist interested in the elephant just because the creature is an elephant. He begins very well with observations as profound and true as anything ever said of Dostoevski; but toward the end he goes in heavily for praise of the great Russian for a belief in the gospels and a distrust of the intellect and a trust in humility. Perhaps no critic has ever made so lucid an analysis of Dostoevski’s ideas or so brilliantly attacked common errors about the major novels. At the very first you discover sentences revealing M. Gide’s probing intelligence.

He never approaches a question from the abstract, ideas never exist for him but as functions of his characters . . . it is impossible to distinguish whether a character’s philosophy postulates his suicide or his suicide his philosophy . . . even if his characters lacked the depths of thought that lie behind them, and around them, I believe that Dostoevski would still be the greatest of all novelists . . . if I seek to know what part mind plays in Dostoevski’s novels, I realize that its power is demonic . . . Dostoevski is not a thinker but a novelist . . . feelings, thoughts, and passions are never presented in the pure state. He never isolates them.

After so impressive an exordium you hope that M. Gide will do more than just analyze and explain. You hope that he will somehow and by some magic of his own translate the great characters so that you will learn not just their motives but even more the contour and magnitude of their being. All the way through M. Gide calls Stavrogin a strange and terrible creation, but never once does he make you shudder with any vision of the appalling gulf where Stavrogin moves through a thick darkness. On every page you learn Dostoevski’s mind, but hardly once do you come in any contact with his flesh. Again and again one recalls the wonderful pages wherein Middleton Murry in his book on Dostoevski gives back the shapes of Stavrogin and Svidrigailov and the Karamazovs.

It is astonishing enough that a Frenchman should throw so clear a light into the echoing abysses and the maze of hidden caverns repeating their patterns like the corridors of a haunting dream. It is just as astonishing that a Frenchman should so perfectly understand the almost absolute difference between Latin and Russian fiction. No wonder Turgenev has always been the darling of French critics! He has form and elegance like a vase. He has none of that vast and unfolding nightmare web which has made so many nations recoil from Dostoevski like elegant blue-bottles before the coiled horror of a net centered by a hidden spider. One must therefore honor and praise M. Gide because he doesn’t go in for graceful lamentations over Dostoevski’s pluralistic universe where heaven and hell lie in one single timeless moment of revelation.

Even after he has begun so well M. Gide cannot keep away from the seduction of “ideas”; and so instead of telling you about Dostoevski’s men and women he goes shooting big game like Nietzsche and Ibsen and William Blake. He can resist everything but philosophy. He desires, oh, so ardently, to make you love the strange Russian for believing in the gospels. It may or it may not be true; but in itself it is no argument for the greatness of the novels. How can M. Gide accept so eagerly Dostoevski’s apparent pleas for humility and purification by suffering without realizing that the most memorable and enduring characters are always those who are *not* purified by suffering? What if M. Gide is right in saying that with Dostoevski the intellect leads straight into hell and the soul straight into heaven? Such a comforting assurance hardly reconciles us to the rather obvious fact of Dostoevski’s enormous power in presenting hell (as in Ivan’s story and his night-

mare in "The Brothers Karamazov") so that we are forced to believe that Dostoevski (with Milton) really felt most at home in the camp of the enemy. Such characters as Father Zossima and Alyosha Karamazov may indicate the profound goodness of Dostoevski's heart. Yet Dostoevski himself nowhere deliberately argues that Alyosha's heaven and Raskolnikov's exile should and must be sought in preference to the fateful dooms of Svidrigailov and Ivan Karamazov and Stavrogin.

Perhaps the fearful hinterlands of Dostoevski's world proved too hard going for M. Gide's kindly soul. He can argue eloquently for William Blake; but he does not do much more than stand outside the house and talk with a charming wisdom. He doesn't really go as our guide down the moldering stairs and into the interminable cellars hooded in a terrible darkness split ever and again with lightning flashes revealing shapes and histories coiled over a deep gulf down which we fall toward the rock ledges of an elemental night.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Confessions Without Confession

The Confessions of a Capitalist. By Ernest J. P. Benn. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

THIS book might much better be called "The Case of the Entrepreneur" than "The Confessions of a Capitalist"; for its author is first, last, and always a business man and only incidentally a capitalist, and the book contains no word of confession or apology except in its title. As an active, efficient business man, Sir Ernest Benn enjoys business and believes in it heartily. Out of an extensive business experience he brings a wealth of evidence to support his view: "As I see it, the only hope of securing better conditions or a higher standard of living, not only for the workers but for the people as a whole, is the increase and encouragement of a competent class of business men working for the common good on competitive and individualistic lines." As a frank revelation of the mind and the philosophy of a money-making publisher, the book is extremely interesting; and it is valuable, too, for its detailed statement of the various operations by which its author has made gains and losses over a period of a third of a century. Disclaiming literary merit, it is full of quotable sentences. Not in a long time has there appeared a more able and suggestive defense of the existing economic order. Its author speaks that which he knows, and testifies that which he has seen. Consequently he writes a good book.

Of course it is partial; it gives little attention to the seamy side of our present economic arrangements. Mr. R. H. Tawney turns up as "a wholly unpractical and inexperienced visionary . . . who in America would be pitied" (though he happens to have been the outstanding figure of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown a couple of years ago). What we really need is economic writers "whose object is the study and defense and extension of the existing order of things, who are impressed with the wonderful strides that have already been made in the difficult work of civilization, and who believe that in the experience of the past are to be found the fact and the wisdom upon which the progress of the future may be assured." Trade unions are an invention of the Evil One. Social legislation, built on the fallacy that things must be done for people and not by them, is ruining England, while the United States, for all it is so dreadfully American, is the ideal economic land of today and tomorrow. Indeed, Sir Ernest out-Carvers Professor Carver himself in his admiration for us and our ways, our Fords and our thrift and our "efficiency." "In a word, the whole force of public opinion in America is directed to teaching people how to push. Our public opinion, on the contrary, seems to be concerned with teaching our people how to lean." It is familiar doctrine, the gospel of Judge Gary and

the successful business man, but it is set forth with a verve and enthusiasm, with a wealth of detailed instances, and with a lack of apology and cant that make it good reading. It is an excellent document for the study of business and the business man.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Mr. Cabell's Problem

The Silver Stallion. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

THE soul of John Sumner and the shade of Maurice Hewlett must have rejoiced when Mr. Cabell in "Straws and Prayer-Books" hinted that the scandalous Biography of his multiform hero was at last ended; correct morality and correct medieval scholarship would henceforth be safe from corruption. But, alas, in that very volume Mr. Cabell had the impudence to introduce new elements of the legend in the adventures of Anavalt and Holden, so that a shrewd prophet might have foreseen the worst. In truth, there is no possible end to the Biography because Mr. Cabell, alone of living writers, deals with an eternal hero, present since the dawn of literature, the central figure of all comedy whether named Jurgen, Manuel, Peer Gynt, Candide, Don Juan, Falstaff, or Sancho Panza, man the eternal compromiser, who never stakes his all on any issue, who never breaks because he always bends. The comic hero is invulnerable and far closer to the heart of man than the romantic tragedian because he knows, as the romanticist does not, that life is greater than any particular events of life and that an internal standard of self-preservation is worth all the external attachments in the world.

Mr. Cabell's romanticism is mainly on the surface. The mellifluous unreal names and strange adventures of his characters, the outlandish pagan gods he loves, the thaumaturgists, fiends, and monsters as well as the frail and lovely damsels of his fancy are alike embroidery upon his central universal theme. At heart he is much more of a classicist, as is shown by the carefully carved sentences without a superfluous word, the carefully plotted structure of each novel, the clear discrimination between dreams and reality even while he seems to hesitate between them, and the clear-sighted chastening humor at the opposite pole from romantic self-delusion. Classicism, curiously enough, has always been more evident in American than in British literature, but it has usually been of an anemic type; Mr. Cabell is our first classicist to have his glands and juices all in working order.

Your true Cabellist needs to be told none of this, and he rejoices to find the old themes and old characters reappearing in "The Silver Stallion"—Jurgen, Manuel, Horvendile, Koschei, Satan, and best of all that glorious bald-headed Coth for whom, in "Jurgen," Hell was not hot enough. To be sure, the whole crowd, bald-headed Coth, pot-bellied Jurgen, cock-eyed Manuel, and the innumerable tall ones, tall Anavalt, tall Gonfal, tall Holden, and the rest, and all the brainless beautiful females from Radegonde to Dorothy, utter their diverse sentiments with a single voice, being nothing, one is tempted to pun, but different emanations in a modern Cabala. But while the schoolboy may be satisfied with the Legend of the Red Cross Knight as a fair sample of the "Faerie Queene," the more judicious reader weeps for the lost or unwritten books. Just so the lover of Cabell feels that he cannot have too much of so good a thing. Each character and each incident adds something to the unending Biography, and even the oft-repeated philosophical commentaries seem like musical motifs in a long symphony. Not for the true Cabellist who years ago watched these characters develop in Virginia and then gradually transplant themselves to the freer atmosphere of a mythical French province in a mythical thirteenth century, but for the great uninitiated multitude outside the inner shrine is a sort of brief

Who's Who in Poictesme provided by the author at the beginning of this volume and a Compendium of Leading Historical Events added at the end.

This Comedy of Redemption is the best of the whole series in point of variety and breadth of interest. It tells of how the goodly fellowship of the Silver Stallion was broken up after their leader Manuel had ridden into the West with Grandfather Death, and how during the pious regime of his successor, the Countess Niafer, one by one its members left Poictesme, Gonfal to snatch by his wits three years of pleasure, Miramon Lluagor to cause a cosmic disturbance which all but overthrew Koshchei the Deathless, Coth to seek his lost master and find adventures suitable to the father of Jurgen, Guivric to lose his soul in exchange for that of Glaum-without-Bones, Kerin to read all the books in the world with little profit, and Donander, by a slight mistake on the part of the angels, to be transported to the excitements of Valhalla while his disappointed pagan adversary is taken to the Christian Heaven. Of the whole fellowship only the pedantic Kerin, and Ninzian, a half-hearted emissary of Satan, live on at the end in reformed Poictesme, where Dame Niafer has developed the legend of Manuel the Redeemer with such success that in imitation of his non-existent saintly virtues the people have become kind and merciful and dull.

The last chapter is well entitled Where All Ends Perplexedly. And it is perhaps hardly fair that the writer should be reproached with this avowed perplexity which yet runs through the whole series of his works. He has never been able to decide whether the function of imagination is to provide an escape from reality or to provide ideals for reality. His clear intelligence delights in truth while yet he perceives the indubitable fact that belief in all manner of absurdities is often beneficial. The tendencies toward hero-worship and toward the ridicule of hero-worship are equally strong in him. So, like his own Jurgen, "content to compromise," he sits gracefully now on one horn of the dilemma, now on the other, or leaps back and forth with such agility that one forgets the dilemma and applauds the artistry. Whether he will ever solve his problem is one of the problems for the future to solve. Meanwhile no other writer has presented it quite so clearly or created such winning advocates on either side, no other has so fully realized all the possibilities in this great phase of the human comedy.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Books in Brief

Some Cycles of Cathay. By William Allen White. University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.

Mr. White has made a meager book on a provocative subject. His thesis is that the United States has passed through three important cycles or stages, in general those of revolution, of anti-slavery, and of populism, each of them a part of the larger cycle of democratic growth among English-speaking peoples, and the whole merging in "a still greater cycle of development known rather loosely as Christian civilization." Unfortunately for those to whom the thesis might seem worth examining, Mr. White's treatment of it is superficial, his language often undignified, and his thought a mixture of platitudes and benevolent generalizations. The writer of the jacket advertisement promises that the book "will prove most interesting and stimulating" to such as are "interested in currents of modern thought and tendencies," but to most serious readers the book is not likely to seem worth while.

On New Shores. By Konrad Bercovici. The Century Company. \$4.

Konrad Bercovici has a passion for people and is known for his picturesque presentation of immigrant life in New York City. In the present volume he pictures immigrant life

as it is scattered over the United States. It is an excellent answer to those who imagine that all our newcomers congregate in the great cities. For here we find on the land Bohemian, Italian, Pole, Rumanian, and numerous others besides the older German and Norwegian stocks. And we find them redeeming land which native Americans have abandoned or will not subdue—we find them through industry and hardihood establishing a new frontier.

How Music Grew. By Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser. With an introduction by William J. Henderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50.

This history of music for the young is stronger at both ends than most grown-up histories. It begins by showing the place of music in the life of primitive peoples, to whom it was "not a luxury but a daily need." At the other end the book furnishes one of the best short surveys of modern music yet written. In spite of an over-positiveness in matters of taste and an over-popularized style, it is another of those books for children, like "The Story of Mankind," which are a godsend to their elders.

The Language of Advertising. By John B. Opdycke. Isaac Pitman and Sons. \$3.50.

The author of this morocco-bound, gilt-edged book is on the business faculty of New York University. He writes in slogans like "insight, outlook, and uplift," "expression for impression," or, as he describes it, he "wages warfare with words in order to make them warble winningly to the wallets of the world." He believes that "we are born with Shakesperience in our very souls," and that Keats "made of himself the psychological ancestor of the author of Golden Glow Tea."

Paris on Parade. By Robert Forrest Wilson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

The Gay City. By Arthur Phillips. Brentano's. \$1.75.

It used to be that guide and travel books told us about the museums and the cathedrals, the money system and the hotel rates. The visitor was left to discover for himself queer corners, quaint restaurants, the night life, and for that matter most of the day-life too. But the wheel of fashion has turned and nowadays a book on Paris may contain almost anything except sober information on serious subjects. That is the kind of book these two volumes are—or aren't. Mr. Wilson's is much the better written and the more discerning. His chapters on Americans in Paris are especially good, and the illustrations by A. G. Warshawsky reproduce in an intimate way the look and the feel of Paris. Books like these make excellent reading before one goes over or after he gets back, but in Paris itself the visitor will still carry about the streets (as much concealed as possible) the red-covered Baedeker or the blue-bound Hachette.

Social Struggles and Thought. By M. Beer. Translated by H. J. Stemming. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

In this, the fourth volume of his "General History of Socialism and Social Struggles," the author sketches the industrial revolution and the reactions it produced both in thought and in political movement in England, France, and Germany up to 1850.

Isabella Stewart Gardner and Fenway Court. By Morris Carter. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.

An account by the director of the Gardner museum at Fenway Court, Boston, of the career of a lifelong patron of the arts—and incidentally an artist herself, although she never painted a picture or wrote a symphony. Mrs. Gardner spent the first years of her long life in shocking Boston society by her daring and originality and making friends with every great man and woman she could find and many who were to become great through her generosity, and the latter years in

collecting with the help of a large fortune and much expert advice one of the finest private art collections in the world. Mr. Carter succeeds admirably in describing a rich and vivid if often capricious personality, a woman who could count among her friends Henry Adams, Charles Eliot Norton, James McNeill Whistler, Anders Zorn, Karl Muck, Paderewski, and Henry James, to name only a few.

The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliánsky and Philip Tomlinson. George H. Doran Company. \$6.

These letters number some three hundred, and are a selection from the six volumes of Chekhov's correspondence edited by his sister and completed just before the revolution. The present work by no means breaks fresh ground, since the indefatigable Mrs. Garnett made a compilation from the same sources five years ago, and only recently Mr. Louis S. Friedland in this country assembled Chekhov's private communications on the subject of his own writings and on literary topics generally. There is a good deal of duplication in these three books, but this does not seriously injure the value of the present book, which fulfils its purpose of showing us *en pantouffles* a rare spirit and a fine artist.

Drama

Señorita Nora

THAT the oldest situations of romantic comedy can still be made to yield their quota of charm and amusement is illustrated anew by the pleasant little piece which the company at the Neighborhood Playhouse has just added to its repertory. "The Romantic Young Lady," translated from the Spanish of G. Martinez Sierra, has nothing fresher to offer by way of plot than the old, old story of the sentimental girl who accidentally meets her favorite hero (in this case a romantic novelist), who suffers a temporary disillusion, and who then marries him after all; but it is both written and played with such spontaneous good humor that it furnishes a delightful and light-hearted evening.

In spite of the fact that today all drama is broadly international and in spite of the fact that Sierra's story has served writers of every nationality, his temperament remains just sufficiently Spanish to give to his piece a slightly and delightfully exotic bouquet. There is a bubbling liveliness about his action and dialogue, a lyric bravado in his romantic passages, that reveal his Southern blood; and even the very slight tinge of social criticism which the composition includes betrays the humorous conservatism of the gallant South. To the heroine, who likes to fancy herself a little advanced, her grandmother, relict of three husbands whom she has loved devotedly in their turn, remarks: "You new women, my dear, wish to revolt against the tyranny, but we, in our day, were content to be revenged occasionally upon the tyrants"; and that, I take it, is the Spanish philosophy. In these days Ibsen has penetrated even to Spain, but the Señorita Noras still find it more fun to melt in their lovers' arms than to slam decisive doors. In the North, Puritanism and Emancipation are the extremes between which the pendulum swings; in the South it oscillates between Religious Ecstasy and Wordly Wisdom; it is as hard for a Spaniard to be merely earnest as it is for your true Nordic to be anything else.

In connection with the performance I cannot but remark, as I have remarked several times before, both upon the variety which the programs at the Neighborhood offer and upon the skill with which the tone or mood of each work is almost invariably caught, whether the piece require the exquisite fantasy of "The Little Clay Cart," the grim seriousness of "Exiles," or the half-mocking, half-melting romanticism of the

present piece. This art of creative interpretation, an art which depends quite as much upon the sensitive direction of the whole as upon individual performances, is not one which calls attention to itself. Its essential characteristic is to be so obviously *right* as to seem inevitable, and it is its absence rather than its presence which is most readily perceived. But in order to perceive its importance one need only compare one of the Neighborhood productions with, for example, the new "Importance of Being Earnest" (Comedy Theater), now being offered by the usually competent Actors' Theater. This latter is funny, as it cannot help being, and it is not, in one sense, badly acted; but aside from the Algernon of Reginald Owen and a bit contributed by Gerald Hammer as Lane, not one of the roles is given more than an intelligent reading. Faced with a play which is not conventional drama or conventional farce or conventional anything else but, instead, completely *sui generis*, the actors have been able to do nothing except play it as though it were one or the other of these things. They have been able to invent no style to correspond to the unique mood of the play; and yet, I would wager, the members of the Neighborhood company could manage to achieve some combination of pace, intonation, and gesture which would make them melt into the mood of the play. In "The Romantic Young Lady" all the performances are excellent, but that is not the most important thing; each is not merely good but good in the same way, so that even if the piece were played in some unknown tongue, its spirit would be communicated. That can only be the result of real acting and real direction.

"Bad Habits of 1926" (Greenwich Village Theater) is an intimate review performed with great energy by a group of unknowns, but it never reaches any great hilarity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An announcement of The Nation's second Student
Workers' Contest will be found on page iv of this issue.

□ THEATER □

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE 466 Grand St.
Tel. Drydock 7516

Repertoire for May

Every Tues., Wed. and Thurs. Evs. Every Fri., Sat. and Sun. Evs. and
and Wednesday Matinees Saturday Matinees

The DYBBUK

*THE ROMANTIC
YOUNG LADY*

□ DEBATE □

DEBATE ON VACCINATION

The Hon. Senator Mr. ALEXANDER MARKY,
WM. L. LOVE, M.D., and former editor of
of New York State Senate, Pearson's Magazine
Aeolian Hall, at 8:30 P. M., Sunday, May 23
"IS VACCINATION A MENACE TO HEALTH?"
Mr. MARKY says: "YES!" Senator LOVE says: "NO!"
Buy your tickets early to insure hearing this vital issue discussed.

International Relations Section

Should Germany Have Colonies?

By FREDERICK KUH

Berlin, April 30

GERMANY'S recovery of part of her lost colonies is rapidly becoming an acute international question. Until approximately a year ago the German press was preoccupied, to the exclusion of more remote issues, with such burning problems as the Ruhr invasion, stabilizing the currency, and balancing the budget. As soon as these obstacles were surmounted newspapers and periodicals began turning their attention to the colonies. For the first time since the war the press sent special correspondents into former German territory in Africa and the South Seas. The biggest German motion-picture concern, the Ufa, dispatched an expedition to the African ex-colonies and the resultant film, itself calculated to revive colonial yearnings, was accompanied throughout its exhibition in Germany by a lecturer who emphasized the propagandist motive of this imperialist travelogue.

Locarno came. And at Locarno Luther and Stresemann discussed the return of German colonies with Chamberlain and Briand. The topic was revived during conversations at the still-born session of the League in March. Germany was definitely tossing her hat into the international colonial ring.

Not only in Germany but also abroad the question was obtaining more and more space in the newspaper columns. Idyllic South Sea romance yielded to cold business talk as evinced in the well-informed *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* of March 31. "After a year of vain chattering," said this publication, "the moment has arrived for Germany to make a tangible proposal to France and England." The *Fremdenblatt*, which frequently reflects the views of the German Foreign Office, reminded its readers that the Togo and Kamerun mandates could most easily be released to Germany. In this connection, it was suggested that an international colonial conference might produce a successful solution. When the German delegates go to Geneva for the World Economic conference, concluded the *Fremdenblatt*, they should carry a definite program for the return of colonies in their pockets.

In England the newspapers began to devote increased attention to the question. And the French press suddenly turned to Britain with the proposal that France should release Togo and Kamerun to Germany, in return for which France would receive compensation among England's African mandates. Ironically, this suggestion for a wholesale barter of human lives emanated from a newspaper which calls itself *L'Homme Libre*.

Then came the speech which Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, influential president of the Reichsbank, delivered before the Colonial Society on March 24. He described what he termed a new colonial policy for Germany, which was to evade the pitfalls of imperialism. "The struggle for raw materials," he said, "plays a larger role than ever in the relations of the world Powers." Hence Germany must regain a field for colonial activity as soon as possible, both in order to secure raw materials and to obtain an outlet for her surplus population. He proposed a reversion to the ancient method

of chartered companies, "great private, privileged, colonial enterprises."

"What Europe needs," asserted Dr. Schacht, "is a new Mayflower, which shall lead us away from poverty and fear to a new, free land, where energy, strength, and faith in God may rebuild the peaceful happiness of civilization." Finally, he proposed that a police force be established to protect the new German pilgrims and their God-fearing chartered companies.

The growing readiness of England and France to restore a portion of her former colonies to Germany has evidently aroused no misgivings in Dr. Schacht's mind. True, this change in the attitude of Germany's ex-enemies is a public retraction of the falsehood on the basis of which the Allies annexed the German colonies—namely, that Germany was less qualified to administer them than the Entente Powers. Obviously, however, if England and France are willing to grant colonies to Germany soon, it is because they may need German support to prevent the collapse of the colonial system everywhere.

Dr. Schacht has restricted himself to economic considerations. It is not here necessary to acknowledge the German achievements in fighting tropical epidemics nor to pay tribute to the magnificent work of Professor Robert Koch in combating diseases in the colonies. Such scientific feats are also possible without colonial expansion. The question, then, is whether Dr. Schacht's economic contentions are correct.

Germany's colonial history itself completely refutes Dr. Schacht's arguments. Throughout the thirty years of German colonial activity the colonies were an economic liability, not an asset, to Germany. Far more capital was sunk into the German colonies than was ever recovered. Moreover, the crux of the problem for Germany today would be the acquisition of capital for colonial development. If the colonies failed to pay before the war, when capital could be borrowed at 5 or 6 per cent, what would be the investors' chance of deriving profits from colonies nowadays with loans exacting 10 and 12 per cent interest?

Was the loss of the colonies really such an economic blow to Germany? In the last pre-war year the total trade of all German colonies with the fatherland amounted to \$27,000,000—and this figure represented exactly one-half of one per cent of Germany's total foreign trade. Rubber was one of the most valuable products Germany gained from her colonies. In 1913—the most thriving colonial year—Germany imported 2,700 tons of crude rubber from her colonies; this would cover about one-fourteenth of her present requirements. Equivalent figures regarding another staple colonial product are even more striking; in 1913 Germany imported 478,000 tons of cotton, of which only 1,300 tons came from her colonies.

The suggestion, then, that Germany's need for raw materials might be assuaged through the recovery of her colonies seems almost ribald. The raw materials which Germany requires—iron ore, copper, cotton, wool, raw silk, hides, rubber, oil, phosphate, and tobacco—either did not exist in the former German colonies or existed in insignificant quantities.

As Dr. Schacht remarked, the struggle for raw materials is dominating international relations. Under these circumstances the Powers can scarcely be expected volun-

The Repression of Crime

Q A famous social scientist asks and answers three questions which trouble the public conscience:

Q How far is the criminal responsible for his crime?

How far is the public responsible for the criminal?

What are the causes of the present crime wave?

Q America's most pressing problem is discussed here sanely, in all its violent aspects.

by **Harry Elmer Barnes**

\$2.50 at all booksellers

George H. Doran Company - New York

DORAN BOOKS

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS

By **DMITRI S. MEREZHKOVSKY**

A romance of ancient Crete, full of power, of strength, of weird beauty.

\$2.00

"the principal figure of the 'Modern' movement in Russian literature in its first stage"; a radical, revolutionist, but anti-Bolshevik, author of at least one volume, "Tolstoy and Dostoevsky," that will be read by generations to come.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

"Powerfully keen and challenging."

—*New York World*

Woman's Dilemma

By

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

"The real differences between men and women and the so-called handicaps of women outside the home are discussed in a common-sense manner."—*Washington Post*.

"Frank and forceful."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

(\$2.50)

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

393 Fourth Avenue, New York

Better Housing through LIMITED DIVIDEND COMPANIES

A useful, safe investment for private funds

THERE is a way to bring immediate housing relief. Legislative leaders and housing authorities agree upon limited dividend companies as the best available instrument for constructing housing for families of moderate incomes. The housing legislation adopted in Albany makes limited dividend companies the principal factor in solving the problem.

But so far legislation has not provided any funds for these operations. Money will have to come, as it has come in the past, from private sources.

The City Housing Corporation has been operated on a limited dividend basis since it was formed two years ago. It has built and sold at Sunnyside, Long Island City, homes for more than six hundred families, which cost their owners between \$9 and \$11 per room per month. It is about to commence the building of three hundred more.

The stock of this company presents a rare investment opportunity. It brings you a safe and sure investment return, (it has regularly paid dividends at 6% and a surplus of over \$170,000 has been accumulated), and at the same time you have the satisfaction of knowing that your money is being used to supply housing for people of moderate incomes.

Do you want to participate in solving the housing problem now? Every purchaser of a share of stock at \$100 increases the extent of the operations of the Company. For further information, write City Housing Corporation, 587 Fifth Avenue, or send in the coupon below.

CITY HOUSING CORPORATION

A limited dividend company—

Organized to build better homes and communities

Authorized Capital, \$5,000,000 in shares of \$100 each

Directors: Alexander M. Bing, *President*; Dr. Felix Adler, John G. Agar, Leo S. Bing, Charles S. Bird, Jr., William Sloane Coffin, Thomas C. Desmond, Douglas L. Elliman, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Arthur Lehman, Frank Lord, V. Everit Macy, John Martin, Mrs. Joseph M. Proskauer, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert E. Simon.

CITY HOUSING CORPORATION

587 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me descriptive literature.

N-6

Name

Street

City State

tarily to deliver to Germany colonies which yield the coveted raw materials. It is far more likely that Germany will be tendered a "prestige colony," comprising a couple of coconut palms, a few crocodiles, and some sand dunes.

When Dr. Schacht refers to the ex-colonies as an outlet for Germany's excess population, he rhetorically rushes in where his countrymen corporeally fear to tread. Science has not yet rendered possible the settlement of Western Europeans in the tropics on a scale even remotely resembling that which would be necessary for the attainment of Dr. Schacht's program. The emigration of a handful of merchants, civil servants, and adventurers to Togo or East Africa would not relieve the tension on over-industrialized Germany. But even if a million Germans were prepared to become colonials, who is to foot the bill? Conservative estimates say that the transportation and settlement of a single German family in one of the former colonies would cost \$5,000 to \$8,000. Are a million breadless unemployed to pay their own expenses to the colonies? Or would the German state, with its crushing burden of reparations, find the huge sum necessary to finance colonization on the only scale that matters?

As a matter of fact, the proposed revival of chartered companies would by no means evade the dangers of a German return to imperialism. To dismiss this menace by saying that Germany's revived colonial activities would remain in the hands of private enterprise is dodging the issue. A native strike or uprising against the chartered companies and their entourage would confront the German Government with the alternative of suppressing the recalcitrant natives or abandoning the German colonials. Which alternative would be adopted is a foregone conclusion. Moreover, Dr. Schacht was scarcely envisaging the regulation of automobile traffic in the jungle when he proposed the establishment of a German colonial police force. And were the police force endangered, no doubt the defense of German life and property would demand military reinforcements, if Germany possessed them. It is difficult to understand precisely what is "new" in Dr. Schacht's Mayflowery speech.

Germany's recovery of colonies, quite aside from its economic futility, would raise another, more far-reaching issue. As a matter of fact Germany is at the crossroads. The German Republic was born of the same impulse which stirred myriad colonial tribes from their inertia. Germany must cast her lot either with the colonial slaves, rising against foreign domination, or with foreign Powers, engaged in subjugating their colonies. A German writer, Alfons Steiniger, has put the situation bluntly. "Having witnessed the white peoples engaged in carnage," he said, "the African tribes, themselves having surmounted cannibalism, are no longer inclined to be ruled by wholesale murderers."

Even the German war-time Secretary of State for the Colonies, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, has issued a veiled warning to his countrymen that under existing changed conditions the recovery of colonies might cause Germany a setback and disappointment. A similar admonition has come from the German economist and lecturer at the Williamstown International Institute of Politics, Professor M. J. Bonn.

But that is not all.

The British Empire is endangered. Its dominions have attained sovereignty even in their foreign policy; they

The **RESOURCES**
of the
AMALGAMATED BANK
are Steadily
CLIMBING



Since we left our old quarters and moved to the new, our ability to give increased service has increased our total resources

\$1,370,000.00

These resources are now over

\$7,600,000.00

The Amalgamated Bank has just begun to grow. If all of those who have expressed their interest in the success of Labor Banking will translate this interest into availing themselves of its services, its success will be one of the outstanding developments in the financial and industrial world.

Readers of *The Nation* are invited to use the Bank's Four per cent. Interest Department, its Checking Department, its Foreign Remittance Department, and to avail themselves of all of the Special Services the Amalgamated Bank offers.

THE TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
—of the—

BANK IS EQUIPPED TO ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH ALL FACILITIES: STEAMSHIP TICKETS, LETTERS OF CREDIT, TRAVELERS' CHECKS AND ANY OTHER SERVICE WHICH WILL ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF TRAVEL.

THE AMALGAMATED BANK

Member Federal Reserve System

11-15 Union Square, West, New York

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS

German Books a Specialty

W. BEYER, Inc., Books and Art

Now at 259 5th Avenue

Bet. 28th and 29th Streets

New York

The TRUTH SEEKER

National Freethought Weekly. Est. 1873. G. E. Macdonald, Edr.

Three mos. Trial, \$1. Sample free.

Books: Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll. Catalog free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO., 49 Vesey St., New York

EDUCATIONAL

Spring Hill

A progressive boarding school for boys and girls from 6 to 12

Healthful surroundings Outdoor life Creative activity

MRS. WILLIAM SPINNEY

MISS DOROTHY BULL

Litchfield,

Connecticut

LESSONS IN ENGLISH

Beginning, intermediate or advanced pupils.

Telephone: Watkins 4831

GRACE E. COATES 249 Waverly Place, N. Y.

(formerly with Rand School)

SUMMER PLACES

CAMP FEROSDEL

In the Berkshires, West Copake, N. Y.

For Boys and Girls

Directors: THERESA RAABE, MASHA PALLEY SADOFF, REBECCA LIFSHUTZ

Circular and information on request.

593 MONTGOMERY ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Echo Lake Tavern

Warrensburg, N. Y.

announces its opening

FRIDAY, MAY 28

Special rate for DECORATION DAY WEEK-END from Friday until Monday \$10.00

The camp will be in full operation.

Capacity absolutely limited to 125.

Make your reservations AT ONCE.

Fare to Lake George, \$12.28 round trip

For further details address

140 West 42d Street, Room 1104

Telephone Wisconsin 2164

LENA BARISH

M. NUDELL

WESTERN VIEW FARM

OPEN MAY - NOV.

7th SEASON

A Beautiful Place in the Berkshire Hills for a Week-End or an Extended Visit

Rates \$7 a day and \$37.50 a week. Address: E. G. Ohmer, Western View Farm, New Milford, Connecticut. 2½ hours from New York. Telephone New Milford 440. Booklet on request. Among our guests are many artists, writers and other professional people.

A DELIGHTFUL VACATION

You can't realize what a really good vacation means unless you come to Camp Tamiment, nature's wonder spot in the Blue Mountains of eastern Pennsylvania—only a few hours from Philadelphia by train or auto.

CAMP TAMIMENT, for adults FOREST PARK, PA.

Every modern, complete facility for all outdoor sports. Dancing. Safe, delightful bathing. Entertainment. Jolly folks. Excellent food. 15 splendid tennis courts—baseball diamond—handball, etc.

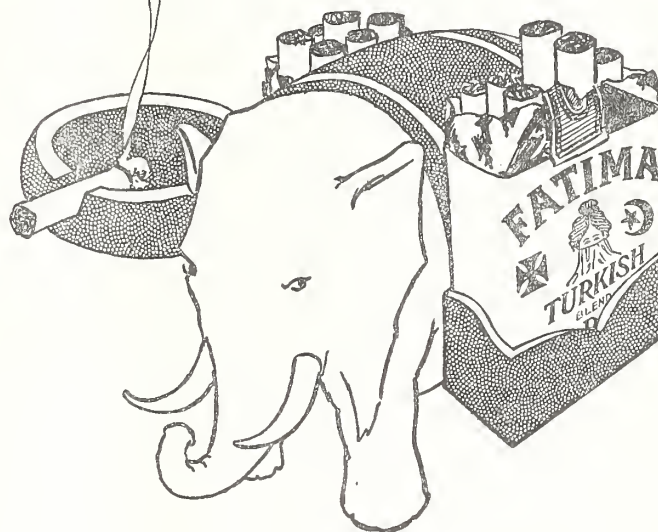
Open May 28 to Sept. 12. Rates on application. Special Decoration Day week end rate, Friday to Monday—\$15.

Make early reservations.

CAMP TAMIMENT—7 E. 15th St., Phone Stuyvesant 3094

Without question

BECAUSE it costs us more to make Fatima the retail price is likewise higher. But would men continue to pay more, do you think, except for genuinely increased enjoyment? The fact cannot be denied—they *do* continue



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

DELAWARE CLIFF CAMPS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

In the Mountains of Northern New Jersey On the Banks of the Delaware

All Land and Water Sports, Work-shops, the Arts, Nature Work, Principles of Modern Education Applied.

Hannah G. Hardman and Solon Le Leon, Directors

Write for our Illustrated Literature

1549 Morris Ave. Phone Jerome 9616. The Bronx, N. Y.

Privacy—Freedom!

What a wealth of meaning there is in these two words. In the city privacy and freedom are practically impossible of attainment. At

MT. AIRY (Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.)

they are yours as a matter of course in a community of artists, writers and thinking people who have fled the city to one of the most beautiful, park-like spots on the Hudson.

As little as \$350.00 buys one-quarter acre—cash or terms—one hour from city, 100 trains daily.

Now is the RIGHT time to make arrangements

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., New York

Chelsea 0432

are independently represented in the League of Nations; unless they explicitly concur, they are not bound by England's international agreements. Britain has forfeited her unchallenged mastery in Ireland and Egypt; she is on the defensive in India. Everywhere, colonial empires are trembling in their foundations. Syria, Arabia, Morocco are aflame with revolt. China is stretching her gargantuan limbs to shake off the foreign pigmies. The rumblings of an approaching storm can be heard throughout the East.

And at such a moment, with colonial serfdom rising against its masters, Germany is seeking to regain her lost colonial possessions!

In 1921 Germany voluntarily defaulted her privilege in China by concluding a far-sighted treaty with Peking. At the outset of 1926 Germany adhered to the Nine Power treaty—thereby restoring Germany, in the minds of China's younger leaders, to the group of foreign self-seekers in China. Even now, however, Germany is not committed to the imperialist route for recapturing her outstanding world position. It is not too late to decline the costly prestige of colonial imperialism. An alliance with the oppressed and exploited peoples is still open to Germany.

But all indications point to the adoption of the other course. At Locarno Sir Austen Chamberlain declared that he could not perceive the slightest objection to Germany's attempt to secure any available colonial mandate. Perhaps Sir Austen foresees the day when Germany, as a colonial Power, might be helpful in saving other Powers from the colonial independence movement. The Luther-Stresemann Government candidly is out to get colonies. It is emphatically seconded by the government parties, by such articulate organizations as the Kolonial Gesellschaft, by former officers and colonial bureaucrats, and by influential financial and industrial circles. On the other hand, the adversaries of this policy are unorganized and oppressively silent. Even the Socialists, who adopted a firm anti-colonial stand before the war, have refrained from any utterance or action on this issue since its revival.

Apparently, any Greeks who happen along, bearing gifts, will find a large Welcome sign on Germany's doormat.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance."

CONRAD SEILER is a playwright living in Hollywood. A volume of his plays, "Suicide and Other One Act Comedies," will be published shortly.

RALPH KENT is a Princeton graduate at present in Greece. EDGAR MELS investigated the Daugherty case for the North American Newspaper Alliance.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly for *The Nation* from Washington.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS is the author of "Spoon River Anthology," "Toward the Gulf," and other volumes.

LEWIS ROCKOW is the author of "Contemporary Political Thought in England."

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly professor of philosophy at the University of Oregon.

FREDERICK KUH is Berlin correspondent of the United Press.

JUST PUBLISHED

WHITHER RUSSIA?

Towards Capitalism or Socialism?

by LEON TROTSKY

The famous Bolshevik leader answers the questions raised throughout the world as to Russia's future. With his accustomed vigor and brilliancy, he gives a complete account of the strides which Russia is making toward rebuilding its economic life, and analyzes the direction of Russia's future development.

\$1.50

OIL IMPERIALISM

The International Struggle for Petroleum

by LOUIS FISCHER

The inside story of the rivalry between American and British oil interests for Russian oil. The author presents sensational disclosures of the diplomatic manoeuvres in behalf of the great oil interests in the effort to get control of the oil resources of the world.

\$2.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Complete
Catalogue
on request

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS CO.

INCORPORATED
381 SOUTH AVENUE NEW YORK

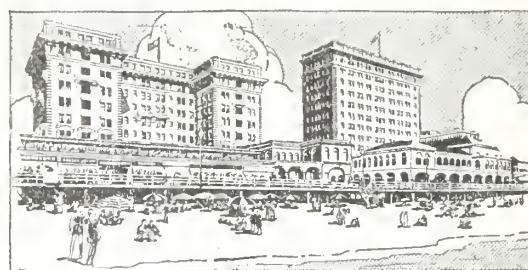
A STUDENT UNIVERSITY

Intellectual comradeship and keen discussion for the student minority for whom thinking is living.

Informal symposiums on such subjects as Journalism, Contemporary Ethics, Education, Social Theory, Philosophy of Science, and Drama.

Ten day conferences, running from June 19th through September 14th at the farm of George Pratt, Jr., Bridgewater, Connecticut.

Further information from the National Student Forum Summer Conferences, 2929 Broadway, New York.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

For rest or recreation by the sea there is no place like Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Their friendly hospitality, personal attention, and most modern comforts always appeal. Right on the Beach and the Boardwalk, in the very center of things.

American plan only :: Always open
Illustrated folder and rates on request

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Hear us on the Radio

Frequent Broadcasting, W P G

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1926

No. 3177

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	567
EDITORIALS:	
The Housing of the Future.....	570
The Essence of Britain's Strike.....	571
The New Copyright Bills.....	571
The Writer's Dilemma.....	572
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	573
THE REVOLT AGAINST EDUCATION. By Glenn Frank.....	574
A DREAM OF A NARROW COLLEGE. By Henry Raymond Mussey..	576
THE COAL STRIKE AND BEYOND. By Harold J. Laski.....	578
THE NEW COLLEGE JOURNALISM. By Norman Studer.....	579
A CHAPTER IN CORPORATE EFFICIENCY. By Larue Brown.....	581
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	581
CORRESPONDENCE	582
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
School-Teacher. By S. Bert Cooksley.....	583
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	583
Teaching Life. By Ernest Sutherland Bates.....	583
Ring Lardner as Satirist. By Donald Douglas.....	584
The Bread Trust. By Stuart Chase.....	585
The New Society. By V. F. Calverton.....	585
Too Fast. By Lionel G. Short.....	586
Books in Brief.....	586
Drama: Molnar and Werfel at Home. By George Halasz.....	587
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
The Kaiser's Happy Day.....	588
The Manifesto of Francis Ferdinand.....	588

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THAT THE BRITISH STRIKE ended as soon as it did continues a matter of genuine surprise. Who won and what? As to that, we admit, it is not easy to reply, so conflicting have been and are the news dispatches. The conventional opinion is that Baldwin achieved a wonderful victory, that government and civilization were upheld, that the strikers have been taught a useful lesson, and that there will be no general strike in England hereafter, if only because henceforth it will be made illegal. On the face of things Baldwin did win a great point in that he did nothing publicly until the general strike was called off—he had proclaimed from the beginning that he would not move until it was over. Underneath, however, he had given his word as a gentleman that the miners would practically achieve their aims if the strike were abandoned, if the trade unions promised never to employ such methods again, and if they admitted their action to be illegal. Evidently the situation of the unions was critical, for they accepted these harsh terms. We do not and cannot see why the strike was illegal or why the unions should be deprived of recourse to this weapon again if driven to it by such a combination of political stupidity and employer greed as brought on this crisis. But facts are facts. The unions knuckled under and the miners got these concessions which they could not have obtained without a strike: (1) Continuation of the coal subsidy for four weeks instead of two; (2) return to work at the old wages; (3) no wage reductions until the

owners have made heavy sacrifices to put the industry on its feet; (4) protection from any attacks on wages, hours, pensions, or unions as a result of the defeat; (5) the promise of a coal dictator with power to enforce government terms upon both labor and capital. Of these points, 1, 2, 3, and 5 are important, and represent a tremendous success for the miners. Had Stanley Baldwin been willing to grant them before May 1, the needless strike would never have occurred.

DESPITE THIS FACT, despite the proof that Baldwin himself allowed the strike to come on by accepting the unauthorized action of the pressmen in the *Daily Mail* office as proof that labor had begun the war, the Prime Minister comes out of the strife in an extremely powerful position. John L. Balderston, the able correspondent of the *New York World*, declares that Baldwin "emerges from the conflict as a Colossus bestriding Britain, wielding power such as no Englishman has since the great Earl of Chatham, not even Lloyd George in the war." This is due to the fact, he says, "that Baldwin has brought about a peace without bitterness, one that narrows rather than widens the class gulf which a few days ago seemed unbridgeable." He is, all reports agree, now popular with all the people except the employers who sought to destroy the unions; the workingmen feel he saved them from having their bones picked after the disaster and no one seems to bemoan the fact—at least not publicly—that he has for the day at least killed the political power of the unions. Yet the moral issue has been won by unions and miners; the refusal of the miners to pay in reduced wages for the inefficiency of an industry which must now be reorganized or deservedly go to pieces has been upheld. That is a great gain. But the issue will never be settled aright until the government takes over the mines, wipes out the absurd royalties, operates the industry as a whole, and compels it to completest efficiency. Until the recommendations of the Sankey report of 1919 are accepted, we cannot believe that the situation in England will be definitely cured or that strikes will be avoided.

BRAVERY, SKILL, science, and luck cooperated in the Norge's marvelous trip over the top of the world in a way to thrill mankind and to realize the dream of centuries. The best part of it all is that the expedition was truly international in its character—an Italian-built ship, financed, as we understand it, chiefly by Americans, and manned by Scandinavians, Americans, and Italians. There was much glib talk about taking the unknown lands to be discovered this spring in the name of one country or another; the combination of nationalities on the Norge put an end to that, while Commander Byrd, whose daring and courage and skill we wrote of last week, fortunately saw no new land to claim. How can one emotionalize all this adequately in a world which talks across the ocean one day and a few months later beholds two visits to the North Pole within a week; getting the news (the *New York Times* under a North Pole date line!) by a method of communication for lack of which there died Sir John Frank-

lin's men and those who perished with the Jeannette or starved under Greely! The wireless and the gasoline engine—these are the true conquerors of the North Pole, in the hands of men who have not only written their names imperishably into history but have told us once more the truth that there is no difference between nationalities when they set out in the generous rivalry of adventures into the unknown.

PILSUDSKI'S REVOLUTION in Poland came just in time to beat out a threatened monarchist revolution. For six weeks Poland had been betting whether the Left under Pilsudski or the Right under Dmowski would be ready to start its revolution first. In the chaos of Poland's political parties a constitutional government with a parliamentary majority behind it seemed impossible. When, after the negotiation of the Polish-Rumanian Treaty in mid-April, the Socialist ministers resigned from the Government, Premier Skrzynski simply carried on without a parliamentary majority. The Witos Cabinet, formed early in May, continued the same conservative leadership without bringing new parliamentary strength to the Government. Some kind of coup d'etat was inevitable. A Fascist group was forming, but Pilsudski, who has been a national hero ever since he stole Vilna and defied the League of Nations and all the world to put him out, acted first. His is a curiously mixed record. He has allied himself with the Socialists in internal affairs and sponsored the cause of the small peasants, but he has played the part of the jingo in international politics. Labor stood by him and assisted his revolution by general strikes in many cities; but his main support was the army. That is the danger—Poland's most pressing problem is financial, and Pilsudski has always opposed a reduction of the large Polish army, without which financial salvation for Poland seems impossible.

SO GERMANY must break into the news once more with a monarchist plot and a Cabinet crisis all her own; and Dr. Luther is out, with Dr. Marx in his place. To outsiders the fall of a Chancellor because of a flag incident seems a trivial thing, but the question of the new or old German flag is a thorny one, for it typifies allegiance to the old order or the new. Dr. Luther had done so well in stormy days, and especially at Locarno, that he deserved a better fate than to go down because of a single misstep. The change will, we believe, make little difference, since Hindenburg remains at the helm and assurances are given that a Reichstag majority will be found to enable Dr. Marx to hold on and go ahead with the foreign policy behind which all Germany ought to stand, since it spells peace, gives promise of an *entente cordiale* with France, and, perhaps, means a large role in the League of Nations. As for the nationalist plot, developments like this will be heard of from time to time, but they are not to be taken too seriously. Everybody knows that there are many foolish Germans who still write to their Emperor and are as loyal as any Jacobean in his day. But the republic, it seems to us, gets steadily stronger as the years pass. Probably its most serious danger comes from the pressure exerted by the terms of the Dawes Plan. If that means, as Mr. Keynes declares it does, a steady decrease in the scale of living of the German worker, there may again be stormy days ahead for the republic. At present economic reports are a little more encouraging.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has revealed an extraordinary situation in regard to the Ward Baking Trust. Our readers will recall that we were none too happy over the consent decree dissolving the \$2,000,000,000 Ward Food Products Corporation. While we were grateful to the Government for acting promptly, we expressed our doubts as to the efficiency of the decree itself. It now appears that by what seems to be governmental collusion the Continental Baking Corporation has been freed from prosecution by the Government and is, therefore, with its 106 bakeries producing a billion loaves a year, in a position to dominate the entire industry. Prior to the organization of the super-trust, of which the Continental itself was to have been the most important part, there were proceedings against the Continental before the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission, both charging it with being a combination in restraint of trade. It now develops that under Section 13 of the consent decree the charge against the Continental was dismissed on the ground of the other proceeding before the Federal Trade Commission. But no sooner had the consent decree been signed than the reactionary majority of the Federal Trade Commission stopped its hearings and dismissed the complaint before it. Plainly, as Senator La Follette points out, somebody tricked the judge who signed the decree. So good a lawyer as Samuel Untermyer declares there is no question of the guilt of the Continental. We earnestly hope, therefore, that Senator La Follette's motion for a complete investigation of the trust by a Senate committee will prevail.

THE MOVEMENT to outlaw war has reached the United States Senate in the form of a constitutional amendment drawn by the Women's Peace Union and proposed by Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota. The amendment declares that

War for any purpose shall be illegal, and neither the United States nor any State, Territory, association, or person subject to its jurisdiction shall prepare for, declare, engage in, or carry on war or other armed conflict, expedition, invasion, or undertaking within or without the United States, nor shall any funds be raised, appropriated, or expended for such purpose.

It is highly improbable, of course, that Congress will pass the proposed amendment on to the States for action either by their legislatures or by special conventions. Still the measure is excellent as a means of agitating and educating in the cause of peace. If the issue can be kept alive until it attracts popular attention, perhaps eventually this country will at least follow the courageous example of Denmark, whose Parliament is seriously considering a bill abolishing the Danish army and navy except for a minimum force of frontier and customs guards and vessels for coast patrol.

THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT for International Peace continues to show the world how money should not be spent for that cause. The endowment and the Academy of Political Science held a costly conference early in May at Briarcliff Manor, New York, without a single outstanding anti-militarist, or devotee of peace at all costs, or champion of Mexican or Chinese rights. While the world was seething with labor revolt, in a week that saw the British general strike and the revolution in Poland, the conference was immunized against any representatives of labor or radicalism. A Filipino lawyer spoke who opposed in-

dependence for his people on the ground that Japan would seize the islands for their iron, coal, and rubber the moment our Government withdrew. His statement was featured in the press. The chief session on disarmament consisted of speeches against disarmament by generals and admirals. Clever, polite witticisms were spoken in restrained voices. There were pleasant afternoon rounds of golf, tennis, and riding. Aside from the refreshing cynicism of two or three of the younger professors, the conference was completely sterile. The trouble with such conferences is that the men who get them up do not want peace badly enough. They love peace but they love economic security and established position more. The conference closed with an address by Nicholas Murray Butler. The world is still safe for patriotism.

ALMOST EXACTLY SIX YEARS after their arrest, charged with the murder of a paymaster and his guard in South Braintree, Massachusetts, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti have had what is possibly the last door to freedom closed against them by the Supreme Court of the State. They were arrested in the day of the "red" raids of Attorney General Palmer and the intense anti-alien agitation that followed the World War; their trial had every appearance of a political rather than a judicial proceeding; their plea for a new trial seemed amply warranted. That it was refused by the trial judge was not surprising, as the plea was in part a criticism of the judge; but it is discouraging to find his ruling now upheld by the State's highest court. We are not able to study in detail the evidence presented at most trials, but we examined the testimony against Sacco and Vanzetti with care and do not believe that it would be convincing to any jury today. We have, therefore, continually demanded for these men not freedom but, in the barest fairness, a new trial. It is reported that the Massachusetts Supreme Court is to be asked to hear a reargument. It certainly ought to. We do not know what legal principles may have guided the judges to the decision just made, but there is something awry in a system of justice which provides countless loopholes for obvious scoundrels and then refuses to give Sacco and Vanzetti a second chance before a jury.

FLORIDA HAS SET a record in lynchings, with two Negroes put to death by mobs in three days. The first of these, Parker Watson, had been arrested for alleged burglaries, and before being shot was burned with acid to make him disclose the hiding-place of stolen goods. Henry Patterson was shot and hanged two days later for an alleged attack on a white woman. The police have since revealed that the woman afterward told her friends the Negro had not attacked her, but that she had been frightened by his presence in the house. Investigations are pending by a grand jury in the former case and by the Sheriff in the latter. The president of the State Chamber of Commerce, Herman Dann, announced a request to Governor Martin for a complete investigation, and added that the State of Florida could ill afford to have such a stain as that caused by the slaying of the Negro at this time when the eyes of the nation were on the State. Is the conclusion to be drawn that Florida could afford the killing of admittedly innocent men, and of men not convicted of guilt, if the State did not happen to be in the throes of a collapsing real-estate boom? Of such is our civilization!

WE HAVE HAD a good deal to say in regard to the attack upon the *American Mercury* because of the article Hatrack in the April issue. It has seemed to us an outrage, and a highly dangerous precedent, that it should be possible to injure in this way a high-class magazine which would not even be considered by the average person looking for the prurient or the vulgar, when hundreds of obvious appeals in that direction go unnoticed. The proceedings in Boston were apparently a case of petty spite and were eventually settled in favor of the *American Mercury*. It was not so easy to understand the action of the Post Office Department in barring the April issue from the mails—long after it had been distributed. Hence we rejoice that this act either of stupidity or malice has been overruled by an injunction granted by Judge Julian W. Mack in the United States courts.

NEW YORK CITY has a wise cadi. Magistrate Gordon has dismissed the charge of indecency against an actress who posed with practically nothing on. He saw the performance for himself, and this is the language of his decision:

The law does not define lewdness or indecency. That must depend upon the setting, the scenic portrayal, and in large measure upon the customs and modes of the community. In the present case the whole effect is not unlike what may be seen in paint, marble, or bronze in nearly every art gallery. While a prurient court might be shocked, I am inclined to hold that present-day standards do not reasonably permit condemnation.

This is indubitably sound. Had the judge found that the whole show was given over to vulgar nude displays, he would undoubtedly have censured and punished instead of discharging the prisoner. It is the intent which must largely count. Take the so-called "art magazines." They are of no value so far as their text is concerned and, as one judge has said of them, there would be no demand whatever for them were they not displaying naked females.

HOW OUR PERSONAL HISTORIANS of recent political events do recall the facts! We are prompted to this expression of wonder by David F. Houston's relating that the third time he met Woodrow Wilson was at a dinner party at Colonel House's about the middle of February, 1912, when, he says, Mr. Wilson had just come from that famous meeting at which he had thrown Colonel Harvey into the discard. Curiously enough, the fact is that Wilson discarded Harvey in 1911 and by the date fixed by Mr. Houston all of the Wilson and Harvey correspondence had been printed in the New York *Evening Post* and even the Watterson excitement was at an end. Then there is Colonel House. His editor, Professor Seymour, states that even as a young man Colonel House "was intoxicated by a passion for politics and public affairs" and dwells repeatedly upon his extraordinary political knowledge. Yet in a letter written by Colonel House from London, July 31, 1912, to Mr. Wilson, he said: "Blaine was elected as surely as you are, but five days before the people could confirm it at the ballot-box he made his famous 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion' speech and Cleveland won by the narrow margin of 1,100 votes." Thus is James G. Blaine made to bear the burden of the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard's famous speech seven days before Blaine's defeat. There is much consolation for the poor hard-driven editor when great minds writing at leisure can stumble like this.

The Housing of the Future

GOVERNOR SMITH has signed the housing bill for New York State. It is not the bill he advocated in the beginning; it has been rewritten and in part devitalized by the Republicans, but it remains as perhaps the most far-sighted piece of housing legislation so far undertaken in the republic. Under its provisions the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning dissolves, its functions being taken over by the new State Housing Board.

It is altogether fitting at this time to lay a wreath at the feet of the expiring Commission of Housing. For six years, in one form or another, in season and out, it has battled for adequate housing for the average man in New York State, and particularly in New York City. It has fought to maintain the emergency rent laws which have much reduced profiteering since their enactment. The benches of its hearing-rooms have been crowded with grateful tenantry. But even more important has been its steadfast desire to lay down the principles for a permanent housing program; for a plan which would make emergencies and profiteering and slum-dwelling and overcrowding more difficult if not impossible in the future. The bill which the Governor has just signed marks a substantial beginning toward such permanent relief, and the commission, on its way to Olympus, can look down and see that its six years have not been spent in vain.

For it has established two principles of the first importance—not only for New York State but wherever political democracy is in force and faced with a housing problem. First, it has never submitted a report, or made a recommendation, without the most unremitting preliminary fact-finding. It has never gone off half-cocked; it has never tempered its conclusions to political or class considerations. It has not yearned over the poor, nor mingled its tears with the bankrupt promoter. It has found the basic facts of the housing situation; made these facts public; based its conclusions upon them; recommended legislation by virtue of them. By means of block surveys, questionnaires, hearings, and statistical research it has determined among other things:

1. Commercial enterprise in New York City cannot build adequate apartments today to rent for less than \$12.50 per room per month. The average family in the tenement districts cannot afford to pay more than \$7 per room. This discrepancy is so great that any program adequately to house these people must turn its back on unaided private enterprise.

2. Housing was inadequate before the war. During the war house construction collapsed while population increased. With the building revival in 1922 the bulk of the apartments which were built were for the well-to-do. In 1924 85,000 new apartments were built in New York City. But 50,000 of them rented for \$15 or more a room, thus utterly beyond the rent-paying ability of two-thirds of the population.

3. Commercial enterprise is paying an average of 9 per cent for its funds. Interest charges are one-half the cost of current building maintenance.

4. Such new tenement housing as is carried on is a straight speculative enterprise. The building is built as cheaply as possible, but with plenty of varnish. The jerry builder fills it on the strength of the varnish. With a full rent roll, he sells it at the peak of the market and lets the next speculator worry about the ever-increasing repairs due to flimsy initial construction. The next speculator avoids worry by not making any repairs.

The logic and inevitability of such facts as these have led the commission to its second far-reaching principle. In congested urban areas there is no way of providing adequate shelter for human beings without government help. Such help involves not only the use of State credit or other ways and means to keep down the cost of financing new construction but, equally important, a regional plan to determine where the new construction can most advantageously be located. Which throws into bold relief the whole question of the rambling, incoherent, hit-and-miss, incredibly wasteful growth of our cities to date. In them all growth has been animated by the principle of maximum price per front foot.

The surprising thing—the thing which reflects so greatly to the credit of the commission—is that this point of view has been put across; the newspapers have accepted it; it has penetrated even into the heads of legislators. Because of the sound educational work which the commission has done, because of the integrity of its facts, the Republicans did not dare to throw out the Governor's housing bill; they did not even dare to emasculate it very much. They accept the principles of continuous fact-finding; of regional planning; of limited-dividend financing; of State aid and State direction.

Only those with an incurable gift for dialectics will see this development in the pure terms of socialism versus individualism. In the upkeep of highways, schools, water systems, waste disposal, the logic of the concrete situation has forced common agreement to the fact that such things are best handled by the government; just as it is commonly agreed that the manufacture of perfumes and motor cars had best be left in private hands. It is not a question of one sovereign principle, *socialism*, against another sovereign principle, *individualism*. Life is not lived in such simple terms. It is a question of specific methods to handle a given situation at a given time. About the year 1915 the individualistic method for housing people in New York City, and to a lesser degree in the State, broke down. In its 1920 report, after extended quantitative surveys, the commission (then a subcommittee of the Reconstruction Commission) discovered this fact, pointed out the impossibilities of reviving private initiative in the premises, and called for a constructive program to fit the facts. The bill which the Governor has signed is the first formal recognition of that call.

Let us hope that it marks a real step in the program which those three astonishing realists—Alfred E. Smith, Clarence S. Stein, and Sullivan Jones—have outlined so intelligently and fought for so single-heartedly. They and their coworkers have opened the door of the pig pen. It remains to be seen if we have sense enough to walk out.

The Essence of Britain's Strike

THE industrial revolution is founded on coal. Nowhere is this axiom more pointed than in Great Britain. Yet for all its importance industrially and culturally, the coal mines of England have been horribly abused, and the miners who work them—and thus stand at the base of the whole industrial pyramid—are desperately poor and desperately miserable men. For fifteen years the business of mining coal has been in a turmoil. There was a national coal strike in 1912, a partial strike in 1920, a long-drawn-out and disastrous stoppage in 1921. A great strike was only averted in 1925 by the grant of a government subsidy, and then came the general strike involving 5,000,000 workers in all manner of industries, but still about coal.

What, basically, is the matter? The matter, basically, is that private ownership and operation of coal mines in England have broken down. The duplication and waste keep wages at a starvation level, output per man at a ridiculously low figure, and even profits on a very uncertain basis of return. All this was brought out with the greatest precision and detail in the so-called Sankey report of 1919. During the war the Government in effect operated the mines, brought about a certain unity of control, and kept trouble at a minimum. After the war, with the threat of the industry going back under free competition, the miners began to become uneasy, and the famous commission presided over by Justice Sankey was appointed. Its examination was an extraordinarily thorough one. Sir Richard Redmayne, Chief Inspector of Mines, concluded his testimony with these words:

The present system of individual ownership of collieries is extravagant and wasteful. That is a somewhat daring statement, but I am prepared to stand by it, whether viewed from the standpoint of the industry as a whole or from the national point of view, and I think, by thoughtful persons on both sides, both the owners and workmen, that it is generally accepted.

Sir Richard points out duplication of shafts, duplicate buying, inadequate drainage due to small workings, inadequate equipment, shortage of mechanical power, "skimming the cream" of the rich seams, and failure to utilize by-products. There were, he said, 3,129 coal mines owned by 1,800 different companies or proprietors. Some 4,000,000,000 tons of coal has to be left in the ground to form barriers between these private holdings. "Much of this coal would be recoverable under a system of collective working of the collieries."

In this chaos wages were of course low. The average earnings of all mine workers for the five years prior to the war amounted to £82 a year—about \$400. During the war wages rose 106 per cent, cost of living 115 per cent, mine profits 300 per cent. It takes over 1,000,000 miners to produce the 300,000,000 tons which is England's yearly output. In America 700,000 soft-coal miners dig not far from 500,000,000 tons a year. The ratio is thus roughly 300 tons per man per year in England, and 700 tons per man per year in the United States. While the deeper pits in England would require more men per ton in any event, it is obvious that, even from the highly dubious standard of efficiency in American soft-coal mines, the English mines are grossly over-

manned and inefficient. The facts of Redmayne and the others were all-conclusive not only to Justice Sankey but to the country at large. Only the die-hards refused to see the point. The commission recommended a small increase in wages, a *decrease* in hours (to help the excess man-power load), and collective operation of the mines through nationalization. And ever since the battle-cry of the miners has been for nationalization, even though it means the probable dropping of a quarter of a million men from the industry, due to the elimination of duplication and lost motion. And ever since, the Government, animated by the die-hards, has sought, in the face of facts produced by one investigating commission after another, to avert nationalization.

It is of course natural that nationalization should not be adopted without hesitation and delay. It involves a very drastic overturn in national thinking and in national behavior. But the facts point to no other way out. Justice Sankey saw no other way out. Many mine owners themselves see no other alternative. The health of the coal industry, and with it the health of British industrial life, turns on the question of the elimination of waste through collective rather than individualistic operation of the mines. The labor movement is thus the better realist in the premises. It is more willing to face the facts, even if it does throw a quarter of a million miners out of a job. In this sense, the general strike, instead of being a revolutionary attack on the Government, was one of the most profoundly patriotic moves ever made by the British people. It was directed to conserving the health and efficiency of the basic factor in modern industry—the coal supply.

The New Copyright Bills

FAR-REACHING changes in the legal position of authors and composers—both American and foreign—not to mention publishers, artists, printers, sculptors, photographers, radio-broadcasting stations, and manufacturers of phonograph records, will result from the passage of either of two bills now in the hands of the House Committee on Patents. The bills which give promise of ending the present anomalous position of American copyright are the Perkins bill (H. R. 5841), a second draft of which was introduced by Representative Randolph Perkins of New Jersey last December, and the Vestal bill (H. R. 10434), which was introduced by Representative Albert H. Vestal of Indiana last March.

Both the Perkins and Vestal bills make two important changes in American copyright law. They extend the author's control of his literary property throughout his lifetime and give his heirs control for fifty years after his death. This is a tremendous advance on the present law, which grants copyright for a bare twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for the same length of time. Beyond that neither the author nor his heirs have at present any protection. In twenty-eight or at most fifty-six years the labor of his brain becomes anybody's property—if anybody wants it.

The new laws not only increase the author's protection; they also make it easier to get. Taking out a copyright under the present law involves more or less formality—not burdensome by any means but fairly complex. The new

laws provide for "automatic" copyright without "any conditions or formalities whatever." They are specifically designed to bring the United States into the International Copyright Union, under the convention signed at Bern in 1887. A copyright taken out in any country belonging to the union would then instantly become valid in the United States; and the rights thus granted are carefully defined to include the stage, the screen, and the radio.

A serious objection to the Vestal bill is its requirement that the American reader must buy his foreign books exclusively through the holder of the American copyright. Designed by the framers of the bill to protect a publisher who has invested his money in the purchase of American rights, this will have a less desirable result, which was apparently not foreseen. As every book buyer is painfully aware, the American publisher is already sufficiently protected by the existing duties, which bring the prices of English books to the American level. As for books in foreign languages, the American translator is adequately protected by the stubborn refusal of all hundred-percenters to read or speak any language but their own. The Vestal bill, therefore, simply adds one more handicap to free intellectual intercourse between nations—handicaps which, heaven knows! are heavy enough already. Because of this provision librarians, scientists, and scholars—in short, the buying public to whom books are vital—tend to line up behind the Perkins bill, which provides no such restriction. The Vestal bill is receiving its chief support from authors, publishers, and labor unions interested in the book trade.

With this and one other exception the Vestal bill in the main follows the provisions of the Perkins bill, which was drafted by Thorval Solberg, Register of Copyrights. Coming from this technically skilled and disinterested source, the original bill had the advantages of impartiality. It favored none of the interests affected—of which there are thirty-four groups. Labor originally objected to the Perkins bill because it eliminated a requirement of the law now in force which directly affected their livelihood. This clause provides that books and periodicals in the English language cannot receive American copyright unless they are printed in this country. The Vestal bill contained this proviso which is all-important to the printing and book-binding trades.

The chief advantage of the new legislation will be the increased protection it affords to foreign authors and the settlement of the copyright questions raised by the enormous development of the phonograph and radio. The rights thus established are often of great importance to the composer. Ethelbert Nevin's widow, for example, received a single voluntary payment of \$15,000 from the Victor Company for its use of one song, "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

While it is highly important that both authors and composers should be given all possible protection in their professions—which are certainly extra-hazardous—the new law ought not to be made so stringent as to interfere with the right of legitimate, and if necessary extended, quotation, which is not incompatible with protection to the author, especially since quotation usually benefits rather than injures the writer or the journal quoted. Obviously, an article in a foreign newspaper may have great momentary importance which totally vanishes if it is necessary to spend weeks securing the right to reproduce it. Free quotation is necessary to mutual comprehension among the nations. And the modern world needs nothing quite so much as that its opposite ends should understand each other's thoughts.

The Writer's Dilemma

THERE is probably no country in the world where the writing of a book confers as much distinction as it does in America. The very fact that we have not, until recently at least, been a conspicuously literary people increases the respect in which the writer is held.

Not only is the author sought after socially; there are half a dozen quasi-literary professions into which he will be eagerly welcomed if he has managed to get a few written things bought and paid for. Editorial offices will employ him to edit copy, publishers will accept him as adviser, advertising agencies will welcome him as a most valuable recruit, and, if he happen to have had a reasonable amount of formal education, colleges will bid for him as a teacher. Yet flattering as this is to the man who has probably lived in precarious poverty to write his book, it has its dangers. The way to a comparatively easy and pleasant livelihood is opened up to him, but the livelihood carries as a condition the necessity of abandoning an undivided effort to write the things which he most wants to write.

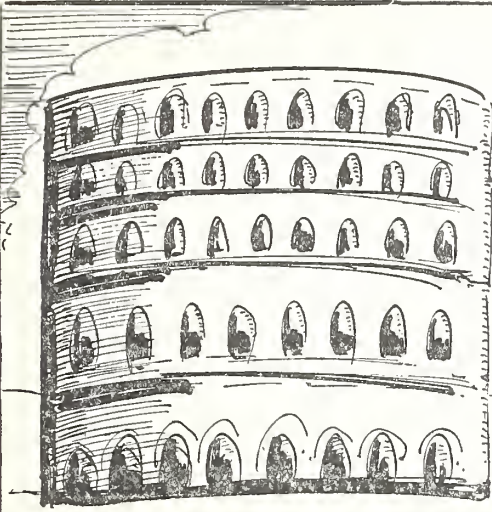
There seems, indeed, to exist in America a positive conspiracy to seduce the writer from his task. No sooner has he won some little fame as the author of a book which took him perhaps three years to write and which earned him possibly \$3,000 than there come to him from every side flattering offers—not to write another book in return for a sum which would enable him to live while doing so, but to perform any one of a great variety of other services which would distract his attention from the one thing which he has demonstrated his ability to do. His publishers, it is true, are eager to have him repeat his success, and respectable literary magazines will pay him \$50 for an article which it will take him two weeks to write, but only by doing something else can he secure a real livelihood. Women's clubs, of whose members not one out of a hundred will buy his books, will gladly pay him \$100 for three-quarters of an hour of rambling talk upon some subject which does not greatly interest him; colleges will pay him at least a living wage if he will stop writing in order to teach others. But though it is as a writer that he is admired, no one will pay him to write.

Probably this more than anything else accounts for the fact that America is full of once promising young men who did not fulfil their promise. What has become of A and B and C and D of whom so much was expected? A is a professor, B is a publisher's assistant, C is a subeditor, and D has become a national platform delight. Perhaps they merely succumbed to the lure of greater financial rewards, for in America writers who do not write can grow almost rich; perhaps it was a literal necessity which made them abandon their task, but one and all they are victims of the fact that authors are much in demand—for everything else except authorship. In Europe a writer must write or starve or both; in America he may have his bungalow and his Ford; and though ours is the less cruel system, it is also, perhaps, the less favorable to letters.

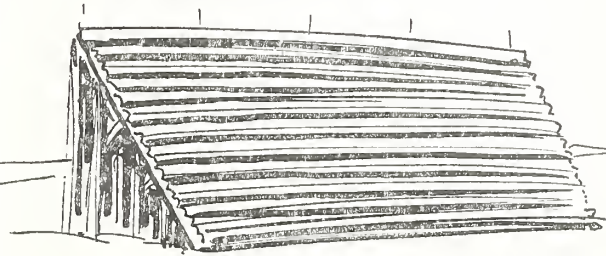
The best of any good writer is in his books, not in his editing, his teaching, or his talking. It would be better if his work were thought more valuable than it is either here or elsewhere; but failing that, it would be well if he were less sought after for other things.

The Universe, Inc.

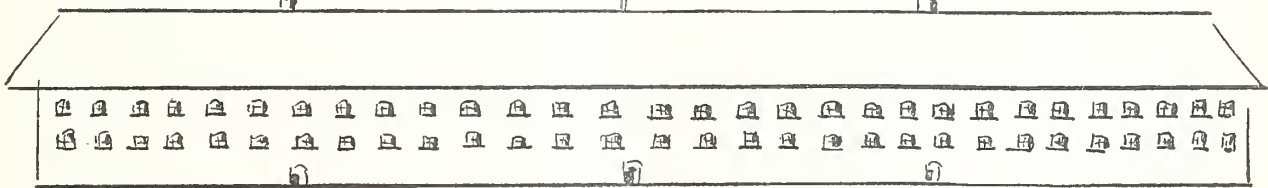
By H. v. L.



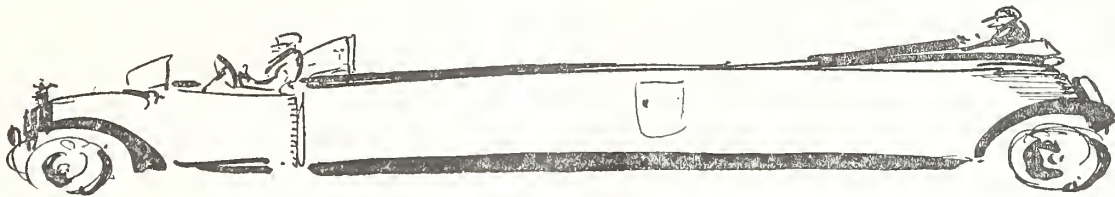
Yes, THIS IS OUR FOOTBALL STADIUM. It has room for 96,000 people. And that is our baseball grandstand.



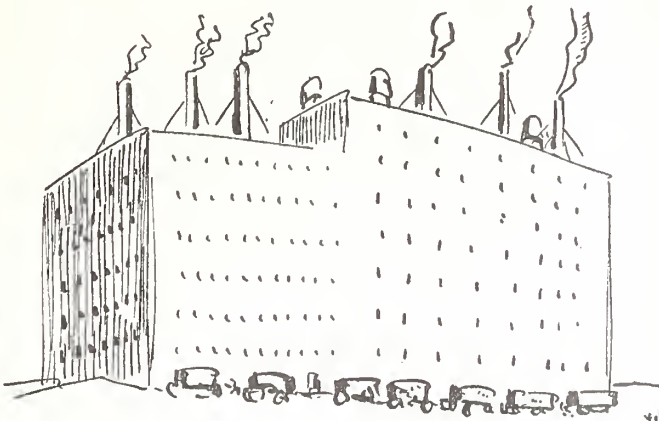
It will seat 48,000 people easily.



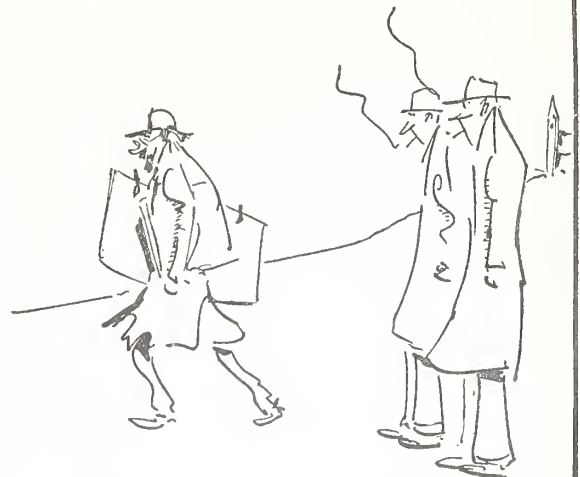
And that is the Administration Building of our University. Two thousand and thirty-four people are given employment there.



That—oh, that is the rowing-coach in his last year's car.



And that is the factory of the Publicity Department. It turns out 34,000 tons of printed matter each week.



That shabby old fellow? I don't know. But I believe he is some sort of old fossil who is doing some work in the library. A professor maybe.

The Revolt Against Education

By GLENN FRANK

STUDENTS of civilization whose social studies have begun with biology as a point of departure have lately elaborated with an alluring richness of detail the theory of the burden of civilization. It is suggested that among civilized peoples each succeeding generation elaborates the social environment, increases the number of demands made upon the members of society, and complicates generally the problem of living and working. With the biological strength of the race at a standstill or on the decline while the burdens it must carry are on the increase, the time is likely to come in the life history of any civilized people when the structural overloading will become so great that the civilization in question will collapse, either by the involuntary lapse of the processes of society into chaos or by a deliberate revolt of the people against civilization.

Sir Francis Galton put this theory briefly when he said several years ago: "Our race is overweighted. It will degenerate under circumstances which make demands that exceed its powers." The enormous increase of knowledge and the increasing complexity of the curriculum in our universities is analogous to the increase of things and the increasing complexity of social organization in our civilization as a whole. It is, perhaps, more than analogous. It may well be an organic part of the larger social process that Galton described. We are witnessing today both the collapse of our curricula from structural overloading and the beginnings of a student revolt against the sterilities of current academic procedure.

A hundred or more years ago the outlines of a college education were simple. In the centuries immediately preceding knowledge had not increased at a pace so rapid but that educators could digest, interpret, and relate to previous knowledge the new knowledge as it appeared. But with the nineteenth century the invigorating winds of a new critical and scientific spirit began to blow across the world. The scientific spirit began hunting, blasting, boring, probing, boiling, cooking, and dissecting. Men, animated by the itch to know, began to dig up, at a disconcerting rate, all sorts of new facts and new knowledge. Before long it became apparent that the new knowledge was coming too fast to be digested and fitted intelligently into any educational scheme. And there happened in the educational field the thing I saw happen in a Missouri hay-field about fifteen years ago.

Six of us were putting up hay on Cal Shinn's farm. Among the six was a swashbuckling braggart who offered to bet five dollars that he could stack all the hay that the other five of us could pitch to him. We took the bet, prorating it at a dollar apiece. We laid the base for a stack and began pitching in dead earnest. The man on the stack managed to keep his head above hay for a while, but before long he was up to his neck in hay that he could not handle. He managed to extricate himself from the mass of unstackable hay, slid off the stack, stuck his pitchfork in the ground, and said: "Damn it, stack it yourself!"

It was thus that the elective system was born. I mean the elective system as a really popular movement. I am

aware, of course, that the idea of the elective system was in existence at William and Mary College as a deliberate educational theory, although but little developed in practice, nearly half a century before its adoption at Harvard, and many years before it became generally the basis of what seems to me to have been essentially a strategic retreat of educators from an increasingly unmanageable mass of modern knowledge. Looked at historically, I think the hay-field episode is an accurate illustration of what has happened in our colleges during the last century. Overwhelmed by new facts that were coming faster than they could be managed, educators slid off the stack, stuck the pitchfork into the ground, and, turning to green freshmen, said, with the profanity deleted: "Stack it yourself!"

Confronted with new facts and new knowledge growing at a speed that outstripped the possibility of prompt correlation at the time, the educational world adopted as its fundamental method of *handling* knowledge the method that was *producing* knowledge, namely, specialization. Few will dispute that the primacy of the principle of specialization is 90 per cent inevitable. This 90 per cent inevitability need not, however, blind us to some of the bad by-products of specialization. It is in devising ways and means for preventing these bad by-products that the next fruitful advances in educational policy are most likely to be made.

The study of the classics was crippled if not killed by classroom pedants who forgot the meaning of the classic literatures in their absorption in the minutiae of the classic languages. Did William James have this in mind when he said to F. C. S. Schiller that "the natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof"? At any rate, specialization in the classics has about succeeded in sealing the tomb of one of the richest sources, if not indeed the richest source, of intellectual and aesthetic stimulation and discipline. May not a too extreme specialization in the teaching of the sciences, of economics and political economy, of education, of literature, work a similar result?

I am not seduced by an extravagant hope that educators can assemble any single bag of tricks that will swiftly and sweepingly reverse what may be the irresistible tendency of modern civilization to create burdens it cannot carry and to set up a suicidal complexity of organization. Our civilization and the educational system it has produced may have to run their cycle until they break. But even if we suspect ourselves to be the victims of a process we cannot control, it is dangerous to admit it, and to surrender to it is simply to set ahead the date of our debacle. We must not rest content with a coward's refuge in unrelated specialisms.

We might undertake to prevent the abuse and to promote the ultimate utility of specialization by making an effort to insure, as far as possible, that students shall be exposed to a broadly conceived and coherently organized body of general knowledge during some definite period of the college years that precede the intensive specialization of graduate study and professional training. Such an organization of subject matter could be made possible only by the courageous willingness of educators to be tentatively

dogmatic in saying what subject matter will best induct the student into an understanding of his contemporary world, of the forces that have gone into its making from the past, and of the living forces that are most likely to determine its future. Specialization has converted our universities into intellectual department stores or, more accurately, into a series of intellectual specialty shops housed under a common administrative roof. And any attempt to effect a new synthesis of knowledge even in an important section of the college years encounters as a stubborn obstacle the otherwise healthy hesitancy of the scholar to generalize. But no such fresh organization of subject matter as I have suggested would be possible save at the hands of educators who refused to be awed by the mere bulk of modern knowledge.

It may be said that the orientation courses at the beginning and the summary courses at the end of the college years, with which colleges have been experimenting, meet the situation into which specialization has plunged education. I doubt it. They are manifestly things tacked on to the regular college procedure—porous plasters applied to the curriculum to reduce its incoherence. Any genuine orientation of the student to his world must be reached *in* the regular college procedure, not *outside* it.

Of course, no one who has even partly earned the right to participate in a discussion of education will expect too much of such a synthesized section of the curriculum. The historian with, say, the last hundred and the next hundred years of our educational history before him would doubtless look upon the use of any such section of the curriculum as an emergency measure adopted by a people that found itself the victim of a great confusion resulting from an unprecedentedly rapid accumulation of knowledge. It alone will not educate men or equip them for the mastery of modern life. I suggest, therefore, a second field of inquiry.

If we find ourselves driven to admit that knowledge is growing more rapidly than educators can fether it, may it not be necessary for us to strive to develop educational methods in the undergraduate years that will deal more directly with the mental processes of the student than do many of our present methods of teaching and examination that lay so much emphasis on subject matter? May it not be that the only way in which the modern man can hope to keep pace with the modern world is to increase the tempo of his mind as the tempo of the advance of knowledge increases?

We are dealing here with an elusive and maybe absurd hypothesis. I know the battle that has been waged around the problem of the training of the mind. But one thing is clear, and that is that we shall find no really conclusive answer to the educational dilemma growing out of the enormity and complexity of modern knowledge if we attempt to determine the future evolution of higher education mainly in terms of curriculum construction. Any such approach will inevitably drive us to a choice between superficial general knowledge and accurate specialized knowledge. We must look for the really creative development of education in the methods of teaching rather than in the materials of teaching.

What will a greater emphasis upon the possible development of the mind to see and understand more quickly and accurately mean in terms of the work of our classes. May it mean that our classrooms will more and more become places in which the students rather than the teach-

ers perform? May it mean that usually the best teacher will be the man who says the least to his students? May it mean the virtual scrapping of the lecture system?

In the average institution of higher learning today teaching is essentially a formal process. Learning, on the other hand, is essentially an informal process. Over-formalization in the teaching process kills the spirit of learning in the student mind. I suspect, therefore, that the next great advance in education will be marked by an extensive informalizing of the teaching process.

It is, I admit, difficult to see how any synthesis of even the major findings of modern knowledge could be caught in a two-year curriculum if we continue to teach entirely in terms of the subjects and departments that are today the basis of instruction, unless each subject were to be taught by a polymath like Aristotle, Leonardo da Vinci, Adam Smith, or Thomas Henry Buckle. It may be, therefore, that we shall find that the only way we can manage to induct students into a general understanding of their civilization will be to teach during these two "general" years in terms of situations rather than subjects.

If we were to undertake to teach baseball, let us say, to a seven-year-old boy by the "subject" method, this is the way we would go about it. We would ask him to memorize the biographies of the great players of baseball, past and present. Then we would ask him to pass an examination on the lives of Christy Mathewson, Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, Babe Ruth, and others. We would then ask him to make a study of the various kinds of wood out of which bats are made, the countries from which the woods came, and so on—again subjecting him to an examination. We would then ask him to make a study of the principle of the gyroscope involved in throwing a curve, the law of falling bodies involved in throwing a drop, and so on—again putting him to the test of an examination. All this on the theory, apparently, that when he had mastered the details he would suddenly be consumed by a passionate interest in the game. But by watching one boy for one month, it becomes clear that the way to awaken his interest in baseball is to take him to a Big League game, get him a good seat in the grandstand, allow him to feel the thrill of the game, and to yell himself hoarse for a hero. After that, he will sit up all night sleuthing and snaring explanations of details.

The suggestion that we might achieve a broader culture and a better sense of the relatedness of things by studying in terms of situations rather than subjects is convincing in the abstract. But the moment we attempt to step from the abstract into the concrete and undertake to visualize such a teaching policy in operation in a university, a thousand difficulties arise. Few have ventured to condescend to details respecting this suggestion as far as college instruction goes. It has usually been left in that twilight zone of the abstract where we keep ideas that would be good if they could be made to work. In an article published in the *Century Magazine*, Alexander Meiklejohn tentatively suggested that we might find our way out of the confused wilderness of unrelated specialisms, not by any formal synthesis of modern knowledge in a curriculum but by devoting the freshman year to the comprehensive study of a single historic episode such as the Greek civilization, setting the freshmen to reading the literature of that period, and, under the friendly guidance and stimulation of a

faculty of men who were masters of special fields, taking that civilization to pieces, seeing how it worked, what forces animated it, and what germs of the future were thrown up by it. His assumption was that in a year of roaming within the catholic boundaries of that singularly fruitful experiment in civilization the freshmen would see and handle most of the beginnings or early forms of modern knowledge and life. He suggested that the sophomore year might be devoted to a similar study of some other and later historic episode, say English civilization in the nineteenth century, or maybe our own American civilization, the assumption here being that the students would doubtless be led during the sophomore year to draw comparisons between the ways different peoples go at the job of building and administering a civilization, and to discover what kinds of civilizations occur when different sets of factors are present. This is, of course, an adaptation to higher education of

the project method that has been worked out in primary and secondary education. And there at least is this advantage in taking a situation out of the past rather than out of the present—it will stand still while you study it.

Here at any rate is a definite suggestion of teaching by situation rather than by subject in the college. Is such a project feasible?

There is a special reason why we should consider this problem of the freshman and sophomore years promptly. For unless with decent promptness we bring a fresh coherence and fruitful comprehensiveness into the curriculum of the freshman and sophomore years of our colleges of liberal arts, the junior-college movement may proceed as a merely mechanical split-off, a merely administrative secession, with no meaning beyond a decentralization of the chaos and confusion of our present educational inefficiency.

A Dream of a Narrow College

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THERE is no use finding fault with the American college or trying to do anything in particular about it. It is just a part of the inevitable tragedy of life. The poor old blundering human race has always pathetically tried in one way or another to educate its children so that they would somehow do the difficult job of living better than their fathers had done it before them. And though we know that a stream can rise no higher than its source, fortunately we don't believe it; so we hopefully persist in the illusion that by taking thought we can create an educational system better than the teachers and students who make it up. We keep on trying, then, to do the impossible, and thus trying we do make certain improvements. The American college today is a materially better machine than the one I went to at the end of the last century, and just now every live undergraduate institution in the country, become vividly and fashionably conscious of its own defects, is buzzing with schemes for comprehensive examinations, special honors courses, and countless other improved educational devices. Anxious curriculum committees of faculty jailors are calling for a light, coming trembling and falling down before whomever they meet, saying: "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" And student Pauls and Silases are standing forth boldly, saying in no uncertain tones: "Believe in this and this and this and this, and ye shall be saved, and your college." Thus properly instructed, we of the faculty are making haste slowly to go and do likewise by sending out a questionnaire to the 1,058 colleges and universities of the country and learning that, out of the 413 replying, 99.44 per cent have already tried it, of whom less than .001376 per cent report any unfavorable results whatever. When it is all done we shall have better colleges than we have now, provided meanwhile the university has not bitten off the head and the junior college the tail of our present uncomfortably wriggling educational saurian. We wiggle and wriggle our way along, getting forward here an inch and there half a foot, all the time feeling that it's third down and ten yards to gain. In the constant race man runs with perdition maybe the feeling is right, even if the figure is mixed. After we have watched the process long enough,

we professors are likely to grow philosophical over it and to remember that in all ages students who were capable of education have somehow managed to educate themselves in spite of all obstacles, and that probably the same thing is happening now. Thereupon we quit fussing and probably cease to be useful, or at any rate we "don't understand the student point of view," doubtless because we are unable longer to believe that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible colleges.

What is the matter, then? In a way, it is pretty simple amid the manifold complexities. We professors lack faith and courage and brains, and because we lack them our colleges are what they are instead of what we dream of their being. So long as we are what we are, so long our colleges will be what they are, despite all our devices and endowments and improvements. I do not mean that we professors are worse than other people. We are not, despite our critics. I do mean that we are no better (except as some of us know a little more), and that so long as we are no better, so long the colleges will be no better than the schools and the churches and the trade unions and the women's clubs and the athletic associations and the chambers of commerce and the sons of deceased patriots and the loyal orders of associated tombstone manufacturers that make up our everyday America. But we professors ought to be better, because we have a better chance. "The Goose Step" notwithstanding, I am persuaded that no other considerable body of men in the United States today enjoys so large a measure of genuine freedom as the professors. If our faith, our courage, and our brains matched our opportunities, we could create the college of our dreams, and no one could say us nay. If our colleges are ruled, as they sometimes are, by their trustees, whether stupid and reactionary or intelligent and progressive, it is primarily because faculties have not the gumption to do the ruling themselves. Notwithstanding the legal position, no board of trustees could stand before a united and determined faculty bent on any reasonably intelligent policy.

It is the same with the students and with that fearsome body, the "constituency" of the college. I discovered

thirty years ago that in its relations with its students an intelligent and determined faculty could do anything it really wanted to. Despite student curriculum committees, the clamor for "self-expression," the *New Student*, and all the other healthy manifestations of student discontent and desire for self-direction, the same thing is undoubtedly true today.

It ought to be true, and at bottom students want it to be true, but they want faculties to believe something based on what they know, and to stand for it without fear and without flinching in the face of God and the devil. If faculties acted that way, we should get colleges of variant types in place of the present melancholy spectacle (happily changing in spots) of hundreds of collegiate institutions each trying desperately to be more like all the others than they are like themselves. Then we should have big colleges and little ones, institutions for exacting study and for gentlemanly and ladylike play, schools for boys and girls who wanted to moon over poetry and others for those who wanted to pursue horse doctoring. Nobody would worry because his course in English I did not give the same assignment on October 23 as every other English course in the country. Indeed, inconceivable as it now appears, a blasphemous iconoclast fearing neither God nor man might some day arise and abolish English I. Who knows but we might even one day have college graduates who had read different books and who knew different things, not in consequence of our present hit-and-miss system of individual elective ignorance but in consequence of their choice of different colleges, each of which boldly proclaimed: "Ye who prefer this (or that) particular kind of learning, come hither, and we will guide you along this particular path which we are confident leads to knowledge and, if ye be chosen of God, to wisdom."

Narrow? By all means. So is an Alpine valley; but when a climber has scaled the heights from such a valley, he sees far more of the world than a whole regiment of Illinois farmers can do looking out from their cornfields, broad as they are. From such narrow dream colleges there might come Americans who were different from one another. Our culture might become a thing of Cordilleran grandeur and contrast or at least of Appalachian beauty and charm rather than of flat prairie monotony. Such narrow colleges, manned by faculties of intelligence and courage and scholarship, would have all the students they could handle; a nation of a hundred millions, gone daft over education, will provide plenty of students of every conceivable taste and type. Each college will find its natural constituency, once its particular brand of narrowness becomes known. It will have all the money it needs, though of course not all it wants; the college's great want for money now is so that it may be like other colleges that also have money.

Why don't we have such colleges today? Fortunately we are beginning to. Mostly we don't have them because faculties either don't want them or else are too cowardly and pusillanimous to create or maintain them. We are afraid of everything and everybody, of our students and their parents, of our alumni, our "friends" (from many of whom God save us!), our trustees, our donors, our educational almoners, the handy men of the great foundations. We are afraid of poverty and unpopularity, of non-conformity and queerness, and above all, many of us, of mistakes. Our gospel is one of conduct, not of adventure,

and safe-conduct at that. Students must be helped not to make mistakes, as though every generation did not have the inalienable right to make its own mistakes. So we live, and so the students who are worth while despise us, just as they ought to do, while those that are not worth while trot cheerfully and indifferently through the wide gate along the broad way that leads to the A.B.

Our faculties are not alone in their pusillanimity, however; they deserve special blame only because they have an uncommonly good chance to be men. But a country as fat and prosperous as the United States in the year of grace 1926, and institutions that serve as largely as our colleges do the needs, but especially the wants, of the sons and daughters of the fat and prosperous have need of all possible care lest they grow fat-headed, too, and perish at last from fatty degeneration of the heart. It must be remembered that our colleges are besieged by students who do not care particularly to educate themselves, but who do want to go to college; and the ambition of the students, such as it is, only reflects that of their parents. There is no way under heaven whereby such students can be kept out, and in the mad rush to the colleges since the war it has looked as though they might swamp those institutions. Instead of grappling with the problem like men, then, a lot of band-wagon riders and hungry success-worshippers in the colleges have set about explaining why it is their duty in a "democracy of boobs" to lay hands on the millions that anybody can get who cares to run a glorified finishing school for well-dressed young women or a school of business administration for their Kuppenheimer-clad brethren. Verily they have their reward. It is riches and fat-headedness and faint-heartedness.

Meanwhile the real students, too, come knocking at our gates—keen, eager, alert, on tiptoe of expectation, or perhaps more often just awakening, star-eyed, to the wonder of a new dawn. They come from homes, sometimes, of poverty and ignorance and narrowness, but likewise of sturdiness and ambition and hope, sometimes from homes of wealth and broad culture, homes in which riches have not softened the fine fiber of the spirit or corroded the metal of the mind. Better material there is not on God's earth, and though we are not to them the heroes that our teachers were to us in our student days, yet, like the best youth in all ages, once they find a man they will follow him through flood and fire in pursuit of the truth that lures him on.

If our faculties, then, will only forget their methods and devices, their endowments and equipment and paraphernalia, their hopes of prosperity and success, of riches and power, their hordes of so-called students indifferent and incompetent—if they will but forget all these and center their thought on that youth of the starry eyes and the dream in his heart; if they will but see him as the child of this puzzling, fascinating, maddening world of yesterday and today, inheritor of its riches, its traditions, its burdens, its sins; will see him as maker of the world of tomorrow which must be different because he wills it so; if they will only stand erect before him, in no pride of authority, but with unquestioning faith in the scientific tools they have painfully learned to use for the progressive revelation of that world to its maker-to-be, and with unquenchable enthusiasm for the value of that revelation, the college need not fear. Its future is secure.

The Coal Strike and Beyond

By HAROLD J. LASKI

[Mr. Laski's first two letters, printed below, arrived together at the office of The Nation on May 17. The first, dated May 1, was postmarked in London on May 6, though it was evidently dispatched as soon as it was written. Even the British post office, it would appear, was paralyzed by the events of the first week of May. A third article by Mr. Laski, written after the close of the strike, is on its way and will be printed in an early issue.]

I

London, May 1

THERE are not, I believe, ten men in England holding responsible positions in the labor world who have desired a crisis in the coal industry at this juncture. Yet, as I write, the negotiations have broken down and the men are locked out; and with a unanimity previously unknown in trade-union history it has been decided to call a general strike in vital industries by Monday midnight (May 3) unless a settlement has meanwhile been effected.

What is the explanation of the position? The Coal Commission reported on March 6, 1926. It was an able commission upon which (it is notable) there was no representative of labor. The best summary of the report is to say that while rejecting the miners' remedy of nationalization, it accepted in large outline the basis, at least, of the criticisms they have been wont to pass upon the industry as at present organized. For (1) it recommended the nationalization of mineral royalties; (2) it pointed out great defects in management and equipment; (3) it recommended amalgamation and the coordination of the industry with allied industries like electricity; (4) it insisted upon the need of greater provision for research; (5) it recommended drastic changes in the transportation and distribution of coal.

The case for these changes was argued convincingly. But, obviously, to effect and derive benefit from their adoption is a matter of years. The immediate problem was what to do with an industry where 72 per cent of the mines were running at a loss apart from the subsidy which was paid to the industry from July last until today as the price of the inquiry. The subsidy, the commission argued, was indefensible; and to tide over the period of reorganization their suggestion was the removal of the percentage increase of 1921 (hours remaining unchanged), or, roughly, a 10 per cent reduction in wages. Broadly, it is not unfair to characterize the report as an impressive economic analysis which is void of any constructive plan for the immediate crisis and is amazingly timid in the long-term views it is prepared to take.

The Government, on its presentation, called both sides together, and Mr. Baldwin addressed to them an impressive appeal for peace. He announced that the Cabinet would accept the report if men and owners could agree upon terms to prevail while it was being put into effect. The men, in a remarkable document, accepted it

subject to a refusal to entertain wage-reductions until they knew what "reorganization" meant. The owners accepted parts. They desired to negotiate wage-agreements not with the miners as a whole, but with each district separately. Everyone (including themselves) knew that this was an impossible and indefensible position; but ten precious days were wasted in bringing them back to the point of agreeing to a national settlement. Finally, the Prime Minister, who had already announced that the subsidy must end (subject to possible temporary assistance to specially hard-hit districts) got from them a concrete offer of new terms. Roughly summarized these meant a reduction of 13 per cent in wages and a return to the eight-hour day. This second point had already been proposed to the commission by the owners, and the commission had rejected it as without value. The new wage-scales would, if accepted by the men, have brought many of them below a standard wage of \$10 a week; and, in the best districts, below a standard wage of \$15 a week. The men, with the consent of the Trades Union Council (on which Mr. Thomas was the predominating figure) rejected the proposal.

An effort to persuade the Prime Minister to prolong the subsidy for a brief period in the hope of agreement was vain. His own effort to persuade the men to agree to work eight hours until December 31, 1929, and to accept the reduction suggested by the commission was also fruitless. Practically, that is to say, Mr. Baldwin in the last stages of negotiation, sided, or was driven by his colleagues to side, with the owners. He asked the miners (1) to accept an increase in hours which the commission itself said had no point; (2) a decrease in wages without any guaranty that the next three or four years would see any benefit to the trade; without even the assurance that the timid suggestions of the commission would be adopted in any thoroughgoing fashion; (3) with the knowledge that this assault on miners' wages would be the beginning of a general attack on the workers' standard of life. His request was refused; and the lockout is already universal.

No man can predict the outcome. The trade-union movement has entered upon this conflict without passion and with grim determination. It has arrayed against it forces as powerful as exist anywhere outside those of American capitalism. It is aware that a defeat of its own forces may be disastrous; it does not know what may be the price of victory. One hopes without hope that between now and Monday some way out may be found. Mr. Baldwin has humanity, shrewdness, insight. Yet, as colleagues, he has men like Mr. Churchill and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, both of them pinchbeck Mussolinis by temperament. If labor is defeated on this great issue, if, particularly, the occasion is used for a general assault upon its standards, the way will lie open directly to a revolutionary temper. And if that occurs, Mr. Baldwin will find that even the subsidy was a small thing compared to the ultimate cost that he and his colleagues will have to pay.

II

London, May 7

Reason abdicated at 12 o'clock on Sunday last. It was a moment when the Trades Union Council at Downing Street had devised a formula which they believed the miners and the Government would accept. Suddenly a letter was brought to them announcing that no further negotiations could be continued unless the general strike was called off; that the wanton interference with the freedom of the press must be stopped and repudiated. The latter incident was consequent upon the refusal of some printers in the *Daily Mail* office to set up an inflammatory and hysterical editorial. It was an unwise action on their part. But it was entirely unauthorized and was actually quite unknown to the trade-union representatives at Downing Street. They were not asked to investigate or to explain. They were presented with a peremptory order to desert the miners or be fought. It is impossible not to feel that during the evening of May 2 the die-hards in the Tory Government were bringing pressure to bear upon Mr. Baldwin to break off negotiations, and that the isolated incident of the *Daily Mail* was simply a pretext. It, of course, transferred the whole subject of discussion away from the facts to questions of prestige. Somewhere, it seems, there had been a will to conflict in the Government, a desire, also, to screen the long list of its errors in the mining negotiations. The threat of a general strike must, to men like Churchill and Birkenhead and Joynson-Hicks, have been the chance for which they had been seeking.

Monday saw the conflict transferred to the House of Commons. MacDonald and Thomas stated the case for labor, both with dignity and in a deliberately conciliatory way. Both emphasized the fact that the unions were anxious to negotiate and believed a settlement to be possible. Mr. Baldwin's attitude was one of despairing regret; but it was clear that he was hardening against labor.

Mr. Churchill, with flashes of conciliation, took the general line that the unions were trying to supersede the Government and made one of his typically flamboyant speeches about the Cabinet doing its duty.

To understand the position on Monday at midnight let it be remembered (1) that the miners got the first concrete offer on Friday at 1:15; (2) that the offer went far beyond any reduction proposed by the commission; (3) that the kind of reorganization to be attempted in the mining industry was not even outlined; what was offered was a joint committee to explore means of advising the Government upon utilizing the report. In other words, less than a day before the subsidy expired, the miners were asked to accept a heavy reduction in wages and an increase in hours, without knowing of any certain improvements to be introduced into the mines. Is it any wonder that they refused to buy this pig in a poke? Is it any wonder, either, that the Trades Union Congress with virtual unanimity, offered to stand by them?

The Cabinet represents this as an unconstitutional attempt to coerce Parliament; it is setting up, they say, an alternative government. More fantastic nonsense was never talked by responsible men. The unions offered to cooperate in the maintenance of food supplies, of hospital services, and insisted to their members that there must be no disorder of any kind, no inflammatory speeches, no appeals to the army and navy. It is noteworthy that the Government proclaimed a state of emergency *before* and not *after* the congress decided upon a general strike.

So far, there has been no meeting, or attempt at meeting, of the parties to the conflict. The Government holds its head high and refuses, on a point of punctilio, to open a gate that has never been locked. No one can pretend to know what will happen, or how long this futile pride will continue. Those who, like myself, think that Mr. Baldwin is really better than this last week would suggest, still hope that the struggle will not be prolonged.

The New College Journalism

By NORMAN STUDER

UNDERGRADUATE journalism is not the pale growth of a few years ago. A new and healthy spirit is manifest in many college papers. No subject is now taboo that affects the interest of the learners and no college official is immune from criticism and publicity.

More than four hundred college papers are published in America. Almost every student body supports one, from the tiny four-page weekly of the rural college to the complete imitation metropolitan daily in the big university. The *Daily Illini*, University of Illinois, for instance, serves a community of 30,000 as the only morning paper and is printed in a university-owned plant valued at \$100,000. These papers form laboratories for countless schools of journalism and furnish occupation for scores of students.

Undergraduate papers fall into two groups: the bulletin boards and the journals of opinion. The bulletin boards are harmless sheets packed full of college gossip. Criticism of the university is seldom ventured. The editorials exhort the students to Back the Team, warn freshmen of the evil consequences of Walking on the Grass, and advise the use of Better English.

Products of a new spirit of questioning rampant in undergraduate life, the journals of opinion strike an alien note, jarring to deans and presidents. Besides purveying news items they provoke student opinion on vital subjects and jealously guard the undergraduate interests. One after another of them have become embroiled in college controversies over compulsory chapel attendance, compulsory military training, and the issue of academic freedom.

Harvard furnished the first striking example of the new journalism in action. In 1924 the *Crimson* was the first to point out the official neglect of Professor George P. Baker's famous '47 Workshop. As the *Crimson* stated, the university officials permitted the Business School to get five million dollars, while "Professor Baker was actually forbidden to raise money." The *Crimson* lost the fight—Professor Baker left for Yale—but a note was struck in college journalism that has since been echoed in many a college.

In the spring of 1925 things began to happen in the colleges. First of all, a widespread chapel revolt broke loose. Paper after paper, from Yale to the University of Southern California, took up the issue. Phrases like this

were flaunted under the noses of the deans: "Religious compulsion is a contradiction in terms. . . ." "You can beat a student to his knees, but you cannot make him pray." "We have a body of men who go to chapel under protest to sleep, to read, or merely to sit in bovine passiveness while the choir sings and the leader reads and prays." So effective was the agitation that three student bodies voted against required chapel in the fall of 1925. The results were:

	For compulsory chapel	Against
Yale	241	1,681
Pennsylvania State College	315	1,709
Vassar	64	819

College newspapers have brought about the abolition of required chapel during the present college year at the University of Dubuque and at Yale. In both cases the campaign had been going on for several years. In many other institutions the controversy drags on.

Leadership in the successive drives against compulsory military training has often come from the new journalists. When Henrietta Perkins, editor of the Boston University *Beanpot*, laughed at the local R. O. T. C. unit, she was promptly removed from the editorship of the college comic. But her humor started agitation and almost precisely a year later the university's incoming president, Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, made removal of the compulsion to drill his first official act. At the College of the City of New York, Felix Cohen opened a similar campaign last December with a caustic review of the "Manual of Military Training." It led finally to a student vote of 2,092 against to 349 for compulsory drill. At Ohio State University Joe Ripley, editor of the *Lantern*, issued a broadside against the "conscript army in peace time." After much debate a referendum recorded 1,099 against and 701 for compulsory drill. At Coe College the *Cosmos* voiced the student demand for optional drill in the face of bitter condemnation from the press of the State. At the University of Hawaii a heated debate is still in progress, due to a sudden and unexpected outburst against drill in the *Ka Leo O Hawaii*.

Professors have come under the critical eye of the new journalists. Student discussion of college courses has been lifted from the privacy of the "bull session" to publicity hitherto accorded only to championship football teams and junior proms. Debunking the college catalogue is a popular sport. A group of students usually contribute their personal reactions to various courses. At least fifteen papers have published such critiques this year. Here is a typical sample, taken at random:

Education 1 and 20 are the goat courses which all embryonic teachers are compelled to take if they, poor things, desire a bread-and-butter wage. One is almost inclined to agree with Upton Sinclair, upon completion of the courses, that there is a concerted conspiracy to keep school-teachers blissful. The mental food is nil. If one be interested in psychology, he will find his time better repaid by taking courses in pure psychology. In short, these courses in bastard psychology are taught from the texts written by Ph.D.'s who show a remarkable ignorance of simple English grammar. As for the professor, he is mediocre as a teacher; but Horace Mann himself could not make a course such as this teem with interest

Some of the critiques are written in a less caustic style, but none hesitates to deal out praise or blame.

It is difficult for college presidents to accept the new student paper. How pleasant the good old days when the

paper was a publicity sheet for the institution, promoting docility among the students with its editorials on College Spirit! Editor after editor has been dismissed with the explanatory phrase, "unfavorable publicity" or "immature judgment." Dismissals of this sort have occurred before this year, but never in such numbers. The following amazing list of suppressions, dismissals, and protests alone bears witness to a new boldness in college writers:

When Dean E. T. Troxell of Trinity College, Connecticut, declared in chapel that the policy of the college was to "disregard the individual and turn out a Trinity type," the *Tripod* criticized. Consequently, editor Malcolm Stephenson was suspended from college for a month and removed from editorship of the paper.

At the University of California the acting president, in absence of President W. W. Campbell, constituted himself literary arbiter and suppressed the *Occident* for a "blasphemous" story of Joseph and Jesus. The reason given for the action was that the article would "reflect discredit upon the university." In previous issues the paper had roundly scored compulsory drill, censorship of student opinion, and "conversion of the university into an enlarged success school." This may or may not have influenced the officials. Rather than submit to censorship the *Occident* moved off the campus and continued publication, but recently, following the publication of a story purporting to reveal sex attitudes and sex behavior among fraternities, Lewis Russell, editor of the *Occident*, was expelled only a month before his graduation.

The University of Southern California has had a similar experience of suppression. The editors of the college magazine, the *Wampus*, were suddenly ordered by the president to refrain from registering for the spring term. No direct charges were made against the magazine, although it was known that an attack had been launched against it by an out-of-town newspaper. The editor-in-chief resigned and the board was then allowed to register. A new, innocuous staff was recruited and the *Wampus* is now being published according to official specifications.

An acting president does not hesitate to pronounce literary judgments, nor does a professor of engineering. At Ohio State University the head of the department of engineering drawing presides over the censorship board. He recently delivered himself of this gem: "The good name of the university must be protected from irresponsible and erotic students who try to be like Henry Mencken."

In Waco, Texas, a local board of censors passes on all movies and plays. Sometimes reels and acts are badly mutilated, to the disgust of Baylor University students. For voicing this sentiment in a temperate editorial, Tom H. Johnson was removed from his position by the president.

Sometimes academic diplomacy covers the true reason for censoring student writings. But in at least one case the source of censorship is clear enough. The *Illinois Magazine* was suppressed by the University of Illinois authorities after a group of captains of the zinc industry in La Salle had objected to a series of too realistic Zinc City Sketches.

Last fall the *Campus* of the College of the City of New York was ordered to cease comment on the R. O. T. C. after the above-mentioned referendum. Two blank columns then appeared as a mute protest. And when the new editor, Harry Heller, was elected more trouble was in store. He immediately opposed the administration policy in three

cases, and finally published an editorial captioned Oracular Mysticism. It made light of one professor's comment on the *Campus* editorial suggestion that students sit in on faculty meetings. This faculty member objected that such an innovation would disperse the air of "oracular mysticism" which hovers about professors. The *Campus* Association, an alumni body which publishes the *Campus*, dismissed Heller after the publication of this editorial, because of "temperamental incapability and poor taste."

But the City College undergraduates will yet be heard. A group of students invited the *New Student*, a liberal undergraduate journal, to publish a magazine in which tabooed subjects might be aired. This publication is called the *City College Student*. Its first number declares that its purpose is "not to pursue any policy of attack upon the authorities but merely to present that portion of undergraduate opinion which events at the college have indicated will meet with faculty disapproval and disciplinary action if published in any authorized college publication."

Let it not be assumed that the above is a complete list of sins against academic freedom. There have been dozens of cases, petty cases that never come to light. Editors are called to the dean's sanctum and frightened into submission. Most college editors know infinitely more than they dare print. At Louisiana State University the *Reveille* also published a blank space in indignant protest against "unjust, unreasonable" censorship by Colonel Thomas Boyd, president of the university. At Iowa State College students are alarmed over a new faculty committee with final powers to overrule the actions of "any or all of the publication boards."

This is the status of the new journalism in the colleges: On the one hand an increasing group of young editors bent upon securing a greater measure of freedom of expression; on the other an equally determined army of presidents, faculty members, and reactionary alumni determined that open and frank student treatment of controversial topics be stopped at all costs.

A Chapter in Corporate Efficiency

By LARUE BROWN

Boston, May 4

THOSE who hold forth upon the inefficiency of governmental conduct of business enterprises are given to citing specific examples which, while not important in themselves, are supposed to be characteristic. The following experience with private efficiency may therefore be relevant.

About October 1, 1925, the business of a receivership which I was winding up was so far contracted as to permit giving up one of its offices. On October 9 the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had recently been permitted a sharp advance in its rates, was notified in writing to discontinue the telephone service in that office. On December 4 a bill for \$6 was received for current service, and on that date a letter was written calling attention to the discontinuance. On December 9 the manager of the Commercial Department replied as follows:

I find upon investigation that this service was removed under date of October 20, and final bill will be rendered for exchange service and tolls up to and including that period.

Nothing came till January 3, 1926. Then came a bill

for current exchange service (and arrears) \$12. On January 8 a third letter was written to the company, restating the facts. No reply was received.

On February 4 came another bill, now for \$18. A fourth letter was written to the company. No reply was received.

On March 1 came a bill for \$24.

On April 7 came a bill for \$30. At this point I decided to try an interview. I had the pleasure of conversing with an exceedingly self-assured young man who came back from successive telephone conversations with an unknown person to tell me, first, that the service had never been ordered to be discontinued and, second, that it had been recently ordered discontinued and the appropriate department was "working on it." I could not resist asking his explanation of the fact that the listing did not appear in the telephone book distributed in December, and found him equal to the emergency. After looking for the listing under every possible head, he assured me that I must have given a non-listing order—although this was a business telephone and I had told him that I was the subscriber.

This discouraged me with interviews, and I returned to my office and wrote a fifth letter, reviewing the entire correspondence. No acknowledgment or reply was received.

But today I have received another bill. The charge for this wholly fictitious telephone service has now reached \$36.

Boston, May 5

Postscript.—It must be added that, immediately on receiving a copy of the above recital, the president of the telephone company personally took the matter up, and this afternoon I have received an account of an edifying meeting at which all the persons concerned attempted to explain to him how it happened.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter found himself at tea time the other day in the house of the Kind Lady. The Kind Lady was not in, but the door was open, and the Drifter knows her well enough to make tea for himself. He blundered about the kitchen and found the can of tea-balls; he lit a match under the water kettle and felt the pleasant thrill he still gets out of the blue explosion of gas into flame; finally he mobilized most of the tea things on a tray with no mishap more serious than dropping cigarette ashes in his cup, and took himself and his tea to the hearth of the great fireplace in the living-room. Just as he had settled himself comfortably to enjoy to the full the fine texture of the fire and the tea, the door bell rang. The Drifter sat still. It must be someone to see the Kind Lady—and the Drifter could not hope to be a satisfactory substitute. Besides he had just got his tea equipment nicely arranged, and the tea had come to that point of perfection which it may only once attain.

* * * * *

AGAIN the door bell rang, insistently this time. The Drifter was annoyed; but he deserted his comfort and went to the door. Before him stood a well-dressed, ordinary looking man, asking for the Kind Lady. She was not in? Well, she ought to be home soon now. He guessed he'd wait. "I don't know when she'll be in," said the Drifter. "Perhaps I could help you. What is it you want?" "Well," the gentleman was obviously nervous. "This morning I left a

bottle here. I didn't want to carry it around with me all day. I told Mrs. — I'd call for it." Then a gesture. "But please don't bother. I'll just wait." The Drifter was puzzled. A bottle. Didn't want to carry it around with him. It was very strange. He had never supposed the Kind Lady would shelter . . . Well, well, that *was* strange. The Drifter looked again at the stranger, who by this time had come into the hall. He didn't look like a drinking man. "What sort of bottle was it?" asked the Drifter. "Perhaps we could find it." He led the way to the living-room and cast about for a likely looking bottle. A tall black cylinder of ink stood on the writing desk. "Is that it?" he asked the stranger hopefully, a bit maliciously. "No," said the visitor uncomfortably, "it's a—brown bottle. But please don't bother. I'll wait." The Drifter returned to his tea and asked the gentleman of the bottle if he would care for some. He was not surprised when his offer was refused. Apparently this man wanted something stronger than tea.

* * * * *

AFTER that there was little attempt at conversation. Suspicion, wonder, embarrassment, and the crackling of the fire filled the room. A half hour later the Kind Lady returned. "Oh, yes, Mr. —," she greeted the strange gentleman, "you want your bottle. Come with me." The Drifter watched them disappear into the kitchen and soon thereafter heard a door slam. Apparently the bottle had been delivered. The Kind Lady came back with a cup for herself and the Drifter poured her tea. He commented on the delicate amber of tea and the bright warm miracle of fire. The Kind Lady smiled. "We all come at beauty differently," she said, "but we get it. Now that man"—the Drifter listened intently—"is the publicity man for a big dairy. He doesn't look as if he would be interested in aesthetics. But this morning he stopped in as he was passing and asked if he might leave a bottle here until later. It was just a brown bottle, not unusual in shape, and empty. He'd picked it up in a vacant lot on the way to the office. He saved it—and is taking it home—because he thought it was so pretty."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lord Bacon on the Farmers' Troubles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When not engaged in writing "Hamlet" or discharging various public duties, Lord Bacon found time to write of divers matters pertaining to the health of the body politic. Incidentally he seems to have advanced the most comprehensive diagnosis of the farmers' troubles that has yet been heard. Thus he wrote: "Usury bringeth the wealth or treasure of a state into a few hands. For the usurer being at certainties and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box." This pointed description of the effect of interest is only too well justified by the event. The farmer is preeminently the interest-payer and we know too well that all his money is in the box of the recipients of interest. Bacon tells us where all the nice, juicy melons come from. But the farmers know well enough that the abolition of interest is not a practical program—in fact, such a proposal would, as John Morrissey once said, "Play . . . with the doubtful States." Since the politicians must have platforms not simply to stand on but also to get in on, there is only one solution for the farmers' ills and that is to quit farming. Weary of starving and waiting for their slice of Coolidge

prosperity, in this section they are leaving the farm in droves and going to the silk mills and auto factories. Disillusioned by the thousand deceptions of political highbinders, it is a safe bet that an increasing number of starving farmers will take the same road of salvation. It is high time that our scientific experts should discover some substitute for the bread and potatoes which seem to belong to a regime that is fast passing away.

Canton, Pa., April 1

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

What the "Officier d'Académie" Is

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ever-recurring confusion about the French title "Officier d'Académie," that will stump foreigners until the day of judgment, crept into the controversy going on in *The Nation* about Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Heitman, in order to show the esteem of "the French Government" for the founder of Christian Science, stated that she was made "officer of the French Academy." Mr. Bates was interested by this "information," which he understood to mean that Mrs. Eddy "was elected to membership in the French Academy." And that does not seem to astonish him!

Now, the title of "Officier d'Académie," which has no more to do with the French Academy than with the Academy of Plato, is only one of the more unimportant of the many decorations bestowed by the French Government on a people fond of adorning their buttonholes with ribbons of various colors. This one is generally given to persons purported to have rendered services to public instruction. It is often seen on the breasts of school marms, fencing masters, clerks, and other modest and inconspicuous members of society.

How Mrs. Eddy received this trivial laurel, when she received it, and why, might make a harmless subject of investigation for some historical "scholar." That is my only excuse for thrusting this irrelevant issue into this debate and attempting the hopeless task of setting the American public right on the import and meaning of the violet ribbon of the "Officier d'Académie."

Ithaca, N. Y., April 17

O. G.

The Pacifism of Oscar S. Straus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* has, I believe, done an injustice—no doubt unintentionally—to the memory of Mr. Oscar S. Straus in including the following sentence in its otherwise eulogistic editorial paragraph on Mr. Straus in its issue of May 12:

A lifelong advocate of peace, he never lost his interest in the question, though that interest was of the type which is loud for peace until the drums are heard.

If my memory serves, Mr. Straus, late in July and August, 1914, even after mobilization had started and some declarations of war had been made, went about to European capitals and visited powerful centers and personages, in a vain endeavor to secure the calling off of the war. While at the time I, for one, laughed at his efforts as showing scant knowledge of the materialistic basis of the World War, I believe that he, more than any other of those associated with him in the Carnegie and the Hague peace organizations, proved that he was still loud for peace *after* the drums were heard.

New Rochelle, N. Y., May 8

LEON M. SOLIS-COHEN

STUDENT WORKER CONTEST

First prize \$100 Second prize \$50 Third prize \$25
For particulars address
The Nation 20 Vesey Street New York, N. Y.

Books and Plays

School-Teacher

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

They did not see her walking slowly down
A road the mists confused, a road the gray
Breasted sparrow, the rabbit, and the brown
Eyed fox knew well. . . . They did not see her stay
Wide lonely hours where the cat-tails drew their slim
Leaves windward, and where the bewildered sky
Of autumn stood; where the blind and the grim
Owl soberly mates, where the small things die

Quietly beneath a leaf and where the great
Die proudly bellowing. . . . They did not care
For her small eyes, her thin breast or the straight
Cut of her dark blue dresses; but one day where
The ferns slept, where the moon was spread thickly,
The earth called and she answered him quickly.

First Glance

“**R**ICHARD KANE Looks at Life,” by Irwin Edman (Houghton Mifflin: \$2.50), might very well have been called “Richard Kane Tries Ideas” or “Richard Kane Looks at Philosophy.” For the turning-point in the career of Mr. Edman’s hero was the moment when as an undergraduate he “heard it remarked that philosophy was good because it was good for nothing,” and suddenly understood that this was not a paradox. Thereafter his lot, at least until Mr. Edman takes leave of him at twenty-eight in the tenth of these essays, was to be cast among certain things of the spirit which would not leave him alone. He went to Europe; he came home and settled down in a publishing firm; he made new friends and talked with them about morals, newspapers, education, politics, and art; he married; he had children. But always he hankered after something which, even though it had “unprepared him for life,” had upon his first acquaintance with it impressed him as being the most beautiful and desirable thing in a meaningless world. This was philosophy, and it is as an amateur philosopher—“neither technically accurate nor spiritually profound”—that Mr. Edman presents him. Under expert guidance, for Mr. Edman is not surpassed as an expositor, Richard canvasses the moods and the ideas most likely to be met with by an intellectual adventurer through our day. I have never read a more complete or a happier set of statements concerning the value of newspapers (to a philosopher) than that which Mr. Edman makes for Richard and his friends. I do not suppose that the following sentences could be improved upon: “You ironists take almost as much joy out of life as the puritans do. The puritans told me sex was bad because it was fleshly. You tell me love is bad because it is sex. One robs you of sex, which is the poetry of life; the other robs you of love, the poetry of sex.” I am convinced that the book as a whole is one of the best introductions a young person could have to the universe of sensitive reflection.

Yet it is only an introduction, and the young person has an even chance, provided he is unaware how much above his callow hero Mr. Edman remains, of concluding

that after all ideas are little more than pretty toys. Richard dotes on ideas, and whenever he is uncertain or unhappy returns and takes them out of the painted box where they repose; but the particular ideas which give him comfort are not, I suppose, important ones. They are too smooth for that, too easily recognizable as intellectual stuff. They are what one wants when one wants nothing else, they are what one can always quite decently admire. For Richard they are all included under the term Beauty—and there lies his weakness. As an undergraduate he had disliked “the irrelevant aesthetes” as heartily as he had disliked “the hard-shelled utilitarians,” and he had asked whether it was not possible “to have in our age an idealism without foolishness and a practicality that was not all short-sightedness and vulgarity.” He never arrives, however, at a position very far beyond that of the irrelevant aesthete, though he seems to think he does. Perceiving the world to be chaos, as it is and always was, he dreams of it as beauty or as something capable of containing beauty. But the opposite of beauty is not chaos. It is ugliness. Chaos is neither lovely nor unlovely, and it may be both. Certainly it is interesting. Richard’s lack of stomach for it is the measure of his mind; his identification of order with beauty is the measure of his order.

MARK VAN DOREN

Teaching Life

Education and the Good Life. By Bertrand Russell. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

IT was inevitable that Mr. Russell, who writes and writes well on everything from the nature of the universe to the nature of the atom, should sooner or later write a book on education. Given Mr. Russell, this was certain to be a readable and stimulating book; but, even so, one was not quite prepared to find it as readable and stimulating as it actually is. In his social doctrines Mr. Russell has sometimes permitted his theories to run away with the facts, and in his popular expositions of abstruse scientific speculations he has sometimes yielded to the temptation to mystify rather than enlighten, but in “Education and the Good Life” there is no trace of either fanaticism or over-technicality. Mr. Russell’s style has been emotionally chastened since the days of “The Free Man’s Worship”; it has been intellectually chastened, one might say, since the time of “Our Knowledge of the External World.” In his present work, written primarily “for parents,” that is, for the great majority of the human race, he has brought in no presuppositions not readily acceptable to any man of average intelligence. In fact, Mr. Russell’s arguments rest so thoroughly on common sense, are presented so simply, and are, in general, so convincing that it is difficult to realize that the book was written by a philosopher.

Mr. Russell begins, very logically, by a discussion of the aims of education. National greatness he finds to be the controlling aim in most modern states. This is to put the cart before the horse; the good state depends upon the good individual; the nation exists for the sake of the conscious individuals who compose it, not the individuals for the sake of that unconscious entity, the nation. While the United States has not in this respect sinned more than Germany or Japan, it is worth while to quote Mr. Russell’s words in regard to us:

In so far as the school can rely upon the genuine merits of America, there is no need to associate the teaching of American patriotism with the inculcation of false standards. But where the Old World is superior to the New, it becomes necessary to instil a contempt for genuine

excellences. The intellectual level in Western Europe and the artistic level in Eastern Europe are, on the whole, higher than in America. Throughout Western Europe, except in Spain and Portugal, there is less theological superstition than in America. In almost all European countries the individual is less subject to herd domination than in America; his inner freedom is greater even where his political freedom is less. In these respects, the American public schools do harm. The harm is essential to the teaching of an exclusive American patriotism. The harm, as with the Japanese and the Jesuits, comes from regarding the pupils as means to an end, not as ends in themselves. The teacher should love his children better than his state or his church; otherwise he is not an ideal teacher.

How now are we to get the good individual on whom the real worth of the state depends? Certainly not by the mere inculcation of moral precepts. Virtue, as Aristotle pointed out, is a habit, and character a stable complex of habits. Mr. Russell apparently would agree with the growing consensus of opinion that our education is even more defective in character-building than in intellect-building. Accordingly he devotes the major portion of his volume to the former. In harmony with modern psychology, he regards infancy and early childhood as the fundamental period which shapes the whole life. "By the time the child is six years old," he writes, "moral education ought to be complete." That is, it ought to be complete at a time when it is now not even intelligently begun. Beginning then where education ought to begin, with birth, Mr. Russell accompanies the child through the first essential six years, and then out of sheer kindness stays on with him through adolescence and into the university. The notorious Oedipus complex and the Freudian sex symbolism Mr. Russell kicks out of doors with undisguised contempt. But where Freudians regard the infant as over-sexed, Mr. Russell more sensibly regards the parents as likely to be so, and cautions the mother especially against mingling unconscious sex gratification with her parental duties to the detriment of the latter.

If, he assures us, we are willing to "treat even the youngest baby with respect," and to take the child's instincts rather than our own as our working basis, we may hope to guide him without insuperable difficulty into the formation of good habits. He shows how it is possible to check the childish fears which often turn a potential hero into a mature coward, emphasizes training in constructiveness, agrees with other philosophers in regarding truthfulness in thought as more important than truthfulness in speech ("I prefer a person who lies with full consciousness of what he is doing to a person who first subconsciously deceives himself and then imagines that he is being virtuous and truthful"), points out how punishment may and should be minimized, writes sanely of sex education, and makes a stirring plea, more needed in America even than in England, for the nursery school. But perhaps the most far-reaching of all his conclusions is that with regard to play, where he argues for emphasis upon contests with nature rather than upon contests with other human beings. For the much-touted "spirit of cooperation" taught by athletics he has scant respect, since it is always cooperation in the service of competition. Furthermore

the cult of athletics involves an under-estimation of intelligence. Great Britain is losing her industrial position, and will perhaps lose her empire, through stupidity, and through the fact that the authorities do not value or promote intelligence. All this is connected with the fanatical belief in the paramount importance of games.

Bad as the situation is, however, in this particular, Mr. Russell remains on the whole much of an optimist. There is a kind of virtuous circle in his thinking. Education is for the sake of the good life; the good life consists in love guided by knowledge. One becomes educated in order to educate. Mr. Russell has solved the problem of perpetual motion.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Ring Lardner as Satirist

The Love Nest and Other Stories. By Ring Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

A COURT FOOL goes right up and tweaks the king's nose, and all the nobles sit back roaring and shout that it doesn't mean a thing. A bonded philistine like W. S. Gilbert displays a savage fury about philistines in "The Mikado," and all the philistines in the audience have the time of their lives. A clown like Ring Lardner writes stories about the gray dullness and the imbecile vanities of American life, and all good Americans go into explosions of robustious laughter. It is easy enough to understand why "Gulliver's Travels" is a favored book for children.

At bottom it doesn't matter in the least whether the artist has any too self-conscious knowledge of his purpose. Indeed if he knows too well what he is up to in his irony, he is likely to lose just so much in his art—like Bernard Shaw, who has always been able to explain his intentions and has not always been able to create men and women who speak out from their own souls. There is no way of discovering whether Mr. Lardner makes up his mind to show the tedious lives and the intolerable arrogance and the fatuous ignorances of the characters who appear in his, Oh! so humorous books. For all we know he may think it all a joke. Gilbert was a stern Tory and Lewis Carroll (unlike his characters) suffered little children to ask him silly questions. Yet one suspects that Mr. Lardner is not in the least cozened by his own humor and one certainly observes an increasing irony and bitterness in every new book clothed in all its deluding gauze of bad grammar and bad jokes and specious air of ingenuous persiflage.

The baseball player in "You Know Me Al" was a braggart and a fool and a liar of the worst sort. All good readers thought the book a perfect scream because baseball players are not supposed to represent our wholesome American life. Yet the American life appearing in "The Big Town" and "Gullible's Travels" hardly gives a scene of undiluted joy. The men and women are not thugs and swindlers and sadists. They do act from a groping kindness and a desire to do the real right thing; but all of them go to Florida or New York for their holidays, play bridge, sleep at the opera, and indulge in that pastime known as kidding to cover up the hollow tedium of their days. As they go in a gray shuffle and a blatancy of bad jokes you are supposed to laugh and you do laugh; but once, as in "The Love Nest," you get used to the twisted grammar and the fun you stop laughing. The world revealed in Ring Lardner is certainly a tragedy to the man who thinks. It is just as funny as the American life which Mr. Lardner has examined with a more luminous intelligence than perhaps any other writer of these times. For all the sweet music of its vernacular (which is hardly the American language, but Mr. Lardner's own invention) it wears a heart packed with woe.

Once you get by an introduction by Sarah E. Spooldripper in "The Love Nest" you come upon stories more distinguished and enthralling than the tedious accumulations of our serious realistic novelists who take up three hundred pages to show you that they can be as dull as the life they interpret. The introduction by the fabulous Spooldripper is the funniest thing Lardner ever wrote: but the stories are not in the least funny. They are charming and beautiful, for all of them wear the magical garment of Lardner's prose now cleaned of all its impurities and shining like a web in the sun. In *The Love Nest* an actress dies of boredom in her marriage with a moving-picture producer. In *Haircut* (itself a little masterpiece) a barber tells the story of a village lout's cruelties and thinks it all the best sort of joke. In *Zone of Quiet* a man recovering from a serious operation must lie listening to the egregious confessions of a vain and silly hospital nurse. In *A Day with Conrad Green* a famous theatrical manager reveals

himself as a tyrant and a seducer and a liar and a pompous fool. In Reunion two families see each other after many years and spend all their time in trying to escape each other's company. In Rhythm a composer of jazz steals all his best tunes from the classics and welters in egotism and sex.

Could anything more firmly and obviously establish Ring Lardner as a clown and a buffoon, a funny man with a hearty laugh and candy for the kiddies, a guy who slaps you on the back and asks about the missus, a big booming fellow who gets right up and makes a swell speech in bad grammar about our wholesome life and our American idealism?

DONALD DOUGLAS

The Bread Trust

Combination in the American Bread-Baking Industry. By Carl L. Alsberg. Stanford University Press.

THE Food Research Institute has done a commendable and unusual piece of work. While bread trusts and food trusts are still matters for newspaper headlines, still very much in the public eye, the institute has succeeded in securing the services of an extraordinarily competent scientist to write a brief but extraordinarily competent book on bread; and has actually published the book in the midst of the whole heated—but badly informed—discussion. Usually one has to wait about five years before the learned doctors unlumber their microscopes with an ex post facto inquest. And then, unfortunately, it is often too late.

Dr. Alsberg is too sound a man to attempt to solve the question or to tell us explicitly what action we ought to take. He contents himself with a very careful review of all the available facts about bread from the standpoint of combination—facts technical, financial, historical, economic, social. He looks at the subject from the point of view of the consumer, the independent baker, the baker in combination, the investor in combination securities, the bakery worker, and the general body politic. He uses the quantitative data of the past to plot curves into the future, and then proceeds to bend the curves by important qualifying considerations. In fine, when he gets through there is very little more to be said. The facts are before us, and as legislators, as editors, as investors, or as plain consumers all we have to do is make up our minds as to the wisest course to pursue in the light of these facts. Dr. Alsberg declines to make up our minds for us.

The book is packed with facts. Among those which seem to be particularly significant are the following. In 1901 about one-third of all urban bread consumed was baked outside the home. Today the bakery furnishes two-thirds. No such high ratio of bakery products obtains in rural districts, however. The art of bread-making is such that economies of large-scale manufacture are small as compared to those in the case of pig iron or oil refining. Bread depends on an organic fermentative process which is much more difficult to control than an inorganic process like steel-making. Relatively small batches of dough must be the rule accordingly. The only way to expand is by multiplying units, not by enlarging the unit process. Such expansion reduces overhead cost somewhat, but not as compellingly as in industries with a different technical basis. As the capital required to instal a single unit of maximum baking efficiency is relatively small, it follows that any great combination would always be threatened with competitors who could on short notice and with short supplies of credit come crashing into the market.

Again, bread must be sold within twelve hours after it comes from the ovens. Otherwise it is likely to be written off as stale. This fact limits the possibilities of centralized manufacture and distribution over wide areas. We cannot have bread towns the way we have steel towns or silk towns. Any bread trust to be effective must exert a local monopoly in every

town by virtue of a separate operating unit in that town. With no sure means of strangling competition, the trust is going to have a time keeping the towns in line. In fact, it is absurd to suppose that they can be so kept. "The superintendent of a steel mill cannot very well resign in order to establish a mill of his own. It requires too much capital. A bakery superintendent can. It requires only a few thousand dollars."

Dr. Alsberg finds that the Ward interests are undoubtedly intent on building up a great baking combination. He does not doubt that such a combination may secure monopolies from time to time in local areas. But he profoundly doubts—and to my mind convincingly—whether, the industry being technically what it is, a bread trust can long hold a united front; and he doubts furthermore whether Mr. Ward and his friends know with any exactitude where they are going. Investors in their proposals may have, it is conceivable, some painful surprises. Furthermore the industry, with scattered farmers on one end and largely unorganizable retailers on the other, does not lend itself to the creation of a "vertical" trust.

In brief, with these facts—and many, many others—now spread on the record, I am not nearly so scared of a bread trust as I was. At the same time the movement now on foot may produce a wasteful and for a time, in certain localities, a very irritating phenomenon. It needs to be carefully watched and subjected to relentless publicity.

STUART CHASE

The New Society

Intellectual Vagabondage. By Floyd Dell. George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

THE spirit of revolt and the passion of poetic protest infuse this book with a beauty and an eloquence that are more reminiscent than real. The May Days of yesterday rather than of today and tomorrow afford its inspiration. The vagabondage is of a generation of youth that already has begun to age, already has begun the prosaic task of adjustment, marrying realities instead of dreams, forced to live life instead of change it.

The first portion of the book, called *Literature and the Machine Age*, is devoted to a radical interpretation of the literary trends of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. It is scintillating, clever criticism, but unfortunately, in its flair for the delicate phrase and the poetic allusion, it skirts gracefully around its theme without ever coming into direct grip with it. Mr. Dell is really an essayist and not a critic. He polishes a thought so neatly that its most radical import would never excite or offend. A *Times* reviewer could read the book without once suspecting its revolutionary character. Basing his interpretations of literature upon the class struggle, tracing literary trends from their economic and social origins, Mr. Dell at least pursues a unique and illuminating method. His explanation of the fin de siècle era, with its Whistlerian nocturnes and its Wildean music, is exceedingly ingenious and original. His treatment of the literary effects of the French Revolution is competent and instructive. There are few passages, indeed, with whose substance one would wish to quarrel. It is only the vagueness which flows from its lyricism that detracts from the significance of its critical element.

In the second portion, entitled *A Spiritual Autobiography of My Own Generation in Its Literary and Social Aspects*, Mr. Dell describes the changes in emotional attitude which his generation has experienced, its pessimisms and optimisms, its detachments and attachments, its deviations and devotions. In these changes as they are described for us we discover the origin of the new morality of our age, as well as the promise of a new art and a new society.

V. F. CALVERTON

Too Fast

Odtaa. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

NO story can succeed unless the reader, while he reads, is persuaded of its truth. Now, Mr. Masefield in "Odtaa"—so like "Sard Harker"—does not convince us in the least that young Hi endured the awful experiences which are supposed to have happened to him during a six days' stay in the American State of Santa Barbara. One goes from thrill to thrill, but one is never so lost in the tale as to forget the wonderful descriptions with which the author fills out his romance.

Yet what an imagination plays upon this story of revolution in the eighties! Passage follows passage, each vivid as the flash of a knife, never a word too much, with masterly little vitriolic impressions of the more unpleasant characters. But Mr. Masefield is too headlong. The body seems to be there in perfection, but no skeleton is beneath; his beautiful startling building is held together by no framework.

These pell-mell adventures of young Hi are quite unreal because Mr. Masefield prepares no background for them. He does not support them with the weighty value of a fine reserve. His whirlwind of excitement is as empty as young Hi's fulfilment of his promise to inform Don Manuel that his lover, the beautiful Carlotta, was imprisoned by the Red Government of Santa Barbara. This is not the way great adventure tales are written. Let Mr. Masefield study Defoe or Scott and learn to reject half of the incidents which flood his mind. Story-telling demands solid mortar between the gay bricks, even though it be dull business mixing it. "Odtaa" would have been better had the first and last chapters which give the history been welded into the tale as it progressed. They would have been a break on the poet's rushing pen. For it is a pity that such descriptions as these should lose their power and squander their wealth through hastiness.

LIONEL G. SHORT

Books in Brief

New Zealand. By William Pember Reeves. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand. By William Pember Reeves. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. \$8.

When the original edition of "New Zealand" appeared twenty-seven years ago under the title "The Long White Cloud" it was generally welcomed as the most adequate and readable book on the history, geography, and politics of the country up to that time. Eventually it grew somewhat out of date, but the new edition, revised by the author and containing additional material by Cecil J. Wray, reinstates the book in its former enviable position. Not so much can be said of "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand." As originally published in 1902 it contained valuable and authoritative information, but of a sort much more ephemeral and subject to change than that in "The Long White Cloud." Yet this material has now been reissued without a change and—what is worse—without an indication to the book buyer that it is twenty-four years behind the times. The performance is not a creditable one on the part of a reputable publishing house.

Ships of the Seven Seas. By Hawthorne Daniel. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$4.

A Gipsy of the Horn. By Rex Clements. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

My Ditty Bag. By Charles W. Brown. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

There is always room for an up-to-date book on ships, and Mr. Daniel has given us one tracing man's conquest of the water from Noah's Ark to Beebe's Arcturus. The story of the

development from the dugout and the canoe to the motor-boat and the rotor-ship is told adequately and simply, and should appeal especially to boys. The book by Mr. Clements is an Englishman's narrative of a voyage around the world in a windjammer twenty years ago. As a record of actual experience it is worth a place on the bookshelves of sea worshipers, though it never catches the reader with a tight grip. Incidentally, Mr. Clements is wrong in attributing the record-holding Deutschland to the North German Lloyd instead of to the Hamburg-American Line, and some of his statements in regard to clipper ships do not tally with the facts set down by sea historians. Mr. Brown is a retired New England skipper who has written some tame reminiscences of a probably much more exciting career.

The Present Economic Revolution in the United States. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Most economists, when they permit themselves to suggest some novel explanation of events or some unusual prediction concerning the future, bring forward their arguments rather tentatively and humbly, asking for light, if any can be found, from their colleagues. Professor Carver has always pursued a different method, one which is well illustrated in his latest book. It consists generally in striking a firm attitude and beginning the argument by calling in question the sanity of any possible doubter. His fellow-economists have grown so used to his method by now that they scarcely take him seriously, much less allow him to frighten them into agreement. In an age of statistical measurement and concentrated effort toward the understanding of the complex events included in the industrial process, Professor Carver deduces a complete economic revolution in the United States from three exceedingly simple and well-known pieces of evidence. These are the acquiring of corporate shares by workers, the growth of labor banking, and an increased volume of savings deposits in banks. All these phenomena are incontrovertible enough, but no competent person who has reviewed the evidence of their extent believes that they indicate anything immediately revolutionary in American business, unless, indeed, there should also be a concomitant shifting of many other forces, such as property ownership, competitive organization, and profiteering—which Professor Carver vigorously maintains must never change. Those who like the Carver attitude will enjoy his book.

Man: His Making and Unmaking. By E. Boyd Barrett. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

This book will be most appreciated by the man in the street, for whose consumption it was published, and it will likely result in the birth of a brand-new batch of parlor psychologists. Man's making, we are informed, is dependent upon three selves: "the inherited self," "the environmental self," and "the creative self." For man's unmaking and reconstruction Mr. Barrett recommends everything in the line of therapy from training of the free will and prayer to hypnotism and psychoanalysis, though he forsakes deterministic methods in the latter part of the book for those more en rapport with Jesuitical conceptions. Sublimation of the distorted libido is compared to Grace and the Operation of the Indwelling Spirit of God. Business psychologists and parochial professors should find much to their liking in this latest of new psychologies.

The New Theater and Cinema of Soviet Russia. By Huntly Carter. International Publishers. \$6.

An interesting and profusely illustrated account of the contemporary theater in Russia with especial emphasis upon the more radical and extreme experiments. Though highly informing, it is written from the standpoint of a passionate doctrinaire whose judgments will be taken with a grain of salt by those who do not share his contempt for all the literature created under "bourgeois" or "intellectual" influence.

Drama

Molnar and Werfel at Home

FERENC MOLNAR'S career, to many who follow his literary activities closely, shows a definite and, to the grief of his admirers, deplorable downward trend. Among the seven full-length plays he has concocted during the past decade there are but two—"The Swan" and the uneven but beautiful "Heavenly and Earthly Love"—which may be termed, even by a rather benevolent judge, worthy of the witty and clever author of "The Guardsman," "The Devil," and "The Wolf," and of the poet whose "Liliom" deserves a place on the shelf for posterity. For the past three years the tide of his talent has been constantly on the ebb, and if one considers his last three plays, the spectacular but utterly repetitious "Red Mill," the perverse "Glass Slipper," and the tedious "Riviera," one fears there will be no more high tide for Molnar.

His meteoric rise to fame was due, to a very great extent, to the ingenious basic ideas and novel situations in his plays. As the years wore on, however, the well of these ideas was drained, and he resorted to one or two utterly conventional plots. Later, in order to live up to his reputation, he began a frantic search for fantastic and uncommon themes. More often than not his hunt was rewarded. But the plots invented were so thin, artificial, and factitious that not even his great technical skill could work them into plays or lend them the grace and lightness so necessary to such subjects and so characteristic of his previous works. The latest sample is "Riviera." The idea is admirably suited to a Grand Guignol sketch or a revue skit, but for a play it is insufficient. A jealous lover shoots at the wax-image of his rival and thus murders him in effigy. This is the "idea." The plot is "Fashions for Men" brought up to date. The only difference between the two plays is the difference between a 1916 and a 1926 shopgirl. Ten years ago even a sophisticated playwright had to make the concession of rescuing a poor little innocent girl from the hands of a millionaire and giving her, instead of riches, limousines, and the Riviera, a poor but loving husband. Today even a notoriously sentimental play-manufacturer would be stoned for such an outrageous act of perfidy. So the poor and jealous lover is forgiven for the attempted "murder" and appointed head of a department, while she, the little creature, departs with the millionaire owner of the department store to the Riviera.

While the Hungarian playwright apparently approaches the end of his career, another man from the shore of the Danube, the Austrian Franz Werfel, rapidly rises. His latest drama, "Juarez and Maximilian," has earned for him this year's Grillparzer Prize, Austria's equivalent to our Pulitzer Prize. It is a popular triumph in Berlin, where Max Reinhardt has produced it. "Juarez and Maximilian" gives in thirteen crisp, poignant, and intensely dramatic scenes Maximilian's ill-fated Mexican adventure from the time the People's President, pursued by Marshal Bazaine's troops, withdrew to the United States border until the day he victoriously entered Queretaro, where the executed Maximilian's body lay in state.

The drama is written by Werfel the revolutionary, but not by the Werfel who cries out fiercely and ecstatically in "Goat Song" and "Schweiger." The man of thirty-five has grown calmer. His revolutionism, unlike Ernst Toller's or Maxim Gorki's or Henri Barbusse's, was always that of an observer. While Toller and Gorki fought on the barricades Werfel only commented on the fight, or inspired those who were in it. One may compare him here with Anatole France; though France was a satirist and Werfel is a writer of tragedy. His present philosophy is most clearly expressed in those words which Maximilian utters in his death cell before he goes to face the

Mexican firing-squad: "Not to be equal to one's deeds is criminal. The will to be good is not yet being good"; and in the sentence spoken by Juarez's first general, Diaz: "Not because of monarchs, but because of monarchists, must monarchies be abolished."

Maximilian, however, curious as it may seem, is the idealist of the tragedy. He has faith in man; he cannot believe himself to be merely a tool in the hands of French and Mexican capitalists; he has confidence in his mission. Opposed to him is Juarez, the representative of cool reason and of calculation, a man without emotion, a man "not good but wise." Werfel's superb technique is shown in his handling of the conflict between Maximilian and Juarez, which is ever present although the latter never appears on the stage. Nor is his physical appearance described until the very last scene. Then the audience is told by a faithful friend of Maximilian who has witnessed the President's triumphant entrance to Queretaro that he is, unlike the handsome Maximilian, little, old, and wrinkled. He is the personification of revolution, which will be not good but wise. Like "Goat Song," which, although symbolic of the poet's faith in the ultimate victory of the masses, is the drama of the capitalists, "Juarez and Maximilian," although in it Werfel pronounces revolution's triumph, is in reality the tragedy of Maximilian. Only a very great writer can present a cause through the person of its opponent. This Werfel does fully and superbly. "Juarez and Maximilian" has few peers in the contemporary theater.

GEORGE HALASZ

"The Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick Theater) was the only event of an otherwise blank week in the New York theater. "You can't be as good as last year," croaked the opening chorus, upon which the memory of the triumphant run of the first edition of this review weighed heavily; but in spite of ominous fears this year's production is bright, lively, and refreshing. The text is not particularly hilarious nor the music very distinguished, but several of the performers—notably Philip Loeb, Edith Meiser, and Romney Brent—have very genuine comic talents combined with an intelligence which raises their performances to a level a little above that of the standard funny men and women of the strictly professional stage. The tennis skit is particularly delightful and the performance as a whole furnishes a very agreeable evening indeed. "The Sport of Kings" (Plymouth Theater) is a conventional racing farce by no means good enough for O. P. Heggie, who plays the lead. "Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse) is a standardized musical comedy which is being well received for the very reason that it contains no surprises.

J. W. K.

□ T H E A T E R □

—THE THEATRE GUILD Presents—

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE 466 Grand St.
Tel. Drydock 7516

Repertoire for May

Every Tues., Wed. and Thurs. Eves. Every Fri., Sat. and Sun. Eves. and
and Wednesday Matinees Saturday Matinees

The DYBBUK

*THE ROMANTIC
YOUNG LADY*

International Relations Section

The Kaiser's Happy Day

THE Treaty of Bjorko was signed in 1905. The Czar was in trouble through the fiasco of the Russo-Japanese War; England was friendly to Japan, its ally; France was not bound by treaty to help its ally Russia in this affair. The German Kaiser was cruising in Northern waters and suddenly announced his intention "to call." He came with the idea of taking advantage of the Czar's troubles and securing the Czar's signature to a Russo-German treaty. Half a year previous the project had been discussed and a treaty draft had been drawn up and rejected by Russia. This draft was wired to the Kaiser from the Foreign Office. The treaty was signed at Bjorko. The following is the Kaiser's report to the Foreign Office as found in the recent German publication, "Die Grosse Politik" (vol. 19. II. No. 6220)—certainly one of the most astounding documents that have seen the light since the peace. The conversations quoted in the text were written in English.

And now that it is done, one is surprised and says: How is such a thing possible? The answer is very clear to me! God has ordered and willed it thus; in despite of all human wit, in scorn of all human intrigues, He has brought together what belonged together! Well, His ways are other than our ways and His thoughts higher than ours! What Russia refused through pride last winter, and what she tried to turn against us through love of intrigue, that she has now accepted as a gracious gift, after the terrible, hard, humiliating hand of the Lord has brought her low. I have thought so much the last days that my head is growling in order that I may be certain to do this right, always to keep in mind the interests of my country, and no less the monarchical idea in general. Finally I raised my hands to the Lord above us all and committed all to Him, and I prayed that He would lead and guide me as He wished; I was but a simple tool in His hands, and I would do whatever He would inspire me to do, no matter how difficult the task. And finally I also uttered the wish of the Old Dessauer at Kesselsdorf, that if He did not wish to help me, He should at least not help the other party. Now I felt myself wonderfully strengthened and the will and purpose grew firmer and more determined within me: "You will put it through no matter what the cost!" So I waited the interview with great confidence.

And what did I find? A warm, amiable, enthusiastic reception, such as one receives only from a friend who loves one heartily and sincerely. The Czar threw his arms around me and pressed me to him as though I were his own brother and he looked at me again and again with eyes that revealed his gratitude and joy.

The next morning I opened my book of pious mottoes and I found the following text: "Everyone shall receive his reward according to his work." Full of hope I entered the boat, which brought me to the yacht of the Czar, the treaty in my pocket.

[The Czar complained about France and England and asked: "What shall I do in this disagreeable situation?"]

Now I felt the moment was come. . . . "How would it be, if we, too, should make such a 'little agreement'?" Last winter we talked about it. . . ."O yes, to be sure, I remember well, but I forget the contents of it. What a pity I haven't got it here." "I possess a copy which is just accidentally in my pocket now." The Czar took me by the arm and he drew me out of the saloon into his father's cabin and immediately locked

all doors. "Show it to me, please." At that his dreamy eyes shone brilliantly. I took the envelope out of my pocket and unfolded the treaty on the writing table of Alexander III. . . . He read once, twice, three times the text you already know. I prayed a short, fervent prayer to the dear God that now He might stand by us and guide the young ruler. It was silent as death; only the sea murmured and the sun shone clear and happy in the comfortable cabin and immediately before me lay brilliantly white my yacht, the Hohenzollern, and high in the air the Kaiser's flag was streaming in the morning breeze. I was just reading the words on the black cross of that flag: "Gott mit uns," when the voice of the Czar next to me said: "That is quite excellent. I quite agree."

My heart beats so loud that I hear it; I pull myself together and say carelessly: "Should you like to sign it? It would be a very nice souvenir of our interview." He scanned the paper again and then he said: "Yes, I will." I opened the ink-well and reached him the pen and he wrote with a firm hand "Nicolas," then he handed the pen to me and I signed. When I arose he clasped me into his arms deeply moved and said: "I thank God and I thank you; it will be of the most beneficial consequences for my country and yours; you are Russia's only real friend in the whole world. I have felt that through the whole war and I know it." The clear water of joy stood in my eyes—to be sure it also ran down my forehead and my back—and I thought Frederick William III and Queen Luise, Grandpapa and Nicholas I were close at that moment; undoubtedly they looked from above and all were surely full of joy!

The Manifesto of Francis Ferdinand

THIS document, written though it is in vague language, settles the vexed question of the real plans of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in regard to various national and racial problems of Austria-Hungary. It is rather ironic that the friend of the suppressed nationalities should find his death at the hand of a member of one of these. This document also explains why the heir to the throne was bitterly hated by Hungarians and the military Austrians, a hatred which created the rumor that his own people had shot him at Serajevo and which almost brought him the burial of a dog. The document, a draft manifesto which the Archduke proposed to make upon his accession to the throne, was recently unearthed from the archives of the Austrian Foreign Office. It was printed in the Berlin *Tageblatt* for March 31.

Since it has pleased Almighty God to call out of this life after a long and richly blessed reign, My exalted Uncle, His Majesty Our Most Gracious Lord, Emperor and King Francis Joseph I, We, Francis II by the grace of God and according to Law of Succession laid down for all time in the Pragmatic Sanction of Our illustrious ancestor, Emperor Charles VI, are called as heir to the throne in all kingdoms and lands united under the scepter of our house.

We hereby solemnly announce to all people of the Monarchy Our accession to the crown.

Moved by deep sorrow We stand with the peoples of the Empire at the bier of the deceased Emperor and King, remembering with thankful heart his fatherly love, his high-mindedness, his devotion to duty and his restless labor, his kindness and generosity.

His exalted example shall shine also before Us in carrying out Our duties as a ruler. Our entire life and all Our strength is henceforth dedicated to the happiness and well-being of Our peoples.

Understanding presupposes acquaintance with facts - - -

["These HANDBOOKS are of value to any person who wishes to obtain
facts on the subjects included."—*Outlook*.]

WILSON HANDBOOKS

Compilations of Representative Arguments on BOTH SIDES of vital issues.
Concisely presented for busy people.

Published Recently.

"A sincere
appreciation. . . .

Collected and
carefully
selected dis-
cussions of
public questions
are rare and few
people have the
patience, if the
intelligence, to
do such work for
themselves. Yet
we all like to
know what the
expert opinion
is on both sides of
such questions."

Detroit News.

CHILD LABOR *by Julia E. Johnsen* (1925) \$2.40

"By far, the most comprehensive discussion of all phases of the subject of Child Labor that we have seen gathered under one cover. It has a permanent value."—*American Child*.

Brought down to date by a REFERENCE SHELF number containing in same form material of importance which shows developments 1925-6. 90c. each.

The debate on CHILD LABOR between George Washington University and the University of North Carolina is included in the UNIVERSITY DEBATORS' ANNUAL 1924-5. \$2.25

BIRTH CONTROL *by Julia E. Johnsen* \$2.40

A social question with far reaching economic and spiritual influences.

"The negative section of this book is the only source book of the opposition and is, for this reason, a useful addition to the library of propagandists for Birth Control; as it gives them 'the other side.'"—*Birth Control Review*.

The debate on BIRTH CONTROL between the University of North Carolina and the North Carolina State College is included in the UNIVERSITY DEBATORS' ANNUAL 1924-5. \$2.25

FUNDAMENTALISM vs. MODERNISM

by E. C. Vanderlaan \$2.40

"Mr. Vanderlaan has rendered a conspicuous service in assembling here the most convincing statements of the views of the leaders on both sides, setting them down dispassionately and giving the reader a remarkably clear view of the questions involved."—*Reformed Church Messenger*.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT *by L. T. Beman* \$2.40

Our country now has more murder in proportion to its population than any other country in the world. Will capital punishment remedy this condition? Certain economic conditions must be considered.

SLAVONIC NATIONS of YESTERDAY and TODAY

by Milivoj S. Stanoyevich \$2.40

"This collection is welcome not only for its own sake but also as a promising new outreach of that excellent enterprise the HANDBOOK SERIES, into a field in which reliable books are all too few. The book shares the thoroughness and scholarship of the rest of the series."—*The Woman's Press*.

"As a means of establishing an orientation in the fields covered, nothing equals these handbooks."—*The Survey*

Complete list of subjects in this SERIES sent on request.

THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY

971 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

NEW YORK

To all peoples of the Monarchy, to all ranks, and to every body that does his duty in the work of the nation, no matter what his race or creed, We return equal love. In high station, or low, poor or rich, all shall be equal before Our throne.

The established constitutional arrangements and the judicial system of the State, in which every citizen has equal rights according to the laws, We will honor and protect with a strong hand. For the well-being and prosperity of all peoples in all parts of the Monarchy, We deem it Our first duty to bring about a concentration into a great unit and harmonious co-operation according to just principles on a clear, dependable basis which—untroubled by Our own endeavors—stands exalted over doubt and attacks. In the Constitution of the Reich all contradictions must be removed which exist in the laws of Austria and those of Hungary in regard to the common affairs of the Monarchy, and which make the giving of the prescribed oath on the Constitution impossible through the incompatibility of these laws. As pledge of Our most sacred duties as ruler, We will thereupon confirm by solemn oath of coronation the unambiguous provisions of the Constitution together with the fundamental rights and privileges of all that appertain to the Monarchy. In order to create the possibility for this, Our Governments will inaugurate without delay the necessary measures.

The unity of the Reich toward the outside world, on which its position as a Great Power is built, and the possession of the lands, indivisible and inseparable, united under Our scepter through the Pragmatic Sanction, We will preserve with firmness.

We will be inflexible in Our care that the solid structure of armed power remain untouched by one-sided political currents. In Our faithful army we see the protection and the certain guaranty not only for the preservation and safety of the welfare within, but also for the fulfilment of our sincere desire for the continuation of the policy of peace of Our illustrious Uncle, now resting in God.

In this sense We will hold fast to the established alliance with other states, remain on a friendly footing with all foreign Powers, and as far as in Us lies and the honor and existence of the Fatherland is not attacked, will work for the continuance of peace in order that the peoples of the Monarchy may devote themselves undisturbed to the cultural and economic tasks which shall always find in Us a warm patron.

Justice and law We will bring to honor in Our government, protect every honest labor, promote every undertaking for the general good. In this We will demand of all organs of government, of all officials and servants of the state the firm, iron, and intelligent fulfilment of duty as well as a devotion for the common good and welfare of the Fatherland entirely uninfluenced by party considerations or interests of rank.

Since all peoples belonging to Our scepter shall have equal rights in regard to participation in the common affairs of the Monarchy, this equality of rights demands that to every race be guaranteed its national development within the frame of the common interests of the Monarchy, and that to all races, ranks, and classes the preservation of their just interests be made possible through just laws of suffrage wherever this has not yet been carried through.

The peoples of the Danube Monarchy are bound together by a thousand ties of historic development and common culture and civilization, as well as by common interests. They must unite in brotherly love, put aside all differences, emphasize their common points, and only compete in the noble struggle for cultural and economic progress. Confidently we call upon all who have the welfare of our Fatherland, so richly blessed by God, at heart, to unite their labor with ours. Only through harmonious co-operation of all our peoples will the well-being of each separate race be assured and furthered.

All happiness can be built only on a pious mind. To con-

Just Ready

Graham Wallas's

brilliant new book

THE ART OF THOUGHT

By the author of "The Great Society,"
"Our Social Heritage," etc.

THE aim of this book is to teach the use of the mind. In the last section Mr. Wallas uses his own experience as a teacher and organizer of teaching, and appeals to his fellow teachers and organizers. We all realize that creative thought is now needed as it has never been needed before. But if Plato, or Milton, or Darwin, or Alexander Hamilton, or William James were now born in England or America, and if he were passed through our public system of primary and secondary and university education, are we sure that we should help him to create? \$2.75

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY:

Its Problems and Methods By Charles Fox, M. A.

Lecturer on Education in the University of Cambridge

Shows up in luminous fashion the contributions made by experimental psychology to educational problems during the past twenty-five years. \$3.75

Harcourt, Brace & Company, 303 Madison Ave., New York

WHAT OF THE EAST?

The answer is in these books

EUROPE AND THE EAST

Norman Dwight Harris

A scholarly and fascinating study of the foreign relations of Asiatic states in recent times and of the intervention of European powers in their affairs, written in a style that will interest the general reader. It is the only one-volume work on international politics dealing with the whole East, and is indispensable for any one desiring to understand the troubled situation in the Orient today. \$5.00

IN THE HEART OF ASIA

Lieut. Col. P. T. Etherton

A graphic, thrilling, and illuminating account of the adventures and experiences of an Englishman who was sent to Turkestan with a Secret Service Commission and later became British Consul-General and Political Resident in Chinese Turkestan. The book describes not only the extraordinarily interesting political aspects of these countries, but the lives of the people and the natural resources.

Illustrated, \$5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

2 Park Street

Boston



EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE

by Bertrand Russell

OPERATING over the perplexed field of modern educational theory, Bertrand Russell puts it in order with his fine sanity, his keen perception of values, and his flair for concise literary expression. He bases his book on observation, study and the practical experience of bringing up his own child. He discusses among other things—the first year—fear—play and fancy—importance of other children—sex education—nursery schools, etc.

Large 12 mo. \$2.50

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

**GOOD
BOOKS**



Attention to the South! . . .

The Southern States are going through an intellectual, agricultural, moral and industrial revolution. The stirring story of this development—the most significant liberal movement in this country today has just been published.

Every thinking American should read

THE ADVANCING SOUTH

By EDWIN MIMS

At bookstores \$3

Doubleday, Page & Co.

*Books by a Distinguished
American Historian
and Sociologist*

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Professor of History at Smith College
Consulting American Editor
History of Civilization Series

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR

Professor Barnes has interpreted the evidence of all the secret documents from European archives published since the armistice, which throw a new and surprising light on the political and psychological situation as it developed after 1870 and existed in 1914. To the myth of total German responsibility he gives a death blow, with documentary evidence of the partial responsibility of Lord Grey, Poincaré, and Sazonov. The positions of Walter Hines Page and other American non-combatants are illuminated. No one who has an intelligent opinion concerning the motives and events leading to the war can afford to miss the most important and readable book in the field.

To be published May 28th. 8vo, 780 pages. \$4.00

HISTORY AND SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE

"With respect to general point of view and the scope of its interests and subject matter, this volume is designed as a sort of sequel to Robinson's *Mind in the Making*," writes the author. "It takes up the story at about the point where that book leaves off."

Those who are interested in the social and political course that America is steering will welcome Professor Barnes's remarks under headings such as: *Nationalism and Historical Writing*; *The Race Myth*; *The American Revolution*; *Hunting Bolsheviks in 1798*; *The Rise and Fall of Democracy*; and *Woodrow Wilson*. 8vo, 597 pages. \$5.00.

Also by Harry Elmer Barnes:

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICAL THEORY

\$2.50

Edited by Professor Barnes:

THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

\$5.00

Alfred A. Knopf NEW YORK 730 Fifth Avenue



tinue this among our peoples shall be a matter of conscience with us.

Therefore we confidently beseech the help of God, that His blessing may be on the fulfilment of our duties as ruler as well as on the work of every one of our beloved subjects, that the Almighty may enlighten and strengthen us, that We may lead our peoples to prosperity, happiness, and peace.

God grant it!

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The History of Mankind" and "Tolerance."

GLENN FRANK is the president of the University of Wisconsin.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science in the University of London and author of "Authority in the Modern State."

NORMAN STUDER is news editor of the *New Student* and is acting as managing editor of the *City College Student*, a rebel magazine which grew out of the suppression of the authorized student publication at the College of the City of New York.

LARUE BROWN is a lawyer practicing in Boston. He was formerly Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

S. BERT COOKSLEY is a California poet.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly professor of philosophy at the University of Oregon.

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste" and a special editorial writer on the staff of *The Nation*.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

GEORGE HALASZ conducts a column on the New York theaters and writes for the magazines on theater movements both here and abroad.

Privacy—Freedom!

What a wealth of meaning there is in these two words. In the city privacy and freedom are practically impossible of attainment. At

MT. AIRY (Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.)

they are yours as a matter of course in a community of artists, writers and thinking people who have fled the city to one of the most beautiful, park-like spots on the Hudson.

As little as \$350.00 buys one-quarter acre—cash or terms—one hour from city, 100 trains daily.

Now is the RIGHT time to make arrangements

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., New York Chelsea 0432

Have you ever slept in

A Silo, a Chicken House, a Wood Shed, a Tobacco Barn, a Corn Crib or in a Milky Way (formerly a Cow Stable)? Western View Farm offers the opportunity to do so.

A beautiful place in the Berkshire Hills for a week-end or an extended visit. 7th Season.

Rates \$37.50 a week and \$7 a day.

Address: E. G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut.

2½ hours from New York. Telephone New Milford 440.

Second Annual SUMMER CONFERENCE Under the Auspices of

FELLOWSHIP FOR A CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ORDER

On the Campus of Olivet College

OLIVET, MICHIGAN, AUGUST 1st - 28th, 1926

Nature of the Conference

THE discussion method will be used throughout the conference and formal addresses will be avoided. The only part of the program which is pre-determined is the selection of themes which was made by last year's group: *Economic and Industrial Relations*, August 2-8; *International Relations*, 9-15; *Race Relations*, 16-22, and *Family Relations*, 23-28.

There will be two sessions each morning and one each evening, the afternoon being left free for recreation. At the first session of each week a serious effort will be made to discover the real perplexities and concerns of the group assembled, on which the discussion will then be focussed. It is planned to have from ten to twelve outstanding leaders present each week to share with the group their special knowledge and experience and speak on the points under discussion. Twenty-five to thirty leaders will be present during the month.

Rest and Recreation

Olivet, a beautiful village of about 600 people, located about eighteen miles northeast of Battle Creek, is an ideal place for a vacation. Tennis courts, athletic field and gymnasium are available. A small lake a mile away affords excellent facilities for bathing, boating and canoeing. Registrants are urged to bring their families and remain throughout the month. Provision is being made for supervised play and recreation for the children. All sessions will be held out-of-doors, when the weather permits.

Rates and Registration

Olivet College will operate its dormitories and dining room on a cost basis for the conference. Adults, \$2.75 per day; ages 6-18, \$1.75; ages up to six, \$1.25; transients (less than six days), \$3.50 per day. Single rooms may be had at a small extra charge. Meals were excellent last year.

The conference is open to all who care to come. Registrants are strongly urged to remain throughout the month, as the program is cumulative. Transient attendance, that is for less than six days, is discouraged. Wherever possible, registrants should plan to arrive on Sunday or Monday, since the discussion of a new theme begins on Monday. Registrations should be sent in by July 15th, if possible.

All inquiries should be addressed to

AMY BLANCHIE GREENE

Room 505, 347 Madison Ave.

New York City

A STUDENT UNIVERSITY

Intellectual comradeship and keen discussion for the student minority for whom thinking is living.

Informal symposiums on such subjects as Journalism, Contemporary Ethics, Education, Social Theory, Philosophy of Science, and Drama.

Ten day conferences, running from June 19th through September 14th at the farm of George Pratt, Jr., Bridgewater, Connecticut.

Further information from the National Student Forum Summer Conferences, 2929 Broadway, New York.

TODAY AND TOMORROW SERIES

READ,
if you are
curious
about the
future of
morals, of
transportation,
etc., these
stimulating
books.

THRASYMACHUS, or the Future of Morals. By C. E. M. Joad.

OUROBOROS, or the Mechanical Extension of Mankind. By Gareth Garrett.

PEGASUS, or Problems of Transportation. By Col. J. F. C. Fuller.

PROMETHEUS, or Biology and the Advancement of Man. By H. S. Jennings.

\$1.00 each; send for a circular.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1926

No. 3178

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	593
EDITORIALS:	
From Dayton to New York.....	595
"Al" Smith Is Right Again.....	596
Pennsylvania and Oregon.....	597
Melchizedek, Ucalegon, and Ishi.....	597
Furs and Fur Workers.....	598
AT THE SOUTH POLE. By Hendrik van Loon.....	599
NICARAGUA AND THE NATION. By William Hard.....	600
HOME—JOB—OR BOTH?—THE WOMAN'S PROBLEM. By Eunice Fuller Barnard.....	601
THE NEW NORTHWEST PASSAGE. By Benton Mackaye.....	603
AFTER DAYTON: A FUNDAMENTALIST SURVEY. By Miriam Allen de Ford.....	604
WILD GAME. By Donald Davidson.....	605
MR. COOLIDGE "FINDS HIMSELF" AGAIN. By Frank R. Kent.....	606
YOUTH ATTACKS THE "COLOR LINE." By William Pickens.....	607
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	609
CORRESPONDENCE	609
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:	
The Pale Woman. By Sara Bard Field.....	611
The Writings and Paintings of William Blake. By Samuel C. Chew.....	611
More Barren Leaves. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	612
A Cold Plunge. By M. C. Otto.....	612
An Introduction to Internationalism. By Parker Thomas Moon.....	613
Origins and Etymologies. By John A. Scott.....	614
From Ultima Thule. By Clifton P. Fadiman.....	614
Books in Brief	614
Music: The Bach Festival. By Henrietta Straus.....	615
Drama: Bigger and Better. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	616
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
More War in Morocco. By Robert Dell.....	617
A Rebuke to the French in Damascus.....	618
In Memory of Matteotti.....	618

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

A NOTABLE TRIUMPH FOR JUSTICE was the acquittal in Detroit on a second trial for murder of Henry Sweet, brother of the Negro physician in front of whose Detroit residence a jeering mob gathered on September 9, 1925, hooting and hurling missiles in an effort to drive him out of that "white" neighborhood. Shortly afterward there was firing and one member of the mob was killed, whereupon Dr. Sweet and all the people in the house, eleven in number, were arrested and indicted for murder. On the first trial the jury disagreed. Henry Sweet was the only one tried again. Every effort was made to convict him. The police manfully perjured themselves by declaring that there was no mob. Yet the jury after three hours of deliberation acquitted the defendant. This is a memorable victory. It establishes the right of the Negro in Detroit to exercise self-defense and proves that a Negro with right on his side can win even against prejudiced authority. More than that, it has furnished an extraordinary example of racial solidarity. Within two weeks the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People collected \$75,000 for the defense of the Sweets and for two or three other important

cases, one before the Supreme Court of the United States. No clearer demonstration of the growing economic power of the Negro and of his determination to fight for his rights and justice has been vouchsafed. The thanks of every fair-minded American must be given to the association, to Clarence Darrow, Thomas F. Chawke, and Julian W. Perry, the attorneys in the case, and to Judge Murphy, who presided with admirable fairness.

DOES FREE SPEECH BY RADIO exist in this country? Norman Thomas has discovered, by means of a series of quite conclusive tests, just what dilution of freedom is permitted to radio talkers and radio listeners under the present system of direct control of broadcasting by Secretary Hoover and indirect control by the radio trust. On April 16 WEAJ canceled an arrangement with the United Parents Association to broadcast a speech on education by Mr. Thomas which contained a reference to compulsory military training. Then, apparently as a result of this, Mr. Thomas was asked by WMCA—the broadcasting station of the Young Men's Christian Association—to speak on the subject of freedom of the air with special reference to the radio legislation discussed by Morris Ernst in his recent articles in *The Nation*. The subject was chosen by the representative of the station who invited Mr. Thomas to speak. But the manager evidently regretted this impetuous liberalism; he canceled the address on the day it was to have been delivered, and suggested a debate—which he failed to arrange.

MEANWHILE STATION WHAP had broadcast a speech by Joseph Cashman, whom Mr. Thomas is suing for libel. The speech contained flat untruths regarding organizations with which Mr. Thomas is connected. WHAP refused to allow a correction to be broadcast. Then WRNY invited Mr. Thomas to use its station for an address on the subject of freedom of speech on the air. And, to the credit of all concerned, the address was actually delivered, with some minor modifications insisted upon by the directors of the company. Is the air free? About one-half of one per cent, Mr. Thomas would estimate, and that fraction belongs to the manager of the station which invited and finally permitted a discussion of methods of radio control. The attitude of the companies was well expressed by the representative of WMCA, who was quoted as saying:

Why, he slammed the daylight out of the companies on which we depend for supplies. Mr. Gilliam [manager of the station] agreed with me that it was better not to do anything rash and get into trouble with other stations on whom we depend or with Washington.

Such refreshing frankness should do more than many speeches to help pass the Dill bill taking radio control out of the hands of the Secretary of Commerce and giving it to a non-political commission. The Chicago Federation of Labor, meanwhile, is starting out to test Mr. Hoover's right of control and opening a station of its own without Mr. Hoover's august permission.

ACCUSTOMED TO THE INSINCERITY of politicians, we are none the less shocked by the amazing exhibition given by William S. Culbertson, now American Minister to Rumania, at the hearing on May 20 before the special Senatorial committee on the relations of the President to the Tariff Commission. To the astonishment of those who learned the facts at the time from Mr. Culbertson's own lips, this gentleman declared that the President, when the witness was a member of the Tariff Commission, "never tried to urge me unduly nor was he at any time a party to the efforts which were made by disappointed applicants and lobbyists to frighten me into a more tractable position on the Tariff Commission." Senator La Follette immediately pulled out of his pocket a letter from Mr. Culbertson to his fellow-member on the commission, Mr. Costigan, and asked Mr. Culbertson to read his own comment on the appointment of Mr. Broussard, the sugar lobbyist, as his successor: "If this appointment is to be regarded as a revelation of the President's policy, I feel fully justified in leaving the commission. . . . I didn't suppose that Coolidge would do anything so rawly, if he did it at all. . . . I can imagine the effect on the staff. . . . They must feel that honesty is not the best policy. . . ." The *New York Times* correspondent said that "spectators gasped at this dramatic denouement." Well they might. Throughout all his fight against the President's hamstringing of the Tariff Commission Mr. Culbertson was constantly appealing for aid to liberal journalists, reciting a different story and protesting against being kicked upstairs into the diplomatic service. He now declares that he had long been an applicant for a diplomatic job and welcomed it. Public life will not begin to be what it should be until a man like this is promptly dismissed.

WALTER LIPPMANN, editor of the *New York World*, is among those who have, in season and out, preached the gospel of the League of Nations, urging the United States to join. Now, in urging the importance of Germany joining, he lets a little kitten out of his Geneva bag. "*The League*," says its advocate, "*up to the present has been primarily an alliance of victors tempered by certain small neutrals like Sweden.*" [The italics are ours.] Right, Mr. Lippmann; go to the head of the class. And now, Mr. Lippmann, what is the League without Russia? Primarily an alliance of capitalist states to maintain their colonies and oppose communism? No? You call it a great federation "to promote international cooperation and to achieve international peace and security"? Those, we recall, were the words inscribed in the Treaty of Versailles, when what you call "primarily an alliance of victors" was founded. Keep it up, Mr. Lippmann; you are learning.

AGAIN HAVE THE FRENCH in Syria disgraced themselves and humanity by bombarding a section of the city of Damascus and killing six hundred men, women, and children. For ten days they concealed this bloody deed from the rest of the world; then on May 19 it leaked out in a dispatch to the *London Express*. The details would be incredible if they were not a repetition of events of last October. Instead of being, as the French first reported, a mere shelling of some fortified houses in the Midan quarter and the killing of fifty rebels, it appears that 3,000 French troops surrounded a quarter into which had

fled some 200 Druses. The French commander gave these 80,000 people thirty minutes in which to quit the quarter, later extending the period to one hour—as if 80,000 people could evacuate a quarter of a city in any such time. When the hour was up the French opened fire indiscriminately with twelve three-inch guns and four 4.8-inch howitzers, while a dozen airplanes bombed from the sky. This is sheer massacre, contrary to all the laws of war. Such baby-killing is military psychology; whether in Belgium or China or Syria, your civilized commander always commits atrocities and then declares that ruthlessness is really kindness, since it shortens the war. This second Damascus massacre reveals not only the military inhumanity of the French but the breakdown of the loudly proclaimed new French policy, which, we were told, was to be one of winning over the natives with friendship. The League of Nations, whose wards the Syrians are, has not yet acted on the first massacre. Will it sleep on?

BRITISH INDUSTRY was in almost as critical a position when this issue of *The Nation* went to press as during the general strike. Premier Baldwin's compromise proposals for the coal industry had been rejected both by the miners and the owners, and the Prime Minister had stated in reply that the government subsidy would be cut off on June 1. In spite of considerable outside assistance, the funds of the miners' union were dwindling, and they and their dependents, numbering in all some 4,000,000, were in a serious situation. Owing to shortage of coal the railways of the nation were running on about half schedule and other industry was similarly curtailed. Thus, although the Government succeeded in crushing the general strike, it still has on its hands the economic problem that caused it. In a London dispatch to the *New York World* John L. Balderston says that even Tories are beginning to talk of nationalization of the mines. "It will take something approaching national paralysis of industry to bring it about," he writes. "But there are those who believe Mr. Baldwin prefers nationalization to the bitterness that would result if the owners are permitted to starve the miners back to work on unjust terms." Reverting to the eve of the general strike, the *New Statesman* lays the breaking off of peace negotiations to Winston Churchill. It says that Mr. Baldwin's hand was forced at the last moment by a threat to resign by seven members of the Cabinet—Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, Bridgeman, Amery, Joynson-Hicks, Cunliffe-Lister, and one other whose identity is not known.

UP TO THE TIME we go to press music has not been fascized in Italy. The fascization of everything else, if not yet completed, is well in progress. We commented in our issue of April 14, from cable dispatches, on the dispersal of the congress of Italian professors. Italian newspapers, now at hand, give further light. By some oversight fascization of philosophy had been so completely neglected that the salaries of professors of philosophy were recently increased by the Government without previously obtaining any assurance that the brand of philosophy taught would bear the Fascist label. And these ungrateful, scheming wretches convened at Milan the last week in March and opened their congress with a report containing a criticism of the recent law limiting the freedom of universities. At once Professor Carlino of Pisa, a champion of Fascism,

jumps up to defend his cause. His eulogy of the Fascist state brings roars of protest from the floor. To restore order Professor Martinetto, president of the congress, begs the speaker to desist from expression of political views. Carlino leaves the hall. At the next session the congress receives a communication from Senator Mangiagalli, Fascist Mayor of Milan and rector of the university where the congress is being held. "With a deep sense of patriotism, in order to avoid possible regrettable incidents," he informs the president of the congress "of the inadvisability of continuing the sessions." The congress is closed. Mangiagalli is proclaimed a hero in what is left of the Italian newspapers.

CULTURE IS HUMMING in these United States. There recently came to our desk an announcement of the Indiana Literary Field Day, an institution said to be modeled after the track meet and avowedly intended "to make the arts exciting." Now we have received an announcement of the "Annual Hog-Calling Contest" to be held at the University of Tennessee. Three cash prizes will be awarded by a board composed of three judges (all colonels) who will consider five points—volume, variety, enticement, musical quality, and facial expression—in making their decisions. The occasion is a farmers' convention; nothing is said as to whether or not students are eligible to compete, but in these days when obscenity lurks in literature, sedition in economics, and irreligion in science Hog Calling, Its Theory and Practice might make an excellent substitute in State universities for some of the naughty subjects dropped from the curricula. It is safe, cultural, and of practical value. Few students in an agricultural community ever feel the need after graduation to translate an ode of Horace or solve a differential equation, but many will be called to call hogs. Why not learn to do it aesthetically and efficiently?

J. M. DENT, who died in England on May 9, was known to Americans chiefly through the fact that his name appeared so often on the title-pages of Dutton books. The house of Dutton has long imported from the house of Dent; but Mr. Dent was notable on his own account. He was a publisher with an idea, as any successful publisher is, and his idea first took form in the Temple Series, the earliest of his independent ventures. This was to be not merely a series of reprints valuable for the titles it made available; it was to be a collection of books beautiful for their binding and design. That both ends were achieved any possessor of the dainty volumes is aware. There followed the Temple Shakespeare, of which the same thing may be said; and toward the end of his life Mr. Dent was occupied with the King's Treasury of Literature, less significant, perhaps, as it is certainly less known. But he will be most famous for his creation of Everyman's Library, the most ambitious and the most popular series of modern times. Mr. Dent had hoped to see the library number a thousand titles. That it numbered 780 at his death is sufficient tribute to the idea and to the man who had it. If we are now a little past the day when we want books as preciously designed as some of the Dent books were, we still may be grateful to him for the emphasis he placed upon the physical properties of books destined for a wide circulation. American publishers, who with a few remarkable exceptions still lack taste in this matter, may well study this Englishman's career.

From Dayton to New York

THE educational authorities of the City of New York have combined in a short series of acts the intolerance which led to the Scopes trial, the stupidity which caused Bimba's arrest, and the un-American autocracy which brought Lusk to public discredit.

The Union of East and West and the League of Neighbors planned a meeting at the Morris High School to celebrate Peace Week. The speakers were to be Arthur Garfield Hays and James Weldon Johnson. Although Governor Smith and Mayor Walker indorsed the meeting, Mr. Gibney, an employee of the Department of Education (possibly merely a new immigrant unfamiliar with American ideas of freedom), banned the peace meeting and started a real fight by exhibiting the official Department of Education blacklist. With pride he recited that certain persons and organizations were barred from speaking in the schools. Hays and Johnson were under the ban. The objection to Hays was his irreligiosity as evidenced in his defense of Scopes. Now the Civil Liberties Union had been aware of active discrimination by the educational authorities for many years. The Teachers Union, the Community Church, and various trade unions had been bedeviled by the Board of Education's policy. Gibney boasted that the Rev. John Nevin Sayre could not speak in the schools and said that the Rev. John Haynes Holmes was highly dangerous.

The matter had to be tested. The petition for Peace Week had been denied, so a new petition in the name of the Civil Liberties Union was filed, on May 17, for a meeting on May 21. The principal of the Stuyvesant High School approved and signed the petition. The educational powers waited until the late afternoon of May 21 to consider this petition. They then denied the application, not on the ground previously stated, because Hays was irreligious, Holmes a dangerous divine, Sayre against all wars. This time it stated that the American Civil Liberties Union was barred because of some of the views of Roger Baldwin, its director and secretary, and Allen Olmstead, a Philadelphia attorney. As to Roger Baldwin, the Board of Education doubtless got its data from the garbled and discredited records of the Lusk Committee. His crime appeared to be a legitimate belief in free speech. Olmstead, an attorney, member of the American Legion, and a Wilson Democrat, represented the Civil Liberties Union before a congressional committee, which devoted itself to heckling him.

The educational authorities have shifted and squirmed and crawled, and at last have fallen back on reasons which may make this the most important free-speech fight this country has ever seen. The free-school system must be kept free, not only from loose charges but from discrimination and intolerance. Most school auditoriums are lying idle most evenings. There is no pressure to give the shadow of excuse to a Gibney blacklist, or to discrimination by a small group of censors. The schools are for the use of all and the Civil Liberties Union should fight for the free use of schools by all except those seeking commercial private profit or committing actual crime.

The eternal fight for freedom goes on. This time the scene shifts from Dayton to Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, New York City. Rural papers please note, and be not too unkind.

"Al" Smith Is Right Again

Governor SMITH knows what to do about housing, and he knows what to do about water-power. That is perhaps more than we have a right to expect in any politician. His housing bill for New York State, somewhat battered but still vital, is launched; his water-power bill, however, has been dropped down the legislative trap-door. The admirable project for a State Power Authority to hold the last of New York's natural resources in the people's name, and to develop them in the people's interest, was choked to death some months ago. And now the Miller Water-Power Commission, staunchly Republican, and staunchly committed to the principle of the greatest good to the smallest number, is greasing the skids down which two millions of horse-power may slide into the ample laps of Mr. du Pont, Mr. Mellon's aluminum company, and the General Electric Company.

These three companies have organized the Frontier Corporation, which will be charmed to receive anything that the people of New York have to give away. Nor will they—generous fellows—charge the people of New York more than 10 per cent per annum on the gift. That is, until such time as learned counsel, learned consulting engineers, learned certified public accountants, and learned actuaries with many tears announce that the corporation is starving to death and that a reappraisal of the tangible assets is in order. At which time the 10 per cent may, by due process of law, be boosted to 20.

The Water-Power Commission is slated to go out of existence January 1, 1927, under the provisions of the Hughes reorganization plan. It has seven months in which to swing its gallipots of grease while the Frontier Corporation stands with outstretched arms below. "The report of the State Engineer," says Attorney General Ottinger, one of the commissioners, "will undoubtedly suggest the amount of rentals or rates to be paid by those who are to develop the power." The power to be developed is New York's half of the rapids of the St. Lawrence River. Mr. Ottinger goes on to say that the terms under which the St. Lawrence is to be given to a private monopoly must include a "sufficiently comprehensive" recapture clause and "additional periods" within which rates may be adjusted. Which we take to mean that for the State of New York ever to recapture the Frontier Corporation after it gets under way would be sufficiently incomprehensible; while the "additional periods" just cry for reappraisals along the lines indicated above.

Governor Smith has won an unexpected ally in his battle to hold what Mr. Ottinger wants to give away. This ally stands high in the councils of private corporations. If economic determinism were the iron law which many believe, he would not be kicking the struts out from under Mr. Ottinger's skids. But he is. Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, discussed water-power before the 9,000 delegates of the National Electric Association in Atlantic City shortly after Ottinger and Co. had spoken. What he had to say, coming from such a man in such a place at such a time, is of the utmost importance.

Personally, I prefer [he said] that the construction and ownership of such an enterprise [water-power control] should be in the hands of a public corporation, the stock of which should be government-owned, with the provision that the corporation finance the enterprise with its own securities. Our experience with the War Finance Corporation, which is a wholly public concern, and with the farm loan banks and the federal reserve banks, which certainly have a large public character, leads me to believe that we can obtain men of technical qualification and high purpose, free from political bias, to administer these enterprises in such a way that development can be most advantageously achieved with justice to all interests, public and private alike. The alleged fear of tax-exempt securities is nothing more than a fire-cracker thrown by the roadside, designed to scare. . . . If the government prefers to use water for navigation or irrigation rather than for power, I think it should have the right to do so without protest, much less opposition, from any private power company. But the water must be used. . . . If the dams really serve the great purposes of navigation and flood control, which are clearly governmental activities, then it seems to me public ownership of them cannot be objected to.

Mr. Young thus ties the specific question of power to the greater question of regional planning. Waterways and flood prevention are immemorial government functions. The pharaohs were diking the Nile 6,000 years ago. A dam in a navigable river cannot be built with an eye to power only; these other functions, both of the highest importance, must come into the picture. Obviously the government cannot control them without controlling the dam. This logic is particularly applicable to the St. Lawrence. It is folly to suppose that a private corporation owning the dam and intent on maximum dividends to its stockholders would ever pause in its profitable activities long enough to take navigation and flood prevention into consideration. Not unless there was sufficient cash inducement for such stoppage.

Mr. Young takes the position in no uncertain terms that power sites should be built and operated by companies in which the government owns the stock. This has the advantage over operating them by a government department directly that it tends to remove them somewhat from political control. He has reason to know whereof he speaks when he says that capable administrators can be found for public corporations of this nature. Besides those which he named, he need only look across the St. Lawrence to the Ontario Hydro-electric—or south to the Panama Canal.

Mr. Young's flat statement lends strong support to the plain duty of the people of New York in the premises. Three years ago they voted more than two to one against the surrender of even 3 per cent of the Adirondack holdings to private corporations for power development. They must break the intimacy between Mr. Ottinger and the Frontier Corporation—or any other private corporation. They must hold the two millions of horse-power for their children and their children's children. And they have only seven months in which to do it. If they cannot in that time scare the Republican bosses—as they have been scared before—into supporting the Governor, they will be guilty of tolerating the robbery of their own children.

Pennsylvania and Oregon

THE overwhelming triumph of Congressman Vare in the Pennsylvania senatorial primary is the third successive slap to the President. The defeat of Senator Stanfield is the fourth. In Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Oregon he has backed the wrong horses. To Pittsburgh went Secretary Mellon to make his first political speech. In it he assured his fellow-citizens that a vote for his candidate, Senator Pepper, was a vote for Coolidge. With him appeared Secretary Davis. Senator Pepper likewise did his utmost to identify his own candidacy with Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Mellon went straight back to the White House, where he assured the President that his candidate would receive a majority of 150,000—the figure modestly claimed by Senator Pepper in a jubilant interview just after the polls closed. It is, therefore, impossible for the White House to explain away this result as something not affecting it. Despite the President's declaration that he would not enter local contests he went in as deeply as possible without a direct public appeal. He has only himself to thank for this public rebuke and for the fact that three of the most important State machines of his party are now in the hands of men alienated from him. That, of course, does not mean that his renomination is as yet endangered. Vare in Pennsylvania, Watson in Indiana, and Smith in Illinois are loyal party men, and so doubtless is the winner in Oregon. They will forget their hostility to Coolidge if it pays them to do so.

Yet the fact is undeniable that Mr. Coolidge has received a genuine setback and that his stupid policy in Pennsylvania has increased the growing hostility to him in Congress. He excused Senators Watson and Robinson from voting for the World Court. He insisted on Senator McKinley's voting for it and promised to aid him. He then declined to help him, and McKinley was defeated. He helped Pepper, and Pepper, too, is kicked out. This is not the course to win him enthusiastic party loyalty or a result to commend him to party workers. Nor will the fact that the three Senators who have thus far come up for renomination after voting for the World Court have been defeated. The truth is that in every State there were mixed motives at work, with the liquor issue playing a larger role than the World Court, or President Coolidge, or anything else. The executive order to use local officials in federal dry-enforcement work, clashing with the President's own stand on States' rights, will give him more trouble.

As for Senator Pepper's defeat, it removes from the Senate a man of scholarship and ability who has been thoroughly Rooseveltian in that he has been for the "gang" when it was to his interest to be so and against it when he desired the votes of the other crowd. Heralded as the leading Episcopal layman, his cloak of religion, constantly worn, has not kept him from doing precisely what the machine desired. He is a "Christian" believer in war and armaments. A consistent compromiser, he gradually lost the respect of his colleagues. Liberals the country over prefer an out-and-out machine politician like Mr. Vare to one of these holy compromisers who are forever protesting their virtue and then yielding at every salient point. Mr. Vare is a city boss—nothing else. He, like Mr. Mellon (for Mr. Pepper), spent money like water. If a political principle should stray across Mr. Vare's path he would not recog-

nize it. Yet the fact is that his nomination was the more desirable outcome; the important thing was to block the Mellon-Pepper machine, which in its cold-blooded effort to dominate our political and business life bodes ill for the entire republic. Now, we hope, Governor Pinchot will run independently and give the decent Republicans of Pennsylvania a chance to vote for some one else than Vare.

Naturally, all who are passionately devoted to certain causes will read into the outcome, both in Oregon and Pennsylvania, a triumph for their particular reform. Thus, those opposed to the World Court rejoice over the defeat of Pepper, while the wets are jubilant over the election of Vare, and the drys are elated because the Vare vote was less than that of Pepper and Pinchot combined and because the dry candidate for governor was successful. The wet issue played a great role in the Pennsylvania primary and will continue to do so; Mr. Vare's success will make various weak-kneed politicians turn to the wet band-wagon. But it must not be forgotten that the Vare Philadelphia machine would have registered an enormous vote for Vare even if that gentleman had become the head of the Anti-Saloon League two days before the election. Straight popular referendums on prohibition are badly needed.

Senator Stanfield of Oregon is no loss to the Senate. A party henchman, he failed to distinguish himself, and a charge of public intoxication made against him undoubtedly helped to bring about his defeat. But he had also to compete in the primary with seven other candidates who presented a variety of issues. Far clearer is the situation in Iowa, where the contest which ends on June 7 is a straight-out pro- and anti-Coolidge battle, Senator Cummins versus ex-Senator Brookhart. The result will tell a plain story.

Melchizedek, Ucalegon, and Ishi

There be two men of all mankind
That I should like to know about;
But search and question where I will,
I cannot ever find them out.

Melchizedek he praised the Lord,
And gave some wine to Abraham;
But who can tell what else he did
Must be more learned than I am.

Ucalegon he lost his house
When Agamemnon came to Troy;
But who can tell me who he was—
I'll pray the gods to give him joy.

There be two men of all mankind
That I'm forever thinking on:
They chase me everywhere I go—
Melchizedek, Ucalegon.

THUS Mr. E. A. Robinson, through one of his earlier poems, introduced into literature a theme of profound importance. For there were Melchizedeks before Abraham and Ucalegons before Troy, and there have been many of both in the thirty centuries since. Historical small fry though they are, they know the way to the heart of a leisurely reader of epics, biographies, and solemn chronicles. There are bigger fish in the sea of past time, but every now and then a little fellow flits across our wake or

flirts a fin far out among the waves; and if we are at all susceptible to human nature in its pure state we follow with our eye until nothing more remains to be discovered—as, indeed, little ever is.

Max Beerbohm has confessed that he is one of these voyagers among the obscure, one of these lingerers over the nobodies who rear their hands for a moment out of old books. It has been Max's distinction to confer a kind of immortality upon a nameless clergyman who one day, according to Boswell, was talking in a company which contained Dr. Johnson. Nothing is known of the clergyman before that day, and nothing since. Max has only guessed what he looked like, what kind of gloves he wore, how he sat in his chair as the subject of Bishop South's sermons was broached. Even then it cannot be known what he thought in detail of those sermons or whether after what the Doctor did to him he ever thought about anything again. For as the conversation rose to heights where the expression of an opinion began to seem in order, the clergyman ventured his—how seriously or significantly his we do not know. Enough to know that Dr. Johnson paused for an instant to squelch him and went on, leaving the speaker of six words submerged in the ocean of obscurity.

Scholars might well spend some of their hours in search of other bright nonentities. Is there not a millionaire who could be induced to found an annual fellowship—the holders to collect, year in and year out, specimens of the illustrious obscure? There is Plutarch's soldier, for instance, who, being found absent many nights in succession from the camp of Fabius, was suspected of interest in a woman of the nearby town, and whose punishment was to be brought before his commander and placed under a special guard. The guard, said Fabius, was waiting now within a special tent; and of course it was the woman. There is the 1365th person who wrote to Mark Twain asking for permission to dramatize "Tom Sawyer," and whom Mark Twain singled out for a terrible answer. Who was he, and what were the differences in his soul before and after? There is "Cinna, a poet," in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." There are more specimens than Melchizedek in the Old and New Testaments—indeed, what of the woman taken in adultery, who surely stepped out of nothingness for as brief a time and as great an effect as anybody ever did? The field is limitless.

The research will be most painless when it is concerned with remote men, men whose bones will never feel the hand that turns them gently over. Ishi, the last Yahi Indian, who strayed down from the passes of California in 1911 and, terrified by trains and automobiles, pitifully capitulated before the handcuffs, guns, and pistols of his brave white captors, became the subject of as complete a record as a modest man ever caused to be set down; but Ishi is not to be envied by Melchizedek, who at least remains standing with dignity behind the one slender fact that Mr. Robinson notes. Ishi, being the last of his small tribe, got the attention of anthropologists. He sang his songs for them, he exposed his beliefs, he swam, smoked, hunted, dressed, and undressed for them; he learned to speak English and to sign checks; and before he died of tuberculosis in 1916 he let his lungs be tapped, his pulse be counted, his abdomen be X-rayed, and the soles of his feet be photographed. That, perhaps, is being a specimen with a vengeance. Better the halo of darkness for which the totally obscure may envy Melchizedek, Ucalegon.

Furs and Fur Workers

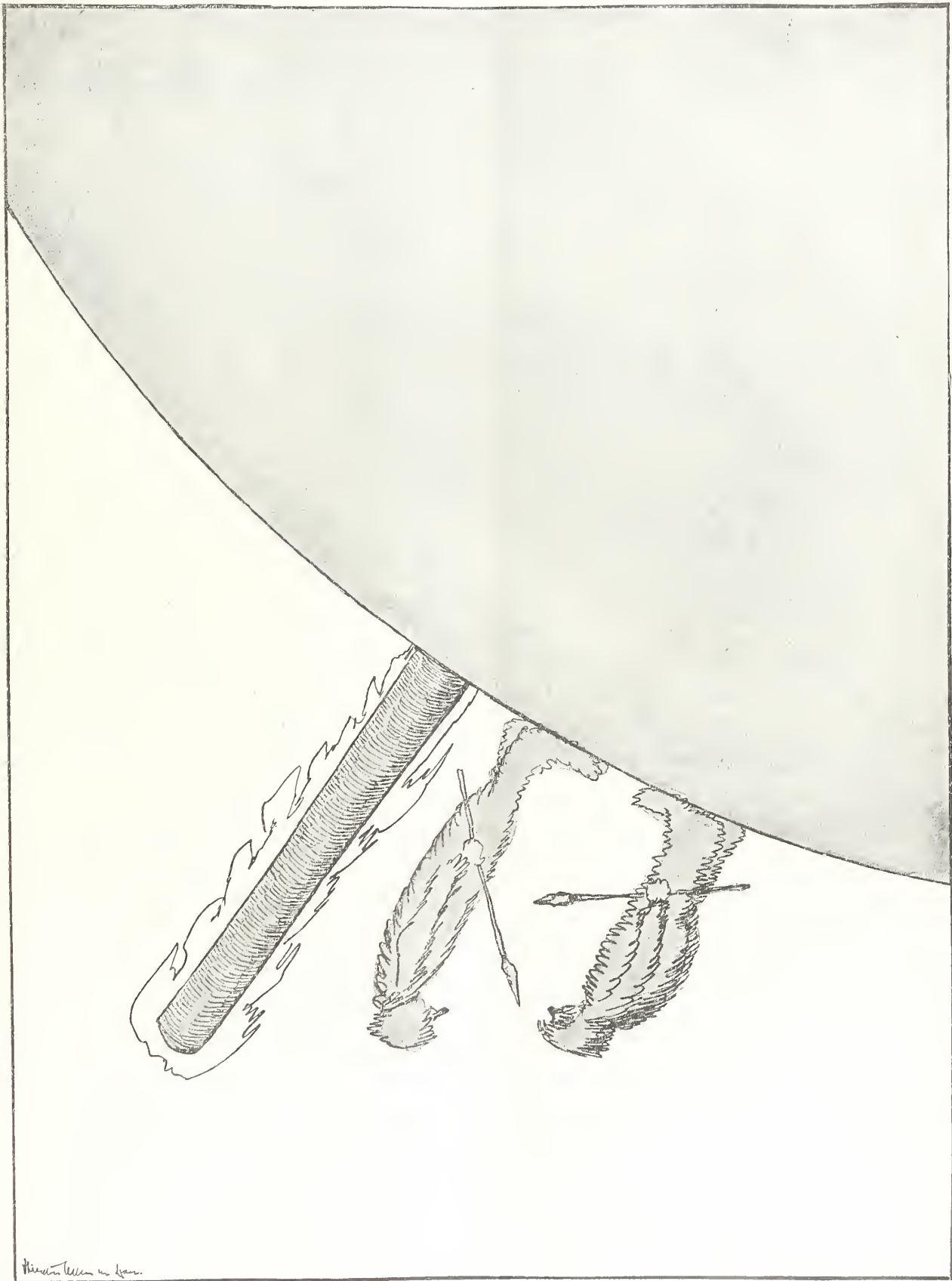
KEEPING up with the Joneses in these days demands a fur coat; or at the worst a fur-trimmed coat. This garment, in Northern urban centers, is as mandatory as silk stockings. Better no lunch than no fur. The higher salesmanship has set the demand deep in the folkways.

But, following the time-honored industrial precedents of this sovereign republic, nobody gives a thought to the men who stitch the furs. Fur dust attacks the respiratory system; the powerful dyes which are used in fabrication make for skin diseases. The highly seasonal character of the industry, with the attendant long months of unemployment and worry, makes, as in all the seasonal needle trades, for an abnormally high percentage of neurotics. These conditions were all plainly set forth by the New York City Health Department in 1915 when it made a special study of the industry. A new investigation has just been completed. The 1915 study showed 5.9 per cent of those examined with bronchitis; the 1926 study shows 14.5 per cent—more than doubled. Acute irritations of the nose, throat, and air passages were 29.7 per cent in 1915, and 53.9 in 1926—almost doubled. In 1915 10 per cent of the workers were over 50 years of age; in 1926 only 4 per cent; 72 per cent were under 40 years in 1915, and 85 per cent in 1926. The sinister and terrible import of these last figures needs no comment. You do not reach 50 and stay at the fur bench; only young lungs can stand it. The 1915 report outlined certain measures to check the ravages of occupational diseases. Nothing has been done to date; while the additional pressure put upon the workers by the great increase in the demand for fur products seems to have doubled the health hazard in a decade. In 1926, furthermore, 12.5 per cent of the membership of the furriers' union, or one out of eight, was found to be suffering from "distinct neurasthenia."

The total fur trade of the United States now reaches \$200,000,000 a year. New York City accounts for three-quarters of it all. These furs are fabricated by 12,000 fur workers. They are 100 per cent organized in the furriers' union—four large locals cooperating through one joint board. The union has won relatively good wages; it has won the closed shop; it has regulated hours somewhat—but it has made to date no inroads on occupational diseases, and done little to mitigate the curse of unemployment. In October, 1923, for instance, at the peak of the busy season, 11,762 workers were employed. By January, 1924, only 6,065 were at work. Last February the union called a strike, and this strike still drags on. Its objectives are the 40-hour week; no overtime; an unemployment-benefit fund to be maintained by the industry; and an equal division of work in the shop. These objectives are aimed straight at the heart of those evils from which the workers principally suffer—disease and unemployment. The 40-hour week is the chief demand, and it has the double benefit of reducing the time during which one breathes fur dust and spacing out the annual load of work.

These are reasonable demands; they are human, necessary, vital. This appalling increase in disease, this ruthless destruction of the tissue of young lungs, this throwing of workers on the scrapheap by 40 must stop. This is a strike for the right to breathe, and it must be won.

At the South Pole



FIRST SOUTH POLANDER: *I hear they dropped three different flags at the North Pole a couple of weeks ago.*
SECOND SOUTH POLANDER: *Gee! There must be a lot of oil up there.*

Nicaragua and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see little in your pages about what you would characteristically call the "brutal refusal" of our Government to recognize the new Government of the Nicaraguan people. Why is this?

Once more our Government has made up its own unaided mind as to the legality of a Latin-American Government, and has made it up adversely, and has refused to extend to that Government the diplomatic recognition which would enable it to live. Our Government is killing it. Why do you not protest more?

Can it be because Chamorro, the head of the new Nicaraguan Government, is a "conservative"? Can it be because Chamorro negotiated with us our Nicaraguan treaty of 1916 whereby we acquired in Nicaragua a canal route and a naval base and whereby we gave Nicaragua a considerable sum of money and whereby the control of Nicaraguan finances passed into the hands of American bankers and of State Department appointees? Can it be because you are prejudiced against Chamorro?

(I hope you will not mind the transparent insincerity of this attack upon you. It is a mere rhetorical dodge.)

Will you continue, sir, to denounce the policy of non-recognition in the case of those foes of "Wall Street" who dwell at Moscow and will you continue to fail to do battle lustily against the policy of non-recognition in the case of those friends of American business who dwell at Managua?

I challenge you to hew to the line of your principles, let chips and Central American presidencies fall where they may. I point out to you a noble example. It is the State Department.

The State Department is hewing to the line of its principles absolutely steadfastly and impartially. It told me long ago, in the reign of Woodrow Wilson, that hereafter in the region immediately to the south of us it would recognize no government coming into power through a coup d'etat.

It thereupon declined to recognize the "capitalistic" but "revolutionary" Tinoco in Costa Rica. It sold munitions of war to the present "radical" but "constitutional" regime in Mexico against opponents "conservative" but "revolutionary" and "anti-constitutional." It now accuses Chamorro in Nicaragua of having come into power by "revolutionary" means and of being "constitutionally" ineligible to the Nicaraguan presidency; and it thereupon refuses to recognize Chamorro, although his record is one of undeviating friendship for American interests.

The Solarzano Nicaraguan Government which preceded the Chamorro Nicaraguan Government was "elected" with the help of "labor." Because it was "elected," our State Department recognized it. The Chamorro Nicaraguan Government, though "conservative," was not, according to our State Department, "lawfully" put into office. Therefore our "conservative" State Department refuses to recognize it.

Could anything be grander, from the standpoint of principles? I expect you to be equally grand.

I expect you to conduct a vigorous and vehement and successful press campaign on behalf of the recognition of the "conservative" Chamorro in Nicaragua in accordance with the principles of George Washington and of *The*

Nation in favor of non-intervention in the internal affairs of foreign countries and in favor of the recognition of all governments which in fact govern the countries which they claim to govern.

Will you? Of course.

Now I will give you another point.

Our State Department grounds its refusal to recognize Chamorro technically upon a certain treaty of 1923. This treaty, which was signed by all the Central American states, though not by us, is in part an effort to outlaw coup-d'etat governments in Central America.

We claim that Chamorro's Government is inconsistent with the treaty of 1923. Nicaragua claims that Chamorro's Government is absolutely harmonious with that treaty.

So here is a dispute regarding the interpretation of a treaty. I ask you: What is the first function of the new World Court which our Administration has coerced our Senate into accepting? Read the Covenant of the League of Nations. Read the statute of the Court. The very first function of the Court is to interpret treaties. Now please ask Mr. Kellogg: Why don't you offer to take the interpretation of the treaty of 1923 to the Court which you so trust?

Oh, well, departing from the Court, and therefore departing from jokes, let me put to you a solemn proposition solemnly. Is it our duty to endeavor to promote peace in foreign countries through the form of coercion known as non-recognition? Mr. Kellogg, Secretary of State, and Mr. Francis White, head of the State Department's Division of Latin-American Affairs, are pursuing that policy conscientiously, consistently, and ably. They are pursuing it unmoved by radical clamor or by financial pressure. They claim that it is the only road to peace and happiness and progress in Central America and in the Caribbean. They absolutely admirably follow it even when it advantages a "radical" like Calles in Mexico.

Are you going to subscribe to their policy when it happens to disadvantage a "conservative" like Chamorro in Nicaragua? Or do you think that it is the highest duty of this country to be itself peaceful and non-aggressive and to refrain from any and all coercions of foreign countries?

Non-recognition is nothing but coercion. The non-recognized Central American government cannot borrow any money from abroad and so it perishes. Non-recognition is in reality just as coercive as war.

This country is now by far the most powerful country in the world. It is supereminently the top-dog country in the world. I discard for the moment all arguments drawn from morality and humanity. I address myself only to an argument drawn from security. Our security is never to awaken any resentments or revenges arising from any unnecessary exercises of our power. Our security, in the midst of our greatness and grandeur, is to arouse no envy or enmity by entertaining any opinions or by achieving any actions, whether diplomatic or military, regarding the internal affairs of any foreign country at any time. That is what I venture to think.

I hope you agree.

Washington, D. C., May 14

WILLIAM HARD

Home—Job—or Both? The Woman's Problem

By EUNICE FULLER BARNARD

ASK any intelligent middle-class woman whom she most envies. She may say Madame Curie, Louise Homer, Dorothy Canfield—any one of a miscellaneous list, according to her taste in notabilities. But if your ear is acute, for three out of four names you will detect a common denominator. By and large they will be women who have combined professional achievement with successful motherhood. That at least would seem the indication from the thousands of letters that recently rolled in from all parts of the country upon a woman's magazine which ventured a series of articles on the feasibility of a combination. Overnight apparently the demand for it has risen from a wicked murmuring to a widely inclusive shout. Even the *New York Times* and the *Atlantic Monthly* have heard it without a quiver.

The president of Smith College has referred as a matter of course to "the problem that confronts almost every educated woman today: how to combine a normal life of marriage and motherhood with a life of intellectual activity, professional or otherwise." And on behalf of this dilemma two of the chief women's colleges in the United States have made the first radical innovations in their curriculum in half a century. The problem has passed the acid test of economics: people are giving their money toward its solution.

These are amazing facts, for they mean the beginnings of a general tolerance, and even sanction, for an aspiration that a few years ago was being popularly dismissed after the manner of "This Freedom." They are society's first gesture toward affirmation of a mother's right to an individual as well as a generic occupation.

This shift in public sentiment appears to have occurred not because vast numbers of wives and mothers have already taken up professions or any other occupations outside the home but perhaps precisely because they have not. It is to be traced rather to the constantly augmented number of them who have had such occupations before marriage and to the smaller but similarly increasing group with college education. The census of 1920 shows 9 per cent of all married women in gainful occupations and 46 per cent of all others over fifteen years of age. It is obvious that marriage is constantly and cumulatively creating a substantial proportion of women who have lost their direct economic relation with society and who—various testimony seems to indicate—have gained painful personal experience of the incongruity of the methods of the home with those of other institutions of modern life. Now apparently they have attained the courage of their numbers—perhaps stimulated also by women's increasing success (conspicuously mirrored in the census) in entering the professions and the higher positions in industry and trade.

The other day I came across a college acquaintance who a few years after graduation had already achieved a promising career as biological chemist. Her marriage to an electrical engineer had taken her to a small manufacturing town. I asked whether she found it possible to do anything at her experimentation. "Oh, no," she said, "I have another full-time job. There are the house, the garden, the meals, the mending, the children's schedules, much

entertaining, all to manage with two maids. You see, I am a *chatelaine*." I noted the word. It came to symbolize for me the step which in America the trained woman worker customarily takes upon her marriage—from the twentieth century back into the Middle Ages. That is, she leaves specialized, expert work in a highly organized industry or profession for a congeries of more or less primitive occupations, for no one of which has she usually particular aptitude, scientific comprehension, or even adequate technical training.

Nor is her role usually the purely managerial one of *chatelaine*. According to the government figures, more than eighteen million of the twenty million women engaged in home-making—the largest occupational group in our boasted modern civilization—must spend their lives entirely unaided as jacks at all the trades the home embraces, many of which if studied singly might be dignified to the status of applied science or art. "Utopian suggestions that home-making is (or ought to be regarded as) a profession," says Dr. David Snedden in a work on vocational education, "render no service in mitigating the hard reality that for the great majority it must long continue as a composite of ill-defined and imperfectly standardized arts." Nor have all the vacuum cleaners and prepared mayonnaise with which modern industry has changed the aspect of home-making altered the inner reality of its diversity of function and responsibility.

This situation has so long survived both the entrance of women into industry and their higher education not only because it is the darling tradition of society but also because it is the earnest conviction of the majority that it is essential to the successful rearing of children. Oddly enough, however, child care, which is assumed to be the core of women's generic function of home-making, is the one thing in which they have never been instructed. For thirty years "domestic science" and "home economics" courses have been strewn lavishly through the country. But, as a study under the auspices of the University of Chicago showed, they still consist almost exclusively of the technical processes of cooking and sewing. It is not surprising, therefore, that the actual results of the system are not the sturdiest support of the faith that inspires it. According to the statement of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, maternal ignorance is largely responsible for the 65 per cent of infant deaths caused by faulty feeding and improper natal and prenatal care, as well as for our appalling proportion of undernourished school-children. How many mental and emotional wrecks it has also caused we are but just beginning to realize.

It is therefore with some of these facts taken into account that women now undertake to readjust the balance between their individual and generic functions. What are their current proposals toward this end? As might be expected, they represent three distinct points of view—right, left, and middle—toward society's major premise that for the sake of the race the mother's function of child-nurture must always be dominant. The party of the left suggests that women make parenthood and profession co-ordinate but independent, as men have done; the party of

the right that they develop parenthood itself to a professional status. The compromise party believes that along with their major profession of parenthood women may as a minor interest still cherish and develop their individual talents. The first creed is held and practiced by the more advanced young feminists. The other two are sponsored by women's colleges. No one of them suggests, as the older socialistic theory used to, the scrapping of the home.

Even the younger feminists ask only its economic and administrative reorganization. They simply set out individually to maintain the home according to the principles that govern other institutions of modern society—specialization and exchange of services. In their familiar scheme, while the mother continues with her individual vocation, the children are under the expert care of the modern nursery school or the country day-school. For the rest she employs such specialized household and nursery servants as her budget allows. This is the most radical of the proposals only in that it denies society's traditional contention that an essential factor in the rearing of children is the hovering presence of the mother.

Upon that contention, on the contrary (whether on grounds of biological law, of mystical connection as in Ellen Key's hypothesis, or merely of the mother's greater personal interest is not stated), is based the organized effort of the two women's colleges that have taken up the matter. Indeed it is interesting to note that after fifty years of careful avoidance of the subject the colleges are using this opportunity for a complete official recognition of motherhood. There it has always lain, just beyond their borders, no more to be recognized than Mexico in revolution, yet the ultimate destination of some 60 per cent of their graduates and in one or another of its aspects the chief interest of some 15 per cent more.

The belated recognition of this overwhelming element in their graduates' future is not surprising. In the early days of course the women's college had but a single aim, and the student was for demonstration purposes only. She was there to prove for her sex and for the college that her intellectual capacity, equally with the male's, justified the time and expense of higher education. So she was carefully set the same puzzles that were given to her brother at Harvard or Yale. Whether these were the puzzles whose solution would be most useful in after life was asked in her case even less than in his. But the experiment was an amazing success. She solved her puzzles more patiently and quite as creditably as her brother. She kept her health, her looks, her much-discussed femininity, as well as her non-academic sister. She showed an equal desire for marriage, and, in spite of her handicap of superior education, often achieved it. What happened to her thereafter the colleges, like the popular novelist, felt to be none of their concern.

Twenty-five years of successful proof, twenty-five years of increasing popularity, money-raising, and physical expansion, and now for the first time the women's colleges pause to survey their course in terms of its effect on the girls themselves, their subsequent life and needs. What they see is a lack of integration, a preparation for an alien calling suddenly dispersed in the multiplex details of home-making. Vassar College, which was first in the field, has taken a realistic course. It has given its students an opportunity to secure in college a groundwork for the vocation they will in the main ultimately adopt, and it has taken

steps toward elevating that vocation to the status of a profession. Thus after sixty years Herbert Spencer's dream comes true, and a school of parenthood rises on a college campus.

Vassar has created the Division of Euthenics, for the study of parenthood and the family. Euthenics, a word coined by the late Ellen Richards, a Vassar graduate, is defined as the science of improving the individual through the adaptation of his environment. In Vassar's interpretation it includes correlated courses in nutrition, sanitation, psychology, and economics. In any one of these a student may specialize, taking subsidiary courses in one of the others. The new euthenics building, the gift of a graduate, will house a laboratory for child study, including a 24-hour-a-day nursery for babies, and a nursery school for preschool children. This to the end that "students of child psychology and hygiene may have at least as good opportunities for direct contact with children as they would be expected to have with the material studied in zoology and botany." Thus a large and conspicuous group of young women will have an opportunity to acquire scientific familiarity with the field of their traditional generic occupation, both as a subject of graduate research and undergraduate instruction. Similar opportunities, though less definitely correlated toward the objective of parenthood, are being offered in several of the land-grant colleges of the West.

Smith College takes a middle ground. It too assumes that in the future as in the past the mother's main task will and should be the personal rearing of her children. But it has set for itself the study of how she may combine with this some continuous development of her now suppressed individual talents. With the financial cooperation of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation it has established an institute "for the coordination of women's interests," which is "to discover concrete, practical means by which women may reach this necessary unity of their family and other interests."

To this end it hopes to recast the scene of both parenthood and the professions. First it will attempt to discover and to demonstrate "methods of releasing women from wasteful occupations in their own homes," by some form of local cooperative household service. Its two initial demonstrations in Northampton are to be a cooperative nursery and a cooperative home assistance organization. The second part of its program calls for "a study of possible modifications in the technical training for the professions with a view to the opening of new subdivisions adapted to part-time work and to work which can be carried on by women at home."

These, then, are the conscious attempts of our time to integrate woman—attempts which in a few years may be profoundly accelerated by economic forces and increasing community care of small children. Whether as a career, however, or in order to obtain another career, women are first having to put their minds on the home. For women of intelligence cannot as a class be freed from it or genuinely immersed in it until they reorganize it. Whether at last, with scientific training for parenthood open to them on the one hand and genuinely adequate methods for shifting some of its responsibilities on the other, women of their own free choice will tend to become stabilized as a professional parent class or diversified as human beings of different capacities and professions will be an interesting revelation of the future.

The New Northwest Passage

By BENTON MACKAYE

WHEN Hendrik Hudson in 1609 sailed past Manhattan Island and looked upon the beckoning headlands of the Palisades he thought that he had found the long-sought Northwest Passage to China and the Far East.

Alas, he had only reached Hoboken. It was 315 years later, in 1924, that Roald Amundsen finally did locate the "Passage," and found—as had long been known—that it was of no commercial importance whatever. But this same Amundsen, now in May, 1926, discloses a new Northwest Passage which, not only commercially but socially, is of utmost significance to the peoples of the East and West.

The accompanying map shows that the main trans-Arctic route connecting these peoples lies between America and China. This route (for us on the Atlantic coast of America) leads northwestward past the North

Pole: it promises to bring Peking as near to us by air as the Golden Gate is now by rail. This is the new Northwest Passage.

Stefansson congratulates Amundsen on his "Magellan voyage" which, he says, inaugurates "a new epoch in world communication."

"Now that these things are done," says Amundsen in Teller, Alaska, "a new generation may continue."

But what *terra incognita* awaits this generation? The job remains perhaps to discover "Amundsen Island" within the remnant of the unexplored Arctic; perhaps also "Ellsworth Island" and "Nobile Island"; if not the whole "International Archipelago." These would be important for landing places in trans-Arctic flights, and let us hope that they will come to light. But for all intents we can now say with Peary that "the last great Earth Story has been told."

What, then, in the way of exploring, awaits a new generation? Is there surely not one more world yet left to conquer? Yes there is: There is one *terra incognita* not yet touched. And that is the world itself.

This is not the world of continents and natural harbors; it is the world of railways and of seaports. It is not the world of intricate mountain fastnesses but the world

of metropolitan fastnesses. Not the world of the uncharted river system but that of the uncharted industrial system. Civilization has conquered the wilderness, but civilization turns out to be itself a wilderness.

The wilderness of nature had its wolves and polar bears; the wilderness of civilization has its hunger and its wars. The wolves and the bears were conquered; but not till their habitat was charted and set in order. Hunger and war will yet be conquered; but not till their "habitat" (the labyrinth of industrial civilization) has been charted and set in order.

The unraveling of this tangled web is the problem of our day: it is the new exploration that awaits us.

The old exploration now drawing to a close (Marco Polo by land, Columbus by sea, Amundsen by air) has dealt with the geographic flow of terrestrial

forces—of rivers and ocean currents and air currents. The "new exploration" now emerging will deal with the geographic flow of social and industrial forces.

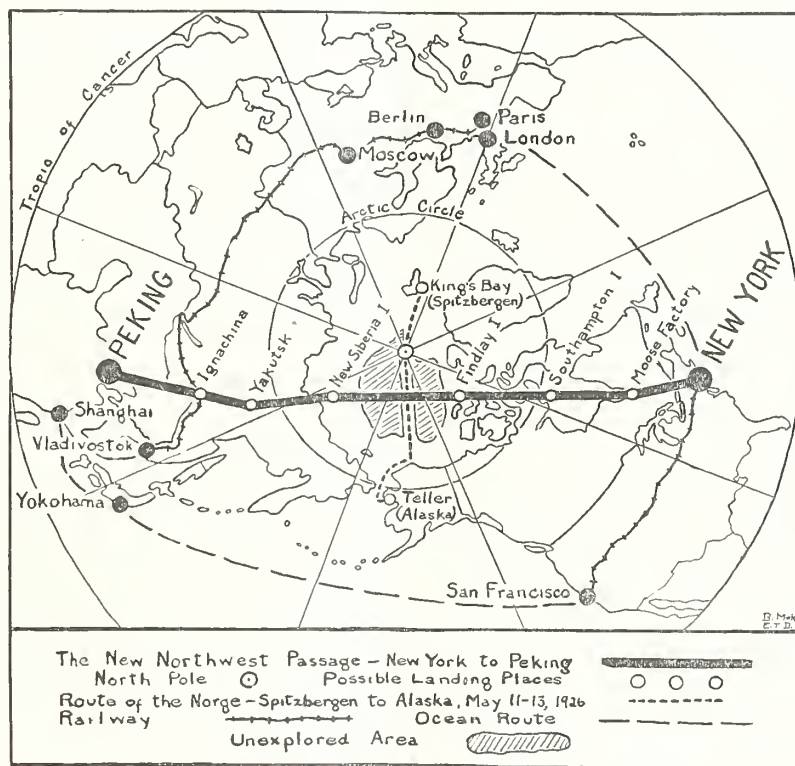
The industrial system, like a river system, is a "flow" from source to mouth. Natural resources lie at one end and population at the other. It is a flow also from one world center to another. It is in essence a geographic flow. As a new geography emerges so also does a new economics; and their combinations will make the future field of exploration.

Let us plot, in the rough, the proportionate weights, among the main world centers, of the industrial and social forces to be charted; specifically the proportionate amount, in each center, of natural resources and world's population:

APPROXIMATE PERCENTAGES OF WORLD TOTALS*

	Foods and textiles	Iron and timber	Heat and power	All natural resources	Population
U. S. and Brit. Amer.	23.0	36.5	35.5	31.5	6.5
Europe	14.0	26.0	16.0	18.5	24.0
China, Japan, Siberia	10.0	9.0	22.5	13.5	29.0
Tropical and Southern countries.....	36.5	21.5	26.0	28.5	36.5
Total accounted for	83.5	93.0	100.0	92.0	96.0

* From a cursory study based on United States Government statistics.



This table and the accompanying map present a vista of a portion of the new field in world charting. A little study of them shows the significant part in world affairs which America and China are destined to play.

China, midway between insular Japan and tropical India, is the heart of Eastern civilization. America is a transplant of Western civilization but young enough still to do its own thinking and to weigh the virtues and vices of the East and West. China (with Japan and Siberia) has a population about equal to that of America and Europe

combined: America has resources about equal to those of the other two centers combined. China's strength is "biologic"; America's is "geologic." Each country is new: one is young, the other is awakening. Their respective forces of enlightenment are natural leaders and cooperators in the world task of unraveling the tangle of industrial civilization.

Hence the significance of the Arctic lane to the East which Amundsen has shown us: the new Northwest Passage—strategic base line in the new exploration.

After Dayton: A Fundamentalist Survey

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

WHEN, at the close of the Scopes trial, God removed his faithful servant, William Jennings Bryan, various men and newspapers announced that now the fundamentalist menace to freedom in education was over; now the path was once more open to the general teaching of modern evolutionary science. Events have crowded upon one another's heels to disprove the assertion. Not only is the fundamentalist opposition to the theory of evolution more alive and more dangerous than ever, but other fields of thought are also being invaded.

The Scopes case itself, with the concomitant constitutionality of the Tennessee law, is still undecided; and though there is a strong movement in Tennessee to repeal the law as the Oklahoma law was repealed—though the latter is again being agitated—it emanates from the academic strongholds of Nashville, and is not likely to make much headway among the embattled Holy Rollers of the mountain districts. (Moreover, the Bible Crusaders have donated \$5,000 to fight the movement.) To offset such manifestations of awakening sanity, forty States will be in legislative session next year, as against eight in 1926, and a flood of anti-evolution bills is threatened.

Mississippi has now joined Tennessee in outlawing modern science. An anti-evolution law was enacted by the legislature on February 8, and on March 12 was signed by the Governor. To test the constitutionality of the law in the federal courts, the American Civil Liberties Union offered to assist any Mississippi taxpayer in a suit to enjoin the expenditure of public funds for the enforcement of the statute. The same offer was made to Mississippi members of the American Association of University Professors. So far no one has taken advantage of the offer. The school board of Atlanta, Georgia, has made an anti-evolution ruling. The University of Louisiana has refused a petition of students for a course on evolution. There have been public burnings of scientific works in New Jersey and Mississippi.

Perhaps the neatest bit of fundamentalist diplomacy up to date has been achieved in Texas. There the anti-evolutionists saved themselves the trouble of passing a law on the subject by working directly on the State Text-book Commission, which demanded of the publishers that they cut bodily out of all biology textbooks used in the State schools the pages referring to evolution. The State superintendent of schools, Marshall Johnston, remarked that he approved highly of the action, and that "the old-time religion was good enough" for him.

In Arkansas a forthcoming anti-evolution bill is being sponsored by the Free Will Baptists; in Washington and Oregon the foremost proponents are Baptists and Methodists, with a sprinkling of Presbyterians; in California the chief anti-evolution strength comes from the Seventh Day Adventists, who are very numerous in that State—conducting a million-dollar-a-year publishing house as one of their activities. These people have definitely announced an anti-evolution initiative measure at the next California State election in November. (A Bible-reading measure has already qualified.)

California is also blessed by the Bryan Bible League, formed in Turlock in the heart of the San Joaquin farming district, which has for its dual object opposition to evolution and the introduction of the King James version of the Bible into the public schools. This latter effort is a prime cause of contention among the fundamentalists themselves, the Seventh Day Adventists being, for doctrinal reasons, strongly opposed to it.

If the initiative measure fails, a "Bible bill," along the lines of the Miller bill defeated last year, is again to be introduced in the California Legislature at the next session by Assemblywoman Eleanor Miller. A large meeting was held in Glendale, near Los Angeles, to launch the movement, at which E. P. Clark, president of the State Board of Education, spoke strongly in favor of it. Clark presided over the meeting of the board in San Francisco last July, when through the activities of the Science League of America and other pro-evolution forces the textbooks advocating the theory of evolution were finally forced on the approved list. The new Miller bill will provide also that every school library shall have a copy of the Bible, and every teacher must have a copy in his or her home!

At the present time evolution may be taught in California "merely as a theory," and must not be presented as proved "even in private conversation between teachers and pupils." This last provision, though only implied and not explicitly demanded by the State ruling, has been definitely made by various local boards to control the actions of the teachers under them.

There have been no conspicuous recent dismissals of teachers because of their stand on evolution, though Miss Lela Scopes was refused a renewal of her contract in Kentucky as a teacher of mathematics because she would not renounce her acceptance of evolution and because "her name was against her." Professor A. L. Pickens has

resigned as professor of biology at Furman University, a Baptist institution, because he would not eliminate the teaching of evolution. A Detroit minister, Dr. Lynn H. Hough, has been accused of heresy because he "placed Darwin on as high a plane as Jesus" in a sermon. The Rev. Chester Staton was removed by the Baptists in Topeka, Kansas, because of his approval of Luther Burbank's "infidel" proclamation.

Although various scientific, liberal, rationalist, and other organizations are doing good work in opposing these attacks on science and freedom, the Science League of America remains the only body, appealing to both scientists and laymen, specifically formed to counteract, by educational methods, the fundamentalist war against evolution and the present sectarian effort to unite church and state in America. The Science League, though hampered by lack of endowment, now has branches organized or in process of organization in a number of States, and members in practically all States and in all the larger universities and colleges. Its national headquarters is in San Francisco. Vicious attacks being made on the league by several fundamentalist periodicals prove that it is drawing blood.

A recent incident in Alameda, a city on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, illustrates the need and function of such an organization, and also throws illumination on the strength of fundamentalism even in that part of California. A new million-dollar high school was being erected, on the walls of which were to be engraved the names of various great men. The science department was requested to furnish the names of two scientists for the science wing, and suggested Newton and Darwin. The board of education rejected Darwin's name (because, according to one member, Darwinism was "opposed to certain fundamental religious teachings") and substituted that of Agassiz, an anti-Darwinian.

The alumni association of the school protested, and the Science League heard of the controversy. In cooperation with the alumni it not only made strong objections to this insult to the greatest of naturalists, and through him to all contemporary biology, but it trained newspaper attention on the board until the latter was obliged to call another meeting to reconsider its decision. Finally the board found a way out of the dilemma by rescinding its entire former action and ordaining that no names should be chiseled on the building at all! Virgil's and Franklin's, already installed, were removed, and the offense to Darwin and evolution was avoided.

A new manifestation of fundamentalist anti-science activity is to be seen in attacks on the governmental scientific departments. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Bureau of American Ethnology are freely denounced by fundamentalist spokesmen. Danger still threatens in Washington, D. C., where last year's school appropriation bill carried a "disrespect to the Bible" sting in its tail; and Congressmen Blanton and Upshaw propose to make this provision a federal law if they can accomplish it.

Augustus Thomas recently made public a federal amendment drawn up by Bryan, proclaiming this "a Christian country" and providing for deportation of "infidel" aliens. This measure is not dead. Other Congressmen and Senators have been quoted similarly; and the

introduction of a national anti-evolution amendment in the next Congress is not improbable.

Who is to be Bryan's successor still remains undecided. His son has neither the personal influence nor the prestige to be very dangerous. The chief contestants for the honor seem to be the Rev. John Roach Straton of New York, who says "Better wipe out all schools than undermine belief in the Bible by permitting the teaching of evolution," and Rev. William B. Riley of Minneapolis and Los Angeles, executive secretary of the World Christian Fundamental Association, who predicts the organization of every State against evolution within twelve months. A Southern aspirant is Rev. T. T. Martin, of Tennessee and Mississippi, who ornamented Dayton with his "Hell in the High Schools" banner. Billy Sunday is, of course, a perennial, but his power seems to be waning.

A formidable sign of the times is the organization of new national anti-evolution societies. The chief of these are the Bible Crusaders and Defenders of the Faith and the closely allied Supreme Kingdom, the object of both of which is to "put every teacher of evolution out of our tax-supported schools and colleges." The Supreme Kingdom was launched at Atlanta by Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Wizard Emeritus of the Ku Klux Klan, and Roscoe Carpenter, a prominent Indiana Klansman. The Bible Crusaders are heavily financed by George F. Washburn, a "quiet God-fearing business man" of Boston. They contemplate a home in Florida for those "who grow old in the war against evolution." Back of this society are also the protagonists of the Bryan Memorial University in Tennessee. The Crusaders sent T. T. Martin to Mississippi to lobby for the evolution bill and, though he was roundly denounced for his illegal activities by Representative Windham, the bill (adversely reported in committee) passed both houses by a heavy majority.

From these symptoms, to which every week adds new manifestations, it may be observed how deep-seated is this dogmatic obscurantism. The avowed purpose is to establish a fundamentalist theocracy in America. As Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, has said: "The fight is just beginning."

Wild Game

By DONALD DAVIDSON

Whether it is only a thought
Or some wild thing, harried severely,
It is trapped for but never caught
And visits us rarely.

In the likeness of a Deer
Perhaps, or sometimes a wild
Wolf that will slaver fear,
Or a Dove; never beguiled

To drink or touch or taste
Our flat and homely waters,
Obeying no charm or the chaste
Prayers of our virgin daughters,

But is seen of certain men
Alone, who walk with dead eyes
Glazed to all else but it,
And are long afterwards called wise.

Mr. Coolidge "Finds Himself" Again

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., May 22

EVERY now and then one of the Republican organs prints a dispatch from Washington about the change in Mr. Coolidge. The general purport of these articles is that the President has now "found himself"—that is the favorite phrase—and from now on proposes to exert a leadership in legislative matters which he was unable to do before because he had not yet got "firmly on his feet."

Ever since Mr. Coolidge became President these explanatory statements about finding himself have appeared at intervals in the Administration mouthpieces. At the close of the last session they were obviously offered as an alibi for the extraordinary futility with which it was marked and as explaining the undeniable fact that a Republican Congress did everything a Republican President did not want and nothing he did want. Last December, when this Congress convened, they again appeared and were unquestionably indicative of a forced optimism on the part of his friends and supporters.

Now, nearly six months later, with the session about to expire and neither Republican House nor Republican Senate paying the least attention to Mr. Coolidge's wishes, the good old line about Mr. Coolidge "finding himself" is beginning again to appear, with the renewed prediction that "next session he will take hold of the helm with a strong hand." But there isn't the same ring to it. The declaration lacks conviction. Discouragement is apparent. Only a few of the propagandists send it out and those with plainly diminished faith. As a matter of fact, if there is anyone in Washington who now believes Mr. Coolidge will "find himself" as a party leader he believes it either in spite of his intelligence or because he is utterly devoid of that quality.

The truth is no one not hopelessly muddle-headed does believe that now. There is not a single Republican Senator, eliminating Butler and Gillett, who are too close to Coolidge to be sincere on the subject even with themselves, and Pepper, whose desperate fight in Pennsylvania compelled him to anoint Mr. Coolidge so thickly in public that he was forced to keep it up even when alone with himself—with these exceptions there isn't a single Republican Senator who does not know in his soul that this is the feeblest President in their time; that there is less force, less fight, less fire, less firmness about this President than any in a generation; that he takes a stand only when it seems absolutely safe and only for the most obvious proposals; that he is a pussyfooting product of the Massachusetts party escalator, who acts affirmatively only when he is pushed, is incapable of meeting a crisis without a guiding hand behind him, and from whom it is a joke to expect leadership either now or hereafter.

That is what they really think about him, and there isn't a well-posted man in Washington who doesn't know it and who, if he is free to tell the truth, won't say so. The thing that amazes them most is the length of time it is taking the people to get the real measure of the man. There are various explanations of this. One is propaganda, another prosperity, another the glamor that surrounds the office,

another an overwhelmingly favorable press, another the solid support of the great business and banking interests, whose ideal President is no President and who have in Mr. Coolidge the nearest thing to their ideal they can expect. So long as that line-up holds, the occasional statement that Mr. Coolidge is about to "find himself" will be sufficient explanation to the general public of his futility as a leader.

Actually, they do not even require that. All he has to do is sit still and let the cloudiness of the public mind operate to his advantage. And that is exactly what he does. Moreover, with the kind of newspaper support he has he can get away with that or almost anything else. Nobody checks up these days, and after this session ends, the White House spokesman will give out a solemn pronouncement praising Congress for its record, commending it for its constructive achievements, lauding it for the way in which it has held down expenses. The Washington correspondents, in duty bound and true to form, will send these laudatory comments all over the country. The great bulk of the newspapers will give Mr. Coolidge credit for having guided Congress away from injurious legislation and by his strength and wisdom induced it to pass the tax bill, adhere to the World Court, and ratify the foreign-debt settlements—which is unquestionably the bunk.

But all the business Babbitts will believe it. Moreover, they won't believe anything else. The more you consider the steadfastness of their attitude in the face of the facts the more you grasp the complete futility of arguing with men with a set political conviction. Facts mean nothing to such men—even those who are really intelligent. The record of this Congress, good or bad, is not Mr. Coolidge's record. He has had amazingly little to do with it. His influence one way or another has not been decisive. No President ever counted for less in Congress or had a smaller personal following in the Senate. These statements are the simple truth, fully recognized by leaders of his own party, not disputed by any clear-headed, candid, detached observer, and susceptible of complete proof by the record. The curious thing is, you do not have to prove them in Washington and you can't prove them outside. The further away you are, the easier it is to swallow the propaganda; the closer and more constant the touch, the greater the disillusionment.

As to the World Court, the tax-reduction bill, and the foreign-debt settlements it is true that they were Administration measures. Mr. Coolidge was for them and is entitled to credit. It is not, however, fair to ignore—as is being ignored—the fact that the World Court fight was made by Democrats, won by Democratic votes, and that the Presidential support was notoriously perfunctory, not even strong enough to hold in line the two Indiana Administration Senators—Watson and Robinson. Nor ought it to be forgot that the passage of the tax-reduction bill and the debt ratifications were inevitable. The overwhelming weight of the financial and newspaper forces behind them practically flattened out opposition. They could not have been stopped. Still Mr. Coolidge advocated these things in

his message and is entitled to some of the credit for their passage—even if he did little shoving to get them through. This is likewise true of the defeat by the House of the Haugen Farm Relief bill, which is also being hailed as an Administration victory, even though its ultimate effect may be anything but helpful to Mr. Coolidge and the Republican Party.

The reason for the latest effort to impress the thought that the President, having now "found himself," will really take hold "next time" is the realization in White House quarters that the great bulk of the Coolidge recommendations made at the beginning of this session have utterly failed to materialize. Not only that, but in a couple of important instances Congress has done the very things he urged it not to do. Mr. Coolidge urged that radio control be left with the Department of Commerce, whereupon the Senate promptly reported a bill taking it out of Hoover's hands and creating an independent commission—and this bill will pass. And Congress also, in the face of the White House spokesman's opposition and warning, and immediately following an economy plea, passed the \$19,000,000 Spanish War pension bill, which he sourly signed.

It was recently computed that of twenty-three major recommendations of Mr. Coolidge for this session three had been favorably acted upon and twenty ignored. Probably the most striking and important piece of legislation of the whole session—the Railway Labor bill—went through by an overwhelming majority not only without the help of Mr. Coolidge but after he had taken pains—through the White House spokesman—to announce that it was not an Administration measure, although it is known he privately approved it. In addition, the effort of the silver producers to snatch \$5,000,000 more from the Treasury over the protest of Mr. Mellon was thwarted, not by Administration pressure, but by the determined opposition of Senator Carter Glass and other Democrats.

It requires considerable strain to ascribe leadership to a President with such a record as that in a Congress dominated in both branches by his own party. However, the White House now conveys to the correspondents, and the correspondents convey to the waiting world, the information that "the President appears very well satisfied with what has been accomplished"; that he has now "found himself" and in the next session will exert a stronger legislative leadership than before. It is a humbug world.

Youth Attacks the "Color Line"

By WILLIAM PICKENS

TO profess unconventional opinions or to act contrary to tradition "along the color line" in America requires more than ordinary courage. The growing attitude, therefore, of the liberal section of younger Americans, the type out of whom "youth movements" are made, is significant. In at least two of the largest universities they have effected recent organizations whose names and creeds and activities constitute a direct assault upon the traditions of the color line. These are the Negro-Caucasian Club of the University of Michigan and the Interracial Discussion Group of Chicago University.

"The aim of the Negro-Caucasian Club is to make a careful study of the problems arising in relations between the races, to take such action as will encourage a spirit of sympathy and friendship, and to work for the eventual elimination of any discrimination against Negroes which may exist." That is the first proposition of the Articles of Agreement of the Michigan University group, which, as its name implies, consists of white and colored members of the university, mostly students, but with several members of the faculty acting with them. The Chicago group, which exists not only for "discussion" but for social purposes as well, is made up chiefly of these two races with some representatives of other races. A white member writes:

We do not intend to make any compromises. We cannot presume to wipe out prejudice in so short a time, but we do intend to stand up for the rights of every student on the campus. If any injustice can be shown, then it is aired fully in the meetings. That is usually enough to stop it, unless it is something the institution does*, like the

women's dormitories. Of course, we have no power there, except to object to the policy.

This group of students does not agree with the limitations and restrictions against the right of the students of any race to occupy dormitory rooms. An unwritten rule of these clubs is that the chief offices shall include both races. Of the Michigan club the president is a white instructor, the vice-president a colored male student, the secretary a colored girl student, and the treasurer a white girl student.

Many instances, which have not reached the stage of organization, could be cited to show that college students are beginning not only to think but also to act for themselves on the question of race and color. It seems to be understood that the northward migration of Negroes and the consequent increase of Negro students in the colleges have aroused added opposition to Negro students on the part of those who are prejudiced. But few seem to realize that this very opposition has awakened a counter-activity on the part of those students who are free from such prejudices.

For the first time in history the white students who are conscientiously opposed to race prejudice have begun to organize against it. Heretofore such students have acted only as individuals; when their Negro or Oriental fellow-students were under fire they would by individual acts of liberality show that they were without prejudice and that they disapproved of the effort to curtail the institutional rights of other races. But the growing activity of race prejudice or the increasing disposition of modern youth to independence, or both, are now causing such white students to seek out colored students of like mind and courage and to form with them organizations which openly and unequivocally challenge discrimination against race.

* This reference to women's dormitories is based on the fact that former President Judson issued a decree that colored women students should not be received in the women's dormitories, although colored male students have rooms in the men's dormitories. So far as we know, while President Mason has said nothing so far to confirm this ruling, it has not been revoked.

These are seeking to encourage similar organizations in other colleges and are looking toward a national league.

It is significant that in these movements students and younger teachers take the initiative. They are more liberal than the older members of the faculties. The Chicago group decided that formal creeds and written principles would not suffice; they not only have "open forums" of discussion on all phases of race relations, sometimes with prominent white and colored speakers to lead the opposing sides, but they make it a rule to hold in each quarter of the year a great Interracial Dinner at one of the best hotels, where colored people ordinarily appear only in the role of servants. More frequently, and with the same motives, they go in "mixed parties" to the best restaurants and theaters. At the larger dinners they have some prominent outside person as speaker and guest of honor; but at the smaller affairs they practice informal association and the cultivation of personal acquaintanceship and good-will. One of the more formal dinners, with white and colored students of the university in about equal numbers, was recently held in the Gladstone Hotel in a dining-room off the main lobby, with a black man as speaker and Miss Mary McDowell as another guest. A white student writes that it is "always very interesting, particularly the way we are received and treated at the hotels. . . . There has been considerable 'social equality.' . . . So far no one has been killed and we have never been refused service although we have had to wait sometimes!"

In 1925 an unusual number of colleges invited colored persons to discuss the American race question before the students and to hold forums on the subject, the invitations always being issued or influenced by the student organizations. Some of these colleges had never before had a colored speaker, like the University of Maryland; others were traditionally opposed to interracial liberalism, like Washington University in St. Louis. The liberal-minded students of George Washington University, Washington, D. C., sent an invitation to a colored speaker. A New England college where only twelve colored students among 500 whites caused to grow up such a crop of "problems" that serious trouble had been threatened invited a colored man of some experience in education to hold eleven lectures and round tables with students and members of the faculty. It was openly admitted that this was offered as an antidote to developing race prejudice in the school, and the black man was given the chapel hour each day and full charge of classes in biology, sociology, history, imperialism, anthropology, etc. They discussed the biological aspects of race problems, the color line in industry, the history of slavery and the slave trade, the imperialism of Europe in Africa, the Mendelian laws of heredity, and the differences in interbreeding between species of plants and varieties of men. It was later reported that the attitudes of both students and faculty had been changed by this experience and that the twelve Negro students would be continued with all privileges and rights in the college, although the local Ku Klux Klan had previously issued an order that the Negro students must be excluded from college social functions. The goodly number of Southern white students had supported the position of the Klan, but on a vote an overwhelming majority of the Student Association stood for the equal privileges of students, regardless of race. The majority attitude of the students was supported by the younger members of the faculty and by the more liberal older members.

The Chicago University group has been recognized by the institution, which gives them the advantage of using the bulletin boards and the college publications and auditoriums. A white girl in one of the upper classes of the university writes:

It is impossible to know how far our good work is carried out, but I know of several specific instances where its influence has accomplished something. If we do no more than sit in the same room together and talk and drink tea, we are doing something. We believe that the simplest contacts on an equality basis are bound to accomplish something. We are doing more than that.

The Michigan University group has applied for recognition, but the first draft of their Articles of Agreement excited the fear of the more cautious members of the administration. The first draft of this statement of aim constituted such a direct attack on race discrimination that it was considered "too belligerent and likely to arouse unnecessary opposition." Like good statesmen and diplomats the club proceeded to revise its articles of agreement by verbal changes and milder phrasing, but, as one of the officers says, "without material loss in meaning." For example, the first draft of the agreement, written by the club without outside influence or pressure, contained the following lines:

We agree to work conscientiously, actively, and persistently, both individually and as members of this organization, for the elimination of all forms of discrimination, injustice, and prejudice against Negroes, as distinguished from Caucasians.

We pledge ourselves to exert every effort to give, in all possible ways, substantial and effective help to this oppressed group, to aid and protect them not only in maintaining those rights to which they are entitled under the law either as citizens or aliens but also to work actively against any existing or proposed law and against any custom or individual practice involving pernicious race discrimination.

The club finally revised and boiled down the statement of its object into the single sentence beginning the second paragraph of this article.

This counter-crusade against race discrimination, led by college students, is the present most important development along the American color line. It is a part of the revolt of youth against unreasoning tradition. In a Long Island high school the white students insisted on electing a popular colored student as president of the whole student group, and the same thing has more recently occurred at the Stuyvesant high school in New York City. At White Plains, New York, the white students of the high school have elected a colored student to the highest honor group for all-round meritorious character and conduct. Recently at Princeton University students gathered from the colleges and universities of the land insisted, against the spectacular protests of some from more provincial surroundings, upon electing to the highest executive body of their new national organization a young Negro woman who represented one of the Negro universities. This sentiment for fair play has always existed in student groups, but it has been dormant and unorganized. With the challenge of increasing activity on the part of race prejudice, this dormant liberal sentiment and fundamental good sportsmanship is asserting itself and even organizing for defense and attack. That has significance for the future.

In the Driftway

SOMETHING is always bobbing up to remind one that men often know least about that with which they have been longest familiar. Whales, for instance. Men have been familiar with them as long as they have sailed ships; they have fought them, caught them, used them for their daily needs. Yet known little of them—next to nothing of their habits, their diet, their migrations, their length of life, their breeding, and their birth-rate. A modern steam whaling-ship docked in New York harbor a few weeks ago and set the Drifter babbling to a friend about whales. The Drifter was making a tremendous impression, he thought, when his friend suddenly asked if it were true that there were fewer whales now than once, or whether they had merely been driven into more remote parts of the world. And the Drifter didn't know, nor does anybody else.

* * * * *

BUT this is a scientific age, and we are in a way to learn about whales as well as bacilli. For whaling is not, as some suppose, a dead industry. It has passed out of the life of New England, but it is still carried on in the Antarctic, mostly by Norwegians using British land as a base of operations. Great Britain enjoys an excellent revenue from license fees, and wishes, therefore, to save the whale from extermination, if there is any such danger. A party of British scientists are now in the Antarctic on Captain Scott's old ship, the *Discovery*, and they are shortly to be joined by another group on the *Scoresby*. The scientists aboard the *Scoresby* propose to circulate a questionnaire in whaledom. The method will be to fire a small dart, bearing an identification disk giving time and place, into every whale that comes within reach. Fishermen capturing such whales will be asked to return the disks.

* * * * *

WHALERS say that there is still a vast number of whales in the Antarctic, but some of the kinds most prized by our New England fishermen undoubtedly have been all but exterminated. The sperm whale, for instance—the most valuable of all for oil—which lives in tropical waters, is now exceedingly rare, while the Greenland right whale, once much esteemed for whalebone, has either been largely killed off or driven into the ice floes near the North Pole, safe until Amundsen goes after it in a whaling dirigible. Then, perhaps, we shall hear again, roared out from the air above those wintry wastes, the old stanzas of "There She Blows!"

Gallied and sore, fins and flukes in commotion,
Blackskin and boats are cleaving the spray,
While long, loud, and shrill winds his pipe o'er the ocean,
Frightened, bewildered, he struggles to in dismay.

The power of man o'er the king of the ocean
Is shown by the end when we gain our desire;
For a lance in his life creates a commotion,
Slowly he sinks with his chimney on fire.

* * * * *

AND now, in closing this little homily on whales, the Drifter asks a rising vote of thanks for not once using the word "leviathan."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

When Gentlemen Agree

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That the British strikers were doomed became obvious upon the announcement that the settlement was a "gentlemen's agreement" with the Tories. "Gentlemen's agreements" with workers are never kept by privileged interests. From the days of Wat Tyler, and probably before, this has proved invariably to be the case. In our own times this proved true when Tom L. Johnson put faith in an agreement with the Cleveland street-railway interests only to have them treacherously stir up corrupt labor leaders into calling a causeless strike against him. Lincoln Steffens learned this truth when he brought about a "gentlemen's agreement" between Los Angeles Tories and the MacNamara defense under which the MacNamaras were to plead guilty and all prosecutions of others charged with connection with blowing up the *Times* building were to cease. The MacNamaras pleaded guilty, but the other prosecutions did not cease. During the war the Typographical Union put faith in an agreement with the Typothetae for a 44-hour week to go into effect later. In 1921 when a depression put power into the employing printers' hands the agreement was repudiated. The Typothetae is not to be classed as a privileged interest, but it has nevertheless displayed the Tory spirit. One large Baltimore employing printer remarked to the writer at the time: "Sure we promised them a 44-hour week. We would have promised them the White House at that time had they asked it."

Tory treachery in the British case became clear immediately upon the calling off of the strike when the *British Gazette* shamelessly announced Unconditional Surrender. It was only the happening of what should have been expected.

Baltimore, May 15 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Should Wives Have Wages?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of the Russian woman in your issue of April 14 tempts me to join in this interesting controversy; because I agree with the Russians about the freedom of love, but disagree with their treatment of children as a mere by-product of women's activity. When a man and woman live together, without children, both earning, it is usually the woman who keeps clothes and home clean, and does any necessary cooking. Either this work must be shared by both as mutual service, or, if treated as a necessary duty, the one who does it is entitled to a wage from the state. I am prepared to bet that in Russia, as in every country in the world, men's time and energy are saved by having the constant services of a wife or mother who is herself also earning. If the Russian women render all this for love, in addition to their labor as duty to the state, they are not much in advance of a certain young bride who wrote lately in your columns [issue of February 24]; indeed they have merely added a second taskmaster—the state—to the old taskmaster—the husband. I deplore doing everything for money, but the services that a common life brings must be given by men as well as women.

When it comes to having children a woman takes on yet another burden. She is then doing three jobs to the man's one. The cotton areas in England are eloquent of the terrible results of this to women and the race. That is capitalism, a Russian would say. I say it is the setting up of a mechanical state as a fetish in defiance of biological needs. I would not forbid any woman to work on account of marriage or maternity, but I think the state should pay handsomely any healthy woman who is willing to treat her own body in pregnancy

and her children's bodies with half the care or respect accorded to office files, typewriters, or factory machinery; to look upon maternity as a creative work like painting or poetry or sculpture. Such women might also do work in schools and creches. But at present it seems to me that in no country is enough attention paid to the fate of mother or baby before birth takes place and from then until the child is five years old. So long as there are no really substantial wages and training for mothers at this early period, so long will maternity be despised and the child regarded as an awkward by-product impairing the efficiency of its wage-earning mother—and, it may be, her freedom to seek another mate.

DORA RUSSELL

Porthcarne, Penzance, England, April 24

When the Clergy Keep Silent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interest of accurate thinking and enlightening speech—never so much needed as now—I wish to take exception to one sentence in the otherwise valuable article by Mr. Villard in the issue of May 5: A Strike and an American. The writer—doubtless without carefully weighing his words—says, in substance, that “it seems almost incredible that clergymen could sit by and see men, women, and children beaten up by the police without leaping to succor the victims of a gigantic conspiracy of public officials and mill-owners to break a justifiable strike.”

Far be it from me to deny the existence of profound sympathy on the part of many clergymen, much less to suggest insincerity on any considerable scale in that profession. Many years' membership and activity in that profession forbids any such conclusion. But I submit that to any person possessing a comprehensive knowledge of history, ancient and modern, or any acquaintance with the basic teachings of the Christian religion, whether in pulpits, in creeds, or in the seminaries in which most clergymen are “fitted” for their life-work, the incredible thing would be that any considerable number of clergymen should take any steps—much less “leap”—toward personal or collective defense of striking workers.

In the very nature of things, the basic problems of the world's working class today are as truly a closed book, a *terra incognita*, to practically the whole body of Christian clergymen as was the problem of the enslaved peasants of ancient Egypt to the priests of its now dead religion. Not only should it be remembered that the supreme problem of Christian theology—the foundation of the Christian church—is concerned with the fate of the so-called individual “soul” in a supposed “future life,” with the problem of “sin” and “salvation” as defined by the cosmology and theodicy of an age of universal ignorance, but that the material support of the clergy comes from, and the bulk of their personal association is with, that social class which depends for its existence on the exploitation of labor.

It seems to me not merely doubtful, but—more than that—unthinkable that the clergy as a class ever will or can contribute anything vital to the solution of this basic problem of human society: how wealth shall be most wisely produced and distributed. There is nothing in the clergyman's own experience or in his training to make him a factor in that solution.

Menlo Park, Cal., May 9

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My dear unsophisticated Mr. Villard, what did you expect the clergy to do?

By a strange coincidence, in a worth-while article in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, I find a quotation from Charles Bul-ler: “Do not destroy the Established Church. It is the only thing which stands between us and Christianity.”

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 3

GEO. B. TWITCHELL

How to Pay Farm Debts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Italian debt to the United States, incurred by reason of the World War, is \$2,042,000,000. I, as a farmer, also incurred a debt during the war, which is \$2,042, just one-millionth of the Italian debt to the United States, and my note is held by the Federal Reserve Bank.

Now, the Italian settlement established a precedent which I am sure the Federal Reserve banks will be only too willing to follow, and I shall immediately make a settlement with the bank's representative on that basis.

On the basis of the Italian settlement I shall pay to the bank the sum of \$5 per year up to and including the year 1930. In the year 1931 I will pay the sum of \$12.10; in 1932, \$12.20; and so on, gradually increasing until in the year 1987 I will make the last payment of \$79.40, which will extinguish the debt.

I feel a deep remorse for the criticisms I have made of the Republican Party and the Coolidge Administration for their apathy toward agriculture. The Italian debt settlement will be the greatest thing for the poor debt-ridden farmer that has ever happened.

Musselshell, Mont., April 3

LEVERNE HAMILTON

Those Military Instructors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your issue of April 21 intimates that the presence of the professor of military science and of several officer-instructors and the remark of one of the sergeants tended to intimidate the students who came to a meeting at the City College of New York to discuss military training.

Please permit me, as chairman of the meeting, to say that the gentlemen of the military-science department came to the meeting at the express invitation of the students. At the meeting were present several members of other departments of the college. There was no suggestion of intimidation by the members of the military-science department. The students not only spoke as freely and as critically as they wished, but actually called viva voce for some remarks by the professor of military science. Not only at this meeting but throughout the controversy on compulsory military training, now several months old, the attitude of the members of the military-science department has been most courteous and most considerate.

New York, April 26

AARON TRAISTER

The Awful Dreiser

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: “Isn't he awful, though? How do you expect us to keep the works of this author of ‘Genius’ in our library and thus help in corrupting the minds of the young people?” was the reply I received from a big city librarian to my query as to why there was not a single novel written by Dreiser on their shelves. When I asked this lady if she had read any of his other works she betrayed her utter ignorance about his ever having written anything else. But she added with a touch of pride: “We have three volumes of Babbitt.” My subsequent inquiries revealed that even such a big library as that at Washington, D. C., did not have a copy of “Sister Carrie” or “Jennie Gerhardt.”

I had another disappointing surprise at one of the big State universities. When I asked for Dreiser's “The Hand of the Potter,” I, a graduate student of 30, was told that the book is never issued out unless a special permit is brought from the instructor who has assigned that book for reading.

Beacon, New York, May 14

V. V. OAK

The Pale Woman

By SARA BARD FIELD

Woman, why so pale and thin?

A swan and a raven strive within.

From battling of beak am I wan and worn;
From grappling of white with black wing torn.

Woman, I hear no clash of wing.

In awful silence is done this thing.

They droop on my breast when weary of fight—
Swan on the left; raven on the right.

The left breast burns like a fiery cross;
The right breast blights like frozen moss.

If the white the black heart slay,
I shall be a nest for day.

But if the swan should vanquished be,
The raven with night will feather me.

Daily I rise and lay me down.
I comb my hair and smooth my gown,
And, basket on arm, go into town.

The neighbors see nothing strange or new:
A woman marketing, as they do—
Butter and eggs and a fish or two.

For who would dream my narrow clay
Could hold the clash of night and day?

Or that the birds of boundless space
Would strive in such a little place?

The Writings and Paintings of William Blake

The Writings of William Blake. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Three volumes. London: The Nonesuch Press. £5, 17/6.

The Paintings of William Blake. By Darrell Figgis. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$35.

BLAKE has reached his apotheosis, or at least such semblance of apotheosis as may come to the fragmentary remains of his immortal spirit which linger in this world of sense and space and time. The long series of studies and commentaries upon his work as poet and artist with which the present century has honored itself comes to a culmination in the splendid edition of his writings in prose and verse which Mr. Keynes has edited and in the superb quarto volume, containing one hundred colotype and color reproductions of his paintings, selected and introduced by the late Mr. Darrell Figgis. The appearance of these two magnificent tributes to his genius might be made the occasion for yet another essay on Blake, for his art is of that quality which, whether it attracts or repels, speaks with a distinct and individual voice to every reader and observer. The temptation to "expatiate free" upon the verbal and linear evocations of the spiritual world wherein Blake dwelt must, however, be resisted. It is more to the point—especially since these two works have been issued in limited and necessarily quite costly editions—to offer an epitome or brief report upon what Mr. Keynes and Mr. Figgis have accomplished.

The Nonesuch edition is perhaps not final; for at any mo-

ment one of the "lost" works may turn up just as of late hitherto unknown designs have been recovered; and some future editor, working upon the text which Mr. Keynes has meticulously set forth, may convincingly establish the order in which certain pages of the Prophetic Books are to be arranged. But it is as near an approach to finality as this generation is likely to possess. The early Blakists of the Pre-Raphaelite *cenacle* took amazing liberties with his texts, correcting what seemed to them blunders, transposing sections of the longer poems, and even omitting some things that were incomprehensible to them. The year 1905, when Mr. Sampson edited the lyrical poems for the Oxford Press, marked the close of this pre-scholarly partially ignorant and partially condescending admiration. Since then some of the longer poems have been edited with scrupulous fidelity, though others (notably "Vala") have still been known only in texts of doubtful authority. In Mr. Keynes's edition the pendulum has swung to the extreme of minute accuracy. Two problems confronted him at the outset of his undertakings: the order in which the writings should be printed and the method of recording *variae lectiones*. The solutions reached give to the edition an unquestionable authority which the scholar will appreciate, while the amateur will find his pleasure in the great beauty of its form.

Earlier editors have had ample opportunity to confound confusion by proffering each his own solution of the problem of arrangement. Mr. Keynes rightly holds that the important thing is to follow the development of Blake's ideas and that the only way in which to do so is to read all that he wrote in the sequence in which he wrote. The chronological arrangement is as strict and remorseless as can be arrived at on the basis of the available evidence. Lyrics, epigrams, squibs, notes, marginal jottings, letters, and prophetic books follow one another in what at first seems most admired disorder. The justification of this arrangement is a pragmatic one, for when in the course of several months one has reread all of Blake in this edition his genius does certainly shine forth in yet greater clarity. It is interesting to contrast Mr. Figgis's method of arranging his century of superb illustrations. He was of the opinion that not only was an arrangement by sequence of date very difficult to determine but that to adopt such an order was "to run to pedantry for refuge." "The order of a man's life is not the order in which his days are lived but the order which his mind gives to those days." Mr. Figgis has therefore attempted to establish the order which Blake himself would have chosen. The plates appear in groups according to theme and treatment and mood. The result, since Mr. Figgis has made a selection from, and has not set forth the entire corpus of, Blake's paintings, is more successful than might have been expected.

We return to Mr. Keynes and to his second problem: the record of *variae lectiones*. In the case of other poems the editor knows what the poet has himself rejected; it is an easy matter to relegate variants to foot-notes. But Blake often gives no indication that his own decision is reached; there are often erasures within erasures and sometimes it is impossible to determine whether the poet, had he brought the work in question to a conclusion, would have suffered all or any of some pages to stand. Mr. Keynes in the circumstances has rightly undertaken to reproduce the original texts *verbatim et literatim*. The result makes often for hard reading, but only the ignorant will raise the cry of pedantry, for it sheds a flood of light upon Blake's mental processes. For the rest Mr. Keynes offers little that is new, and most of his novelties were already accessible in his privately printed Blake "Bibliography" of 1921. The chief novelties are some fifty-six introductory lines to "The Everlasting Gospel," some letters, and some marginalia. The editor's reconstruction of the text of the longer Prophetic Books, especially "Milton" and "Vala," is so thoroughgoing as to rank as a new achievement. His commentary is limited to concise

statements of facts of bibliographical importance; he makes no attempt to offer a new interpretation of Blake's philosophy and symbols.

The thought of the reader of Mr. Figgis's sympathetic and at times eloquent introduction is clouded by the remembrance that before he could see his work accomplished the critic went to self-sought death. In the light of this event some of his comments and interpretations, more especially with regard to Blake's sad withdrawn years after the exhibition of 1809, take on a peculiarly somber hue. The beautiful plates must be examined in relation to Mr. Figgis's text; the justification for their selection and arrangement will then become apparent.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

More Barren Leaves

Two or Three Graces. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY, probably the most intelligent of *les fauves*, exhibits alternately the two moods, the disdainful and the explosive, of his mind. In the first he is an aloof satirist regarding human follies with an air of great detachment and describing them in a style of limpid simplicity; in the second the mask drops from his face and reveals the pain which lies behind it. Tolerant contempt gives way to ferocious hatred, classic irony to raging disgust, and the author descends from his Olympian height to struggle desperately with the problems which he had mocked others for not solving.

This second mood, definitely foreshadowed in the satiric poems which formed the bulk of the volume called "Leda," received its fullest expression in that hideous masterpiece "Antic Hay." An obscene farce at the heart of which lay an utter despair, it seemed to reach the uttermost possible limits of hatred for a world in which nothing could be believed and nothing, not even debauchery, could be enjoyed. Beyond it lay nothing except the desperate conversion of a Huysmans, and perhaps for that reason Huxley has never since let himself go completely. In "Those Barren Leaves" as well as in the present volume there are occasional glimpses of the black abyss from which "Antic Hay" was born, but the mask is resumed and confession is checked. The author, turning his eye upon this character or that situation, regards it with an aloof ironical gaze and pretends to have found his own fixed point of peace—though he never reveals to us just where it is—in the midst of the flux which he describes.

The world with which he deals is essentially a world where there are no faiths but only an infinitude of poses. Biology, anthropology, psychoanalysis, and the rest have made it impossible for anybody to be sure of anything. There are people who pretend to believe in art, in science, or even in morality, but at bottom they know that they have only taken up attitudes and they are so used to pretending at faiths and passions that they do not themselves know when they come closest to sincerity. Painters talk glibly of forms, physiologists of glands, and philosophers of complexes, but none of them know where they are or have continued very much to care. At their best they manage, like the painter Rodney in the present volume, to obtain a success by some simple device; his consists of painting provocative green nudes in a distorted setting. At their worst they merely stand, like one of the minor characters, in the midst of a drunken party and bawl: "We're absolutely modern, we are. Anybody can have my wife so far as I'm concerned. I don't care. She's free. And I'm free. That's what I call modern." Between them there is not much to choose and they meet on a common ground. One and all they drink and couple, the only real difference being the extent to which they can dramatize their monotonous experiences.

Such is the milieu of the story *Two or Three Graces*, which gives its title to the present volume and which constitutes more than two-thirds of its bulk. Its central character is a pleasant, simple, and rather stupid woman who is drawn into the chaos which she understands rather less than those who make it. Somewhat after the manner of Chekhov's "Darling" she assumes in desperate earnest the tastes and the poses of her lovers. While she lives with the painter she talks of "drinking lifelike champagne" and of "the duty of obeying one's whims"; when she becomes the mistress of the neo-Nietzschean philosopher she tries her best to be the vampire "possessed by a devil of concupiscence" which it pleases him to pretend that she is; but all the time she cannot help taking the poses more seriously than those do from whom they are imitated. While they pretend to suffer she really does, and we leave her desperate at the end of one of her affairs, yet inevitably destined to do an eternal *da capo*.

It is a grotesquely tragic story, one which might, indeed, have been woven in as one of the many threads of "Antic Hay," but it differs in that it is written with an air of ironical detachment which conceals the desperate disgust the former book set out clearly to reveal. In it Mr. Huxley no longer shrieks. He pretends almost to be writing again in the mood of mere satiric extravaganza which marked "Chrome Yellow" and which caused him to be compared to Peacock. His clear self-possessed sentences are polite and calm, his analyses minute and unexcited. And yet for all the careful impersonality of manner it is the essential seriousness of his mind, his real concern with the world and its ways, which gives to him his strength. He is at heart no aesthete and no mere Olympian satirist. As surely as the most solemn of moral philosophers he is in search of the good life, and it is the bitterness of his disappointment in not having found it that sets his work so far above that of our merely precious sophisticates. Essentially too serious of mind to be content with the cleverness which is so abundantly his, and possessed of a mind too powerfully critical to fall a victim to any sham philosophy, he has wandered unhappily through a life which has so far revealed to him nothing in which he could believe; and if he has described nothing but folly his descriptions have been significant for the very reason that he would so infinitely have preferred any wisdom that he had been able to find.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Cold Plunge

History and Social Intelligence. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THIS is not a pleasant book to read. Mr. Barnes has not mastered the art of polite qualification; he is innocent of philosophic detachment; he lacks the restraint of academic dignity. From the beginning to the end of the book he thrusts and parries as if he were in deadly earnest. And there is no button at the end of his rapier. He seems intent indeed upon running the point of it to the quivering heart of the dearest American illusions. To one unaccustomed to the sight of blood, familiar rather with the usual exhibition bouts, the contestants protected by masks, gloves, pads, and blunted foils, Mr. Barnes's realism is difficult to distinguish from brutality. Worst of all, this rude barbarian is not impressed by reputations; he jabs at the vitals of the distinguished with cold-blooded steadiness. When the affair is over, the list of casualties is a long one.

The conclusion must not be drawn from this that the book is merely an adventure in controversy. The nineteen chapters bulge with historical facts, often of a kind little known but indispensable, and the discussion is rich with what, in an untechnical sense, may be called philosophical reflections. If even the sympathetic reader may at times regret a tone of overcertainty in the appraisal of men and events, or occasion-

ally deplore a flavor of smartness as, for example, when the author says: "Socrates seems to have been the first to make the search for truth the main business of a lifetime, perhaps because he had fallen down badly in all the other pursuits he had cultivated," he will recognize these and other objectionable features as defects of good qualities. The erudition of the writer is obvious; as obvious as the trenchancy, forthrightness, and clearness of his style. Nor is his criticism solely negative. The historians mentioned with wholehearted approval throughout the volume, as illustrating the new historical purpose and method, make a considerable number of well-recognized names. And a reader of insight will easily discover, back of the biting phraseology, back of the unscientific glee in robbing the revered of haloes, an admirable social intention, an honest search for fact, and a courageous disregard not only of "the approving eulogy of the herd" but of the uncritical disapprobation of professional colleagues.

The book, as the author suggests, is "put together." It contains articles reprinted from periodicals, a dozen or more extended book reviews, and chapters now printed for the first time. A certain lack of coherence is therefore inevitable. But the various studies are unified by the author's aim in each of them. This is to enlist history in the cause of promoting social intelligence. The method is indicated in these words: "Probably the greatest service which history can render mankind . . . is to aid us in gradually weakening that solemn and unreasoning reverence toward the cultures and institutions of the past which is the chief cause of that contemporary lack of competence and insight everywhere in evidence in man's seeming inability to cope with the issues which confront him." If this outrages the prevailing type of nationalism and patriotism, which Mr. Barnes regards as "sentiments no less barbarous and uncivilized than racial egotism and arrogance," he has hopes that it may do something to further patriotism defined as "the sense of civic obligation," which he frankly admits to be "one of the highest and noblest of human emotions."

Obviously Americans whose minds are fixed in the orthodox pattern will find the book an abomination. One may hope, however, that the more critical, especially young men and women in colleges, will somehow find their way to this fresh, stimulating discussion of some of the most complex problems which face us as a people. And if they do, the chapters devoted to the analysis of our peculiar form of government—Some Aspects of the History of Democracy, The Political Party in Democracy, The Cost of Democracy, Social Science and the Future of Democracy—will do much to further the clarification of their thought. The two chapters on Woodrow Wilson will offend many readers, as will the consideration of responsibility for the recent war. Others will balk (to some extent justly) at the author's treatment of our national heroes in *The Fathers at Work, Worship, and Play*, but some such purification of our political tradition is badly needed. Thousands of Americans of all classes would strenuously object to the brilliant but sharp analysis of the "Coolidge Myth," which the author declares he himself would, for various personal reasons, have preferred to omit but was unable to omit because it is "undoubtedly the chief obstacle to social intelligence in the United States today." Yet in spite of all objections, honest readers will rejoice in the intellectual integrity conspicuously present throughout the book.

There are people who believe that the American mind needs the shock of a cold plunge. It would be economical, of course, if this could be provided imaginatively by a book, rather than actually by a social catastrophe. And if it is not vain to hope that it may be so induced, then here is such a book. Every page that is understood by him will make the hundred percenters' teeth chatter and bring gooseflesh to the patriotic sentimentalist.

M. C. OTTO

An Introduction to Internationalism

International Relations. By Raymond Leslie Buell. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

"THOSE of us who do not wish to see our whole civilization go down in red ruin have a great and difficult duty to perform—to guard the door of our minds against patriotism." With this one slashing sentence a British philosopher can cut through the tangled meshes of international relations. Substitute "imperialism" or "militarism" or "capitalism" or "pacifism," and Bertrand Russell's phrase becomes the credo of millions, for many of us who are not philosophers still feel the lure of an ultimate formula.

Not so Mr. Buell! With cool detachment he surveys these "isms" and a host beside. Yet of none does he say with Gambetta: "Voilà l'ennemi." Nor would he echo Russell's formula. He is interested, rather, in facts. Someone has sagely remarked that we must learn to overcome our stage-fright in the presence of facts. By making it possible for intelligent readers to acquaint themselves in one well-organized volume with the principal facts of international life Mr. Buell has performed no small service.

If the man in the moon, he begins, should turn his telescope upon the human world, what would he see? With almost lunar disinterestedness he then proceeds with an informing description of nationalism, of racialism, of pan-national movements, of imperialism and international exploitation, and of such agencies of peace as the League of Nations and the world courts. It is perhaps inevitable that in so comprehensive a survey he should occasionally slip into a superficial judgment, as he does respecting some aspects of nationalism. One may accept nationalism as a reality, and perhaps even subscribe to the qualified statement that "properly conceived, there is no finer sentiment in the world than patriotism," but it is difficult to accept on the authority of a mid-Victorian historian the astonishing generalization that in small states "the individual citizen is educated to a higher degree and his intelligence is likely to be greater than in a large commonwealth." It may be true that "until the economic is divorced from the political frontier, permanent peace will not become a reality"; but it is hardly the function of a political scientist to grant divorces or take them for granted. When the author puts cultural nationalism into one chapter and economic nationalism into another, virtually ignoring their vital and important connection, one feels that he has inconsiderately severed the Siamese twins.

In his chapters on various phases of imperialism Mr. Buell exposes the evils of colonial exploitation and with equal frankness contends that economic necessity makes imperialism "inevitable." His research on the mandate system is reflected in a belief that ruthless exploitation is "gradually giving away to the policy of trusteeship." This well-substantiated opinion leads him at times into an optimism that is overly genial, as in his remarks on Palestine, but it also guides him to an interesting constructive program for the improvement and extension of the mandate or trusteeship principle. On the wide range of international agreements and agencies for the preservation of peace the concluding chapters present a wealth of material which has not yet reached the average American reader.

If a treaty of 1866 is put eleven years earlier, doubtless by the printer's error, or if Spain is included in "the Napoleonic Empire," or if the description of the Soviet government needs retouching, or if Asiatic languages are omitted from a list of "the leading languages of the world," or if other minor defects may be found here and there, it would nevertheless be unfair to pile up pettifogging criticisms against a book that is remarkably accurate and well documented.

PARKER THOMAS MOON

Origins and Etymologies

Troy and Paeonia. With Glimpses of Ancient Balkan History and Religion. By Grace Harriet Macurdy. Columbia University Press. \$3.75.

PROFESSOR MACURDY, like Gilbert Murray and Miss Jane Harrison among modern students of primitive belief and ritual, sees on every hand survivals of the worship of the reproductive and creative forces of nature and of the sources of growth or decay. Professor Macurdy maintains that Troy in its greatness was held by tribes from the basin of the Danube and that the contact of these vigorous invaders with the older Aegean civilization produced the high culture found in Homeric Troy. These Danubians brought with them the worship of a sun-god, Apollo, "not the sun, but an aspect of the sun in relation to vegetation and human and animal life." They brought also the worship of the rivers, a worship represented by Poseidon. "He is in origin the god of fresh-water streams and many of his aspects, which persist even after he has been carried to the ocean, reveal him as a god of vegetative life." "Poseidon is not a river but his form and cult developed from the worship of rivers by nomad tribes wandering in search for water."

The rulers of Troy were of the same stock as the leaders of historical Macedon and this is shown by the reappearance in Macedon of many of the names used in Troy—Alexander, for instance, and Cassandra. The Dardanians, allied with the Trojans, were famous for their close array in battle, and this close array, protected by long spears, was later developed by the kings of Macedon into their victorious phalanx. The Greeks and the Trojans were of essentially the same race, hence the practical identity of their proper names.

Most of this book is devoted to a discussion of etymologies and to the conclusions to be drawn from them. The arguments are based on the assumption that the names of mythology and of tradition carry in themselves the key to their origin, their meaning, and their history. These arguments are most intricate and are not to be transferred to a foreign tongue, yet they are largely devoted to the proof that the various attributes of the sun and the moon appear in countless personifications.

The sun is Helios, the god of light, and Hades, the god of darkness, is only another manifestation of the same divinity. So likewise is Paeon, the divine physician; Apollo is also an aspect of the sun, while even the name Hector is only the shortened form for Echelaos, which is another name for Hades. The famous story of Alkestis, who chose death for herself that her husband might be spared, is only another tale of the sun and moon. Calliope, the leader among the muses, is not so named, as has been supposed, because of her beautiful voice but for her beautiful face; hence Calliope is the full-faced moon. "Phoibe, Pasiphae, Hekate, Hekaerge, Aigle, Antiope, Agriope, Argiope, Koronis—these are some of the epithets of the moon that, connoting different aspects of her in either a physical or a psychological conception, developed into deities or heroines." This is only a start on the wide circle of heroines or goddesses under whom the moon goddess is hidden.

There is perhaps no realm in which the creative imagination has so unhampered a play as in the field of etymologies, for there you can largely make your own etymologies and draw your own conclusions. Whatever your theory you can always find an etymology to support it. For instance, those who have argued that the muses were spirits of the mountains supported this belief by the fact that the word for muse was originally the same as the word for mountain. But now Miss Macurdy, believing the muses are water spirits, derives the word muse from a word which suggests moisture.

This book shows great and accurate learning and wide reading; it will please those who put faith in such arguments. But the uninitiated will look with suspicion on any theory that rests

heavily on the etymology of proper names, or that sees in Hector another name for Hades, or that regards Calliope as a manifestation of the full-faced moon.

JOHN A. SCOTT

From Ultima Thule

The Connoisseur and other Stories. By Walter de la Mare. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ONLY one of these nine stories has a realistic basis. The others tell, with the author's finished persuasiveness, of further excursions into those haunted areas where the brain of man is all fringed and interrogatory, never central and declarative. Compared with such gossamer fancies, such fine-spun, uninsistent horrors, the sheeted ghosts of Poe seem prosaic and mechanical.

These are not really ghost stories, because there is nothing of cumulative incident in them. A perfect ghost story, such as *The Haunters and the Haunted*, is dependent on narrative and depicts amazing experiences that happen to ordinary men. The present tales shadow forth, unconstricted by plot, events not at all impossible which impinge on the consciousnesses of most extraordinary people. And yet it is not people that are summoned up in these pages but trembling, transient states of the soul, the most delicate madresses externalized in word and gesture; in a word, the elements of an obliquely apprehended non-human universe. The exact notation of character, at least in his short tales, is irrelevant to Mr. de la Mare's art; he tells his stories, like Conrad in "Lord Jim," through the medium of a narrator. He strains his insights through a double mesh of consciousness and suffuses the original outlines of his men and women in a shifting haze of retrospection.

His preoccupation with effects rather than ideas, his careful adumbration of details, his anxious prose style, his searches into an exclusive and limited dream world proclaim the decadent; but he is that astonishing phenomenon, a decadent without pose. It is to some genuine unstudied quirk in his own nature that these phantasmagoria correspond; they are real and not synthetic trophies that from Ultima Thule he has so quietly brought home.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

The Letters of Anton Pavlovitch Tchekhov to Olga Leonardovna Knipper. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. George H. Doran Company. \$6.

Chekhov once wrote to a friend who was urging marriage upon him that he was quite willing to take a wife provided she, like the moon, did not appear in his sky every night. Three years before his death he found such an one in the actress, Olga Knipper. She fulfilled the condition better than he liked. Since, in his own words, the devil had put a bacillus in him and the love of art in her, they seldom saw each other, he being chained to the South and she to the two capitals. Absence begot correspondence. Hence this volume of letters, rendered into English by Mrs. Garnett with her usual felicity. These intimate messages abound in such humor and tenderness as serve to accentuate their essential pathos.

Proteus or The Future of Intelligence. By Vernon Lee. E. P. Dutton and Company. Today and Tomorrow Series. \$1.

A vivacious and satisfying essay on the never-ending play of Proteus—Proteus, the constantly flowing river of experience, and Intelligence, the light-hearted hound ever on the alert to follow and detect and use the Protean transformations. One will find here no technical discussion of intelligence or the nature of reality, but a fine sense for the kind of intelligence needed in the direction and appreciation of human affairs, and

a firm grasp of the place of human values in the process—values intensified rather than weakened by being placed in the Protean flux which devours its products.

Lycurgus or The Future of Law. By E. S. P. Haynes. *Outroboros or The Mechanical Extension of Mankind.* By Gareth Garrett. Today and Tomorrow Series. \$1 each. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Messrs. Haynes and Garrett have joined the noble band of Utopians, though they would stoutly deny such kinship. Yet Mr. Haynes forecasts the complete humanization of law, providing for a closer *rapprochement* between delinquents, psychiatrists, and judges in the interests of social betterment, and Mr. Garrett predicts the readjustment of trade along the biologic lines of symbiosis, the relation of mutual helpfulness in which each nation shall forego competition with its attendant parasitism and shall substitute for it mutual helpfulness based on the possession of natural resources and the degree of development of mechanical power.

Hephaestus or The Soul of the Machine. By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. *Quo Vadimus? Some Glimpses of the Future.* By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. *Paris or The Future of War.* By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Today and Tomorrow Series. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1 each.

The two small volumes by Mr. d'Albe seem unnecessarily lethargic. He is an optimist whose exhilarating prophecies—quite after the manner of "Queen Mab"—that within one hundred years the earth will be unified under a single government, all deaths from disease eliminated, and all injuries curable cannot save his book from the dreariness that comes from many platitudes. Captain Hart, on the other hand, is well up with the leaders of the series. With consummate logic and apt illustration he demonstrates the fallacies of the Napoleonic tradition and the notion of "the nation in arms." He is no sentimentalist, however, and ridicules the attempt to restrict by international legislation the use of gas and aeroplanes—the two most powerful weapons of the time. A rationally conducted war will be directed primarily not toward the destruction of the enemy's forces in the field but toward the crippling of his economic resources. The civilian population will inevitably bear the brunt of the next war.

1931: The Great Pacific War. By Hector C. Bywater. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Bywater's imaginary Japanese attack upon America is a diversion precipitated by the ruling class to preserve its position in the face of threatened revolution. The final victory rests with the United States, but at fearful cost to the people of both countries. In his assiduous pursuit of all the naval and military factors, the author has overlooked some of the more fundamental laws of physics. We can but admire the persistence of the stricken Japanese submarine which insists on sinking to the bottom in water so deep that its "sides must have been crushed flat by the irresistible pressure of the water."

Americana: The Literature of American History. By Milton Waldman. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

Gossip about rare books concerning American history written by a layman for millionaire collectors. Mr. Waldman acknowledges that he discovered the subject only "four or five years ago," and the specialist is soon convinced of the truth of the confession. The author's interest is not the historian's but first the collector's and then the literary man's. In spite of limitations, he has produced a useful work and at the same time an interesting one. He knows the books about which he writes and throws out much information about them, how many copies have been preserved, their market value, and anecdotes of their discovery. Most of the volume is devoted to books and pamphlets relating to the early and romantic period of

American history, but two sketchy chapters on early printing and American literature in its auction character bring the story into the last century.

The Later Correspondence of Lord John Russell. Edited by G. P. Gooch. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. \$10.50.

When a man has been twice Prime Minister of England and for forty years has helped to sway the destinies of Europe, it is *de rigueur* that the letters he writes to and receives from important persons shall be ransacked for light upon obscure passages in the political history of the time. Lord John Russell played a great part in several crises of the nineteenth century, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. The Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws stand to his credit in English affairs, while abroad the Unification of Italy owed much to his assistance. On the other hand, he was as blindly perverse as Palmerston in plunging his country into the Crimean War, and almost as fatuous as Gladstone in his attitude upon the American Civil War. These volumes comprise a selection largely from new material dealing with the period 1840-1878, and Dr. Gooch expends a fraction of his immense learning in a general introduction and shorter introductions to the several chapters.

Music

The Bach Festival

A PECULIAR feature of the Bach Festival which takes place annually at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is that it always has a new experience to offer. This fourteenth of May, for instance, marked its twentieth inauguration under the leadership of Dr. Fred Wollé; and yet, both in letter and in spirit, it provided fresh material. Capping a musical season distinguished by an unusual number and variety of Bach performances, it pointed out works still to be explored. And following on the heels of a plethora of modern music, it authenticated this composer as its greatest inspirational source. On the other hand, it is modern music that has paved the way for Bach. This music has, from first to last, been a revolt against romanticism; and the germs of the revolt are to be found in Bach. Perhaps the greatest proof of this is that he was never imitated by his successors, the romanticists. The romanticists, one suspects, often found him dull. Certainly they often made him so. Compare, for example, the piano "traditions" they have been handing to us for the last three or four decades with the startlingly fresh revelations of Harold Samuels. Or the continuous movement and sustained utterance of Toscanini's Bach with the halts and breaks and sentimentalizations of Dr. Wollé's. Or, last but not least, our generally scanty knowledge of this composer with the thorough propaganda made by the romanticists for their favorites, Beethoven and Wagner. The seven cantatas and motet for double choir that opened the festival this year were for the greater part unknown. And while the great B Minor Mass has now come to be an annual feature of the second day, one nevertheless has to journey to Bethlehem to hear it. The cantatas comprised, in the order of their performance, "Christians, Grave Ye This Glad Day," "O Praise the Lord for All His Mercies," and "Jesus, Now Will We Praise Thee" for the first session; and "Christ Lay in Death's Dark Prison," "God so Loved the World," "Who so Doth Offer Thanks," "O Christ, My All in Living," and the motet, "Sing Ye to the Lord a New-made Song," for the second. They proved to be a magnificent feast, though one rather heavy at times, served as they were in such quantity and in such quick succession. Nevertheless, the last five numbers reached the high-water mark in beauty of the two days.

That the first three were less impressive, and the mass itself not the crowning point, was due not so much to Bach as

to certain extraneous details that irritated one in the beginning and wearied one in the end. For one thing, the members of the Philadelphia Orchestra engaged to assist made it quite evident, by both their manner and their playing, that they were not the least interested either in Bach or in Dr. Wolle. With the exception of the beautiful work of the solo cellist, their general ensemble was as ragged and rough as that of a village band. Had an organ been substituted instead, and the sum of their hire been used for a first-class organist, the result would have been infinitely more appropriate and satisfying.

Again, one was continually being let down between the choruses by the soloists. These were divided in number and duties—Mildred Faas, Maybelle C. Addison, Arthur Kraft, and Henri Scott (the last substituting for Charles T. Tittmann) making up the first day's quartet, and Emily Stokes Hagar, Mabel Beddoe, Nicholas Douty, and Henri Scott that for the second day. Of them all, only Mr. Scott showed any real authority or Miss Faas any vocal resources. Mr. Kraft has a fine voice but one far too light for his task. The general effect that most of these soloists gave was that of scrambling along, just about able to catch the notes if not always the intonation. And one was constantly struck by the ironic fact that these trained professionals of long experience could not approach, either technically or musically, the three hundred amateurs of the choir, for the most part trained only to sing Bach. Apparently, however, if one can sing Bach one can sing anything. And equally apparently, we have no oratorio singers who *can* sing him.

Undoubtedly some of this lack of coordination among orchestra and soloists was due to Dr. Wolle's conducting. He has no beat that is either visible or audible; he drags his tempi unmercifully as well as unmusically; and he has the pernicious habit of ending every cadence with a retard and of beginning that retard a measure too soon. One feels that he is concerned only with his chorus. With them, after all, he has done his greatest work—a work that has taken years of patient labor, and that today enables these three hundred unprofessionals to sing the most difficult choral music ever written, with beauty of tone, vocal ease and proficiency, and profound musical feeling. And, hopeless romanticist though he is in his interpretations, he nevertheless has given us our first and, in many cases, our only hearings of Bach's choral masterpieces. The Bach Festival is, indeed, the nearest of any, in spirit and in kind, to the Festival of Baireuth; and even nearer than the latter, musically, to our own generation and age. For Wagner is already outmoded. Only with Bach, as the Festival at Bethlehem brings home, can one live for days without any sense of anachronism. He alone, it seems, of all composers, past or present, remains undated.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Bigger and Better

DOUBTLESS one of the chief reasons for the popularity of the revues is the fact that of all forms of theatrical entertainment they require the least active participation on the part of the audience. In even the most nonsensical of farces one must at least take the trouble to remember that the suspicious husband is hidden in the trunk and one must assume some sort of concern for the persons involved. But one watches a revue as one watches a crowd from a cafe table. There is no plot to follow and no characters to remember—only a maze of dancers and a blaze of colors which demand the exercise of no faculties of attention higher than those of a three months' baby who has just discovered that a rattle will shine and tinkle. Whatever can be made to impinge upon the passive senses—light and color and blaring sound—is poured forth in endless profusion, but everything else is left out.

The performers, of course, work hard. Through long mornings the chorus has patiently practiced intricate evolutions whose difficulty can only be properly appreciated by one who has attempted to teach a dozen men to execute squads right; nightly the eccentric dancers summon the last ounce of their energy for gyrations which become every year more vertiginous and which leave them, trained as they are, gasping for breath in the wings. Singers shout and stage managers sweat; but the audience, cool and languid, does not have even to look or listen, for there is nothing in all the show which is not fast enough or bright enough or loud enough to force itself upon the most comatose senses.

I suspect, indeed, that these spectacles possess in a mild way something of the same charm which the audience in a Roman amphitheater perceived when it watched the *retiarius* attempting to entrap the *secutor* in a net, or saw the Christians driven in to the lions; for it gives one a pleasant, almost Oriental, sense of magnificence to see so much endured for one's mere entertainment. All the performers are in a state of ceaseless, almost epileptic activity; before one set has quite left the stage, another, as though afraid that we might for a moment be left undiverted, rushes forth more furiously and more noisily than the others to capture our attention. Moreover, most of the people who do these exhausting or troublesome things are girls, and a female martyr was always more diverting than one of the opposite sex. If we are sometimes a little bored we, in our seats, can always, like Lucretius on his mountain top, be glad that the pains which others suffer are not ours. At the very worst we can say: "I'd hate to do that on a night like this."

It is apparently upon a psychology such as this that the Shuberts are counting for their new revue, "The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden), and in such matters the Shuberts do not usually count wrong. There is nothing in it that is new, but they have taken bigger and better for their motto. I never, I think, saw in any revue so many girls, dressed and undressed, so bewildering a variety of décor, or so much and such vertiginous dancing as this one presents. There are dozens of scenes, scores of performers, hundreds of costumes, and no end of energy. One leaves the theater giddy, sand-blind, and half-deaf; but—or perhaps therefore—the spectacle is a success. It does more and does it faster than any similar show on Broadway.

"The Climax" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is a revival of a play by Edward Locke which was popular here some years ago. It tells the story of a singer who lost her voice as the result of malign mental suggestion and it has a certain obvious kind of theatrical effectiveness, but like all purely popular entertainments its emotional accents have rapidly acquired a fatally old-fashioned tone. Its platitudes alone are enough to damn it today.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ T H E A T E R □

—THE THEATRE GUILD Presents—

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand St. Tel. Drydock 7516.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY and SUNDAY EVENINGS and
SATURDAY MATINEES, MAY 28, 29 and 30, ALSO
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SAT-
URDAY and SUNDAY EVENINGS, JUNE 1st to 6th

Sierra's
Spanish
Comedy

The Romantic Young Lady

Mary Ellis, Ian Maclaren, Dorothy Sands, Albert Carroll, Edgar Kent

International Relations Section

More War in Morocco

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, May 11

THE war with the Riff has begun again. Abd-el-Krim's refusal to accept the terms that France and Spain sought to impose on him shows that he is not actuated by mere self-interest and desire of gain. Had he consented to exile himself from the Riff he could no doubt have made excellent terms for himself with the French Government, which was prepared to pay liberally to get rid of him, and might have had a very comfortable and agreeable life in some pleasant climate. Whether the confidence expressed here that he would be bought off was really felt I cannot say. In any case it is difficult to believe that the French and Spanish governments had a sincere desire for peace. The Spanish Government clearly had not. It agreed reluctantly to negotiate at all, and I have no doubt that the terms would have been less severe but for Spanish influence. Painlevé made a fatal blunder when he tied France to Spain and made peace impossible without Spanish consent. Spain will never be able to hold the Riff alone and the only issue can be a joint French-Spanish protectorate over the Riff, however veiled. That, in fact, was implied in the peace terms.

The Riff, however, has still to be conquered, and it is not certain that it will be before the winter. So long as the war is waged mainly with colonial troops, the French people will probably tolerate it. But if the war drags on and it becomes necessary to send more troops from France there may be trouble. Both the Socialists and the Communists have given notice of interpellations on the failure of the peace negotiations, to be made when Parliament meets again on May 27, but the former are much to blame for the present situation. They were hampered by their participation in the Left Bloc and did not insist as they should have done on peace being made. Moreover, they acquiesced in the agreement with Spain.

French policy in regard to the Riff has been a succession of blunders. Three years ago, when Abd-el-Krim had defeated the Spaniards, France could have intervened and made a satisfactory settlement possible. At that time Spain was quite prepared to abandon her protectorate over the Riff. Primo de Rivera himself advocated evacuation of the territory. Poincaré, however, hoping to profit by the Spanish defeat and extend French influence, and, incidentally, to bring pressure on England by threatening Gibraltar, refused to listen to Abd-el-Krim's appeal. Instead he instructed Lyautey to make the advance that provoked Abd-el-Krim's attack on French territory. Herriot, when he came into power two years ago, might have saved the situation, but, with astonishing levity, he gave Lyautey carte blanche. He seems never to have taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts or to have realized the gravity of the situation. Then Painlevé last year found himself faced by a *fait accompli* and finally made the blunder of the agreement with Spain.

Abd-el-Krim was undoubtedly to blame in not taking the opportunity of peace negotiations last year and in making excessive claims. The French Government could not consent to grant the Riff complete independence, in-

cluding the control of foreign relations, which would have meant sooner or later the intrusion of Italy into Morocco. I have reason to believe that Abd-el-Krim was encouraged by Italy in his uncompromising attitude last year. In any case, his refusal to take cognizance of the French peace terms was a blunder from his own point of view. No doubt the "autonomy" that they offered was very vague and was limited by conditions that required definition, but it is probable that, had Abd-el-Krim consented to negotiate last year, he would have got in the end the terms which he is now—too late—willing to accept. For he has now abandoned the claim to complete independence.

So the blame is not all on one side; but Spain is the chief culprit. France is now committed to a war in what is, in fact, a purely Spanish interest. Apart from other and even graver considerations, the expenditure that will be involved will further complicate the already complicated financial situation and increase the inevitable budget deficit. Meanwhile the franc continues to fall, and the Government continues to give fantastic explanations of that unpleasant fact. One was that the British Government, panic-stricken by the strike, was selling French francs to save the pound sterling. As Lucien Romier justly remarked in the *Figaro*, if a panic in England causes the franc to fall, the best way to prevent it from falling would be to organize a panic in France! Romier is one of the few French writers who understand that the franc continues to fall for the simple reason that the causes of its depreciation have not been removed. He never shared the illusion that the depreciation of the franc would be checked merely by balancing the budget on paper.

The general European situation is a little more hopeful. It would seem, from the proceedings at Geneva, that the French Government has abandoned the proposal to increase the number of permanent members on the Council of the League of Nations, except of course by the addition of Germany, and that the agitation about the Russo-German treaty seems to be dying down. Immediately after the conclusion of that treaty the Quai d'Orsay was talking in such a way as to suggest that France would keep Germany out of the League of Nations unless she consented to denounce or at least modify the treaty, but wiser counsels seem to have prevailed. Benes too, who at first was much excited about the treaty, seems to have become calmer, and the comments of the Czecho-Slovak press have been surprisingly moderate on the whole. Poland is in such a bad way financially and economically that she is not in a position to make extravagant claims. It may be that she will be obliged to consent to the control of her finances by the League of Nations, after the example of Austria and Hungary. It is almost certain that she will get no loan except on that condition.

Much may happen before September, but at present the symptoms point to the admission of Germany into the League of Nations four months hence, with a permanent seat on the Council. The Geneva jurists seem to be unanimously of opinion that the treaty between Germany and Russia is in no way inconsistent with the Covenant of the League. They could hardly have come to any other conclusion, seeing that in 1922 Czecho-Slovakia made an almost identical treaty with Russia, which was duly registered and against which nobody has ever protested.

A Rebuke to the French in Damascus

L'HUMANITÉ on March 29 printed the following protest of the Consular Corps to the Deputy of the French High Commissioner concerning the bombardment of Damascus in October, 1925. Recent events give this document a particular interest.

*Deanery of the Consular Corps
Damascus, October 21, 1925*

MONSIEUR DEPUTÉ:

I am charged by the Consular Corps to make the following communication to you concerning the happenings at Damascus.

Several times, by communications oral and written to the consuls, by public communiqués announcing the complete quiet in Damascus, the mandatory authorities have assured foreigners of their security in Damascus. As a result of these official assurances of the authorities, held responsible by the League of Nations and by the Government of the United States of America, the consuls, despite their uneasiness, have not advised the people under their jurisdiction to leave the city.

From the 18th to the 20th of the present month, as a result of the invasion of inconsiderable bands, aided by elements not very numerous of the population, the mandatory authorities, without giving warning to foreigners that they might seek safety for themselves, deemed it necessary to withdraw their troops from the city, leaving foreigners there without the least protection, which meant women and children, the Christian population, and the native Jews.

At the same time and without any warning they subjected the city to a prolonged and widespread bombardment, such as ordinarily only fortified places must suffer. They left the foreigners under the bombardment while the French had been withdrawn from the danger zone. Because of the difficulty of getting about, the loss of life and the damage to property have not yet been established; but it is already known that several foreign houses have been damaged and that several foreigners have been killed by French shells.

In view of the aforesaid circumstances the Consular Corps is obliged to hold the French authorities responsible for the loss of foreign property and lives during the present events.

Since the assurances mentioned at the beginning of this note have not been carried out and in view of the aforementioned action of the French troops, the Consular Corps can no longer take the responsibility of counseling those under its jurisdiction to count on the protection of the mandatory Power. It now advises all under its jurisdiction to quit Damascus and begs the French authorities kindly to place safe and sufficient means of transport at the disposal of such foreigners as wish to follow this advice.

Meanwhile it is certain that many foreigners will be unable to leave Damascus.

It ought to be the duty of the mandatory Power to assure them adequate protection by sufficient military force and not to expose them to the danger of bombardment. The Consular Corps is obliged to hold the mandatory authority responsible for life and property in Damascus.

The Consular Corps also hopes that in the future the protection of the capital of Syria may be assured on the military front outside of the city.

In default of adequate protection from the outside it is evident that nothing will hinder other bands from entering the city, which will again become the theater of military operations, from which foreigners there established and trusting French protection will suffer.

It must be added that the losses occasioned by the bom-

bardment and by the fire in the principal commercial centers of the city will have prolonged repercussion in the European and American houses in their business relations with the merchants ruined by this destruction. For undoubtedly there was merchandise belonging to Europeans and Americans in these destroyed houses.

Rumors have gone abroad that the French authorities intend under certain circumstances to recommence the bombardment of the city. Such a bombardment could not fail to cause more damage to life and property of foreigners. The Consular Corps, moved by great solicitude for those under its jurisdiction and by humane sentiments, dares to express the hope that such a bombardment may be avoided and that should repression become necessary, it be carried out in accordance with the methods commonly in use in case of disorders in cities, methods calculated to punish the guilty without striking the innocent, especially the women and children. The Consular Corps does not think it necessary to suppress this humanitarian emotion, for, no matter what the misdeeds of certain elements of the population may be, the Moslem population of Damascus in general has protected the Christians and the Jews and the foreigners with great kindness and good-will when, after the retreat of the French troops, they had no protection to hope for.

I am charged to inform you that my colleagues and I are transmitting to our respective governments copies of this note.

I profit by this occasion, Monsieur Député, to assure you again of my very great esteem.

[Signed] THE DEAN OF THE CONSULAR CORPS

In Memory of Matteotti

THE following manifesto, issued by the executive committee of the Socialist Labor Party of Italy after a meeting on March 30 and 31, was printed in *Vorwärts* (Berlin) on April 6:

Since the trial at Chieti the Fascist regime has become convinced that a chapter of its existence as well as that of the opposition parties has been closed and sealed. Over against that view the leaders of the Socialist Labor Party, as well as the Socialist Deputies belonging to it, think it important to emphasize the following:

It was precisely this miserable judicial spectacle and travesty of justice, as well as the preliminary hearings of the State Court, which convinced the Italian people that all it had suspected and imagined concerning the methods of Fascist warfare against its political enemies was true. Despite the untiring efforts of the Aventine—to which the future will be very grateful, because it embodied the indestructible moral passion of a great people—the demands of justice have not been fulfilled by the trial at Chieti. On the other hand, the illustrious and spotless person of Giacomo Matteotti remains henceforth dedicated to the gratitude of the world proletariat. This person was, even in death and in spite of death, still persecuted in the courtroom with a criminal, even though useless and impotent, mania for slander, but through the very fact of unavenged martyrdom he has become the imperishable symbol of moral and human protest—protest against all who are guilty of or who eulogize murder, now raised to an instrument of political government.

But the cult of the martyr dare not be confined to a mystic and inactive veneration. The fact of martyrdom must urge us on to look unceasingly to all the goals which the dead had placed for himself and for which he sacrificed himself. The Calvary of the working classes is more than ever the painful reality which weighs on the world and which no party answering to the name of Socialist dare ever forget.

The desperate conditions laid upon the government-con-

trolled press, the suppression of the right of assembly and coalition—all this cannot release our party or any other party from the duty of citizens, to shirk no effort. To this end appeal must be made above all to the cooperation of youth, to the new generation of workers with hand and brains, that they inform themselves and then the country concerning the ever more puzzling problem of the Italian constitution and the daily problems of foreign and home politics, of industry and finance. All the undeniable difficulties that stand in the way of such action cannot justify the refusal to exercise an influence in public life. It is, on the contrary, a duty to take part in and help along the criticism of the absolutistic regime and to declare openly the example and hopes of the socialist future by way of freedom and democracy.

The proletariat may be suppressed by being deprived of all legal means to show its class-consciousness. But the class war as such has not by any means been removed thereby. The class war remains still a natural economic and political fact, inseparably tied to the capitalist system of production. Therefore the leaders of the Socialist Labor Party of Italy and its parliamentary faction, fully conscious of the role which they have to play in this struggle, have decided to call a new plenary session to Milan, which shall be strengthened by all delegations concerned. There they will examine thoroughly the special and very serious limitations which have been placed upon the party by the new laws, in order to rob it of all means of effective resistance against the unbounded exploitation which the Italian proletariat suffers on the land, in factories, and on the water. And, finally, they will show the proletariat the most rapid and practical means for their own defense.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind."

WILLIAM HARD is a well-known writer for the newspapers and magazines. He was formerly *The Nation's* Washington correspondent and is still a frequent contributor.

EUNICE FULLER BARNARD is a graduate of Smith College and writes for various women's magazines.

BENTON MACKAYE is an economist and social engineer.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD wrote "The War Against Evolution" in *The Nation* of May 20, 1925.

FRANK R. KENT is vice-president of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

WILLIAM PICKENS is field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He is just completing a round of visits to the colleges.

SARA BARD FIELD is a frequent contributor of verse to the magazines.

SAMUEL C. CHEW is professor of English at Bryn Mawr.

M. C. OTTO is the author of "Things and Ideals: Essays in Functional Philosophy."

PARKER THOMAS MOON is assistant professor of history at Columbia University. He was a member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in 1919.

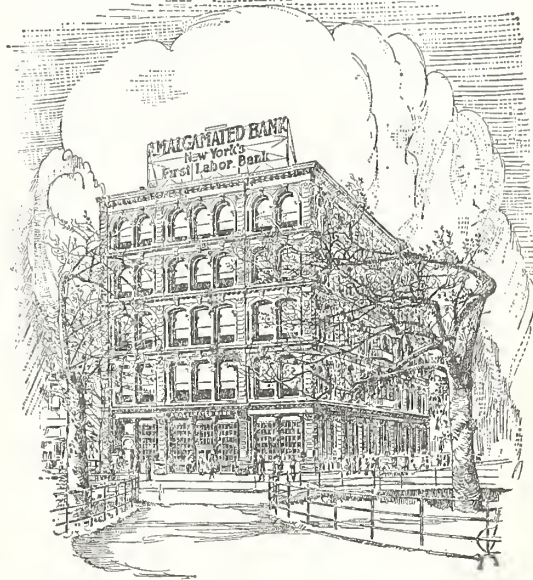
JOHN S. SCOTT is professor of Greek at Northwestern University.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN teaches at the Ethical Culture School in New York City.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

A QUESTION Asked of THE AMALGAMATED BANK OF NEW YORK

And an Answer



A prominent Liberal who recently opened an account in The Amalgamated said to us, "I have always believed that the entrance of Labor into banking would be of great service to the people at large, and yet here am I, two years after The Amalgamated has opened a bank in New York, just opening an account. During this time, so many accounts have come to you that you were compelled to seek larger quarters. What do you think would have happened if I and thousands like me, who are known as Liberals in this community, had availed themselves of the services of The Amalgamated Bank?"

We told our new depositor that this was an exceedingly easy question to answer. That there was nothing mysterious about the banking business where effects followed certain causes almost unerringly. A larger volume of business meant more profits. That this profit could either come back to the depositors in the form of extra dividends and new services or remain with the stockholders of the bank.

In Labor Banking, where the amount of profit to the stockholders is limited, it is the depositors who directly benefit by the constant increase in total resources. We told our new depositor that if all of those in Greater New York and vicinity who had expressed their belief in the importance of Labor Banking had become depositors in Labor banks, the resources of those banks, as eminently satisfactory as they are today, would nevertheless at least have been doubled, if not trebled, with a result that they would already have been giving out not only the special services that they already gave, but also *profit sharing dividends* on their time deposits.

By becoming a depositor in The Amalgamated Bank YOU are actually helping yourself. Come in and talk the matter over with our officials. There is real mutuality of interests between the depositors in a Labor Bank and its Management.

TRAVEL WITH EASE

The Bank Steamship and Travel Department will be pleased to assist you plan your vacation. This department is fully equipped to make your trip abroad the most comfortable. We supply steamship tickets, Letters of Credit, Travelers' Cheques, while our direct representatives in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome are ready to serve you when you come abroad.

THE AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square, West

New York City

THE ONLY HIGH SCHOOL FOR NEGROES IN 30 COUNTIES

On the site of the Battle of Bull Run this school has waged for 32 years a bloodless battle against poverty and prejudice.

\$100 will keep one student in school one semester

\$70 will pay the Domestic Science and Art Teacher for one month

\$40 will pay the Farmer for one month

Even **\$10** looks large to Manassas.

THE MANASSAS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR COLORED YOUTH MANASSAS, VIRGINIA

Make Checks Payable to:
GEORGE GORDON BATTLE, Treas.,
20 Vesey Street, New York City

REAL ESTATE

HAVE YOU SOLVED YOUR WEEK-END PROBLEM?

I KNOW MANY DELIGHTFUL SPOTS IN NORTHERN WESTCHESTER: SOME FOR SALE, OTHERS FOR RENT. REAL COUNTRY, GLORIOUS VIEWS AND EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE. WRITE MARGARET LANE, CROTON-ON-HUDSON, OR TELEPHONE CROTON 400.

Privacy—Freedom!

What a wealth of meaning there is in these two words. In the city privacy and freedom are practically impossible of attainment. At

MT. AIRY (Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.)

they are yours as a matter of course in a community of artists, writers and thinking people who have fled the city to one of the most beautiful, park-like spots on the Hudson.

As little as \$350.00 buys one-quarter acre—cash or terms—one hour from city, 100 trains daily.

Now is the RIGHT time to make arrangements

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., New York

Chelsea
0432

FOR SALE—On heights above Thomaston, Conn., a 120-acre farm with old house of nine rooms in perfect condition, ready for immediate occupancy; some old furniture. Excellent space for bathroom available. Reached from New York in three hours. Superb views, fine woods, barns and outbuildings in excellent condition. Fine water; bathing pool easily possible. Must be sold at once. Price below \$10,000. Apply by letter, M. K., care of *The Nation*.

Worthwhile Commencement Gifts for the College Graduate

POST-WAR BRITAIN

By ANDRE SIEGFRIED

Her present policy from a French standpoint. \$3.50

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS

By ARTHUR SYMONS

Critical essays on painting, sculpture, music, art, etc. \$3.50

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA

By JAMES MAVOR

The standard work on Russia's economic past. 2 vols. \$15

A HISTORY OF THE PHARAONS

By ARTHUR WEIGALL

An absorbing record of the first eleven dynasties. Ill. \$6.00

Books of all
Publishers

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

681 Fifth Ave.,
New York

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

HELP WANTED

No Uplifters Need Apply!

GROUPS of women workers in industry, office work, teaching, nursing, and other occupations are looking for young women of education, intelligence, and originality, to plan for their clubs a varied program of recreation and non-vocational adult education. Some of them want education programs only. Lively, intelligent interest in the social changes of the world today essential, but no particular point of view on such changes essential, except open-mindedness. Isms unpopular. Jobs open in New York City and in several towns within a 200-mile radius. Apply Box 484, care *The Nation*.

BOOKS

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

THE GORDIAN KNOT By Heinrich Charles

THE future points not to socialism or super-capitalism but to economic individualism; not to standardization but to individualization; not to huge centralized machinery but to the automatic electric individual device and implement; not to making Labor the supreme boss but to supplanting labor by power and machinery. The machine does not produce chaos but cosmos. Order direct from the author, Dept. N, 116 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y. Price 60 cents.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1926

No. 3179

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	621
EDITORIALS:	
"Vote as You Drink".....	624
The White Menace.....	625
Pullman Porters	625
On Contemporary Literature.....	626
AMERICANIZATION. By Hendrik van Loon.....	627
THE NATIONAL STRIKE IN GREAT BRITAIN. By J. Ramsay MacDonald	628
TAKING THE DEVIL OUT OF THE DEVIL DOGS. By William Hard	629
YIDDISH—A CHILDLESS LANGUAGE. By Alter Brody.....	631
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	633
CORRESPONDENCE	633
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
USSR Declines an Invitation.....	635
Chinese Communists.....	635

SUMMER BOOK SECTION

CATULLUS IN VERONA. By Ludwig Lewisohn.....	637
THE TRUE WOODROW WILSON. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	639
CAFE. By Witter Bynner.....	641
BOOKS:	
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	641
A British Jefferson. By Clarence Walworth Alvord.....	642
The Long Shadow. By Stuart Chase.....	642
American Plan. By Johan J. Smertenko.....	644
Portrait of Spain. By Alice Beal Parsons.....	645
The Next War. By John Haynes Holmes.....	646
Indian Agent Sense. By Hartley Alexander.....	647
Dated. By Llewelyn Powys.....	648
The Minoan Religion. By Jane E. Harrison.....	648
Alta California. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin.....	649
Books in Brief.....	651

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR

FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR

MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

CYONUNDRUM: When, in the eyes of the bankers, is government ownership good and when is it bad? *Answer:* When they have an investment meeting its bond interest and paying dividends on the stock, the mere proposal that the government take over the property is socialism if not bolshevism, un-American, destructive of individual initiative and enterprise, a blow at the sacred institution of private property. But, when you are losing money on a bad investment and see no prospect of making it pay, government ownership is right, just, equitable, in accordance with sound common sense and wise public policy. An exaggeration? Not at all. The Cape Cod Canal situation is a perfect illustration of the correctness of these definitions. Undertaken by the late August Belmont and a syndicate in which Mr. John W. Weeks's firm was believed to be interested, the canal was built by private capital in the belief that rich rewards were in sight. Never did bankers make a bigger blunder. The canal is a commercial failure, has paid no dividends, has not earned its bond interest nor enough money to provide adequate upkeep. What to do? Why, unload it on Uncle Sam and so rescue the poor widows who own millions of the

bonds. All attempts to pass a special bill through Congress having failed, the bankers, who are so ordinarily desperately anxious to keep the government out of private business, have now got this into the Rivers and Harbors Bill—to the tune of eleven million dollars. Mr. Coolidge is willing, and the bill is up for passage. A few peculiar radical Senators are seeking to throw this item out. No wonder Wall Street and the Republican machine hate them!

IN SPITE OF HIS NAPOLEONIC POISE and his militaristic inclinations, Joseph Pilsudski is neither a strong man nor is he carved from that kind of wood of which dictators are made. He could have been dictator of Poland years ago, but instead of clinching the supreme power he stepped aside of his own will. He could be dictator, even king, of Poland today; and the romantic Poles, thirsting for medieval glory, would frantically hail him on the throne of Sobiesky. But he clings to the political ideas of his youthful days, to constitutionalism, parliamentarism, democracy. Having thwarted the ambitions of General Sikorski for a Fascist dictatorship of his own, he will try to work with the twenty-one parties of the Polish Diet, within the constitutional form of government. And this means that the internal chaos in Poland will continue with only a slight shift to the Left. At the bottom of Poland's trouble lies the fact that she is not a united country, but three different territories which have lived separately and under different conditions for one hundred and fifty years. The former Congress-Poland, which suffered under the bloody rule of the Czars, stands culturally on an incomparably lower level than Galicia, where the Poles lived in freedom under the Austrian regime, and Posnania, where the Germans stamped out illiteracy and introduced highly efficient Western methods in business life. Since the Polish Republic was established, the practical political power has been exercised from Russian Poland, with its inheritance from fifteen decades of grafting, lazy Russian rule.

A GERMAN AIRPLANE landed in Paris on May 26, and was received, according to the correspondents, without ceremony—quite naturally, since it was a passenger plane, the first of the new daily service between Paris and Berlin which resulted from the International Air Conference. There are other signs of a conscious attempt to establish normal connections between the two capitals through a medium even more tenuous than air. A few months ago Thomas Mann, the distinguished German novelist who is known in this country chiefly as the author of "The Buddenbrooks," was invited to lecture in Paris. He went—for the first time in fourteen years—and was heartily received by some of France's leading intellectuals. His lecture on understanding between France and Germany was followed by prolonged applause. A week later another event occurred, which has been described in the International Relations Section of a previous issue of *The Nation*. In celebration of the birthday of Romain Rolland, the German branch of the Women's International League

for Peace and Freedom presented to the French association a gift of trees, which were planted in a children's playground in Arras, over a former line of trenches. Commerce of this sort between the two peoples can do more to blot out trenches than yards of diplomatic haggling at Geneva.

PRINCE LOUIS WINDISCHGRAETZ and the Budapest chief of police, Emery Nadossy, have been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for their attempt to wreck the Bank of France and restore monarchy in Hungary with forged francs. But the Government of Hungary, which knew all about this gigantic conspiracy, still stands; and the trial was conducted not as an effort to punish criminals but as a patriotic demonstration. The crime that wounded the judge was that of the Dutch officials and French detectives who uncovered the conspiracy; he had only respect for the "patriotic motives" of the forgers. Those who could not be saved were sacrificed to placate the French; the "higher-ups" were protected. Count Paul Teleki, former premier of Hungary, lecturer at Williamstown, and president of the Cartographic Institute, where the francs were forged, confessed that two years ago Prince Windischgraetz told him of the plot, whereupon he introduced to him Gerö, the institute's technical expert, who helped the forgers; but Count Teleki goes scot-free. Bishop Zadravec, close friend of Admiral Horthy, confessed that he administered a solemn oath to the plotters and concealed the bogus francs in his apartment; but he was not even indicted. Gabriel Baross, director of the Postal Savings Bank, who admitted lending Windischgraetz money expressly to finance the counterfeiting, was acquitted. Personal letters from the Premier, Count Bethlen, were produced, dated prior to exposure of the plot and mentioning it. But the peculiar course of Hungarian "justice" took its way. And the French are unlikely to demand further probing. Why should they? One of the incidental revelations of the trial was the suggestion that one of the plotters had helped the French forge marks during the Ruhr invasion!

WALTER DURANTY of the *New York Times*, which cannot be said to entertain any undying affection for the Soviet Government, has just cabled some interesting figures from Moscow. The average number of freight cars handled per day in April, 1926, shows a 53 per cent increase over April, 1925. Coal output has increased 118 per cent, metal products and iron ore 117 per cent, and timber 69 per cent in the same period. Spring building is on in full swing in Moscow, "which has given not only greater animation to the city but has largely reduced unemployment." Labor is at a premium in the rural districts this season. The clothing of the city population shows marked improvement. "For the first time, too, there has been carried out a really drastic program of reduction in overhead and other expenses. The total savings thus brought about are estimated to amount to half a billion rubles annually, which is perhaps over-optimistic, being 12 per cent of the entire Soviet Union budget. But that sweeping economies have been effected there is no doubt. . . . It may fairly be said that Russian industrial production increased 30 per cent compared to last year, and proportionate costs were decreased 20 per cent." It would appear that America is not the only country with a prosperity wave or that large corporate enterprise is not the sole method for producing it.

"FORTY MOROS KILLED," reads a newspaper dispatch. Governor Wood, it appears, has given orders to "exterminate" the rebel Moros in Lanao Province in the Philippines, and Colonel Luther R. Stevens, U. S. A., is at work. "General Wood twice visited Lanao last year," the Associated Press tells us, "to make peace with the Moro *datos* or chieftains. Both attempts failed and in May, 1925, a campaign similar to the present one had partial success." Stick that dispatch on the file, brother-editors; and remember it the next time you receive a story from one of the professional opponents of Filipino independence, telling how the Moros love General Wood and beg for continuance of American rule.

THE SLOW WEEKS of the textile strike in Passaic and the neighboring towns pull by with no hope for a settlement emerging. Delegations to Washington have called upon Senators, hearings have been held, a bill has been introduced providing for an investigation of the entire textile industry, citizens of the mill towns have formed committees and adopted resolutions and held meetings and parades—but the strike goes on. The most energetic moves have been made by a committee of the Associated Societies and Parishes of Passaic and Vicinity who have offered mediation and put forward proposals for a settlement. Stubbornly the mill owners have rejected all suggestions, issuing moralistic manifestos against the United Front Committee and the whole idea of industrial unionism and offering instead the alternative of separate company unions in each plant. The strike committee pointedly inquires: "When did the company union ever fight for an increase of wages? When did the company union ever fight for shorter hours?" This is, from their point of view, a sufficient answer. The workers are determined to achieve a permanent organization in an industry which needs it more sorely than any other. They are prepared to stay out as long as may be necessary. But they can never fight the deadly combination of slack work and a powerful employing group without the help of every sympathizer in and out of the trade unions. A meeting at Passaic on Saturday, May 29, of 200 delegates sent from organizations as far west as Detroit and Chicago, voted to support the strike with all the strength of their 500,000-odd members and to raise funds for continued relief. The strikers need money and clothing; these may be sent to the Strikers' Relief Committee, at 799 Broadway, New York City, or to strike headquarters at 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.

WITH ENGLAND passing through one of the most desperate crises in all her history because of coal, with the black winter of the anthracite strike behind us and an almost certain bituminous strike in front of us, Congress still refuses to do anything of the slightest value about coal. Representative Fish has warned the President that if no action comes before adjournment the Republican Party will suffer in the November elections. Much as it would grieve us to see the Republican Party suffer, the suffering of a whole nation which must inevitably follow a policy of truckling to mine operators is an even more serious issue. The Senate has passed the Copeland bill calling for a certain amount of innocuous fact-finding and emergency mediation. The Coal Commission in 1922 told us plainly what to do. But neither Mr. Coolidge nor Congress dare to do it. With the lesson and the warning of England striking them be-

tween the eyes, they steadfastly refuse to learn anything by experience.

THE COMMISSION headed by George Gordon Battle which Governor Smith appointed in 1924 to head off a strike in the New York garment trades has recently handed down its report. It is an intelligent report. It recommends increases in wages of from \$2.50 to \$6 a week, bringing the maximum group—the skirt operators—up to \$52. It does not recommend the 40-hour week which was one of the union's objectives, but it places the responsibility for a good share of the chaos and waste in the industry squarely upon the shoulders of the jobbers, where it belongs, and where the International Ladies' Garment Workers have said it belongs. The commission finds that the average working year is 26.8 weeks out of the 52 in the smaller shops, so great is the factor of seasonal fluctuation. Annual earnings accordingly are declared to be "distressingly small." Seventy-five per cent of the trade is in the smaller shops. Jobbers buy materials, then let out the actual manufacturing to the small shop—playing one off against the other. The jobber thus dodges all responsibility for labor conditions, while the shop boss is scrambling in and out of bankruptcy too fast to do anything constructive himself. It is a cutthroat game in which all hope of a regularized industry, a balanced seasonal load, proper working conditions, is utterly lost. The commission wants to make the jobber responsible to the union. He ought to be.

DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, against the recommendation of their Resolutions Committee, recently adopted by an overwhelming vote a resolution condemning the Citizens' Military Training Camps and calling upon their federation officers to wage a state-wide campaign against them. The resolution had been introduced by an inarticulate Polish miner, a man without the eloquence necessary to rescue the resolution from the quiet grave to which the committee had consigned it. From an unexpected quarter, the president's chair, its defender sprang. Briefly and quietly, but magnificently, James H. Maurer gave his reasons for differing with the Resolutions Committee. "War is wholesale murder," he said. "Its underlying cause is the quest for profit. It is my belief that the labor movement ought to declare itself unalterably opposed to all wars and all preparation for war. If the big capitalists want wars, let them do the fighting themselves." In the full hour of debate that followed most of the speakers were overseas men, many of them miners. A few of them opposed the resolution with an ardor that the best Legionnaire would have applauded; but most of the speakers expressed strongly, even bitterly, their opposition to the whole war system, and their belief that the workers should actively oppose such sinister developments as the training camps. When the question was put, the vote was four to one in favor of the adoption of the resolution. The most thrilling feature of the whole proceeding was its spontaneity. The matter arose suddenly; each man spoke what was in his mind, and voted likewise.

THE CONTINUED RELUCTANCE OF the Republican Administration to return alien property taken over during the war impugns its good faith. The Mills bill met objection from some of the Democrats, looking for political capital, in the fact that it provided that American claims

should be paid from the Treasury and from the proceeds of a bond issue as a condition of the release of the alien property. The Treasury was to be reimbursed from Dawes Plan payments. To the return of the property very little objection has been raised and the purpose to do so has won almost unanimous approval from the financial world and intelligent public opinion generally. Those features of the Mills bill which were open to objection have now been materially altered under the terms of the revised Newton bill. This bill also has had the support of the Treasury Department. No money is to be taken from the Treasury, no bonds are to be issued. The American claims against Germany are to be paid from the interest accrued prior to 1923 on the alien-property fund, and from the Dawes reparation payments already in the hands of Mr. Parker Gilbert in Berlin. Together these come to 36 million dollars. For the balance the larger claimants, who have consented to abandon the continued running of interest on their claims, have agreed to take participation certificates in future payments to come to the United States under the Dawes Plan. They thus assume the risks of the Dawes Plan, which under the Mills bill the government was to bear. The only objections that are still heard come from unmitigated German-haters, who happen also to be World Courtiers and Leaguers. It is strange to find that these gladiators for international law on a practical issue have little compunction about assassinating international law.

WE HASTEN TO ANNOUNCE—before all our New York subscribers shall have had time to tell us—that we have discovered that broadcasting station WMCA is not, as we stated, owned by the Young Men's Christian Association but by the McAlpin Hotel. Its slogan is "Where the White Way Begins" and its initials are doubtless its only point of resemblance with the more pious organization to which we attributed it. We are sure, however, that neither the hotel nor the Y. M. C. A. will bear us any grudge: the former will be glad to have been credited with such worldliness and gaiety, the latter with so much virtue.

BRONZE LIFE-SIZE STATUES of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn have been unveiled at Hannibal, Missouri, at the foot of Cardiff Hill. We are for the statues, but we trust there was nothing about them to justify the remark, made at the unveiling, by Walter Williams, dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, that they represented "the eternal boy." So far as we know there is no such thing; though there were, are, and will be Tom and Huck. Mr. Williams put them into a "trinity of immortals" along with Peter Pan—at which we wince. Apparently Mr. Williams does not know his Tom and Huck as well as Mark Twain, dreaming of his boyhood, did, or—we hope—as do the annual thousands who read the books wherein they move. It may be a question whether the two gangsters are merely themselves or projections of Samuel Clemens at forty-five. But they are no third thing, and surely they do not deserve the sentimental things which get said about them every year. What we do like to hear is that Mr. Williams found in the statues a suggestion of "protest against that over-censorship of speech and morals which is far worse for boys than the utmost freedom." There speaks the Mark Twain of middle age—though he would have said, we think, "for boys and girls and men and women."

“Vote as You Drink”

PROHIBITION has taken a new flying leap into politics. In a dozen States, following the example of New York, plans for referenda are under way; elections are being fought, won and lost, and explained, even when the explanations are not justified, by the Wet-and-Dry issue. Other issues are crowded into the background. Politically, as socially, prohibition is the paramount issue.

Many good people deplore this concentration of interest. They insist that prohibition should be taken out of politics and the field kept clear for more serious subjects. Party lines, they say, are being broken, and candidates are elected, regardless of their merits and principles on other issues, according as they are Wet or Dry. And this, these good folk believe, is a misfortune. We do not. We believe that it is a healthy thing for politics to seem important to the ordinary man-in-the-street, and a healthy thing to break the rigid lines of our meaningless, hereditary parties. If a group of Wet Democratic Congressmen invade Pennsylvania to support the Wet candidacy of their Republican friend “Billy” Vare against the Dry platform of their party ally William B. Wilson we can only rejoice. It seems to us to indicate a new honesty and a new seriousness in politics. It shows that there is at last one issue important enough to induce politicians to set ideas above party. We might wish that the issue were a different one, but it is good that at last something is breaking down the deadly tradition of “My Party, Right or Wrong.”

Dangers, of course, lurk in such an absorption in a single issue. The issue of slavery broke up the old party alignments sixty years ago, and the country still suffers from the crystallization of party lines then achieved. But it seems to us that those who fear this absorption in the prohibition issue are regretting the loss of a dream rather than of a reality. Suppose the country should be foolish enough to let new parties grow up upon the liquor issue, how much worse would that be than the present situation? We have two parties divided in part by the memories of a civil war that lies more than half a century behind us, in part by a century-old tradition of different tariff policies (although today few Democrats are as opposed to high tariffs as some radical Republican farmers of the Middle West), and in part by sheer inertia. There is more difference between Senator Butler of Massachusetts and Senator Norris of Nebraska, although both are nominally Republicans, than there is between Butler and Carter Glass, Democrat, of Virginia or between Norris and Dill, Democrat, of Washington. We have no issues that divide the parties as parties today. Senator Bruce, Democrat, of Maryland supports President Coolidge more loyally than Senator Borah, Republican, of Idaho. Not on the tariff, immigration, evolution, the League and the World Court, the foreign debts, prohibition, farm relief—not on a single one of the issues which reach the front pages of the newspapers—do the Republicans, as a group, stand opposed to the Democrats. The two parties are merely the ins and the outs. As we have so often said, they have no coherent policies except to oppose each other and fight for office. And the heroic effort to found a Progressive Party two years ago has disintegrated, in part because its own supporters were not sufficiently clear as to their policy, and

in part because the country was not sufficiently interested in the policies they proclaimed.

We are losing nothing of value, then, if the Wet-and-Dry issue replaces the traditional party lines of a vanished past. If prohibition does in fact interest the American people more than any other issue, it is good that they should divide upon it. Let them express themselves in referenda; let them elect men who share their views. The greatest danger in the situation, it seems to us, is that they may not express themselves honestly. One of the most cheering aspects of the new absorption in the prohibition issue, we believe, is that Wet politicians are beginning to talk Wet. Something of the old hypocrisy is being blown out of political discussion of prohibition. Men are beginning, in the language of the federal district attorney of New York, to talk and to vote as they drink.

Perhaps the worst result of prohibition is this hypocrisy it has bred. The white South is impressively solid for prohibition because it keeps liquor from the Negro without eliminating drinking facilities for white gentlemen. There is a section in the North which comes dangerously near to the same position, claiming that it does not matter if “our” class drinks rather more than before, because the working class is more abstemious than in pre-Volstead days. Every Washington correspondent knows that some of the most ardent Dry apostles on the floor of Congress are very cheerful tipplers after hours, and that some of the highest officials in Washington, men whose public utterances have been most pious in support of the Eighteenth Amendment, have not scrupled to serve liquor in their homes since the law went into force. There can be no decency and self-respect in public life as long as such a code prevails. There have been too few Borahs and Pinchots, who practice what they preach, among the Drys; and we prefer an honest if histrionic Wet like Representative Hill of Maryland to the gentlemen who preach one doctrine and drink another.

Not every Wet is a reprobate bound for hell, not every Dry is a psalm-singing hypocrite; and it does little good to sling epithets of that caliber. Hitherto the debate has been too much a campaign of ill names. The Wets have growled that prohibition was “put over,” and the Drys have replied that the Wets were immoral. Anti-Saloon League campaigners have seemed to care very little how much a legislator drank if only he voted Dry. Scant energy has been expended to persuade people that the Volstead Act was a sensible law worth obeying, but hundreds of millions of dollars have been asked to browbeat people into heeding a law they despised. Too many Drys have seemed to feel that because the law was on the statute-books anyone protesting against it was a traitor to the Constitution and that debate was at an end. Even Senator Borah, in his eloquent Baltimore speech denouncing the liquor traffic, came dangerously close to that doctrine. The country has watched, altogether too blithely, the spectacle of a silent rebellion by millions of its citizens, doggedly defying a law which they believed an infringement of their personal rights. Is it an ill thing when that silent rebellion comes forward into the limelight of political discussion, when the views of those millions are given open debate instead of festering in secret protest?

The White Menace

ABD-EL-KRIM has surrendered, and the French are supreme in North Africa. Presumably their victory will release a considerable part of the 150,000 men with whom they have been chasing the 10,000 Riffians, and they may soon report more victories in Syria. With airplanes, tanks, poison gas, heavy artillery, and American loans the European can still, in the long run, be counted upon to defeat the Asiatic and the African.

The French will treat Abd-el-Krim "as France knows how to treat a fallen enemy who has given proof of his military qualities." What that means we must wait to see. Presumably he will be pensioned and exiled. We may hope and believe that he will never turn to serve the men who conquered him. For five years he has given the Moslem world a magnificent exhibit of what a small group, untrained and badly armed, can still do against the vast forces of the European Powers. He drove Spain into the sea. For more than a year he held France at bay. Marshal Lyautey took advantage of Krim's concentration against the Spaniards in 1924 to occupy his granary in the Ouerqa Valley. A little more than a year ago Krim turned and drove the French south. A vast campaign was inaugurated against him. Last autumn the French had seven divisions in Morocco—114 battalions of infantry, 25 squadrons of cavalry, 125 airplanes, together with tanks, armored cars, and supply troops. France had 150,000 troops in Morocco for this spring's campaign; Spain had some 110,000. Krim, to defend his native land against these forces, in a fighting area only 125 miles from east to west, and 37 miles north to south, had, when his strength was at its peak and a dozen other tribes fought at his side, fewer than 50,000 rifles, and, when he surrendered, fewer than 5,000. His long resistance to the overwhelming strength of France was one of the heroic epics of these modern days. It cost France more than \$100,000,000 to subdue this man whom they called a mere tribal chieftain.

Presumably our newspapers will now be filled with long accounts of the wonders achieved by French engineering in the mountains of the Riff. Doubtless good roads will be built—that is always the first constructive achievement of the conqueror. It is said to help trade, and it certainly facilitates the process of subduing rebels. The United States boasts of its roads in Haiti and the Philippines; Britain of hers in India and Africa; Japan of hers in Korea and Formosa. "Law and order" will be established; commerce will be developed; perhaps a sanitary service will be introduced. And we shall be asked, in the name of these modern improvements, to believe that conquest has justified itself.

It is, in fact, dirty business. We have become so accustomed to the theory that the West European Powers and the United States have a divine right to rule all the backward races of the earth that we do not see the menace of our attitude. Krim's defeat will for the moment increase the prestige of France and of the white race throughout the Moslem world. But it will not increase the love for them. This French victory is a belated chapter of a history that has reached its turning-point. That little passage of history in which the West Europeans have dominated the entire world is coming to its end. The backward peoples of the earth, learning perforce to use the

mechanical inventions of the West, are awakening to the white menace; they are conscious of its cruelties and moral hypocrisies; one such triumph as this cannot turn back the rising tide. France may win victories in Syria as well; but the Moslem world knows that a mere tribal chief defied her successfully for more than a year, that she has not yet pacified the Druses, and that the cost of these colonial wars is draining her treasury of more than she will ever be able to recoup in times of peace. After centuries of lethargy, the East is acquiring a new kind of self-respect; it has learned from a West which is growing sick of its own doctrine the lesson of nationalism, and feels itself on the eve of a new era.

Abd-el-Krim was no mere local phenomenon. He is part of a movement which transcends the consciousness of its individual members. These Riffians; the Egyptians who have once again affirmed at the polls their detestation of the creatures of Britain who rule them; the tribes which have swept out of central Arabia to crush the puppet kingdom of the Hejaz; the rebel Druses; the Turks whose success in defying the Western Powers is still the inspiration of the entire Orient; the new spirit in Persia under Riza Khan; the seething nationalism of India; the Filipinos, insisting peacefully upon their right to independence; the Japanese, already imitating the imperial West; the chaotic Chinese, whose only point of unity seems to be their determination not to be ruled by foreigners; the young Mongolians, ardently devising the first schoolbooks in their language—all these are parts of a movement which can only grow. These peoples may not yet have our Western training in administration, but they are going to learn by the same method as we—by making their own mistakes.

The Pullman Porters

THE Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has announced that it has organized 65 per cent of the porters and maids employed by the Pullman Company. After due allowance for any statistical optimism in the premises, the showing remains impressive. The union was organized last fall, and to gather in a majority of the employees of a nation-wide service in the space of seven months remains an achievement of no uncertain magnitude. As an American Federation of Labor speaker pointed out at a recent meeting of the porters, many a union has worked for seven years and for three times seven years without succeeding in securing any such percentage of union members among the total employed in its field.

The porters are organizing for certain specific and immediate objectives. Instead of allowing the public to underwrite the Pullman Company's pay roll by giving in tips (sometimes) the difference between the \$72.50 a month the porters are paid by the company and what it costs them to support their families, the union wants a living wage. It wants, instead of the possible 400 hours a month the porter may be called upon to work, hours and "run" schedules more suited to the needs of a human being—even if there is a chemical deposit in the pigment of his skin. It wants a place provided in sleeping-cars where this human being may occasionally secure a little sleep—when his interminable duties do not for the moment claim him. These are reasonable demands, and nobody with a spark of decency in his heart can do less than wish the porters godspeed in their fight.

But over and above these specific objectives there looms a larger issue. In all their organization work the officials of the Porters' Union keep this issue constantly to the fore. It has been claimed that the black man is unorganizable. Again and again unscrupulous corporations have recruited from his ranks the "scab" labor which breaks, or tries to break, a strike of white workers. Consequently white workers, and particularly the leaders of white workers' unions, have had their more or less inbred racial prejudice intensified by this unhappy fact. The difference in pigmentation has thus got into the arteries, and brewed no little bad blood. If the porters can organize their industry, hold their ranks, prove their fighting ability in the interest of the working class, it will have a profound effect on the attitude of white organized labor. And it will have a profound effect on the organizable capacity of Negro workers in other industries. These men who punch our pillows and shine our shoes and stow our bags under the seat bear in their black hands no little of the responsibility for the industrial future of their race. Whatever greetings we may give them because we believe in their immediate objects must be increased tenfold when we realize the full import of their movement.

On Contemporary Books

ON a certain famous occasion Henrik Ibsen was asked why it was that he read so little, and he replied, surprisingly enough, that it was because what he read seemed so strangely irrelevant.

Here was a reply which might very well serve to confirm in their opinion those who had judged from his works that the disturbing man was only a vulgar barbarian. For a good many centuries books had received the precious life-blood of the master-spirits, the garnered experience of mankind. The maturest conclusions which the consideration of that experience had produced were written down; yet Ibsen, with colossal arrogance, swept them away with a single gesture—"irrelevant"—as though he had wished to say that with him, or at least with his generation, the world had begun anew and that the continuity of history was only a cowardly fiction.

To cultured men it seemed a childish blasphemy; yet it contained a partial truth. The literature of the past does seem not useless or false but in some way irrelevant to the most insistent interests of the present. If it were not so, the need for writing would vanish and literature would come to an end, just as Euclidian geometry came to an end because its work was finished and it served no further need. Each succeeding age would not, as it does, find things unsaid and needs unfulfilled, making it necessary not only for the age to write its own poems and stories but to tell over again the lives of past heroes and rewrite past criticism. Indeed, so rapidly do the generations shift that even today there are works of Ibsen's own which youth might be pardoned for closing in the middle with that same disappointed word—"irrelevant."

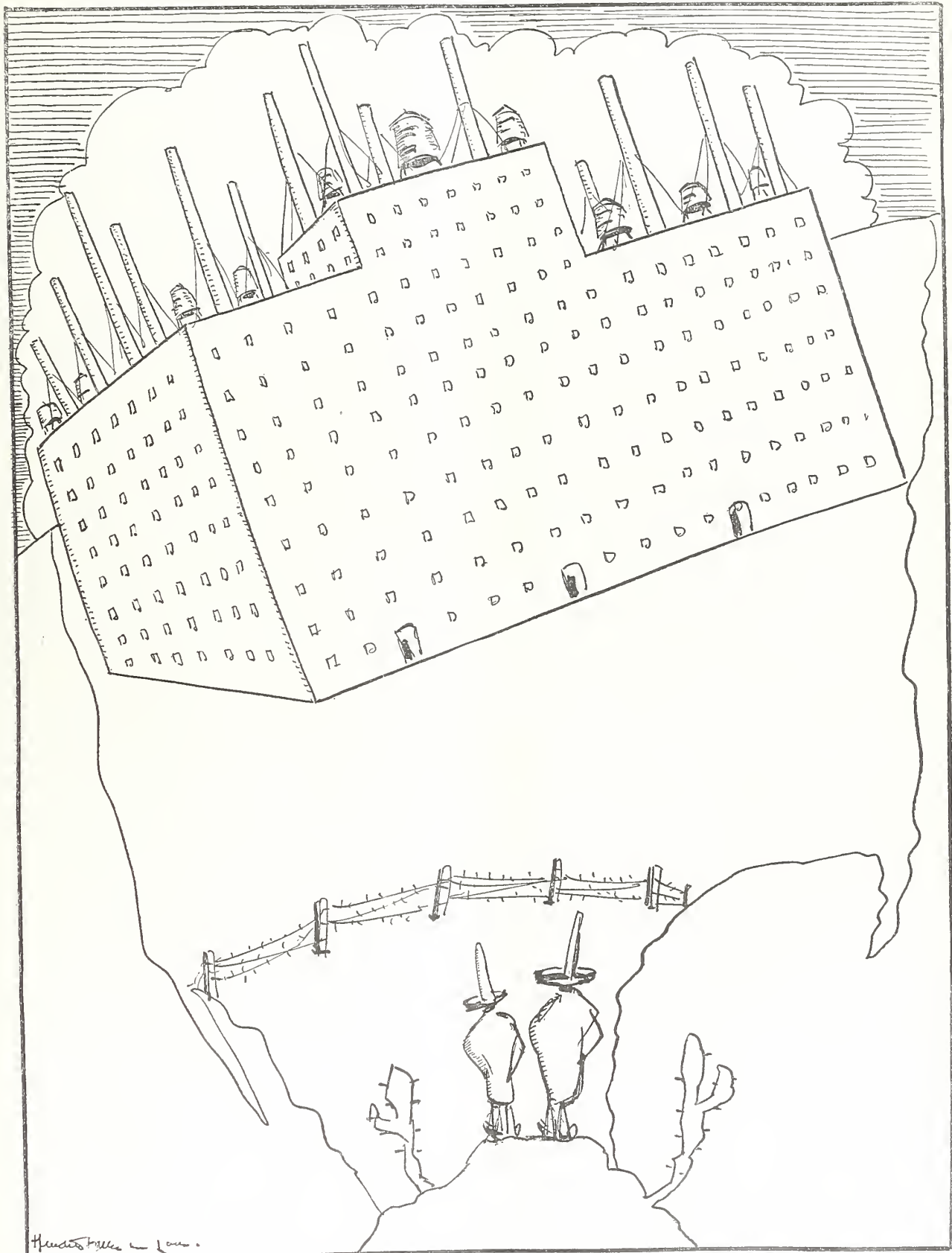
It is not a mere question of better or worse. What Ibsen meant was that full as the writings of the past might be of this or that, the questions which seemed to him most important of all were never even asked, and that there was something about the whole spiritual world of his predecessors which seemed alien and made him feel much

as a man suffering from the stomach-ache might feel if ushered into the presence of the most learned of theologians. As the result of some strange process the whole emphasis of his mind had been shifted, and he found that the things which had for him the most burning interest had never so much as attracted the attention of those who had written before him. Hereditary syphilis, for example, seemed far more significant than the duty of revenge; yet the author of "Hamlet" had never suspected that disease visited from father to son might represent one of the most striking of the tricks of destiny. To Ibsen, alive to this and a thousand other facts, there was but one adjective suitable for the discussion of the question "to be or not to be," and that adjective was "irrelevant." From the wise he could find no answer, and a new literature had to be created.

The eruption of new knowledge furnishes of course the most obvious explanation of this phenomenon; the data which the mind of the artist must arrange into a pattern are constantly growing. But in addition to those differences which may be traced to differences of knowledge there are others whose cause is less easy to trace. In those ages called satiric the spectacle of human follies seems to afford a special pleasure. The mind experiences a certain satisfaction in collecting and analyzing instances of vanity, stupidity, and pretension, until suddenly the joy seems to go out of the game and romantic idealism reappears. Yet it is not necessarily true that its devotee would wholly deny the facts upon which the satiric literature was based. They simply seem no longer interesting, no longer really important. A new aspect of human nature has been discovered or rediscovered, and what has gone before seems merely "irrelevant."

Every age has its own particular emphasis, temper, and mood. It must have its own say because no one else has been able to say for it with just the proper tone the things which it feels and thinks. In the classic it may find things which belong to all times, but in its own literature alone can it find the mood which is characteristically its own. Hence it is that of all forms of literary snobbery there is none more shallow than that which consists in a comprehensive scorn of all contemporary work. There are people who pretend to be at home in every century but their own and who seem to feel that the statement "I never read *new books*" marks them as men superior to the ephemeral concerns of their day. The truth is that there is no substitute for the literature of one's own particular age. It may be good or bad, it may or may not deserve to be neglected by those who come after, but whatever its permanent value it is indispensable to the age which produces it and no classic can serve as a substitute. The wise man is a citizen of eternity, but a full man is also and inevitably a citizen of today. He must understand his own time, and only in contemporary utterances can he hear it speak. Current literature may have defects too numerous and too obvious to mention. It may be inferior in every other respect to the literature of Greece, of Rome, of the Renaissance, of the Elizabethan Age, of the Restoration, or of the Victorian era, but in one respect it is assuredly superior to all others. It has an immediate relevance to the life amid which the reader lives, and it has at least one sort of significance which no other literature can have. Whether we like it or not, we are the products of the same forces which produce the books of our contemporaries.

Americanization



FIRST MEXICAN PEON: A wonderful people, those Americans. They finally got everything so standardized and organized that a single factory could provide for all their needs.

SECOND MEXICAN PEON: I see, but where are the people?

FIRST MEXICAN PEON: Oh they all died from boredom.

The National Strike in Great Britain

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, May 14

THIS country has just been recording an experience unique in its history and, as the art of war propaganda has been so recently set aside, the Government returned to it with alacrity and the sober truth regarding what has happened can only now be told. The decision to apply the strike to newspaper offices I considered a mistake, but the trade unions came to the conclusion that it was impossible to arrange exceptions of such magnitude, and the ordinary service of newspapers disappeared. The Government and the hostile press reduced to a pigmy size were thus left in possession. The Trades Union Congress General Council, which conducted the strike, then arranged, with some difficulty it must be said, for the production of the *British Worker*, a strike bulletin. The wireless system, though not actually commandeered, was rigidly controlled by the Government. Day by day government stuff was thrown into the air, and when application was made that a calm statement of the mind and purpose of the General Council should be broadcast, it was refused. An appeal from the whole of the churches, which the Archbishop of Canterbury was personally to give out, was also refused because it did not feed the war propaganda of the Government, and so public opinion was left exposed to the same influences as schemed to misinform and impassion it when the armies were in the field.

What is the sober truth of what happened? The world knows that the dispute arose in the coal industry. The wages of miners were to be reduced and they refused to accept the reduction. A strike was threatened last July and had to be bought off for nine months by a feeble and unprepared Government at the taxpayers' expense. To inquire—for the thousandth time—into the trade, a Royal Commission was appointed; its report, issued eight months after the subsidy, was vague on some essential points; the Government contented itself by saying that it would accept the report if the other sides did the same; neither, in spite of finessing words, would do so and the owners proceeded to defy it; notices of drastic reduction in wages were posted over by far the greater part of the coal-fields, and negotiations to try and avert the evil of a dispute were begun by the General Council. This is the first point to be remembered. The Trades Union Council, rather than the Government and the owners, strove for peace while there was still a chance of peace. When the history of the strike is written, I can assure my readers that neither the Government nor the owners will be found to have played any strenuous part in peace-making.

While the official word of the Government was pietistic, its actions and inactions justified the accusation made against it that it had joined the forces demanding a reduction in the standards of life of the people; and the attack upon the miners was universally regarded as the opening of an all-round attack. "If the miners go down, it will be our turn next, and so we shall stand by the miners," was the attitude of the whole trade-union movement. Twice, at moments when the General Council had got into the position to bring pressure upon the miners to agree to a set-

tlement that would protect them, the Government ended negotiations on mere pretexts; first, when it asked a pledge from the miners' leader that was contrary to the recommendations of the coal report, and finally when, not only without authority but against official advice, a group of workers on the premises of a notorious yellow newspaper refused to print a pernicious article, the Government negotiators pretended that the general strike had begun and therefore that it was not consistent with high constitutional dignity to negotiate any further.

The miners were locked out during the day of April 30. The feeling among trade unionists generally was so keen to support them that, with orders or without them, acts amounting to strikes would have become common, especially in the transport trades. It must be remembered that owing to the growing power of capitalism trade unionists have for some time been concluding that the sympathetic strike was the best way to help an attacked section. The tactic, however, had never really been thought out, and was certainly no part of a general scheme of trade-union aggression. The decision was taken solely as industrial support for the miners, and during the strike not a minute was ever lost to negotiate terms which the General Council could recommend the miners to accept. The Government declared war and dragged in the constitution and the community, but all the time the trade unions sought for peace. The unions were willing to handle essential foodstuffs and the safety men were left in at the coal pits. During the whole period of the strike there was not, so far as I have heard, a single case of conflict between the police and trade unionists. Probably half the cases brought before magistrates were for purely technical breaches of the emergency regulations, like spreading false rumors, and the other half were of crowd rows that showed no trace of organization. The trade-union pickets did more to maintain order than the police. I have gone through many strikes, but I have known none to which the application of "unconstitutional" or "revolutionary" is more idiotic. From the point of view of its nature it has been one of the mildest, most good-tempered, and most orderly industrial strikes on record.

It has been to the interest of the Government to represent it otherwise. Elaborate programs of provocation have been prepared and the anger and vexation which have flared up this morning in quarters anxious to smash both the industrial and the political combination of labor only show the chagrin felt in these quarters that peace has been declared. So soon as an industrial settlement on a program hammered out between Sir Herbert Samuel, chairman of the Coal Royal Commission, and the General Council was possible the council considered that the continuation of the strike would serve no further useful purpose and declared it off. It was no unconditional surrender. It was according to program foreseen and assumed from the beginning. The Government has said that it will accept the report, and the document upon which the strike has been declared off is an explanation and application of the report which, had the Government given time and opportunity during negotiations before the strike, would have obviated the strike

altogether. In spite of the provocation of the Government propaganda and its evil effect upon the minds of the men who had come out, the General Council in a courageous and public-spirited way declared the strike off when it had fulfilled its purpose. The strike ended naturally, not by surrender.

Personally, I have never agreed that the sympathetic strike on a large scale was an industrial weapon that should be tried, and our experience of it during the past week has proved the truth of the reasons for my opposition to it. Whatever the intentions of those who promote it may be it will appear to the mass of the people as a blow to constitutional procedure; the inconvenience it imposes upon all and sundry must irritate the public into opposition before it has gone on for any length of time; its first effectiveness will be shown in the punishment it inflicts upon the poorer and the more helpless classes; its issues and consequences obscure the original cause of dispute and raise new ones which cannot be foreseen; being a strike in sympathy the whole mass called out has not the definite object that the section originally attacked has, so that its weakness in

parts soon appears; it can succeed only if it is swiftly finished; every extension weakens it; having no definite object it can have no victory, and in so far as it is regarded by a government as a challenge to it, its failure is foredoomed; every union that comes out raises thereby a dispute internal to itself, e.g., if railwaymen come out to help the miners they thereby raise a dispute with their own employers. In short, a general strike when fully developed can only be part of a policy of armed force such as Mr. Winston Churchill and other Tory leaders hoped to profit by this week and last. But this one that has now ended was kept in splendid control by the trade-union leaders, was not allowed to get out of hand; and the Government's strenuous attempts to get it to become revolutionary and to develop were thwarted by the splendid tactics and the bold courage of those who were acting and advising at headquarters. As the country comes to know the facts, the culpability of the Government will become apparent and I believe a strong reaction will set in in favor of labor, especially political labor.

Taking the Devil Out of the Devil Dogs

By WILLIAM HARD

Place: Southern Progressive California.

Time: 1935.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. You are accused of flirting.

GENERAL SMITH. Not guilty.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Will General Jones please step forward? General Jones, you accuse General Smith of flirting?

GENERAL JONES. I do.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why?

GENERAL JONES. I saw him doing it.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Tell how.

GENERAL JONES. Well, it began this way: I was spending a week-end at General Smith's house.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why?

GENERAL JONES. He and I are great friends.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. When did your intimacy begin?

GENERAL JONES. When we were both improving the Haitians.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Proceed.

GENERAL JONES. Well, we were sitting together at breakfast when a most beautiful woman came in. After a while General Smith took her out driving in his motor car.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What was the nature of their flirting during breakfast?

GENERAL JONES. They didn't flirt during breakfast.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Then what are you talking about?

GENERAL JONES. I followed their motor car. They looked as if they were going to flirt.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How did you follow them?

GENERAL JONES. In my own motor car. I followed them to the del Cannonado Hotel.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why did you do that?

GENERAL JONES. To enforce the law.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did you see there?

GENERAL JONES. They sat on a sofa and flirted.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did they do to flirt?

GENERAL JONES. Well, they looked at each other and became awfully unsteady in the eyes. Their eyes became very brilliant. They laughed a great deal. They didn't seem to know what was going on around them. They were lost to the world.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Was General Smith in a condition to command troops?

GENERAL JONES. He was not.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How did you see all this?

GENERAL JONES. I was standing behind the sofa.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Are you sure the man on the sofa was General Smith?

GENERAL JONES. Absolutely. I have known him intimately and affectionately for many years.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. That will do. Is Mr. Hicks here?

MR. HICKS. Yes, sir.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. You are the house detective of the del Cannonado Hotel?

MR. HICKS. Yes, sir.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did you see General Smith and the lady?

MR. HICKS. No, sir.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Then why are you here?

MR. HICKS. One of my assistants saw them.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How many assistants have you?

MR. HICKS. Ninety-one.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why ninety-one?

MR. HICKS. To enforce these federal laws.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What laws?

MR. HICKS. Well, for instance, the law against bringing any obscene literature into any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1927. In the old days we only used to search their hips to see if they had flasks. Now we have to search their pockets, too, to see if they've got the *Mercury*.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Do you find it often?

MR. HICKS. Sure. All the time. That's why we need my new law. Why, only the other day this *Mercury* was brought into the hotel by a fellow called Mencken, who said he edited it. He had some nerve.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did you do?

MR. HICKS. Threw him out, of course, along with the magazine. It's illegal for any writer or publisher of any obscene or radical literature to stay in any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1928.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How's it going?

MR. HICKS. Fine! We threw eight out last week. Yet they keep coming. That's why we need my new law. We need more cooperation from the other guests.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What do you mean, cooperation?

MR. HICKS. Help enforce the Earful Law.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Sorry. I've spent so much time improving foreigners I can't keep up with improvements here. What's this Earful Law?

MR. HICKS. Congressman Earful was the first to see that much more harm is done by talking than by printing. So now it's illegal for anybody to say anything obscene or radical or tending to go against the Government in any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1929.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. But you said something about cooperation. What's that?

MR. HICKS. Oh, Congressman Earful was also the first to see that you can't enforce these new federal laws merely with policemen and inspectors and constables and sheriffs and bailiffs and marshals and deputy marshals and public detectives and private detectives. You've got to bring in the guests. So now it's illegal for any guest who hears any other guest saying anything obscene or radical or tending to go against the Government not to report it to the hotel management. That's since 1930.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How's it going?

MR. HICKS. Fine! Last week we convicted sixty-three guests for not telling the hotel management. Average sentence, three months and seventy-six dollars.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. But how do you know they haven't told?

MR. HICKS. I've got thirty of my ninety-one assistants overhearing the guests. Then if the guest doesn't come across with what my assistant heard him hear, we pinch him.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. So I suppose they've all stopped talking?

MR. HICKS. No, sir. That's just the trouble. They're talking more and more. That's why we need my new law. Only last Thursday a guest in my hotel said that he believed in God.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. That's good. Why shouldn't he say it?

MR. HICKS. It's illegal to believe in God in any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1931.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. But what's the idea?

MR. HICKS. Why, you can't have any power in this country higher than the Government. What the Government says is right. You can't have Anybody who can give you any rights that the Government can't take away. So under the Junk Law you can't believe in God in interstate commerce. It's an awful hard law to enforce, that Junk Law, just like the Earful Law. That's why we need my new law that I've been mentioning to you.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Yes. You've mentioned it. I'll give in. What is it?

MR. HICKS. We must have a reward of twenty-five dollars for every guest who tells anything illegal that any other guest has done or said. It's our only hope.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why?

MR. HICKS. Everything else has failed, and there must be some way of fixing the world right, and this is the latest, and so it's it.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. I see.

MR. HICKS. And I've got it all figured out; and the annual cost will be only \$897,000,000. What's \$897,000,000 compared with having a law-abiding country? Especially about flirting.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Let me catch up. When did flirting become illegal?

MR. HICKS. In 1932, under the Source Theory Law.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What theory?

MR. HICKS. Source theory. Liquor is the source of crime and poverty. Therefore it's abolished. Vicious printing and talking is the source of vicious behavior. Therefore it's abolished. Flirting is the source of divorce. A three-million-dollar investigation by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor proved that every illicit love affair begins with flirting. So flirting's abolished. But the only way to make all this abolishing really stick is my new law. You've got to induce them to tell. My new law, sir, is what my publicity agent truly calls the acme and apex of modern legislation.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Mr. Hicks, as a rude and un-instructed marine, deprived of enlightenment through long absence in low-down foreign regions, I thank you. General Smith, please stand up.

GENERAL SMITH. I'm doing it.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. General Smith, you are standing up for sentence. You are not entitled to any defense. The house detective has testified that an assistant of his saw you flirting. A general has testified that he saw you flirting. Jury trial, I am now told, was abolished in the United States, at the suggestion of United States District Attorney Frustrate, in order to enforce the Volstead Law, in 1933. The right of defense, I am now told, was abolished, at the suggestion of Congressman Lastchance, in order to suppress flirting and save the American home, in 1934. All that you have to do now is to be sentenced.

GENERAL SMITH. Yes, sir.

THE COURT. General Smith, you are reduced to the rank of lieutenant. It is a shame to American history that so many battles have been won for us by flirting, drinking generals. Hereafter it is better to retreat with McClellan on lemonade than to advance with Grant on strong drink. Hereafter the Marine Corps will land on foreign coasts sober and marital or perish. Step down, Lieutenant Smith. Step up, General Jones.

GENERAL JONES. Here.

THE COURT. General Jones, you have lived up to the highest standards of civilian citizenship. You have introduced those standards into the Marine Corps. You have lived up to the truth that we cannot by law have a nation of saints without having by law a nation of spies. You are awarded the Marine Medal of Valor with six palms, nine clasps, seven feathers, and three double-crosses. The Army and the Navy and the Marine Corps must be Americanized. Court adjourned.

Yiddish—A Childless Language

By ALTER BRODY

A LANGUAGE is dying—intestate and without issue. At the height of its power and affluence, in the fullest possession of its faculties, with a literature, a theater, and a press of its own that would do honor to many a landed tongue, Yiddish in America is facing a slow but inevitable dissolution, dying—with no one to will all these accumulated riches to. In twenty years there will be no readers left for its great metropolitan dailies, no audiences for its numerous and now crowded theaters; and its contemporary literature—already readerless, and printed by the authors for mutual presentation—will be a closed set, a completed classic, like the four-and-twenty books of the Old Testament.

But it will be a painless end, a death in easy instalments, regulated by the 2 per cent ratio of the Immigration Act, that "cordon sanitaire" which our Nordically minded Congress has drawn around the Ghetto. On the East Side and its numerous suburbs in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx the strange, angular characters on the store windows are growing scarcer and scarcer; and soon even the indispensable Kosher motto—the coat-of-arms of Jewish delicatessen and butcher shops—will be spelled in heathen English. Column by column the growing English sections of the Yiddish dailies will march across their pages in Occidental order from left to right, forcing the square right-to-left Oriental lettering backward; until at length the latter will be confined to A Yiddish Page for the Old, occupying the supplementary position at present held by An English Page for the Young.

On the Yiddish stage creative life is ebbing fast. There are more Yiddish theaters than ever, but nothing new has been written for them in years, except musical comedies differing very little from those on Broadway. The final stand of serious Yiddish drama, the Yiddish Art Theater, is planning in the future to alternate its Yiddish program with English; and an organization called the Anglo-Jewish Theater at the 66 Fifth Avenue Playhouse is producing Yiddish classics in English.

As for contemporary literature, it is something of academic or—to use an East Side paraphrase—of "cafe" interest only. Literary schools rise and fall in the cafe, but the street knows them not. The classics—Perez, Sholem Aleichem, Sholem Asch, Pinsky, and the rest—have already been translated; and perhaps in the future a final translated anthology—an "AND OTHERS"—will be compiled and the matter considered closed.

In the Yiddish theatrical world there is very little sleep lost over the approaching demise. Actors are accustomed to having their art die with them; and as for the producers—theatrical undertakings as business enterprises are comparatively ephemeral things. Playhouses are built without lingual partiality. Their stages and box-offices can be adapted to English without any cost.

In the literary world there is more concern. The squabbling schools forget their differences sometimes, and discuss the gloomy future. They tremble for their immortality in the hands of the new generation. There is the hope, however, of being embalmed in an English translation and thus preserved for the ages.

But in the Yiddish newspaper world the problem is much more serious. Authors have nothing more substantial than their immortality to lose. Theatrical enterprises are launched and dissolved each season anew. But metropolitan newspapers are not built for a season. True, their editorial opinions are adjustable, but there is one issue on which they cannot compromise—and that is circulation.

Five Yiddish dailies are published in New York, with a combined circulation of over 400,000, representing investments aggregating millions of dollars. Each of them is a great and complicated organization, whose machinery has been evolved through years of experimentation with its particular public. They have branches throughout the country, and the largest of them, the *Forward* (circulation 200,000), publishes special editions in various large cities, maintaining an independent plant and editorial department in Chicago for the manufacture of its Western editions. All of them, however, have sophisticated advertising departments, and the prospect of having their circulation supply cut off, however gradually, can be figured out by them in terms of dollars and cents, the dollars running into seven figures.

So there is a flutter on the Yiddish Newspaper Row on East Broadway, a scanning of specially prepared circulation graphs showing recent and past fluctuations, nervous consultations between the editorial and business departments. The upshot of which is that the editor of the supernumerary English Section for the Young is dragged out of his obscurity and asked to save the paper. Desperately they are seeking succor from the very source where danger threatens.

For though the Jewish birth-rate is high, Yiddish is a childless language—bereft of its offspring by the merciless Moloch of the public schools. Every year, as soon as they are of age—and before—in tens of thousands the children are brought by their own parents and offered up on the altar of an alien tongue. Twenty-five years ago it was prophesied that Yiddish would die of this national hemorrhage, but instead the Yiddish press has grown to a state undreamed of then. Where there were a few mushroom sheets that sprang up and died overnight in East Broadway cellars, there are now organizations that can measure themselves impressively against our English dailies. Step into the ten-story *Forward* building, and you will find very little to remind you that you are not on Park Row. Pick up a Sunday edition of the same paper, and its multitudinous folds, including rotogravure, magazine, editorial, dramatic, comic, women's, and juvenile sections, are in the best tradition of Sunday-newspaperdom.

Nevertheless, the failure of previous predictions in nowise affects the present situation. An unprecedented flood of immigration that continued until the present restrictions more than compensated Yiddish for the bi-annual exactions of the public school. But things are quite different now, and would be even if the immigration bars were lifted. For the replenishing flood is drying up at the source. The great nursery of Yiddish, the many-millioned Ghetto of Eastern Europe, has been smashed by the Rus-

sian Revolution and the new nationalism which it unwittingly engendered in that area—as effectively as the Ghetto of Central Europe was smashed by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars.

A hundred years ago the conquering French army sweeping across Germany opened the gates of the ghettos as liberators. The Jews came out of their thousand-year-old seclusion, rubbing their eyes at the new day; but before they could take in the situation, another tide—the national uprising of 1813 and the awakening of German national consciousness—swept over Germany and caught them up. That was the end of the German Ghetto. Before that they were Jewish subjects of German princes. Now they had to be Germans.

Similarly, under the Czar, the Jews of Eastern Europe were segregated, oppressed, massacred, but they were not expected to be Russian or feel Russian. The revolution came, and the conglomerate races of Eastern Europe split up into a dozen little states, each jealous of its new-found nationalism and suspicious of all forms of dissent. Suddenly the Jews that had lived for centuries in that territory, regarding it as part of a vague, universal, geographic area called the Exile in which they were merely stopping pending the Messianic era—suddenly these Jews found themselves expected to turn into fervent Poles, Esthonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and what-not, depending upon which side of the border they happened to be. Many of them objected and became Zionists, deciding that they had waited long enough for the Messiah, and were going to take matters into their own hands. But in large numbers they responded, like their French and German brethren in the past and like their American brethren at present—on the biological principle of protective coloration—by becoming more Polish than the Poles, more Latvian than the Letts, and so on.

Thus, between the Zionists who have no use for anything but Hebrew, scorning Yiddish as the language of the exile, and the assimilationists who champion the particular language of the nation among which they find themselves, Yiddish is left with a dubious future even in its native home. True, in Soviet Russia itself Yiddish is officially recognized by the Government, whereas Hebrew is under a ban. The reason for this partiality is that throughout Eastern Jewry Yiddish is regarded as the speech of the proletariat, whereas Hebrew has a pronounced nationalistic, religious, and therefore bourgeois, accent. In spite of this official patronage it is foolhardy to think that the new, communistically educated generation of Russian-Jewish youth will cling to Yiddish when Russia and things Russian have captivated the heart of revolutionary youth throughout the world.

The problem is really for an actuary to solve, and it is as follows: If the combined circulation of the Yiddish newspapers is 400,000, and the majority of these readers are over forty, and the only source from which they can expect to renew themselves from the necessarily heavy mortality among such readers is restricted by the 2 per cent immigration law, and if the source itself is drying up—how long will it take for this circulation to be reduced to zero?

But that is not the way the Yiddish journalists look at it. Their solution is the English section, to offset the mortality among their readers by capturing the new generation. That is a problematical answer to a problem. In English the Yiddish newspaper would have to compete with the general newspapers which have shown no objection in the past to

catering to Jewish readers. It will actually find itself under a disadvantage in such competition, for the children of the immigrant are not a whit behind in the American disinclination to being different, to having special interests—to being a crank, in other words. Certainly it will take readers with a belligerently nationalist urge to buy such a newspaper, and the circulation of the various English-Jewish weeklies similarly placed is not an encouragement, if it is an example of what an English-Jewish daily may expect.

There is the economic alignment to consider. Three of the five Yiddish dailies are practically trade papers. The bulk of their readers are drawn from the needle trades. These are the Socialist *Forward*, the Communist *Freiheit*, and the capitalist *Morning Journal*—read mainly by workers for its Help Wanted columns and because it is the only morning newspaper. While Jews are still the largest nationality among the needle trades, the balance of power is rapidly shifting. Italians (who are already 40 per cent of the membership), Poles, Lithuanians, and even Americans, are increasing, while the Jews are diminishing. Most of the American-Jewish proletariat belonged to the petty tradesman class in Europe. They became workers by necessity rather than choice, because they had no capital on arriving and were without the necessary knowledge of the new language. They never fancied their descent in the social scale and brought up their sons and daughters to regard “the shop” as a disgrace to which only those without education (graduation from an accredited grammar school) needed to submit. The result is that there are few American-born Jews in the needle trades. Obviously, therefore, an English-Jewish daily cannot expect to thrive on a labor policy. The irony of the future will be that when Yiddish has died out in America the Jews will have become what their grandfathers were in Russia—largely a middle-class group.

Of the other dailies, the orthodox (Republican) *Tageblatt*, the oldest of the Yiddish papers, is practically out of the running; and although it was the first to initiate the English section, there is no future for it in English. The younger generation is anything but conservative in religion and politics. The *Tageblatt* and its coextremist, the Communist *Freiheit*, are lowest in circulation, proving that uncompromising orthodoxy and uncompromising heterodoxy are equally unpopular with “the solid liberal majority” of the race.

The other, the nationalist, liberal *Tag*, would seem—on the face of its editorial policy—about the most plausible survivor in the English future. It is Zionist on the national question, liberal on the religious; and a liberal politically, ranking with its fellow-Democrat, the New York *World*. Culturally, its comparatively high-brow attitude commends it to the professional and middle-class intelligentsia, bound to be an important element in a specialized circulation such as an English-Jewish daily will have to cater to. It has already inaugurated, as a daily feature on its front page, an English column of Jewish News of the Day. An English-Jewish daily cannot expect to compete with the English dailies for general news. It must expect to be bought as a supplementary paper by those especially interested in Jewish affairs, and therefore this feature of the *Tag* should prove a reliable cornerstone for an English future.

But odds cannot be wagered on the *Tag* without considering the highly convertible texture of the *Forward*, by far the largest and most powerful of the Yiddish

dailies. Officially Socialist and formerly anti-national and even atheistic, it has long been sensing the wind and veering sharply toward nationalism and toward an eclectic liberalism in religion and politics. Its Communist opponent, the *Freiheit*, may accuse it of backsliding; but it is only backsliding with its readers, comprising half of Yiddish-speaking America. Since the Socialist Party is now practically non-existent it may almost be called non-partisan in politics, which gives it an advantage as a national organ over the Democratic *Tag*. Furthermore, an English-Jewish daily, confining itself to topics of Jewish interest and not having to purvey up-to-the-minute general news, can be sold from coast to coast without danger of the news getting stale in transit. In fact, since its appeal will be limited to a specially interested audience, it will be forced to seek out circulation throughout the country. For this the *Forward* is ideally qualified, as it is the only Jewish daily with a really national organization. Putting over an English-Jewish daily will be a difficult job, but with such machinery and resources it may be possible. At any rate the race will be to the strongest, as there will hardly be congregations for all of them in their English vestments.

In the Driftway

AT last a *constructive* use has been found for the United States Army. Heretofore the same complaint has been made against the army as is frequently made against *The Nation*, that it is purely destructive in its nature. So you see the army is in good company, although perhaps it does not always appreciate it. Anyhow a good many persons will probably be glad to learn that a constructive function has been found for the army; it consists of helping to sell lots in new real-estate tracts. Some 6,000 persons were beguiled to Scarsdale, a suburb of New York City, on a Saturday in May to celebrate the sesquicentennial of the Battle of White Plains. Most of them had never heard of the battle before, of course, but the day was a pleasant one for an outdoor excursion and they were quite ready to believe what the newspapers told them, that the engagement was one of the most important of the Revolutionary War. And they had heard of the Revolutionary War even if they had ceased to care what it was about. Besides the United States Army was to be present—in maneuvers. The army came, 700 strong, with machine-guns, tanks, chemical-warfare units, anti-aircraft guns, and all the other trimmings. There was a lot of prancing round, speechifying, and general hurrah. A pleasant time was being had by one and all when there descended upon the scene, like the locusts over Egypt, a cloud of real-estate salesmen who distributed announcements saying:

The ground which has been consecrated by our own revolutionary forebears will at this point lose its identity as a battleground and become the home sites for thousands of patriotic Americans.

May we most cordially invite you before you leave to make a more minute inspection of this famous ground, which is now subdivided into building plots 100 by 100.

* * * * *

P. T. BARNUM has said that the American people love to be humbugged; and, judging by the extent that they are, presumably they do. But they demur at any-

thing too raw. They demurred at this. The Westchester Historical Association demurred; the State Historian demurred; many others demurred. They pointed out that the scene of the Battle of White Plains was several miles from the real-estate development where the celebration had been held and that the anniversary did not actually fall until next October. They wanted to know who was responsible for what they unkindly called a hoax. Thus they spoiled the day for several thousand persons who had previously supposed they had had a good time. What's worse, a shadow was cast over a new and constructive use for the army.

* * * * *

NATURALLY explanations were called for and naturally everybody fell back on the national sport of "passing the buck." It looked as if responsibility would remain as much a mystery as the disappearance of the brig Marie Celeste. Then an unheard-of thing happened. An officer on Governors Island confessed that he was responsible and had acted without proper investigation. The Drifter would like to press that officer between the pages of a dictionary and send him parcel post to Diogenes. The Drifter would at least like to mention the officer's name here, so that it might go echoing down the corridors of time to eternity. But the Drifter has forgotten the name, and when he tried to look it up in his old newspapers he found he had torn out the page to wrap up a pair of shoes. So the name of this hero must go unsung. It's usually that way with real heroes.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Poetry Prize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope that when you offer your Poetry Prize next winter you will append to it some illuminating quotation from your editorial on page 546—sentences such as these:

"The idea of a literary prize is in essence absurd." "The absurdity lies . . . in the rather pathetic faith of the public in the wisdom of judges. Prizes are probably not dangerous. They certainly are without consequence."

Ballard Vale, Mass., May 19

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Machine Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Michael Gold's article on Hugo Gellert, in your issue of April 28. In an age like ours when artists have become very much interested in art and very little interested in life, it is refreshing to note Gellert's mechanical humanism. There is a heroic element in some of his paintings that could be conceived only by a speculative spirit, a rarity in a movement whose chief products have been merely the commonplace skilfully executed.

But what dogmatic balderdash is this of Mr. Gold's that "the machine is the biggest fact in the world today, and no one daring to ignore it can hope to remain fruitful"?

In certain quarters of the world of art there is much ado about machinery, and the hum of mighty works fills the air. There, art has become the antithesis of the "old-fashioned" and its only fitting subject is the latest product of material culture. Only the curious mechanisms of the inventive mind are real, and the human joy or sorrow that some transient harmony or con-

flict may bring is the theme only of "minor aesthetes." Among the "machine-minded" major aesthetes—to borrow Mr. Gold's mannerism—understanding has never reached beyond a superficial mechanism, or art beyond a childish exuberance over moving things. Could these artists adopt a more difficult human perspective, they would achieve a finer insight into our mechanical background which would then receive no more than its just measure of rational attention. Above all we would then hear less claptrap about "the dynamics of steel-making" in art.

New York, April 24

WILLIAM GRÜNSTEIN

The Menace of the Movies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the motion-picture current-events series at present there seems to me to be a distinct intention to accustom the public to the idea of war-like preparation. Prospective soldiers, drilling with a one-man movement, new sorts of bombs, new kinds of projectiles, a new variety of battle airship—and even the German army goose-stepping past Hindenburg—a representation which met with loud applause. Why?

Pittsburgh, May 19

E. M. A.

Stupid College Boys

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently, while distributing reprints of an article by Paul Blanshard from *The Nation*, I talked with college boys about compulsory military drill in our State University. With the exception of two boys I met with courteous replies. Most were eager to take the leaflet and some begged for more copies.

"Well, we're bound to have another war, and then, you bet, I don't want to do the dirty work in the trenches," said one; "that's why I'm glad to get an officer's training."

Said another: "Oh, I agree with you about the compulsory feature—that isn't right. But of course we'll have another war before long, and we've got to be prepared. We're the richest nation there is now, and some country is sure to come and attack us. Just watch Japan."

Two boys told me rather shamefacedly that they were going on with the third year of officer's training on account of the money there was in it and their inability to find other jobs. One was the son of a school-teacher and the other was the son of a minister. One puffy, overfed youth who smiled at me indulgently remarked: "Oh, well, I had to do my stuff in the R. O. T. C. and I didn't like it very well, and now I'm mighty glad to see the freshies get theirs!"

Most of those approached showed but a mild interest on either side of the question. I doubt if more than twoscore have given any intelligent thought to the significance of the R. O. T. C. propaganda. It is true that most of them are in favor of abolishing the compulsory feature of the drill, but when they advocate this they will tell you at the same time that they firmly believe in preparedness.

These young men are tremendously concerned about the wickedness of other people. They are really convinced that powerful nations—Japan is the most frequently mentioned—are only waiting to catch us in an unguarded moment so they can spring at our throat and seize our vast wealth. They like to feel that they are "leaders of men," a phrase much used by recruiting officers, and you hear flowing glibly from their lips all the time-worn war slogans such as "Oh, I'm strong for peace, but you know men will fight because it's human nature."

Perhaps the most promising factor working against the R. O. T. C. is the spirit of ridicule it arouses. Some writers in our university publications have attacked the nuisance with clever pens. Boys don't like to go about with swords flapping against their legs when they hear such comments as "Lay off

the can-opener!" Neither are they proud to be called members of the Rot Corpse or the Royal Order of Throat Cutters.

Seattle, Washington, May 6

JANE GARROTT

Our Destiny—Calvin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is usually so frank, fair, just, and right in its criticisms and comments that its persistent fault-finding in writing about President Coolidge seems like prejudice. The American people have had as executives men who seemed so admirably fitted for the times and so representative of the majority attitudes toward federal matters, at least when chosen, barring such contingencies as Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur, that it has smacked of destiny. Calvin Coolidge is no exception.

There are five phases of the life of Mr. Coolidge that so please the American people that it is easy to account for his administrative immunity. He stands for a working understanding of the difficult relation of states' rights to federal functions; he is a normal agent in law enforcement in response to public opinion and not as a vicegerent of the Almighty; he is obdurate rather than obstinate and thus finds sympathy in the experience of every business manager and head of a family; he represents the sorrow, happiness, and mutual respect basic in the clean American family life; and he has an element of spiritism prevalent among us and giving vitality to our veneration for the Bible and the Constitution.

Orange, Virginia, May 7

CHARLES M. THOMAS

Mencken versus Poe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mencken outmenckened! Now has the critic at large to the tired business man outdone himself. In a recent *Nation* he decrees:

Poe wrote abominably. Some of his most celebrated stories are done in a Johnsonese that would have disgraced the late Mr. Harding. . . . His poetry is popular in proportion as it justifies Emerson's sneer—to wit, that it consists of jingles.

Of course one need merely point the finger at anyone to whom Poe's poetry "consists of jingles."

But that America's foremost man of letters "wrote abominably" is quite the most staggering indictment ever brought against him. 'Tis on a par with the comment of a corporation lawyer who after trying the chiseled prose of the godlike Saltus remarked to me "I guess Saltus dictates that stuff of his at top speed." In all fairness I insist that the Baltimorean cite your readers *one* sentence of Johnsonese from one of Poe's "most celebrated stories." Just Johnsonese. It need not even be Johnsonese "that would have disgraced the late Mr. Harding."

New York, March 15

PAUL MUNTER

We Hope So

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The April 14 number of *The Nation*, with the large Spring Book Section, was great. The article in the regular section on The Nakedness of Colonel House was an eye-opener, as was also that on Samoa: Shall We Navalize or Civilize It? Thank God for these few publications, preeminent among which is *The Nation*, that are telling the truth about the misdoings of our Government, both past and present, and are thus letting the light into the dark places of its history. In time they will be able to compel general attention to the political corruption and the economic wrongs of the day, and then the needed reforms will be brought about.

Rochester, N. Y., April 15

JOHN P. EASTMAN

International Relations Section

USSR Declines an Invitation

THE following text of the note with which Soviet Russia refused attendance at the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations, dated April 7, 1926, was printed in the Berliner *Tageblatt* for April 13:

MR. GENERAL SECRETARY:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of March 18—No. 48,346—in which you were kind enough to inform me that the Council of the League of Nations has confirmed its earlier resolution to meet at Geneva for the preliminaries of the Disarmament Conference.

The declaration of the Swiss Government to which you refer, as well as its assertion that it is willing to treat the Soviet delegates as equals of the delegates of other countries, was well known to the Soviet Government before the dispatch of its letter of January 16 to the League of Nations. This declaration could not influence the decision which the Soviet Government has already made in this matter. When in 1922 the Swiss Government made possible the presence of the Soviet delegates at the Conference of Lausanne by granting to them diplomatic visas, it was likewise assumed then that the Soviet delegates would enjoy the same rights and privileges as the delegates of other countries. Nevertheless, the Swiss Government, though it was in due time informed of the threats that were openly expressed in extremist circles against the Soviet delegate, M. Worowski, not only took no precautionary measures to prevent the criminal act, but even after the crime did all in its power to secure immunity to the criminals. The fact that the Swiss Government has persistently refused to do its elementary international duty and to express through a satisfying official act its disapproval of the crime deprives the assurance given the League of Nations of all value and permits the conclusion that the Swiss Government in its attitude toward the USSR is still guided by the mentality of the same group which first encouraged the assassination of M. Worowski and then accepted it with approval. The Soviet delegates can therefore not count on more effective protection from the Swiss officials than in 1922.

The letters dated March 18 and December 12 contain no valid argument for the meeting of the preliminaries committee in Geneva. Several times international conferences, even those organized by the League of Nations, have met in various cities of Europe outside of Switzerland. The Soviet Government cannot understand the motives through which it is impossible that a Disarmament Conference at which the presence of the USSR is assumed as necessary cannot take place anywhere but in Switzerland. The last session of the League of Nations held in Geneva by no means proved the existence of an atmosphere at this seat of the League in any way favorable to the solution of international problems in the spirit of peace, to putting aside national interests, and to mutual concessions.

When first the Council of the League decided on Geneva as meeting-place it could only assume that the Soviet Government might object to such a choice. It was different when it affirmed its resolution of March 18, for then it had in its possession the categorical and formal declaration of the Soviet Government that it would on no account send delegates into Swiss territory. If the Council of the League still believes that it must adhere to its earlier resolution, one must necessarily draw the conclusion that the intention was from the very beginning to prevent the participation of the USSR in the Disarmament Conference and that all its formal declarations about the enormous importance which it ascribed to the cooperation of the USSR in the matter of disarmament lack sincerity and real worth. Presupposing that the non-participation of the USSR at the Disarmament Conference, which is

definitely shown by its absence from the preliminaries, will serve as a pretext for other states (according to their previous declarations) to sabotage the work of complete disarmament, or the limitation of arms, one might conclude that the League of Nations, or its leaders, is not interested in having the conference achieve positive results. In other words, to use the language of a leading personality of European diplomacy:

The preliminary arms conference at Geneva will meet, if it does meet, to discuss proposals upon which agreement is neither desired nor expected and which have been deliberately and disingenuously advanced in order to make failure certain.

One of the means that was used to insure this failure was the actual exclusion of the USSR from the conference which was the first to put the question of general disarmament with all its implications—the Genoa Conference in 1922. The USSR then called a conference of the border states for the consideration of this question, at which it made concrete and realizable proposals and then of its own free will reduced its armaments to the lowest possible status which it could accept in view of the refusal of the other states to limit their armaments.

Although the Soviet Government has thus given numerous proofs of its peaceable spirit and its sincere desire to see the idea of general disarmament realized, or at least to lighten the military burdens now laid upon the peoples, it has never concealed its distrust of the conference called by the League of Nations. Nevertheless it agreed to participation even if the prospects of success were very small. The decision of the leaders of the League in regard to the choice of the place of meeting has completely convinced the Soviet Government of lack of seriousness and sincerity in this undertaking of the League of Nations as well as of its incapability and unwillingness to undertake so important a task as the calling of a general disarmament conference. The Soviet Government will await the day with the greatest interest, and will work to bring it about, when this matter is taken up by a commission especially selected for the purpose, from which the atmosphere of tradition and intrigue found in Geneva is absent, which will offer better guaranties for success than does the League of Nations. The considerations mentioned above make an answer to your letter of March 19—No. 48,347—unnecessary.

Permit me, finally, to express the hope that the League of Nations will in the future endeavor to invite the Soviet Government only in such cases in which the leaders of the League really desire its participation.

I ask you, Mr. General Secretary, to accept the assurance of my highest esteem.

[Signed] CHICHERIN

Chinese Communists

COMMUNISTS were admitted to the Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist Party, at the first formal party congress held in Canton during the lifetime of Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1924. It has often been charged that this small group, including at most a few thousand Chinese, controlled the policy of the Kuomintang, which in turn controls the Nationalist Government of Canton and South China and has strong organizations in the North. So strong has been the opposition to Communist participation in the party that a "moderate" anti-Communist wing last winter tried to separate and win control of the party organization outside of Canton. This makes the following statement of policy, issued by the Communist Party of Kwangtung (Canton) province, doubly interesting. It is reprinted from the *Canton Gazette* of April 1.

TO THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE KUOMINTANG OF CHINA,
THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT,
THE NATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY ARMY,
THE CITIZENS OF KWANGTUNG PROVINCE.

The platform and principles of the Communist Party of China have long been known to the public. However, in view of the present prevalence of rumors fabricated by the imperialists and anti-revolutionists against the Communist Party, which is likely to affect the situation of Kwangtung we cannot but repeat our announcement in a solemn manner.

The object of the Communist Party of China is to help the Chinese propertyless proletariat and peasants acquire their emancipation, because the real and complete emancipation of the Chinese people can only be attained when the great majority of our population—the peasants and workers—has acquired emancipation. Our present endeavor in the anti-imperialist and anti-militarist movement is due to the fact that the propertyless proletariat and peasants must overthrow imperialism and militarism before they can acquire their final emancipation.

Apart from the propertyless proletariat and peasants, there are other classes in the community who have likewise to overthrow imperialism and militarism for the sake of their interests. This has given rise to the possibility of a united front in the anti-imperialism and anti-militarism movement, a united front especially deemed by the Communist Party of China as an imperative necessity for the overthrowing of imperialism and militarism. On this account we have ever endeavored to establish this united front. But the imperialists and their tools, who fear this kind of united front, have tried their best to fabricate rumors against the Communist Party, which represents the interests of peasants and workers, so as to frustrate this united front. This is the first point which our revolutionary leader and the revolutionary masses should pay attention to.

It was because the Communist Party recognized the Kuomintang as the leader of the present nationalist revolution that the Communist members determined to join the Kuomintang. The object of the Communist members in so doing is to enable the Kuomintang to stand as a party really capable of directing the national revolution. It is for the same reason that we want the Kuomintang to be united and directed under strong revolutionary guidance.

As the imperialists and the dismissed or active anti-revolutionary members of the Kuomintang cherish bitter hatred for the Communist Party, they have voiced denunciations of the Communist Party with a view to disintegrating the Kuomintang and ousting its active members. This is the second point which the revolutionary leader and revolutionary masses should pay attention to.

The Nationalist Government is recognized by the Communist Party as the basis for nationalist revolution and as the headquarters of anti-imperialism in China. Therefore we have gathered the workers and peasants to do their best to help the Nationalist Government in its consolidation and development. The Communist members are active members endeavoring to help the Nationalist Government to unify military, civil, and financial affairs and construct an honest government. Consequently those opposing the unification of the military, civil, and financial affairs of Kwangtung, such as the Hongkong imperialists, the militarists, the compradore class, the landlords, the wicked gentry, and corrupt officials, become the bitter enemies of the Communist Party, trying their best to fabricate rumors in the hope that the Nationalist Government may be deprived of the support of the peasantry and laboring masses and its foundation shaken thereby. This is the third point which the revolutionary leader and the revolutionary masses should pay attention to.

At present the Hongkong imperialists and all reactionary elements, desiring to restore their former influence in Kwangtung, have attempted to overthrow the Nationalist Government

and disintegrate the national revolutionary army. For this reason they are keener in denouncing the Communist Party and even go so far as to fabricate the rumor that the latter party is conspiring to overthrow the Nationalist Government. We hereby solemnly declare to the public that the Communist Party has always helped the Nationalist Government and the masses of Kwangtung to struggle with the imperialists, militarists, compradore class, landlords, wicked gentry, and corrupt officials; that the Communist Party is endeavoring to organize unions of workers and peasants, which will serve as a safeguard to the Nationalist Government as well as the basis of nationalist revolution; and that the Communist Party has resolved not to give up its revolutionary work merely on the ground of its enemies' rumors and denunciations. We also take this opportunity to warn the public that, in view of the present rumors of the imperialists and anti-revolutionists against the Communist Party with the purpose of disintegrating the national revolutionary energy, frustrating the Kuomintang, overthrowing the Nationalist Government and endangering the peace of Kwangtung, we must urge the revolutionary leaders and the revolutionary masses to rise up and break this intrigue; and at the same time we must unite in a common struggle for the common object of overthrowing imperialism and militarism and establishing a United Nationalist Government of All China.

(Signed) EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, KWANGTUNG SECTION,
COMMUNIST PARTY OF CHINA

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance." His cartoons appear weekly in *The Nation*.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD was the first Labor Prime Minister of England.

ALTER BRODY is a young playwright and poet who has made translations from the Yiddish.

WILLIAM HARD is well known as a newspaper and magazine writer.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is the author of "Upstream" and "Israel."

WITTER BYNNER is the author of "A Canticle of Pan" and several other volumes of verse.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD is an American historian at present in Paris.

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste." He is a special editorial writer on the staff of *The Nation*.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is the editor of the *Zionist*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York. He is a director of the Civil Liberties Union and the author of "Is Violence the Way Out?"

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska and the author of "Manito Masks."

LLEWELYN POWYS is the author of "Black Laughter." His latest book is "The Verdict of Bridlegoose."

JANE E. HARRISON was at one time lecturer in classical archaeology at Newnham College, Cambridge. Her latest publication is "Epigomena to Study of Greek Religion."

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a New York architect.

The Nation

Vol. CXXII, No. 3179

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1926

The Art of Thought

By *Graham Wallas*

"His analysis is admirable—particularly illuminating."—*N. Y. Sun*. \$2.75

Microbe Hunters

By *Paul de Kruif*

"A story of thrilling and universal interest. Read the book!"—*Atlantic Monthly*. Illustrated. \$3.50

It's Not Done

By *William C. Bullitt*

An American novel. "Whoever reads it puts his teeth into thick slices of life."—*N. Y. World*. \$2.00

Oberlin's Three Stages

By *Jacob Wassermann*

A new and brilliant novel by the author of "The World's Illusion," etc. \$2.50

The Rise of Modern Industry

By *J. L. and Barbara Hammond*

A tale of how the machine came to England, and its effects. "A fascinating history."—*N. Y. Times*. \$2.75

The Modern Novel

By *Elizabeth A. Drew*

"To thoughtful readers of fiction we commend 'The Modern Novel'."—*N. Y. Sun*. \$2.00

New Books

MANTRAP

By *Sinclair Lewis*

Author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," etc.



A romantic and thrilling story of the Canadian Northwest in which Sinclair Lewis chuckles over the New York He-man in the open spaces. The principal characters are a trader, a tenderfoot, and a girl—as real and poignant as George F. Babbitt or Carol Kennicott. \$2.00

The VERDICT of BRIDLEGOOSE

By *Llewelyn Powys*

Author of "Black Laughter," "Ebony and Ivory," etc.

The narrative of a five years' stay in the United States. Sharp, brilliant sketches of American celebrities alternate with experiences of travel and the author's own emotional responses to the alien atmosphere of New York. As a constant counterpoint is the bitterness of the struggle for subsistence and literary recognition. \$2.50

THE CONQUEST OF BRAZIL

By *Roy Nash*



An authoritative critic considers that Mr. Nash's work may rank as the indispensable book about Brazil. It describes the discovery and peopling of the country and its economic and physical condition today, in addition to giving an analysis of its social weaknesses. Finally, it takes up the future conquest by mankind of this immense territory. *With many illustrations, including maps.* Ready June 10th \$5.00

RELIGION and the RISE of CAPITALISM

By *R. H. Tawney*

Author of "The Acquisitive Society."

The problems of modern industry and modern society interpreted in the light of religious thought. In his historical background for this subject Mr. Tawney describes the origins of our industrial civilization and traces the changes from mediaeval social thought to 19th century individualism. Ready June 10th \$3.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company — 383 Madison Avenue — New York

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

Distinguished Fiction**Odtaa**

by John Masefield

"A thriller turned by the artful words of a poet into a gorgeous moving picture expressed in fine English prose. The verve of its movement and color is irresistible."

— *New York Times*

"Has qualities that should make it one of the books of the season, if not of the year." — *N. Y. Evening Post*

Price \$2.50

Chimes

by Robert Herrick

"He is truthful, brilliant and of superb courage. This novel . . . is his best piece of work. It is an astounding arraignment of America." — *Boston Transcript*

"Not only interesting, it is also important . . . Here is writing of a sort that gives stability to American literature." — *New York Times*

Price \$2.00

Foreign Affairs**Essays on Nationalism**

by Carlton J. H. Hayes

One of the broadest and most suggestive studies in international relations written since the delirium of war subsided to a headache. Nationalism, its rise and influence, its relation to Christianity, militarism and intolerance, are treated in a series of connected and brilliant essays.

Price \$3.00

Italy Under Mussolini

by William Bolitho

A revelation of the workings of the Fascist regime by the European correspondent of the *New York World*. No book on the subject comparable to this has yet appeared.

Price \$2.00

Biography**The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson**

by Francis W. Hirst

"Much better than anything in print." — *Saturday Review of Literature*

"Able and comprehensive." — *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

"Scholarly and human." — *N. Y. Times*

"A fine presentation." — *Baltimore Sun*

Price \$6.00

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh

Edited by Lady Raleigh

"There is more 'vital pleasure' to be found in these letters than a whole shelf full of orthodox and dull biography." — *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

"This is one of the most amusing books of the season." — *Chicago Evening Post*

Two volumes, boxed, \$7.00

Travel**By the City of the Long Sand**

A Tale of New China

by Alice Tisdale Hobart

A true story of homesteading on the American trade frontier in China. The Oriental flavor of the author's "Leaves from a Manchurian Notebook" is caught in this unusual story of adventures and mental explorations.

Price \$3.50

The Road Round Ireland

by Padraic Colum

More than a travel book — it is an interpretation of the country through typical characters, local customs, poetry; all done in that delicate manner which has made Padraic Colum one of the most popular Irish authors in America.

Price \$4.00

60 Fifth Ave. **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** New York
Boston Chicago Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

FOR SUMMER READING

you will find the

DUTTON NOVELS

offering a wide range of interest, substance, charm and entertainment.

PIG IRON

By CHARLES G. NORRIS

The most important achievement of the season in fiction.

\$2.00

STARBRACE

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Rampant youth, cheated of discipline, riding to a fall, yet tremendously appealing to a reader's sympathy.

\$2.00

PRECIOUS BANE

By MARY WEBB

Doubly a prize-winner, the book has not only the atmosphere, the very flavor of its time and place, but an exquisitely conveyed beauty of spirit which set it apart.

\$2.00

THE SHOALS OF HONOUR

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Definite delineation of social types with just the right touch of delighting satire.

\$2.00

WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Romance on both sides of the footlights in New York and Philadelphia.

\$2.00

IF TODAY HAVE NO TOMORROW

By OLIVE GILBREATH

Prof. F. N. Scott writes: "I admire especially the swift etchings of Russian life, grave and gay—of which Turgenev need not have been ashamed—and the wit which sparkles in every page. As a picture of Russia on the eve of revolution, it is, I believe, without a rival."

\$2.00

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS

By DMITRI MEREZHKOVSKY

A romance of wonderful power and beauty based on the old mythologies of Crete and Egypt, with a trace of Babylonian scepticism.

\$2.00

THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

The magic of the Himalayas, the beauty of Kashmir, the subtlety of the East are blended in this mystery story.

\$2.00

THE SILVER FOREST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Its atmosphere is the eerie quiet of snow-covered Maine woods, before the wind rises to cry in the pines; its plot, the solution of a puzzling murder mystery.

\$2.00

THE MANTLE OF MASQUERADE

By STEUART M. EMERY

Wholesome, irresponsible, irresistible comedy; an amusing situation cleverly handled.

\$2.00

More amusing than most novels,
and exceedingly useful besides

I'LL NEVER MOVE AGAIN

By FITZHUGH GREEN

A generous offer to fellow sufferers of the wisdom accumulated during the experience of moving 52 times. Illustrated by Don Herold.

\$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Summer Book Section

Catullus in Verona

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

WERE those the Capulets and Montagues brawling beneath our window? Almost all night hoarse and excited voices rose from the narrow street under the pointed arches of the half Venetian doorways. Perhaps the Veronese are still a quarrelsome folk; perhaps they were only taking a natural delight, after a manner of their own, in the soft night of stars over their enchanted city.

The brilliant morning was peaceful enough. On the obligatory Piazza Vittorio Emanuele of every surviving Italian city people were already loitering in the cafes under the shady arches. To them the great Roman amphitheater on the northeast side of the square threw an accustomed shadow. If evening brought no rain, they might stroll in and see a variety performance or an American film from the seats whence their ancestors watched gladiatorial games. But those ancestors are remote from them not only in time. They will, of course, point out the amphitheater, the *arena*, to the stranger and also tell him to see the well-preserved *teatro romano* in its hill-garden beside the Adige. What they have at heart is the Piazza dei Signori where, in approved Venetian fashion, the doves flutter about the modern monument of Dante or the Piazza d'Erbe where the Madonna Verona on her tall column still receives the vows and prayers of the simple.

The city remembers her medieval period; it remembers the Scaligeri whose richly fretted tombs still show their intricate perfection off the Piazza dei Signori; it remembers that Can Grande who built the old castle by the river and many other strong keeps as far to the north as Malcesine on the Alpine shore of the Lago di Garda, who, above all, offered a first refuge to the great Florentine poet driven into exile. It remembers, too, its not inglorious later period of Venetian dominance when the winged lion was lifted to his column on the Piazza d'Erbe, when the great palaces were built and Pietro, the painter, assuming the name of his city, made it more illustrious throughout Italy and the world. Of these periods and names the monuments, as enduring as brass, remain. Why should the Veronese remember him whom I sought, for whose sake, indeed, I had come here—the poet in a long archaic dialect to whose birth and habitation no legend or tradition points? Nor have the foreign lovers of the city remembered him. To them Verona has been a Shakespearean scene of passion and of death or, as to Rossetti, a sojourn of Dante or, as to Miss Amy Lowell, the place where stands the Castel Vecchio of Can Grande. So the Veronese have commemorated all their glories. Only not him, their earliest and, indeed, their only poet, that Caius Valerius Catullus who because he was rightly called Veronensis first raised their city from obscurity.

It is a pity. For the Veronese have a talent for commemoration. Off the Piazza d'Erbe in a narrow, crowded street stands a gaunt and ancient house once splendid, but now a dwelling-place of the poor. Under an arched doorway you enter a spacious courtyard. There are stables here now and the women of the people hang their drying linen

from the balconies. But the arches remain and the balconies. And over the great doorway the Veronese have caused to be graven into the stone one of the tenderest and most exquisite inscriptions in the world: "Queste furono le case dei Capuleti d'onde uscì la Giulietta per cui tanto piansero i cuori gentili e i poeti canterono." How beautiful that is, and how far in time and color if not in mood from the poet for some trace of whom I was searching.

Remoter from him still is the lovely Piazza dei Signori with the Venetian columns and arcades of its palaces—the Palazzo della Ragione and the Palazzo del Consiglio—one of the loveliest squares, in fact, in all Italy, tranquil yet not devoid of life, small enough to fill the eye at once with the unstudied symmetry of its thousand graces. And remote from my poet with a complete spiritual alienation which I share, the old chapel of the Scaligeri, the S. Maria antica in which, doubtless, the hooded Dante stood meditating on the circles of hell in which the wicked were to be cast.

I was quite ready to give up my seeking. But we went, as in duty bound, to the garden of the Palazzo Giusti, climbing up the sheer hillside with its incredibly ancient, dark, and shapely cypresses, with statues standing, as they should, out in the sun and rain, statues probably of a late Roman period, yet belonging, after all, to the world in which Catullus lived and moved. Descending the hill-garden on the left, moreover, and passing the statues in their niches along that sunny left wall I saw upon an almost wholly obliterated Roman slab the words: *P. Valerius . . . filio . . .* No doubt it is my ignorance of classical archaeology that made me stop with a beating heart. No doubt the stone and inscription are too late to have anything to do with that original Valerian *gens* of Verona from which Catullus sprang. But it was something to have seen, at least, this late shadow of my poet's name here in his native city. And if any one doubt the exactness of my observation, let him, on being admitted by the gardener to the Giusti garden, turn immediately to the left until he comes upon the statue of Bacchus in the first niche of the left wall and then follow the wall until he reaches the Roman slab that bears the poet's family name. He will be rewarded, too, by the delicious inscription under the statue of Bacchus which I copied on the spot: "Ambulator, ne trepides, Baccum amatorem non bellatorem ad Genium loci Dominus P."

The failure of the Veronese to commemorate their great poet may, of course, be due to a vague impression which one meets elsewhere too that his connection with the city is not certain and definite in character. That impression is wholly unfounded. If no other evidence existed it would suffice to read once more the hendecasyllabic lines in which Catullus begs the paper on which he is writing to tell Caecilius, that jolly friend of his and tender poet, to leave other haunts and come to Verona:

Poetae tenero, meo sodali,
velim Caecilio, papyre, dicas:
Veronam veniat.

The tone makes it perfectly clear that Catullus wanted

Caecilius to visit him at *his* home, at Verona. And that he was indeed a Veronese was accepted by his successors in Latin literature as a fact universally known. "Mantua," says Ovid, "delights in her Virgil, Verona in her Catullus." Martial confirms this tradition that once, at least, Catullus was not without honor in the city of his birth. "Verona," he declared, "loves the measures of her learned bard"—

Verona docti syllabas amat vatis.

And all the Latin poets, including Horace, call Catullus learned, for it was he who, despite Horace's too inclusive boast, first "transferred the song of the Greeks to Italian measures" and actually translated a song of Sappho and the brilliant Coma Berenices of Callimachus. I need not add out of my little knowledge that the elder Pliny too speaks of Catullus as a Veronese and that the late Ausonius, quoting in his own verse the first line of Catullus's first poem, adds: "As a certain Veronese poet remarks"—

Veronensis ait poeta quondam.

It is not without reason that one looks for some trace of Catullus in that city of so much later but, to my way of thinking, much lesser glory before seeking memories of him beside that "limpid lake" with which his name is forever connected.

We followed the route indicated in Tennyson's rather honeyed verses. One no longer rows but motors from Desenzano to Sirmione, the *venusta Sirmio* of Catullus, the "gem of islands and of almost islands," the "paeninsularum insularumque ocelle" of the immortal verses. Hither Catullus came from his arduous journeyings in the East; hither to the villa that was home to him, that he greeted in lines which express once and forever a rooted and eternal human feeling. "Oh what is more blessed than when, all cares laid aside, our mind puts down its burden and, tired of toil and wandering, we come to our own hearthstone and rest ourselves on our long-yearned-for couch!"

O quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus repbnit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque adquiescimus lecto.

The whole Sirmio poem, as well as that of Tennyson, is dutifully engraved on the walls of the veranda of the Grand Hotel Sirmione, which is not grand at all; but I saw no eye seeking the inscriptions except an occasional lack-luster one. Below the veranda the Lago di Garda stretches its blue expanse dotted with the orange sails of the fishermen's boats, and quite near the hotel, more grateful to the tourist mind than memories of a poet dead two thousand years, rises the dour and warlike keep of the Scaligeri with moat and walls and archers' stations extending far out into the lake, intact and formidable still.

One leaves the castle not unwillingly behind and, passing through the cramped alleys and under the crumbling arches of an indescribably picturesque fishing village, strikes out upon the sunny, winding road which measures the whole length of the peninsula. From sparse groves emerge here and there pink villas in the worst modern Italian style. But soon these disappear too, and one reaches, through a little wood of pines, the extreme point of the peninsula. Here the lake is radiant on three sides—sapphire merging into chrysoprase; here one stands as, so profoundly, one should stand, in the midst of an olive orchard. The silvery leaves twinkle in the light breeze. An old man, barefoot, severe of

countenance, digs the weeds from the roots of the old, contorted olive trees. One stands very still and hears, above the sighing of the breeze at one's ear, the lapping and murmuring of the water—the laughter of the Lydian waves of the lake which greeted the home-coming of the poet long ago. But where are the ruins of the reputed villa of Catullus which the natives here glibly call Grotto di Catullo? And why *grotto*?

Going to the very edge of the peninsula one discovers its point here to be a cliff which falls sheer, about thirty feet, at the northern tip, but slopes gently and gradually on the western side. And on this slope the ruins come in view at once: massive Roman arches of brick through which the lake glitters now, tall chambers still partly roofed. The marble quarried from this very cliff is gone; the mosaic pavements are replaced by grasses, by blue flowers, by the scarlet trembling poppies.

The ruins, closely examined, prove to be those of a great house or, probably, those of a great house and a somewhat smaller one a hundred feet farther left. Of the smaller villa a few square feet of mosaic pavement remain. The situation of either—if my guess of there having been two be correct—corresponds precisely with Catullus's description of the lake, of his house, of the very winds that blew upon it. Was the great house his? He was never rich; he was often in actual straits. He tells his friend Fabullus on the occasion of an invitation to dine that he has been hard up so long that the spiders spin their webs in his poor little purse ("tui Catulli plenus sacculus est aranearum"); his verses to Cicero have a tang of the bitterness, the self-irony of a sensitive spirit wounded by the necessity of receiving favors. Perhaps it was the great house that exhausted his narrow means; perhaps the smaller one was his. It matters little. For no bit of marble remains that his hand might have touched and only that bit of pavement which might have been trodden by his foot. But on this exquisite bit of earth he walked and rested and suffered and meditated some of the greatest lyrical poetry in all literature.

Here by these arches, among the poppies that run to the edge of the lake, I thought over the poems that I have known and loved so long. The famous show passages are not the best. Though it must be remembered that Catullus first struck that deep, grave Roman note on human mortality—"nox est perpetua una dormienda—"

Let us live, my Lesbia, let us love!
Let us heed not old men's jeering cries.
Lo, the suns may wane in heaven above,
But the morning finds them in the skies.
We alone, when sets our little light,
We must sleep through an eternal night;

though he struck that note first, yet it came as spontaneously from Horace, whose "pulvis et umbra sumus" is even more celebrated.

No, this formal splendor of poetic speech is not the best of Catullus. It is almost part of the Latin language, and you will find it occasionally even in Seneca and Claudian. But Catullus, early as he came, perhaps because the language was still more fluid, made of the stately Latin an incomparable instrument of tenderness, of scorn, of passion, and of yearning. He had a high laconic note, too: "Sed haec prius fuere"; or the famous "odi et amo" with its far more remarkable conclusion: "feri sentio et excrucior." But

at his most characteristic a human voice cries out to us as no other from the long roll of Latin verse:

Fulsere vere candidi tibi soles!

How clear the sound of the voice is in the little halting word *vere*, like a catch in the throat; how clear it is in the concentrated despair of that last cry over the faithless Clodia: "Caeli, Lesbia illa, Lesbia nostra . . ."; how deep and earnest it sounds in its declaration of an almost modern and romantic attitude toward the object of the poet's passion: "Dilexi tum te, non tantum ut vulgus amicam . . ." and in the whole of the eternally fresh, deep, and pertinent "Jucundum, mea vita."

The Lesbia poems are, of course, the best known. They have the lyrical cry, they have those sudden exact and speaking images that are so rare in the poetry of the ancients: "Like the farthest flower of the meadow after it has been touched by the passing plough"—

velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
tactus aratro est.

Less often remembered are Catullus's moments of high and gallant imaginative vision:

Ad claras Asiae volemus urbes;

less often his humor and irony as in the poem on the affected Arrius or the grinning Egnatius with its terse and whiplike

nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est;

least often the imaginative power and soaring music of the two great marriage odes which Ben Jonson and Herrick loved to imitate.

What was most characteristic of him, as it is of every poet, is his rhythm, his inner music which, beyond the formalities of meter, is the authentic voice of his genius. And whether he used the too tripping hendecasyllables or the, in itself, unlovely *scazon* or limping measure, or the Sapphic stanza which has, on his lips, not yet the suave Horatian perfection, we hear a tragic rapture of sheer song unmatched save by the very greatest of the lyrical poets, ancient or modern, who came after him. Read his elegiac couplets and then those of Ovid and the difference is clear. The verses of Catullus are the very music of human longing and of human grief. The later poet's are mellifluous exercises by comparison. Nor did Catullus miss, as lesser lyrists have often done, the great thunder and organ music of verse. Only he combined it in the tumultuous galliambics of the "Atys" with wild and mystical reverberations, with the haunting cries of primitive and unheard-of things. But I know in all literature no more consummate music than that of

ubi cymbalum sonat vox, ubi tympana reboant,
or of

Dea magna, dea Cybele, dea domina Dindymi. . .

We were almost alone among the ruins by those Lydian waves. The few other people who loitered there had come to bathe and because Italy is cheap. It was the falling lira that brought them hither. These ruins were like any other ruins to them. There are so many anyhow. I turned back reluctantly to the grove of olives. How often is the shade of the poet appeared here in his old dwelling-place by any true thought of him? How often? But we, too, had to go from the lake and the poppies and the ruins of his house and bid his shade, as he once bade his brother's, an eternal farewell:

atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale!

The True Woodrow Wilson

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HARD upon the heels of Colonel House's extraordinary self-revelations, according to which he himself was in large degree the real Woodrow Wilson, comes this authoritative story of Mr. Wilson's introduction to political life, of his political experiences in the State of New Jersey, and of his subsequent career in Washington.* Mr. James Kerney, owner of the *Trenton Times*, has given us a plain, straightforward narrative, obviously truthful, obviously meant to be just, yet kindly, and one that is of compelling interest. He makes no pretense to style, but he has written a fascinating story which moves directly and effectively from beginning to end and is full of interest even for those who have been devoted students of Mr. Wilson's career. One of the three or four men who made Mr. Wilson's success as Governor possible and who coached him as to personalities and politics, no one else could write with superior authority upon this important phase of the tragic President's career. In addition, Mr. Kerney is the possessor of many original documents and personal letters from and to Mr. Wilson which constitute historical material of the first importance. Because of the greater fame of Colonel House and the greater importance of Mr. Wilson's presidential career, Mr. Kerney's book cannot hope to have the prominence given to the modest Colonel's. But no historian of the future can write of Mr. Wilson's career without consulting this remarkable volume. For herein is to be found the genesis and the best analysis of Woodrow Wilson the President.

Like Colonel House's volumes, this book will give no happiness to those idolaters of Mr. Wilson who will admit no flaws in the genius and the achievements of their hero. Every greatly distinguished American raises up followers who refuse to examine facts in regard to him and, if brought face to face with them, calmly wave them aside. James G. Blaine had many such, and so of course did Theodore Roosevelt, whose passionate admirers often refused to apply the ethical measuring-stick to any of the Rough Rider's acts; to them he was above all rules of conduct. Such dissimilar figures as Calvin Coolidge and Woodrow Wilson have similar indiscriminating adorers. Those who are entirely smitten with them simply close their minds to the unpleasant things. Mr. Kerney has not essayed the role of historian without swearing fidelity to the truth. He may not be read by those who worship Woodrow Wilson, but his story must carry conviction to all with open minds.

It was an extraordinary metamorphosis, this of the chrysalis Wilson into a full-fledged political butterfly. He knew nothing whatever of politics in his State, nor of the men who engineered them. He was sensitive, shy, deathly afraid of newspapermen, and righteously indignant at their ineptitudes and their misreporting. His political and economic views were those of the classroom theorist unmolded by any contacts with the realities of political or economic life. His history of the United States, a mediocre performance, betrayed no real understanding of economic forces or of deep democratic currents. Given to being self-

* "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson." By James Kerney. The Century Company. \$4.

centered, he had just emerged, defeated, from a worthy fight for democracy in Princeton, a battle marred by intense personal animosities, by bitter hatreds cherished by him until his death with a vindictiveness equaled only by his feeling toward men like Debs and Lodge who opposed some of his war and peace policies. It was a profound relief for Mr. Wilson to turn his back upon that university scene of strife and bitterness and enter a new field where the coveted governorship was surely to be a stepping-stone to higher things.

Here Mr. Kerney steps in. "All the politics that are in me I learned in New Jersey," Wilson declared on October 26, 1914, but he always failed to enumerate his teachers—indeed, as in so many cases, he was ready to cast them off without sacraments, no matter how faithful they might have been, if they made a first misstep. As Mr. Kerney points out, those who differed became pitiful or "wilful" or "did not know what they were talking about." When he had finished using politicians he discarded them. It was not an uncommon thing for him to say of a would-be visitor: "Why should I see him? I sucked his brains long ago." But the brains of others he needed because he had to change quickly, almost overnight, from a university conservative into a political radical who called for revolution—not forcible, of course, but revolution none the less; who declared that the Government must be rescued from Wall Street and brought down upon himself the bitter anger of Big Business, as he had that of the Princeton conservatives, until he did what Wall Street wished—plunged the Government into the World War and turned that Government over to the very men to whom he had denied the White House, only to lose his battle as completely as he had lost that at Princeton.

What were the things that Mr. Wilson had said and done which he had to forget or unlearn when he entered politics? He had written in defense of the political bosses and managers: "It is unjust to despise them." He had declared, he who later was to appoint a Federal Trade Commission and a Federal Reserve Board and several others, that federal regulation of corporations was "compounded of confused thinking and impossible principles of law." He had opposed governmental control of railroads because that would "merely mean taking the former away from the people and putting it into the hands of political discontent." He was opposed to the "socialist" doctrine of publicity for corporations—he who later coined the phrase "pitiless publicity" and demanded it. He had bitterly attacked the unions: "I am a fierce partisan of the Open Shop and of everything that makes for personal liberty . . ."—he who later did more than any other to put the present-day fetters upon personal liberty and rejoiced in keeping hundreds of men in jail for their opinions. In his classroom he had bitterly assailed the initiative, referendum, and recall. He embraced all three within a year of his plunge into politics. He who had eulogized the bosses and their conventions established the direct primary as his first reform achievement in New Jersey. Having railed against too much government control of business and declared that we should create no more governmental commissions but rely upon our courts, he obtained the enactment of a public-utilities commission and a bill permitting New Jersey cities to be governed by commission—the latter bill only after he was shown that this would help greatly in his presidential quest, precisely as later he who disliked intel-

lectua. women and the vote for women came out for woman suffrage when it became plain that he could not hope for reelection as President unless he did so. Always an ardent civil-service reformer, he, as Governor, frequently violated the spirit and letter of that reform and, as Mr. Kerney points out, sponsored appointments justifiable only as the outgrowth of political exigencies—precisely as he later filled some of the highest diplomatic posts with those who had paid large sums into his campaign funds.

But why go on? Surely no more of Mr. Kerney's facts are necessary to prove the complete alteration of the man as to policies. He, like Roosevelt and many another, after he had made a complete somersault had the power often to persuade himself that his new position was really in line with his former beliefs. He could believe one thing passionately one moment and its exact opposite the next. When that self-deception was not possible Mr. Wilson frankly admitted the change of opinion and often defended it by saying: "I'll agree not to change my mind, if someone with the power to do so will guarantee that if I go to bed at night I will get up in the morning and see the world the same way." So he adopted all the advanced political theories of men like George L. Record of New Jersey, still an ardent champion of popular rights, and of William S. U'Ren of Oregon—men with whom he would never have sympathized had he not entered politics and sought preferment. As Mr. Kerney says:

By nature stubborn and self-reliant, and with a masterful rhetoric, he was able to assemble in his own hands most extraordinary powers. He did not create favorable chances, but he quickly discerned and seized them when they came. None was so agile in grabbing another's ideas and making them his own. Dressed up in marvelous language, their source was soon forgotten.

How Mr. Wilson could change his opinions as to men Mr. Kerney illustrates again and again. The most famous case is, of course, that of Bryan, whom he had wished "knocked into a cocked hat"—and later made Secretary of State. Mr. Kerney, by the way, properly attributes the winning of Bryan to that charming, wise, and understanding woman, the first Mrs. Wilson, whose death at a critical time is believed by many to have removed an insuperable obstacle to her husband's putting the United States into the World War.* Colonel House, of course, claims credit for the capture of Mr. Bryan and also, equally dubiously, for winning the Texas delegation for Wilson, conveniently forgetting, as Mr. Kerney points out, that Colonel Thomas B. Love had Texas well in hand before House joined Wilson after flirting with Gaynor and others. Indeed, Mr. Kerney's book is a mine of facts for anyone who would check up the astounding romancing of Colonel House. No one can, for instance, read his account of the Baltimore Convention, which Colonel House, fearing defeat, dodged by going to Europe, without seeing how small a part the Texan played there.

Although Mr. Kerney writes with particular knowledge of the New Jersey part of Mr. Wilson's career, his story of Mr. Wilson in Washington is also of highest historical importance. He, of course, portrays the pleasant

* Mrs. Wilson's sagacity also showed itself later when she opposed Mr. Bryan's coming into the Cabinet on the ground that a break between him and Wilson would be inevitable. "She," says Kerney, "knew how difficult it was for her husband to get along with individuals." "Who can say," asks the author, "how the death of this modest, self-denying, and self-effacing woman affected the future of the world?"

and fine side of Mr. Wilson, his extraordinary ability, his exquisite oratory, and his irresistible urbanity and charm when he chose to unbend and set himself to win people—he could as readily fascinate a group of “low-brow party politicians” as he could a gathering of intellectuals. Mr. Kerney stresses better than anyone else Mr. Wilson’s hammer-and-tongs political fighting when he was aroused, his Lincoln-like aptness with stories, his quick, scorching wit, his often winning appearance, his power to dash off work when he set himself to it, his ability to master a problem of great difficulty, his extraordinary intellect, his power to clothe ideas in thrilling words. No truer picture of Wilson the man has yet come from any pen.

But while giving Mr. Wilson credit where credit is due Mr. Kerney shows clearly how he failed at Paris—where Mr. Kerney himself rendered valuable service. The picture of the Versailles disaster is illuminated by quotations from Mr. Kerney’s talks with Clemenceau and by his own shrewd and penetrating comments. Then Mr. Kerney shows, for the first time I believe, the exact facts as to Mr. Wilson’s illness and the Government of the United States by proxy by three usurpers when the President was unconscious or incapacitated—for seventeen months the voice-pieces of the Executive were the second Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson. Again Mr. Kerney puts forth correctly, quoting at length a remarkable letter from George L. Record to Mr. Wilson in Paris, the exact reasons why Mr. Wilson utterly failed as a social and economic reformer and why, quite aside from the question of the World War, the cause of progress and liberalism is worse off today in the United States than it would have been if Mr. Wilson had never entered politics and espoused it. Sometimes it seems as if the purpose of the guiding power of the universe was to prove through Mr. Wilson the partial truth of Shakespeare’s saying that “the evil that men do lives after them.”

Finally, Mr. Kerney draws some pathetic pictures of the broken Wilson as he neared his end. His last conversation with Mr. Kerney was striking indeed. It was at the time of the Ruhr invasion. He said: “I would like to see Germany clean up France and I would like to meet Jussierand and tell him that to his face.” Louis Loucheur was the only French politician, he declared, who had told him the truth in Paris. None the less, as Mr. Kerney records, he “continued to believe in the magic of his own world formula” to heal the world he helped to plunge into chaos.

If the judgment of the historian of the future as to Woodrow Wilson is in accord with the facts and truth it will be amazingly like James Kerney’s.

Cafe

By WITTER BYNNER

This, this again after years, these marble tables
With their fluctuating passion of repose:
Cigarette smoke, cigar smoke, pipe smoke, at intervals;
Cards and checker-boards, and half-intent profiles;
And a sense of peace over the table levels,
Like the peace I have found enlarged out of doors
Over table-lands of desert with cigar-puffs of cloud—
Except that I am so much smaller there,
Where the wrinkles I see in mirrors are unmirrored
And where I myself am of marble with blue veins of sky.

First Glance

SEVERAL readings of “Selected Poems: 1909-1925,” by T. S. Eliot (London: Faber and Gwyer: 7/6), have convinced me that the thing most worth saying at present about Mr. Eliot is not that he is an expatriated American, or that he writes “difficult” poems, or that he is one of the most interesting and austere (if also the most deliberately arid) of contemporary literary critics, or that he is perhaps the most unanswerable of living pessimists in verse, or that he is a desiccating satirist, or that he is elegant and tired, or that he is the spokesman *par excellence* for those fairly numerous spirits who believe that our civilization has come to a dead end. This last is the most important of the secondary things which could be said and are being said about Mr. Eliot, and I must confess that in itself it greatly interests me—as whom would it not? For, leaving aside the question whether or not our culture is truly dying or dead, Mr. Eliot’s suspicion that it is obviously explains his subject matter and his style. It explains his preoccupation with bald old age and withered wisdom, with the mock-meanings of human passion, with nerveless gestures, with toothless thoughts in long-deserted heads; it accounts, I suppose, for his indifference to most of the current poetic themes; and it furnishes the key, certainly, to an otherwise baffling technique. In particular, of course, it explains *The Waste Land*, which bulks pretty large in the present volume—a volume of only ninety pages, though it contains most of Mr. Eliot’s published poetry. But all this is no sufficient reason for calling Mr. Eliot one of the finest of twentieth-century poets, as I am convinced he is. The possibility that literary historians five centuries hence may be able to sum up our generation by quoting the badly fractured end of *The Waste Land*—that splintered passage in which the poet seems to be saying that there is no language any more wherewith to say the thing, whatever it is, which might be said and is not worth saying—does not affect the fact that for us here and now Mr. Eliot is fine.

What impressed me most in this rereading of the poems was their familiarity. I discovered that I had, without ever trying to do so, come very near to knowing many of them by heart; or if not that, I experienced the pleasure—for me perhaps the keenest of all pleasures—of recognizing a classic where I had not known any classic was. It is an achievement, surely, for a poet who has produced on the whole so little, and who has fashioned that little so ingeniously that always on its first appearance it was harsh or shocking, to have arrived in fifteen years at a position where he may be acclaimed beautiful and perfect. It is well known that the quatrain of Mr. Eliot’s Sweeney poems has found many fascinated imitators, and no sensitive reader can ever have been unaware of the workmanship which went into the invention of that stanza or into the free verse of certain longer pieces. But no one has paid adequate tribute to Mr. Eliot’s skill and felicity in everything he does. The thing next in order is an analysis, if one is at all possible, of Mr. Eliot’s manner—or manners. Meanwhile I rest hugely content with *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, *Preludes*, *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*, *Morning at the Window*, *The Hippopotamus*, all of the Sweeney poems, and most of *The Waste Land*.

MARK VAN DOREN

A British Jefferson

Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company. \$6.

THIS book is somewhat homiletic in character. Before the eyes of a reactionary and oligarchical world Mr. Hirst would project the figure of the lovable apostle of democracy in the hope of creating a more favorable attitude of mind toward popular government. He believes that the worshipers of Hamilton have treated his hero unfairly; in his introduction and elsewhere he belabors mightily, but justly, Oliver's life of the great Federalist, which he thinks represents British opinion on the struggle between the two protagonists of opposing politics at the opening of our national history. Since the author so honestly reveals his purpose, one should not criticize him too severely. If this is the kind of biography he wanted to write, he is the doctor. But it is not the manner of the true historian, who always throws out a smoke-screen of impartiality.

The form of the biography is that of the well-known English variety—a narrative interspersed with long extracts from the writings of the subject. Such a treatment lends itself readily to urbane biographies of noblemen who have played their part in public life. Good mannered Mr. Hirst's work is; but, except for his occasional castigation of Messrs. Oliver and Eckenrode for their misinterpretations, his style does not reflect the rough-and-tumble political character of Jefferson's period. A convincing portrait of Jefferson hardly emerges from the book.

The principal difficulty which the author, who is an economist, has had to overcome is an ignorance of American history. To write of Jefferson it is necessary to know more than the published letters of some of the Fathers. The newspapers and pamphlets of the time must be carefully studied and their meaning digested; thus only can the spirit of the epoch be understood. Of such fundamental research Mr. Hirst shows not a sign. Moreover, he reveals an ignorance of much of the monographic literature which has within recent years thrown a flood of light upon the period. For instance, his work shows no trace of a reading of the important researches of Osgood, Andrews, and Beer on the American Revolution. Mr. Hirst is satisfied with the word of the prejudiced Trevelyan. He does quote Professor Channing once. In his discussion of the Constitution and the development of parties the contributions of Charles A. Beard are ignored. Of the West and its part in the history of the time he is equally ignorant. Jefferson's national land policy is not explained, and I find only a passing reference to his influence upon the Northwest Ordinance; no mention is made of his Indian policy. The author's knowledge of Burr's plans is derived from Jeffersonian sources alone.

The above statements, I fear, will not attract prospective readers to this stout volume. Yet in spite of errors of omission and commission, it is decidedly worth perusal. An Englishman's opinion on an important American subject is always interesting; and here we have such an opinion based upon a careful study of the most apparent and readily accessible sources of information. Mr. Hirst is a noted British economist, and where Jefferson's policies touched financial matters he may be said to have voiced a most weighty opinion, even if he has not actually made a contribution. Economic questions are very much to the fore today in both national and international affairs; and to read the favorable judgment of an expert who has seriously reexamined Jefferson's financial principles and administration—which so many historians, blinded by the teachings of the Manchester school, have concurred in utterly condemning—is, to say the least, illuminating. What has interested me most is the author's audacity in placing Jefferson's financial policy in comparison with the much exalted Hamiltonian program. He finds Jefferson on the whole a competent critic in a field in which his opponent is acknowledged a master. But Jefferson has been most severely criticized by his-

terians of the New England school for his embargo policy during his second administration. With them Mr. Hirst takes direct issue. Comparing his hero with Turgot, he writes: "In the case of Jefferson we see how a suppler statesman encompassed by difficulties, different indeed, but not less formidable, successfully maintained peace with honor during a world war; and for eight years, while European rulers loaded debt and taxes on the backs of their wretched subjects, went on relieving his countrymen of the burdens and obligations that had been incurred during their struggle for independence." And again: "Jefferson's statesmanship never shone brighter than in these dark and difficult days of the embargo, for which he has been so often and unjustly assailed." I, too, may be prejudiced, but this sounds to me like good common sense, and I am glad to read the opinion in the work of an economist.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

The Long Shadow

The Rise of Modern Industry. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

HAVING delved with the greatest scholarship and devotion into the condition of the farm laborer and the town laborer in England, the Hammonds now gather their detailed sketches together and give us on a large canvas the onward sweep of the industrial revolution. Some might believe that the industrial revolution began on a Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1765 when to the mind of James Watt, a mechanical instrument-maker taking a walk on Glasgow Green, came the solution of the problem of what made an engine cylinder both hot and cold. Not so the Hammonds. To them Watt is but a final landmark on a road that had been building for centuries. The germs of mass production were liberated long before the coming of coal and iron and power.

We may recognize two chief systems of human economy. In the one the local group is self-sustaining; it raises and finds all its own food, shelter, and clothing. This is the immemorial background of human life. In the other the local group depends on outside groups for a considerable share of its subsistence. Which in turn makes the trader and his transport vital factors. Ancient Greece knew the second system; Rome knew it preeminently; the Far East has utilized it from time to time and from place to place for thousands of years. But by and large, Europe, from the collapse of the Roman Empire to the voyage of Columbus, maintained the economy of self-supporting local groups. The manor, the town, the guild were largely independent, if not of themselves, then certainly of the outside world. International trade was a hazardous business and primarily concerned with the silks, the spices, the slave girls, and the jeweled adornments of the lords and seigneurs. Meanwhile in 1700 it took a week to travel from London to York, so utterly wretched were the roads. Even a Roman road must obey the laws of depreciation in a thousand repairless years, which was evidence not so much of slackness as of an economy which did not require through lines of transport.

Quantity production, however, demands efficient transport. With its industrial specialization it demands an economy which can bring food to factory workers and factory products to food growers—over great areas and for great distances. So before the steam engine could function in any revolutionary sense a groundwork of world-wide transport and trade had to be laid down. Also a condition which comprehended a reasonably mobile, reasonably exploitable labor force had to be created. According to the Hammonds, the seeds of the industrial revolution were germinated along the following general lines:

1. Columbus and his fellow-explorers brought about a commercial and trading revolution.

2. While the Spaniards gutted the New World of its gold, the English colonists, lacking gold-fields, were forced into trade

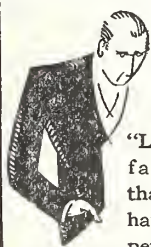
Stuart Sherman's
**Critical
Woodcuts**

"What interests him is the character behind the work. . . . What interests the reader in him is his zest of treatment." — *Van Wyck Brooks.* \$2.50

Ernest Hemingway's
**The Torrents
of Spring**

Mr. Hemingway, a dissenter from certain recent tendencies in fiction, presents here a brilliant satire on them in a burlesque of Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter." \$1.50

Dexter Green was one
of the
sad young
men—



"Lots of women fade just like that—you must have seen it happen."

Scott Fitzgerald's
**All The Sad
Young Men**

Third Printing \$2.00

Co-Ed A Novel

By Olive Deane Hormel

A brilliant record of a girl's adventures, failures, successes, and dangers in co-education at a great mid-western State university. \$2.00

**The South
Seas Edition**

of Robert Louis Stevenson is carried regularly in stock in bookstores all over the country. It is complete, authorized and copy-righted, in 32 volumes, and the volumes may be purchased singly for 90 cents.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York

—| SCRIBNER BOOKS |—

Four Years Beneath The Crescent

By Rafael de Nogales

A vivid, almost incredible, account of the adventures of a Venezuelan soldier of fortune, a general in the Turkish army during the four years of war. It is as notable for its interest as for its historical value. \$3.50

Mark Sullivan
has brought a new
idea to the writing
of history



"It blows up the old Roman road and scatters the 'dignity' of history to the four winds of heaven." — *Stuart Sherman in the New York Herald-Tribune.*

"History conceived as a recreation of the changes that have come to the average man." — *New York Post*

"History such as no methodical historian can ever write." — *Providence Journal*

"It is more than history—it is a resurrection." — *Portland Oregonian*

"He indicates the songs of an age rather than its battles." — *Chicago News*

"Mr. Sullivan has hit upon a new method. He is giving a close-up of an arc of a circle of great years." — *Columbia (S. C.) State*

"Mr. Sullivan has created something new in literature." — *Albert J. Beveridge*

"He is the first man who has done this particular thing in America." — *Robert L. Duffus in the New York Times*

"He has discovered a method of writing history quite as important as Gamaliel Bradford's discovery in biography." — *Springfield Union*

**Our Times:
The Turn of the Century**

Three Large Printings

610 pages 213 illustrations \$5 at bookstores



Fourth Large Printing

Fix Bayonets!

By John W. Thomason, Jr.

"Exactly the way it was These men, so many of whom are dead, live in his pages as soldiers never lived before. He has given them a splendid immortality." — *James Norman Hall in the Atlantic Monthly.*

\$3.50

Geoffrey Scott's
**The Portrait
of Zélide**

"Zélide as we now have her is a discovery indeed," says *Mark Van Doren in the Nation.* \$3.75

*Don't go to Paris
without*
**The Paris
That Is Paris**
By Watson White

This book tells what the guide books do not tell—the vast body of history, legend, and tradition connected with the oldest and most truly Parisian quarters of the city. It gives a detailed account of a ramble through each quarter which the visitor to Paris will find fascinating to follow. \$3.00

The Love Nest
AND OTHER STORIES

By Ring Lardner

"We uncover to 'A Day with Conrad Green,' the bullying producer who takes water if a mouse stands up to him, and are surprised that there haven't been more salutes to that," says *The New Yorker.* \$1.75



*Scribner's Magazine —
The Medium for Travel
Information.*

**The Seasons
in a Flower
Garden**

By Louise Shelton

This handbook of information and instruction for the amateur is now completely remade to incorporate the latest cultural ideas. Illustrated \$2.00

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York

with the mother country, thus establishing an intercontinental exchange of goods in bulk.

3. "The European wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did more harm to industry on the Continent than in England, and the religious and political strife of the seventeenth century left England with a constitution and government more favorable to commercial development than those of France. . . . For these reasons England was the most likely theater for the industrial revolution."

4. The inclosure acts in England as well as the decline of the guilds had uprooted a peasant and craftsman class and created large numbers of wandering workers no longer tied to the accustomed tasks which had claimed them for centuries.

5. Finally—and this is a bitter and sinister point—the slave trade, started by Venice and Genoa in their great days, pursued by the Portuguese and Spanish adventurers, and at last brought to a perfection of organization and profitability by the English, established a condition and a point of view both of which were of profound significance. The condition was a cheap, mobile, and abject labor supply in various new geographical areas—the prerequisite for mass production. The point of view inevitably followed. The generality of men were cattle, divinely appointed to furnish cream for their betters and only sufficient skimmed milk for themselves to keep breath in their bodies. An age that considered an African Negro as so much merchandise had little difficulty in enlarging this definition to cover poor people at home and manual workers generally.

On this fatal foundation the new system came. In coal mining, in iron smelting, in textiles, in pottery it came. Remember, ye Pollyannas who write histories of great inventors, of labor-saving devices, and of Progress, remember that your progress was built on the soft bones and the tender flesh of little children; on the decayed lungs of all those who died from potters' rot; on a workday which began at five in the morning and ended at eight at night; on an ugliness indescribable, on a desolation unbounded, and on a cruelty which the fiends of hell must have envied.

The Hammonds, with their introduction laid, tell the story of the coming of the machine to England, carrying the history up to about 1860. By that time the unbelievable swineries of the early capitalists had been somewhat modified by the trade unions which their wanton cruelty inevitably created and by Acts of Parliament which broke the sacred nonsense of *laissez-faire* and let a little humanity, a little sanitation and fresh air into those first awful factories. By the Act of 1833, amidst universal protestations of national calamity and ruin by the majority of the propertied interests, the working hours of children under twelve years of age were limited to nine per day. "Opponents of the Ten Hours Bill had discovered that England's manufacturing supremacy depended on 30,000 little girls."

The authors are much more cool and scholarly in the face of the evidence than is your reviewer. They are content to tell the facts, both technological and human, without undue heat. They make vivid and interesting the coming of transport, of steam power, of iron, of pottery, of cotton—all with admirable and careful documentation. But when their mood of tolerance breaks down it is replaced by such magnificent cadences as these. No better single paragraph on the industrial system has ever, to my mind, been written:

Thus England asked for profits and received profits. Everything turned to profit. The towns had their profitable dirt, their profitable smoke, their profitable slums, their profitable disorder, their profitable ignorance, their profitable despair. The curse of Midas was on this society: on its corporate life, on its common mind, on the decisive and impatient step it had taken from the peasant to the industrial age. For the new town was not a home where man could find beauty, happiness, leisure, learning, relig-

ion, the influences that civilize outlook and habit, but a bare and desolate place, without color, air, or laughter, where man, woman, and child worked, ate, and slept. This was to be the lot of the mass of mankind; this the sullen rhythm of their lives. The new factories and the new furnaces were like the Pyramids, telling of man's enslavement rather than of his power, casting their long shadows over the society that took such pride in them.

Even so they cast their somber shadows over Passaic today and over half the world. The physical degradation abates a little, but the spiritual degradation of the machine grows more remorseless with the years.

STUART CHASE

American Plan

Best Short Stories of the World. Edited with an Introduction by Konrad Bercovici. Boston: The Stratford Company. \$2.50.

Transatlantic Stories. With an Introduction by Ford Madox Ford. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

Great Short Stories of the World. Edited by Barrett H. Clark and Max Lieber. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$5.

The Best Short Stories of 1925. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.50.

The Best French Short Stories of 1924-1925. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.50.

The Best Continental Short Stories of 1924-1925. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.65.

POPULARITY is the god of the short story and great are his profits, but his prophets are only second best. Their efforts to indicate the forces or beliefs that might make the motives of this religion reputable invariably and ludicrously end in failure. Now the pedantic and aesthetic claptrap about the short story reaches its zenith of absurdity in Mr. Bercovici's dictum, "I believe the short story to be the highest form of literary art," at a time when the average product in this medium sinks to the nadir of literary value.

"No other literary form," continues Mr. Bercovici, "exacts so much intense concentration on subject and form. No other form permits so little padding. The inner life of a short story, the style, the value of the theme, and the construction of its characters must be of one piece with the directness and the straightness of the line running through it." With all due respect to Mr. Bercovici's excellent stories, Piffle!

The facts and reasons why the American short story is what it is—and it is significant that some of our best short stories must be published abroad—are simple, obvious, and commercial. Today a mediocre writer of short stories will be paid anywhere from \$1,500 to \$250 for the results of his creative energy depending on whether his agent can convince the *Saturday Evening Post* that the MS. has the punch, pep, and plot to be popular with two million readers or whether he must fall back on *Spiffkin's Needlework Review* with the selling argument that it is an inoffensive inspirational tale fit for the whole family. The same author would get a maximum advance royalty of \$500 for a novel containing ten times as many words and demanding fifty times the expenditure of energy. To a large extent the situation is repeated in Europe; in America moreover the writer has before him a vision of the fabulous prices which are paid to such impresarios for immature intellects as Fannie Hurst and Irvin Cobb.

Not the literary form, then, but this tabloid-minded reader, not aesthetic integrity but the editor's blue pencil exacts the swift scenario of sensational and sentimental incidents which constitutes the popular short story whose "intense concentration" Mr. Bercovici admires in his introduction but avoids in his choice of stories. For, despite his eloquent but inconsistent pleading, the tales chosen by him, with the exception of Poe's artificial Gold Bug, are sufficiently deserving of their

title to be convincing proof against his generalizations. Similarly, the best stories in the other volumes under review, including almost every literature in the world, achieve their greatness quite irrespective of his formula.

Some years ago Mr. O'Brien, confounded by the aesthetic explanations of his collaborator, cried out in desperation, "The short story is a story which is short!" Not only his own anthology but the "Great Short Stories of the World" bears out this definition. From the earliest times until correspondence courses put short-story writing on a business basis authors—careless, mad wags that they were—permitted their subjects to determine the technique. Even Anatole France, I suspect, who, allowing for the foreign scale of things, earned a comfortable income, was not aware that the brevity of his tales ought to have been due to the specific consideration of only one action rather than to a multitude of incidents barely developed. So do foreigners ignore the latest and most approved methods for successful merchandising, or, noticing, dismiss them as nonsense. No wonder Mr. Eaton must discipline some of them by announcing that the stories of his French anthology "have been graded on a basis of 75 per cent for literary value in France and 25 per cent for conformity with the principles of the American Short Story."

And now comes Mr. Ford destroying Anglo-Saxon unity and what not by printing these impractical stories simply because they have in them what he calls "the root of the matter." Yet it is obvious that the distinction which characterizes the work in "Transatlantic Stories" is not due to the moral values which have actuated the choice of Mr. Eaton. Humorous, somber, or tragic, they are all studies in disillusionment, echoing the vigorous emotional appreciation of futility that is in Shakespeare, not the miasmatic, sweetly sickish reaction to helplessness of Maeterlinck. Slight though most of them are—and that is their marked failing—these stories constitute the best anthology of the lot, and of the year.

The most valuable volume for the student is, of course, "Great Short Stories of the World," a collection of 177 tales including the earliest as well as the latest narratives, thus presenting the background and the continuity necessary to a thorough understanding of the contemporary short story. Mr. O'Brien produces, as usual, an interesting volume combining both the well-made story and the artistic expression of American life and mixing, as usual, such sterling freshness as Ring Lardner's Haircut with such cheap commonplace as Milton Waldman's The Home Town. Mr. Eaton offers good and often exceedingly amusing continental stories built in the main on the American model.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Portrait of Spain

Virgin Spain. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

A WORLD in transition, a society which has lost its old gods and has not yet found new, turns avidly to the study of biography and history; asks what men of other ages found to live by; how the spirit that was within them worked upon their environment and how that environment worked upon their spirit. In response to this desire we have had a flood of biographies. And in response to it Mr. Frank offers us a humanistic history, a portrait which has taken for its subject a nation. He begins by showing us in the countries from which they come all the peoples who are finally to converge in Spain. He tries, and often with brilliant success, to transport his reader bodily to those countries, to convey the quality of their sunshine, the feeling of their winds, "their sterile hills in perennial motion," their sand that "by some magic teems with forms of flesh," their market-places, mosques, and cafes, their men whose "sunbaked faces stare within their hoods" and whose "legs are like the tendoned legs of some great bird." He shows us begging, snatching children weaving "through the intricate

History and Science for the Well Informed Reader

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA

By BERNARD PARES

London University

This, the first adequate history of Russia in English, traces the development of the Slavic character from the beginning, and its connection with Russian history and culture. Russia's place in the European world is emphasized throughout.

8vo, 558 pages, with maps and charts. \$6.00

THREE MEN DISCUSS RELATIVITY

By J. W. N. SULLIVAN

Author of Aspects of Science

A Mathematical Physicist, a Philosopher, and an Ordinary Intelligent Person clarify the theory and anticipate questions for the reader without knowledge of advanced mathematics. There is a mathematical appendix for advanced students.

\$2.50

The World War Guilt

THE GENESIS of the WORLD WAR

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

Readable and thoroughly documented, this is the most comprehensive work on war guilt that has been published in any language. The author upholds the revisionist point of view against the explanation put forward by Lord Grey, with exhaustive evidence from European archives.

8vo, 750 pages. \$4.00

THE LIMITATIONS OF VICTORY

By ALFRED FABRE-LUCE

"It is the most careful and the most penetrating discussion of the circumstances leading up to the war I have seen. It was an excellent service to have it translated."

—Carl Becker, Cornell University.

\$4.00

EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO

By PERCY ASHLEY

With a chapter on the war and its results by Harry Elmer Barnes

"An excellent political history of Europe from the end of the Napoleonic wars to the outbreak of the great war, with an almost complete omission of cultural history and the emphasis strongly on the development of nationalism."

\$3.00

Alfred A. Knopf NEW YORK 730 Fifth Avenue



clamor" with their blind eyes, ravaged flesh, and hard voices; he shows us ancient women "with foul rags to bind their bulging udders and their bony legs"; he makes us hear the metallic song of a blind beggar, "sparse like shreds of grass on a sand hump," "single of key, terrible in singleness," and the sunset cry of the muezzin from the mosque: "Allah is Great . . . I affirm there is no God save only Allah."

So too the Berbers in the Moghreb. And the Jews.

When Arabs, Christians, Copts reached Spain their "first pause was a smiling world . . . Here had been Tartessos, the Tarshish of the thunder of Isaiah . . . whose greatness was synchronous with Crete. Here had been Phoenician Malaca and Gades, cities famous for their gay vice. Here had been Baetican Rome, birthplace of Seneca and of the Stoic mind which in reality was Spanish. Here, from Babylon, came the urgent Jews among the indolent Visigoths. A smiling world. On the breasts of the Sierra, groves of olive and of cork. In the valleys rivers that were veins of wealth. . . . Now within this mellowness, the harsh idea born of the desert dearth."

The first result of this encounter is the rich civilization of Cordoba. Christian, Jew, and Moslem live side by side. But as Islam moves north it encounters, in fact it begets, the Catholic Reconquest. And so the scene is set and the great drama begins. But to understand the drama we must also understand Aragon, where "if anywhere is the aboriginal Spaniard, unchanged as his mountains . . . small weazened men with heads like nuts and eyes like iron." We must understand Castile, Castile of Isabel with her medieval passion to make the world Catholic, Castile of El Greco, of Philip II, of Velasquez. And understanding these we shall perhaps better understand Don Quixote, who symbolizes, if we are to believe Unamuno and Mr. Frank, Spain's belated attempt to make the medieval ideal prevail in a world that has listened to reason. Don Quixote is "laughter-spotted, blood-spotted. Reason bespatters him and makes him comic. . . . But we, laughing betimes at Quixote . . . have for five hundred years been struggling to construct our house with materials equally inadequate."

The stage is set and the drama begins when Isabel leaves her child-bed and welds Spain into one. Like the Jesuits, the Communists, the capitalists of America she desires unity, and it is the tragedy of Spain that she succeeds, achieving homogeneity as well. "By the too literal achievement of kings and mystics the vital forces of a vital land lock as in sleep." For centuries they have been locked in sleep, but there are signs of an awakening, in a Europe wearied of its modernism. There is a rift in Barcelona, which was never really Spain. The Basque was never molded into that homogeneous mass. There are Unamuno and Picasso and Jimenez.

Such, hastily indicated, are the lineaments of the portrait. In it we can disentangle many of the ideas of Unamuno, subtly changed as they have passed through Mr. Frank's mind, and of that "perfervid Spanish humanist" Menendez de Pelayo. It would perhaps be caviling to suggest that the sources of the various interpretations, or that opposing ones, be given. There is the literary portrait, like Boswell's Johnson, which the reader puts together for himself out of the sources; and there is the finished, currently popular one which the reader accepts on faith. Mr. Frank gives us the latter, with so much skill, so much subtle discernment, and so much passion that criticism is disarmed. He is a yea-sayer, a maker of many assertions, and these assertions graze interestingly the mysteries through which man walks unseen.

To be sure he is often carried away by his own rhythms, his own moods. As an artist he is often impatient. Fine writing till seduces him. His method is seen at its best and its worst in the description of the bull fight. He gives us not the thing in itself but what he thinks is the significance of the thing itself. Compared with Ernest Hemingway's magnificent bull-fight story, this lush and fluid prose seems rhetorical, though Mr. Frank does not neglect, as Mr. Hemingway does,

to explain that the Verónica is "an allusion to the handkerchief of the saint which smoothed the sweat from the forehead of the Christ." These, I say, are ungrateful cavilings. For here in the flood of ephemeral books is one that is concerned with the mystery of life; that uses wit and learning, pity and wisdom, and passion and craftsmanship to bring this mystery close to us.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Next War

The Origin of the Next War. By John Bakeless. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

The World War did not end war, for there has been war ever since. Did it end our blindness to the cause of war? Is it possible that we are still refusing, like those blind men who were ourselves in the strange, far-off days before 1914, to heed the crises that ought to be our warnings? Are we deaf to the voices that try to point them out to us? In other words, is the world very much as it always was, and is it likely to go the same dreadful road it went before?

THIS searching book is an answer to the above questions, and it is an answer to confound the optimist. Its author is not a man to be fooled. He pays his compliments to "the ferocious patriots safe and sound in comfortable clubs at home" during war time, refuses to "overestimate the value of a statesman's pledge," knows that the violation of Belgium was only "a first-class refrain for recruiting sergeants who might have experienced considerable difficulty in elucidating the true inwardness of the relations between the French and British general staffs," recognizes "civilized nations" as simply "industrial nations with large armies or navies, or with both," declares that "the war was fought for the sake of economic prizes," sees that mandates in Palestine and Iraq are only devices for "making sure that no great military power of the future shall encroach as Germany and Russia once began to encroach in lands that threaten either India or the route to India," and confesses that "the Washington Conference did nothing more than remove a few instruments of naval warfare which may turn out in the end to have been the least important ones." With realistic vision, he looks at the world and discovers an "essential identity between pre- and post-war conditions."

The "causes that produce all modern wars" are manifest to Mr. Bakeless's mind. These are fundamentally economic—"the growth of population, the need of colonies, markets, food and raw materials." These forces are now preparing the way for the next war. The areas are the Mediterranean; the Polish corridor, the Straits and Constantinople, and Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, where access to the sea is a burning question; Danzig, Tyrol, Rumania, Hungary, where irridentism festers like an open sore; and the Pacific, with its expanding Japan and its awakening China. In all of these places the next war is preparing today exactly as the last war was preparing in similar places from 1900 to 1914; the same crises are coming along, one after another; and all leading to an ultimate catastrophe as definitely foreseen and prophesied by well-informed observers in our time as by the same kind of observers two decades ago. We have read few things more impressive than Mr. Bakeless's parallel between yesterday and today.

Mr. Bakeless wants us to face the facts. He is alarmed at the easy way in which we are drifting back into the fool's paradise of a peaceful world, especially in view of the indescribable horrors of destruction and death which another war will let loose upon the world. Many readers will complain that Mr. Bakeless's analysis is defective on the bright side—that he fails to recognize, for example, the changed mind of the world incident to the experience of the Great War itself, or to take into account such new agencies of peace as the

World Court and the League of Nations. But he has not forgotten such new factors in the situation; he simply thinks that they are brakes which will not hold when the hour of supreme crisis comes.

What we can do Mr. Bakeless does not say—this is another story for another book. He believes, however, that the remedies are simple, including among other things the suppression of "the peace-at-any-price folk." But he has as little confidence, apparently, as the most skeptical militarist that the intelligence and good-will necessary to apply these remedies can ever be found. Who knows but what in such a desperate situation, "the peace-at-any-price folk," folk of the Jesus and the Gandhi type, are what we need? Why not try Christianity?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Indian Agent Sense

Indians of the Enchanted Desert. By Leo Crane. Little, Brown and Company. \$5.

IT is not for former Indian Agent Crane's picturesque and sensitive descriptions of the life and the setting of life in the other-world of the Southwest—a continent within a continent and the only region of the States in which an American can for the moment forget his noisy nationality—it is not primarily for these, capital as they are, that his book will be read and remembered. It is for another picture, hardly consciously drawn, etched with the acid of experience—the picture of an officious and stupid Washington, headless and heartless and cumbrously enmeshed in its own tapes, governing the "wards of the nation" without concern for aught but the political side-lines.

Mr. Crane himself came out of that Washington, as he tells us, going two thousand miles to the west, to the Navahos of Arizona, in quest of health. He found better than a decade's work in the "Desert Empire," for the greater portion among the remote villages of the Hopi. That he left them vastly better than he found them, in rights and resources, that he did a clean job and carried it through with all the joy an honest man may find in such a task, this his book shows, for he has no unreasonable modesty; and it shows also that what he did was with thanks to himself and to those dim collaborators whom he found on the spot. One must add, too, that what he records with justifiable pride of his own work as Indian agent is meant for something more than a personal declaration; it is meant to remind us of the fact that there is such a thing in our history as an Indian Service, and that there are men and deeds in its annals that deserve the public gratitude. He does not gloss over the inept and wicked chapters in these annals; but he does make it clear enough that the primary source of the ineptness and the wickedness has not been in the field—where the voiceless and ill-recompensed workers have for the most part done their best.

Of course the primary requisite in such a task as that of Indian Agent is a combination of courteous consideration and firm direction which can only be the issue of intelligent character. To the reservation Indian the average white man, says Mr. Crane, is a combination of astounding rudeness and childish curiosity; and he made it his own rule to pry into no secrets belonging to that part of a man's life which he has a right to keep his own—his ideas, for instance—where a better interest was not at stake. He respected native ceremonies and beliefs, and refused, for example, to become officious upon receiving a nervous Washington dispatch directing him to forbid the wholly innocent Hopi Snake Dance. He realized, what a little sane reflection should make all realize, that the truest cement of any society is in the ritualizations of its life; it is rituals that hold men up, whether they be religious ceremonies or civic habits of obedience to law. Above all in societies, such as the Indian tribal societies now are, where

A List of Unusual Merit

The Arcturus Adventure

By William Beebe

"Mr. Beebe has made science poetic and glamorous. He has made it an adventure. . . . It is hard to do justice to a book so varied and so enormously entertaining."—*New York Times*. Magnificently illustrated. \$6.00.

Fathers of the Revolution

By Philip Guedalla

Brilliant essays on some figures of the American Revolution. \$3.50.

Madame de Pompadour

By Marcelle Tinayre

"Written with so much verve and charm as to deserve the accolade of literature."—*New York Times*. \$3.50.

The Rise and Fall of Jesse James

By Robertus Love

The colorful story of America's immortal super bandit, truthfully told. \$2.75.

Peary—The Man Who Refused to Fail

By Fitzhugh Green

"The life of Peary was filled with the unexpected and the dramatic. This book is highly recommended to all interested in biography."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Illustrated, \$6.00.

Black Haiti

By Blair Niles

"Wholly extraordinary."—*The Bookman*. "A great picture of a little understood island."—*Philadelphia Record*. Illustrated, \$3.50.

The New Natural History

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson

"Fascinating natural history, the most interesting and the most fascinating ever written."—George A. Dorsey in *New York World*. To be completed in three volumes with about 2,000 illustrations. First volume now ready. Each vol. \$6.00.

Digging for Lost African Gods

By Count Byron Khun de Prorok

A record of five years of excavating at ancient Carthage and in the Sahara. "Cannot fail to interest even the most phlegmatic."—*New York Herald Tribune*. Fully illustrated, \$6.00.

The Fugger News Letters: Second Series

Edited by Victor von Klarwill

Eye-witness and contemporary accounts of the Spanish Armada, the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the other stirring events of the reign of Elizabeth. Illustrated, \$6.00.

The Breeze in the Moonlight

Translated from the Chinese by George Soulié de Morant and done into English by H. Bedford-Jones

Written in the fourteenth century, this novel of ancient China possesses a vitality and a modernity that are a joyous revelation. \$2.50.

For sale at all booksellers or
at the Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York

London

profound change is taking place and new ideals of life are all too rapidly effacing the old, the one brake that can hold back disaster—disaster all too often it has been—is a conservative affection for what is best in the old life.

That there has been in the old life also a worse along with the better—for the Indian is a man—it is the business of the agent to know. Mr. Crane established hospitals, diminished disease, sought out pure water, got the children into schools and introduced them to hygiene, and perhaps most of all is remembered gratefully for safe-guarding to the desert dwellers a few of the rights still remaining titularly theirs—though their chief defense and their best reliance are the remoteness and unproductiveness of their lands. Life has been for centuries hard-wrung from the arid lands of the Southwest; there is an epic quality in the long struggle of the bronze-hued maize-growers to maintain themselves in a land niggardly in all things save loveliness. But at the end it appears as if the tale could turn only into meanness; for the white is still approaching with covetous eyes. The last barrier is the conscientious agent, held in leash by a stupid Washington.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Dated

The Twilight of the Gods. By Richard Garnett. The Blue Jade Library. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

"THE *Twilight of the Gods*" initiates us into the tone and temper of the original Garnett, the father of the critic and the grandfather of the author of "Lady into Fox." On more than one account this old gentleman of the British Museum is to be revered and remembered. Besides being a distinguished scholar he was, so I have often been informed by Ralph Shirley, the late editor of the *Occult Review*, well versed in the obscure science of astrology, and as stout a believer in it as was ever Robert Burton himself.

Before commenting upon the present collection of tales I would like to remark that they have for an introduction an almost perfect example of the kind of chatty writing which ought never to be allowed to appear in print. "Incidentally this (the British Museum) is the best place in London to lose an acquired or embarrassing umbrella. It costs no more than the pain of carrying off a brass disk; and that's not all loss, for there is one special pattern of slot machine in which these disks perform miracles." The exasperation one feels after reading stuff of that kind hardly puts one in the right mood for appreciating what is to follow. And, indeed, the style of writing of these sketches does rather hopelessly date them.

Richard Garnett possessed the mind of a schoolman, and many of his sentences do not lack that harmless flicker of fading humor which one associates with the decorous pedantry of polite, bookish old men. In the words of the same shameless introducer: "This book will make you chuckle; nothing vulgar." Will I perhaps be giving the reader an unjust impression of the volume if I say that after one has read it one's soul pants for vulgarity, for the vulgarity of Mr. Monty Flagg, for example, for the vulgarity of anything that would break in upon the prevailing decorum? The prose is a correct prose and Richard Garnett knew well enough how to make use of beautiful old English words, like the word "sooth," but as was the case with Kinglake and many another Victorian writer his very best periods seem curiously the product of an official armchair.

The fact is the book is dull. One wearies of the particular species of veiled facetiousness that it offers. The irony is all right, but it is such a very mild variety of irony. These jests that come to one filtered through books, many of them more than two thousand years old, are provocative of an infinite lassitude. One longs to be refreshed by the grossest incident of common life, longs to see old mother Witty drop her basket of eggs because a slowworm crosses the goose path to the dairy, longs

to see Jimmy Geard vault over the wall by the yew tree because Dick the bull looks out of the barton; longs, in fact, for anything at all that has the tang of actual life in it.

Prometheus released at last from his bondage on "the summit of the supreme peak of the Caucasus" encounters a certain celebrated goddess and inquires of her how she has fared during the long period of her captivity. She answers: "The Oceanides ministered to me, Hermes came now and then, *even Hercules left a card on me*; but I never saw Pandora." The italics are mine.

Yet in spite of such tiresome playfulness Garnett can never make a quotation from the classics without betraying, even through his academic levity, a deep appreciation of those great writers whose sense of style has never been and will never be surpassed. "Much more, nevertheless, had Elenko to teach Prometheus than she could learn from him. How trivial seemed the history of the gods to what he now heard of the history of men! Were these, indeed, the beings he had known 'like ants in the sunless recesses of caves, dwelling deep-burrowing in the earth, ignorant of the signs of the seasons,' to whom he had given fire and whom he had taught memory and number, for whom he had 'brought the horse under the chariot, and invented the sea-beaten, flaxen-winged chariot of the sailor' "? After all, it is seldom given to modern writing to remind us of the astounding poetry contained in such passages!

LLEWELYN POWYS

The Minoan Religion

A History of Greek Religion. By Martin P. Nilsson. Translated from the Swedish by F. J. Fielden. With a Preface by Sir James C. Frazer. Oxford University Press. \$2.45.

PROFESSOR NILSSON'S book is secure of a wide and warm welcome because it fills, and fills conscientiously, a real need. It is the only compact and on the whole adequate statement that we possess of the facts of Minoan and Mycenaean religion; and the statement is presented by one who is a patient and most cautious investigator in that interesting and fruitful field.

If, then, we close the book with a certain sense of disappointment, why is it? For one thing there is a lack of unity. The several chapters, on Minoan-Mycenaean Religion, on Origins of Greek Mythology, on Homeric Anthropomorphism, on Legalism and Mysticism, on Civic Religion, and the like have each their several interest but they build up no collective whole; they might follow one another in any other order without serious damage. No living picture emerges. In a word, the author lacks structural grip, the instinct of plot; and the result is lifeless.

The book suffers from another defect. Professor Nilsson never fairly faces the question cardinal to any discussion of religion: What is the real origin of these multifarious gods, what their actual psychological basis? Till this is settled no real advance can be made. The defect is the more disappointing in that the author lets drop in passing a sentence which shows that he knows the truth, only he will not or from caution and traditionalism cannot apply it. He says: "A general view of the Greek pantheon . . . must break with the traditional ideas. It must be based upon the proposition that *man's needs create the gods*" (the italics are mine). Never was truer word spoken!

But having formulated the principle the author drops it and goes his way. Take his analysis of Poseidon. Here he is confronted by the old puzzle. Poseidon is not only primarily the sea god, he is the bull god and the horse god. The author takes refuge in an old, flimsy subterfuge: "The currents of rivers and the waves of the sea to many peoples' imagination take the forms of bulls and horses. Do we not ourselves metaphorically speak of white horses?" What has become of the great principle? *Man's needs create the gods*; they are

the projection of his desires. Apply it and all is clear. Poseidon is an old Cretan divinity of a primitive agricultural and later seafaring population. The bull is naturally the sacred animal of the agriculturist; the kings of Crete in their ritual actually wore a bull's mask; each king was a Mino-taur, a Mino's bull. Later when the Cretans went to Libya they annexed the horse and Poseidon Taureios became Hippios; so much is clear from Cretan sealings. Still later the bull god sailed the mainland and became Thalassocrat Poutomedon, but he never dropped his bull shape till he climbed Olympus. In a word, all the diverse conflicting aspects of Poseidon are reconciled if we view him as a development of the Minotaur, the expression, the projection of the needs of a people like ourselves, a people who are agriculturists, cattle rearers, horse tamers, merchants—thalassocrats.

It is matter for regret that this book on Greek religion was published just before two other books of cardinal importance, Professor Macurdy's "Troy and Paeonia" and Mr. Arthur Bernard Cook's second volume of "Zeus." Necessarily Professor Nilsson could not avail himself of the flood of light thrown on primitive religion by both writers—by Professor Macurdy on the origins of Apollo and Artemis and by Mr. Cook on the whole primitive Greek cosmogony. Take the pillar-cult. With marvelous imaginative insight Mr. Cook has seen the true significance of these sacred pillars. They are an integral part of man's primitive cosmogony. Hesiod tells us that before the Olympians were the elder gods Ouranos and Gaia. Man stood with his feet planted on mother earth (Gaia) and above him was the arch of heaven (Ouranos). But a great fear was upon him lest heaven should fall and crush him; so he proceeds to shove up the sky with pillars, and thus he is safe. This cosmogony is confirmed by the astonishing discovery at Delphi of the actual omphalos or center-stone of Gaia. In it is pierced a hole which must have served to support a sky pillar, and on it is incised the mysterious E of Delphi, which is but the inverted symbol of the sky with its three supporting pillars. Ouranos and Gaia faded before the Olympians, but in ancient ritual their memory survives. The initiated Orphic thus begins his avowal of faith: "I am the child of Earth and of starry Heaven."

We are grateful to Professor Nilsson for the collection and collation of many interesting facts and for some fertile suggestions. But the life-history of Minoan religion is still to write.

JANE E. HARRISON

Alta California

The Old Mission Churches and Historic Houses of California.

By Rexford Newcomb. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$15.

THEY say that in the art room of the New York Public Library a special table has had to be set aside for material on Spanish and Mexican architecture, so great is the vogue of that style today. Everywhere its effects may be seen; not only in California, where its roots are deep, or in Florida, where cheap and often tawdry adaptations flaunt their parti-colored stucco from booming "developments," but even in our Northern suburbs; even in the showrooms of the most conservative furniture dealers.

It is at a particularly fortunate time, therefore, that this book appears; and its sound research and careful appreciation should be now particularly valuable. For the first time the reader is able to grasp the significance of the Spanish work in California; for the first time there is presented a thorough and readable account of its historical background. It is a fascinating story, one that is already growing its legends of miracles—this penetration from Mexico northward. All sorts of obstacles, material and human, could not hold the Franciscans back. Unsympathetic secular governors were powerless against them, and the last thirty years of the eighteenth cen-

A Roundup of Good Summer Reading

JORGENSEN

By Tristram Tupper

"Kingpin" they called him, this man who conquered earth and rock until the mountain, enigmatic, sent two women—Rosalee, warm and vivid, to lure the flesh; Ellen, cool and luminous, to lure the spirit. In "Jorgensen" Mr. Tupper has achieved an American novel that for strength of conception and beauty of style stands with the work of the best English novelists. \$2.00

THE SPELL OF THE TURF

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

The story of American thoroughbred racing for the past fifty years—of big stakes, noted sportsmen, famous winners. "Here is something the sportsman will go wild about."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

37 Illustrations. \$4.00

THE ENGLISH INN PAST AND PRESENT

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and

A. E. Richardson

"The enchantment of taverns has crept into the pages of this delectable book."—*Charles Hanson Towne*. 280 Illustrations, including photographs, old prints, and drawings. With ideas for motorists. \$7.50

THE GENIUS OF BERNARD SHAW

By Patrick Braybrooke, Author of

"J. M. Barrie," etc.

Shaw has been called the "Pope of opinions." Here is a keen analysis of the Shavian attitude by a noted English critic. Frontispiece. \$2.50

OLD CHURCHES AND MEETING-HOUSES IN AND AROUND PHILADELPHIA

By John T. Faris, Author of "Old Roads

Out of Philadelphia," etc.

The quaintest corners of Philadelphia history are tucked away in these serene old buildings. A book full of old traditions for all planning to attend the Sesqui-Centennial. Colored frontispiece, 73 illustrations. \$6.00

WHALERS AND WHALING

By E. Keble Chatterton

The adventurous voyages of old whaling ships with an account of this exciting activity as carried on in remote corners of the sea today. 50 Illustrations. \$4.50

JULIET IS TWENTY

By Jane Abbott

A romance as gay, as valiant as youth itself. Juliet takes her fences daringly, but just when it seems she must come a cropper, love waits in the home stretch. \$2.00

MADAME JUDAS

By Margaret Turnbull

Enter a "Female Ferret," a red-haired imp of detective instincts, whose original methods force a kiss of betrayal in an exciting murder mystery. \$2.00

To be Published June 22

RANCHING WITH ROOSEVELT

By Lincoln A. Lang

An epic of cowboy life in the Bad Lands. It pictures Roosevelt as one of the old-timers knew him—a spectacled young man whom no hardships of roping or roundup could daunt. 24 Illustrations. \$4.00

At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA LONDON

tury witnessed the complete occupation of hundreds of miles of coast all the way from San Diego to San Francisco. The secret of the rapidity of this penetration was, of course, the secret of all Spanish colonization in America—Indian education and a consequent development of basic friendship and co-operation.

But in Alta California this process necessarily went further than in Mexico. The missionaries and soldiers and European settlers were fewer; the centers of wealth and culture further away. Mr. Newcomb's chapters on Materials and Construction and on the Development of Mission Architecture are particularly valuable in showing how this circumstance affected California architecture; how gradually Spanish-Mexican methods and forms become simplified and transformed under new conditions. There is one point, however, that needs further study. That is the continuance of a vital Spanish Baroque tradition in California well into the nineteenth century.

The Capilla Real at Monterey is an instance. It is dated 1794, and it is much the most elaborately Baroque of them all; to it a transept was added in 1858 with a rich door that one is at a loss to place. Is it, in 1858, a residue of the continuing Spanish tradition, or is it the beginning of modern archaeological eclecticism? In it the two seem to merge; strangely disturbing to the critical mind, it joins all of the thronging, often futile, modern efforts to create beauty through archaeology to a tradition that was born centuries ago. This late continuance of Baroque is perhaps due to the fact that Alta California was a backwater, or that it received its culture second-hand from Spain through Mexico. Perhaps the priests merely sought to imitate as closely as they could churches already a hundred years and more old which they had known and loved in Mexico. But the fact remains that the Chapel of San Carlos Borromeo, purely Baroque, dates from 1797, that San Juan Capistrano was not completed till 1806, that much of the work now existing, like the Church of San Luis Rey, was later than 1812.

The descriptions of the individual Missions make all these matters of dating clear. In their preparation real scholarship is evident, and originality of research as well. Mr. Newcomb, for instance, finds in a Spanish edition of Vitruvius, still in the Mission Library, the very plate that is the source of the Ionic order, with its fret-decorated frieze, of the front of the church at Santa Barbara; and in the same book the origin of the strange Indian thunder-bird patterns painted on the wooden ceiling. What a history for an ornament! The thunder-bolt of Zeus, coupled to the winged distaff in a Doric cornice, suddenly seized upon by Indian painters, enlarged, modified, and reappearing as the true Indian symbol on the ceiling of a Christian church!

The chapters on old houses make clear one of the secrets of the living beauty of this old California Spanish work. Without any attempt at the monumental design of the churches, without ornament, they are simple to the last degree. Yet in them all there is a charm that is not only age. It is the charm of simple materials rightly used, of forms that harmonize with the climate, of good, unostentatious craftsmanship, of proportions quiet and harmonious. It is because these qualities are so universal in the Missions that they are buildings to love, despite naive crudities galore.

It is to be hoped that this is the message which designers who mull over the Spanish books on the special table aforementioned in the library will get, and that they will largely neglect Mr. Newcomb's last chapter on modern Hispanic architecture—obviously an attempt to give a work of real scholarship a modern "appeal" and "selling value"—with its queer hash of examples from the lovely simplicity of Mr. Smith's house at Santa Barbara to the terrible fake belfries of the Arlington Hotel.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

JUST PUBLISHED

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

by WILL DURANT

¶ From Aristotle to Santayana, each philosopher is portrayed by Dr. Durant first as a human being. In this way, each philosopher's contribution to human thought is made understandable for everyone.

¶ Octavo size, 577 pages, 21 full page illustrations, price \$5.00 at all book and department stores.

"THOROUGHLY USEFUL, THOROUGHLY SCHOLARLY, HUMAN AND READABLE"

FROM THE FOREWORD
BY JOHN DEWEY



SIMON AND SCHUSTER—NEW YORK

YOU WILL DOUBTLESS BE COMING TO ENGLAND THIS SUMMER?

Do not fail to visit

HEFFERS of CAMBRIDGE

¶ *Fine and Rare Books*

First Editions & Association Items

New Books in every field of Literature. Scientific Books

¶ *Catalogues issued monthly*

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD., PETTY CURY
CAMBRIDGE, ENG. CABLES: HEFFER CAMBRIDGE

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

FOR SALE—On heights above Thomaston, Conn., a 120-acre farm with old house of nine rooms in perfect condition, ready for immediate occupancy; some old furniture. Excellent space for bathroom available. Reached from New York in three hours. Superb views, fine woods, barns and outbuildings in excellent condition. Fine water; bathing pool easily possible. Must be sold at once. Price below \$10,000. Apply by letter, M. K., care of *The Nation*.

Books in Brief

Havelock Ellis: A Biographical and Critical Survey. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. \$4.

We are more than ready for a study of this great Englishman who so fruitfully combines the passion of the mystic and the patience of the laboratory scientist. But Mr. Goldberg is not the man to make such a study. He has given facts here which are of the first importance, and he prints a number of poems and notes by Ellis which were nowhere else to be seen. But he is slapdash and slipshod wherever he should have been subtle and illuminating. The story of a truly religious life remains to be told.

The Monk. A Romance. By M. G. Lewis. Brentano's. \$5.

A welcome reissue of the most terrible eighteenth century tale of terror.

Poetry and Criticism. By Edith Sitwell. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.

A poet's rebuke to her ignorant reviewers, and to all of this or any time—but chiefly this—who talk about poetry as if it were the least rather than the most intricate of the arts.

The Mind of John Keats. By Clarence Dewitt Thorpe. Oxford University Press. \$5.

A timely if somewhat elaborate reminder that the thing to understand in Keats is not his senses but his sense.

Amerikanische Lyrik. Uebersetzt von Toni Harten-Hoencke. München: Kunstwartverlag Georg D. W. Callwey.

An interesting and discriminating survey for German readers of American lyric poetry between Bryant and Leonora Speyer.

Classic Concord as Portrayed by Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts. Edited by Caroline Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50.

Concord is still our literary wonder, and here is the clearest possible picture of it as it was when it was classic.

The Newgate Calendar. Introduction by Henry Savage. Hartford, Connecticut: Edwin Valentine Mitchell.

A convenient volume of selections from the unchallenged classic of crime.

The New Natural History. By J. Arthur Thomson. Volume I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first of three volumes by a popularizer of science whose stock, through the "Outline of Science" and other works, has been presented so often that it now begins to look a little shopworn. But there is still a vast deal for the beginner in the present opulent though scarcely organized volume.

History of Medieval Philosophy. By Maurice De Wulf. Translated by Ernest C. Messenger. Vol. I: *From the Beginnings to Albert the Great.* Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.

This, the second English translation to date of a standard work, is based upon the fifth French edition, which Professor De Wulf has drastically revised.

A Brazilian Mystic: Being the Life and Miracles of Antonio Conselheiro. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. The Dial Press. \$4.

Doughty Deeds; An Account of the Life of Robert Graham of Gartmore, 1735-1797. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. The Dial Press. \$3.75.

The first is a reprint of one of Mr. Cunningham Graham's best books; the second is one of his worst. Robert Graham lived

COUNT BRUGA

By Ben Hecht

THIRD

EDITION

"FULL of amazing and brilliant satire. I shall recommend Count Bruga eternally. Hecht I insist is about the most capable writer in America."—G. D. Eaton, *N. Y. Telegraph*.

"BEN HECHT has come through in 'COUNT BRUGA' with the book that must have been in him all the while. It is a superb vehicle for Mr. Hecht's paradoxical vision of life. It is also an inspired 'thriller.'"

—John W. Crawford, *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

"The most fantastic character that Ben Hecht has produced and one that is going to be widely talked about."—Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World*.

"Immensely amusing. The book is one of bright distinction."—Burton Rascoe, *N. Y. Sun*. \$2.00

Boni &



GOOD BOOKS



Liveright

Fourth Large Edition

THE SILVER STALLION

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

NEW YORK TIMES: "The most persuasive account James Branch Cabell has yet given us of that pleasantly impossible country of Poictesme."

HEYWOOD BROWN: "A book which I hold fine and dear."

NEW YORK WORLD: "As good as 'Jurgin,' if not better."

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT: "Distinction and clarity, beauty and symmetry, tenderness and truth and urbanity the book displays in full measure."

Kalki Edition, \$2.50

THE TENTS OF JACOB

The New Novel by HYMAN COHEN
A brilliant story revealing the lives, the passions, the dreams of Israel.

\$2.50 at all booksellers

Robert M. McBride & Co.
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

part of his life in Jamaica, and his letters from there are not uninteresting; but his descendant has executed a biography without form or especial meaning.

Fortieth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Contains five most valuable studies of the Fox Indians by Truman Michelson, the chief in importance being that of the White Buffalo Dance and the next a transcript and translation of a Fox Indian woman's autobiography.

The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney. By Thomas Ollive Mabbott and Frank Lester Pleadwell. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Though Pinkney is a minor American poet, and a faded one, his biographers have rendered a genuine service in this painstaking work.

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh: 1879-1922. Edited by Lady Raleigh. With a preface by David Nichol Smith. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company. \$7.

Sir Walter Raleigh was perhaps the most humane of the British professor-critics who bridged the gap between pedantry and journalism during the past generation. He was neither a great writer nor a great man, but in both capacities he was gifted and engaging; and these letters should be his permanent memorial.

A Dictionary of European Literature. Designed as a Companion to English Studies. By Laurie Magnus. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$10.

A daring compilation, and useful so far as it goes, including, as it does, concise biographies of leading European authors between the twelfth and twentieth centuries and still more concise discussion of literary movements and topics during that time. A student who is so unfortunate as not to own a "Britannica" will not do ill to obtain this bulky volume.

Thirteen Epistles of Plato. Introduction, Translation, and Notes by L. A. Post. Oxford University Press. \$1.70.

A welcome addition to the Oxford Translation Series. Mr. Post, after a discussion of the authenticity of these famous letters, gives them in faithful and distinctly readable English.

The Kasidah of Hâjî Abdû El-Yezdi. Translated and Annotated by Sir Richard Burton and illustrated by John Kettelwell. Brentano's. \$2.50.

A new edition of the "Lay of the Higher Law," which Lady Burton said her husband wrote before Fitzgerald published his "Omar." The illustrations are absurdly in the 1890 mode.

The Theory of Poetry. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

This volume contains both "The Theory of Poetry" and "The Idea of Great Poetry," two valuable works of criticism which have been known for some time in England. The author, a scholar and a poet, examines the most elusive of the arts with fruitful intelligence and care. He does not say everything; but everything he says is true.

Modern French Poetry: An Anthology. Compiled and Translated by Joseph T. Shipley. Greenberg, Publisher. \$3.

This book has no rival in English, and it should long be useful. Nearly a hundred poets between Victor Hugo and the Dadaists are represented in Mr. Shipley's kaleidoscopic collection, the merit of which can be best appreciated by those who know modern French verse in all its baffling variety. One might have asked for fewer poets and a more generous selection from each—Rimbaud, for instance, appears in only two pieces; yet one will not quarrel with a translator who has done so much work so well.

WHERE TO BUY BOOKS

Bargain List
upon request **GERMAN BOOKS**
Other Lists: Judaica, W. BEYER, Inc.
GERMANY as She is today 259 5th Ave., N. Y.

"WE MODERNS"
by Edwin Muir with a lengthy introduction by
H. L. Mencken First Edition
Published at \$2.00, our special price \$1.00, postpaid.
"One thing is certain, no utterances more tonic, more bracing, have
ever rent the sultry firmament of contemporary literature."—*Freeman*.
Send for our book bargain catalogue No. 9, which lists hundreds of
other books.
SEIFFERS, National Book Sellers,
832 Westchester Ave., New York

BOOKS OF JEWISH INTEREST

(General Judaica and Hebraica)
Send for catalogue Established 1854
Bloch Publishing Company, Inc.
"The Jewish Book Concern"
26 East 22nd Street New York

BOOKS ON LABOR PROBLEMS
ECONOMICS—SOCIOLOGY—PHILOSOPHY—HISTORY
PSYCHOLOGY—DRAMA—JUVENILE AND
UP-TO-DATE MODERN FICTION
RAND BOOK STORE
7 EAST 15TH STREET NEW YORK CITY
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

OUT - OF - PRINT BOOKS

of every description thoroughly searched for and found quickly. We specialize in English editions. Imperfect sets completed. First editions supplied. Genealogies, family and town histories furnished. Sexological literature. Back numbers of all other magazines supplied. No charge or obligation for this service. Inquiries solicited. Free announcements on request. Also
WE DELIVER ANYWHERE ANY BOOK ADVERTISED
or mentioned in this issue, or any book in print, supplied at regular bookstore prices. Will send C. O. D. Postage paid everywhere. Orders filled promptly. Send for Free Copy "Books of the Month" catalogue.
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 500 Fifth Ave., Dept. N, N. Y.

THEATER

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents
AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

CONFERENCES

"NEWER DEFENSES OF CAPITALISM IN AMERICA"
will be the subject of June Conference of the
LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
to be held June 24-27, 1926, at
CAMP TAMIMENT, near Stroudsburg, Pa.
Harry Elmer Barnes, Stuart Chase, Scott Nearing, Norman Thomas,
Benjamin Stolberg, James H. Maurer, H. S. Raushenbush, and others
will participate in the discussions.
For further information apply to
LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
HARRY W. LADLER AND NORMAN THOMAS, Executive Directors

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1926

No. 3180

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	653
EDITORIALS:	
The Richest Country on Earth.....	656
Brookhart's Victory	657
Germany Experiments in Democracy.....	657
The Land of the Lazy.....	658
WHICH IS IT? By Hendrik van Loon.....	659
LIBERTY AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH:	
I. The Catholic Position. By John A. Ryan.....	660
II. The Mexican Position. By Jose Miguel Bejarano.....	661
THE NEGRO-ART HOKUM. By George S. Schuyler.....	662
THE BRITISH GENERAL STRIKE. By Harold J. Laski.....	663
MR. BENN SEES IT THROUGH. By Edward Benn.....	666
GERMANY, RUSSIA, AND THE LEAGUE. By Louis Fischer.....	667
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	669
CORRESPONDENCE	670
BOOKS AND PLAYS:	
Memories of A. By Archibald MacLeish.....	671
Mrs. Evans. By Carleton Beals.....	671
Babbitt Returns to Nature. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	672
Iraq. By Edward Mead Earle.....	672
Our Informal Government. By John Dickinson.....	673
Disgusting Persons. By F. Stringfellow Barr.....	674
Books in Brief.....	674
Drama: Review. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	675
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Organized Workers in Japan. By Hiroshi Shimidzu.....	676
Scenes from the Italian Farce.....	677

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THIS HAS BEEN A GOOD YEAR for the modernists. The net result of proceedings in the Baptist Convention and the Presbyterian General Assembly has been to strengthen their position in both denominations. But what they have won is not so much agreement as toleration. The moderates who hold the balance of power in both churches still incline to fundamentalist beliefs, but they lack the fundamentalist ardor. They love the church more than creeds, peace more than rigid consistency. To the logical mind there is a certain humor in some of the ecclesiastical compromises by which the church is held together. Thus, the Baptist brethren decided that any form of baptism recognized by the local church might make a good church member but that official delegates to the convention could be chosen only from the ranks of the immersed. The moralist may sympathize with the stalwarts to whom such compromises are anathema; but the historian knows that it is precisely by such illogical adjustments that progress has been made in church and state. It is too early to predict confidently the course of events. The fundamentalists may be down but emphatically they are not out. Nevertheless, our guess is that the crest of the fundamentalist wave has passed and that at least in the North the old denominations will continue to be the spiritual homes for men miles apart in their religious thinking.

NEITHER BAPTISTS NOR PRESBYTERIANS adopted any such stirring social creeds as that which somehow won official approval from the Congregationalists a year ago. (We have always wondered whether that conspicuous Congregationalist, Calvin Coolidge, ever read that creed and if so what he thought about it. Its progressive tendencies have not been manifest in any of his speeches.) The Baptist and Presbyterian cohorts stuck to the old moral issues such as prohibition—but that is news only to those trusting souls who thought that one Vare could swamp Volstead. What is news, and good news, is that both official conventions condemned compulsory military training in schools and colleges. This will be a real setback to the plans of the War Department and to the assorted patriots with old-style Prussian proclivities. The action of the Presbyterian Assembly was the more noteworthy because it involved a virtual about-face in the matter. By a snap vote when comparatively few delegates were on the floor, the assembly not only tabled a resolution denouncing compulsory training but indorsed the military-training camps. Then, on the last day of the assembly, the resolution condemning compulsory training was taken off the table and passed in a revised form almost without dissent. The New York papers reported the first action, but not the second!

THE EFFORT TO MILITARIZE the minds of American youth while still in high school or college is striking more and more snags. The Federal Council of Churches has just issued recommendations which say:

That systematic and technical military training for youth of high-school age is to be deplored as foreign to the aims and ideals of our educational system.

That civilian educational institutions should not make military training a required subject.

Thus the council takes a position not only against compulsory drill in either college or high school but even against the offering of voluntary military training in high schools as it is now conceived by the War Department. Almost simultaneously the Massachusetts Committee on Militarism in Education makes public a searching report on the goose-step in that State, showing that 19,000 boys, ranging from twelve to nineteen years of age, are taking military drill as part of their public-school course. Massachusetts is first among the States in the number of boys taking such drill; California comes second with a total of 8,000. Military drill is offered in twenty-three high schools in Massachusetts and is compulsory in eighteen of them. In Boston military training is compulsory not only in the high schools but it reaches down to 6,000 adolescents in the intermediate or ninth grade!

MILITARY TRAINING cannot legally be compulsory in Massachusetts, the committee points out, if parents or students are sufficiently opposed to it to take advantage of the General Laws of the State. These provide (Chapter 71, Section 3) that "no pupil shall be required to take any part in any military exercises if his parent or

guardian is of any religious denomination conscientiously opposed to bearing arms, or is himself so opposed and the school committee is so notified in writing." The committee also notes that private schools like Groton, Milton Academy, and St. Marks do not have military drill. Thus the students of these schools, mostly the sons of well-to-do parents, are exempt from military training, while the children of the average citizen are subject to it. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with required training, maintains a staff of military instructors larger than in its English or mathematics department, offers students \$210 a year to take non-compulsory advanced courses, and gives instruction in the use of poison gases for war purposes. The Massachusetts committee's appeal against compulsory drill is signed, among others, by Federal Judge George W. Anderson, Bishop William F. Anderson, President W. A. Neilson of Smith College, President Mary E. Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College, Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, Dean David L. Edsall of the Harvard Medical School, Bliss Perry, and Katharine Lee Bates.

WE ARE INCLINED TO YAWN and turn to the sporting page whenever we see a newspaper story about the disarmament discussions at Geneva. The Preparatory Commission of the International Conference on Disarmament talked 70,000 words in eight days and then split up into subcommittees to find out what all the discussion was about. One committee was asked to give an answer to the question: What are armaments? Finding it impossible to answer that question they skipped to the next: What are peace-time armaments? Here the thunder broke loose. France and Italy wanted to count all the British and American hogs, wheat-fields, and oil-wells as armaments, but held that their own military reserves, ground out by universal compulsory military service, should not be so counted. The subcommittee agreed to leave outside of the discussion the millions of trained reserves, the fruitage of the conscription system, who constitute the backbone of militarism in Europe. This nullifies the efforts of the commission to reduce European land armaments. Germany is bound by the Treaty of Versailles not to build up a trained reserve; France and Italy will continue to make their whole citizenship into a reserve army. In the whole discussion there is only one ray of hope. The Japanese have suggested a regional agreement with the United States to limit competition in light cruisers. Such an agreement, even if only a by-product, would make the discussion at Geneva worth while.

LOYD GEORGE AND ASQUITH are temperamentally as well as personally incompatible, and the story of their bickering is the story of the fall of the middle-of-the-road party in England. Lloyd George, who in 1922 fought an election as a sort of Tory-Liberal, has boxed the compass and is heading Left again as in his youth. His radical land program annoyed Asquith enough; his plain sympathy with the strikers widened the breach. And even if a temporary peace is patched up, the little remnant of the once great Liberal Party is driving toward Labor or toward Toryism, as temperament and circumstances dictate. Thus England returns to the two-party system, while half the Continent is driving toward one-party or even one-man dictatorships. Rumania has just gone through a farcical election, stage-managed by M. Bratianu; Poland has obediently elected

General Pilsudski's puppet as president and is about to revise its constitution to please the general; Portugal has just had another military revolution; while in Spain, Greece, and Italy Rivera, Pangalos, and Mussolini are doing business as usual.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE was not made of or for rubber, but it stretches. President Monroe would never recognize his child as it is drawn today. He sought to prevent European governments from reestablishing dominion over Latin American countries, but his doctrine is used to give the United States a prior right to all the good things in this hemisphere. What if a British corporation has leased land from the Republic of Panama, even if the leasehold should include good rubber land and good harbors? The United Fruit Company owns the ports and railroads of the neighboring republic of Costa Rica; and other American corporations have far-reaching contracts with half a dozen other Latin American republics. The Monroe Doctrine was intended to help Latin America, not to put it under a Wall Street monopoly. If our financiers want the plums, let them get there first, rather than hide behind an historic policy which has nothing to do with their greeds and jealousies.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OTTINGER'S PROPOSAL to give to the Frontier Corporation 2,400,000 horsepower now belonging to the people of the State of New York has under public pressure suffered a check. It will be remembered that the Frontier Corporation is an alias for Mr. du Pont, Mr. Mellon, and the General Electric Company. The best minds of the Republican Party have sensed the difficulties of winning an election in the fall after a Republican Water-Power Commission had presented the Frontier Corporation with the last of the State's water-power. Such hearty generosity might prove difficult to explain to the voters of New York. Mr. Ottinger in consequence has been directed to let the Frontier Corporation pant until after election. In the words of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*: "It is understood that the State Republican organization is endeavoring to call off any such plans, *at least until after election in November* [italics ours]. It was pointed out that the leases could be made after election before a Democratic governor could take office, in the event that the Democrats elected their candidate." Mum is the word for the present, but in the six weeks between election and January 1 slip the grab through! *The Nation* is well inured to cynicism among politicians, but for brazen gall this outdoes anything since Louis XIV.

ATTEMPTS TO INTERFERE with the freedom of the press, even when no question of radical or revolutionary ideas is raised, are far more common in this country than those who live in our great cities and witness the immunity of our powerful metropolitan dailies might suppose. The fortnightly Duluth *Rip-saw* having printed articles attacking the administration and character of certain city officials, they are trying to have it suppressed under a law passed last year enabling a judge to enjoin the publication of a "malicious, scandalous, and defamatory newspaper." We know nothing of the justice or injustice of the *Rip-saw's* criticisms. The point we would make is that if the charges are untrue, injured persons have ample protection in the ordinary laws against libel and slander, by which

a transgressor after conviction by a jury may be fined or imprisoned, or—if proceeded against civilly—may have to pay damages. But the law of 1925 takes away the right of trial by jury and makes it possible for anybody to suppress a publication upon the flimsiest of charges provided he can find a judge sufficiently complaisant or crooked for his purposes. The press of Minnesota ought to wake up and demand repeal of this dangerous and unnecessary law.

NEITHER MRS. CATT nor Miss Sherwin nor any of the other delegates from the League of Women Voters to the tenth World Suffrage Congress at Paris has offered a valid excuse for the exclusion of the National Woman's Party. The Woman's Party may be mistaken in its policies; it may be tactless and aggressive in its tactics, it may make trouble and cause dissension. None the less it is an important body of active, devoted fighters, who have given years of tireless effort first to the winning of woman suffrage and recently to the cause of absolute sex equality. On every ground it is entitled to membership in the International Suffrage Alliance and participation in the congress. It was shut out because the League of Women Voters, exercising the privilege of membership, opposed its admission on the ground that the Woman's Party is against protective industrial legislation for women. The congress sustained the objection of the league, and also, by a small margin, voted down an industrial equality resolution. This action does no credit to the international organization or to the league; if the representatives of the National Woman's Party are ineligible on account of their belief in industrial equality, so are the 78 delegates who supported the resolution.

THE WHOLE WORLD has heard of Sacco and Vanzetti, two Italian radicals condemned to death in an atmosphere of hysteria for a murder which they probably did not commit. It is barely possible that new evidence in the hands of the defense may still win an opportunity for retrial. We hope that the incidental fireworks will not prejudice the case. A bomb explodes in the house of the brother-in-law of a woman who had testified against the two Italians; the newspapers immediately shout, without a scintilla of evidence, that it is an "act of revenge" by their friends! In Buenos Aires and Paris radicals who have heard that two innocent comrades stand condemned to die parade in sympathy; a bomb explodes in front of the American legation in Montevideo. None of these events has any bearing on the innocence or guilt of the condemned men in Massachusetts. The judge who decides their fate ought to proceed unmoved by like or dislike of such acts; if American justice is more than a weapon of class hate he will.

JACOB J. TUTUN of Chelsea, Massachusetts, may become a citizen, and with his victory in the courts a long injustice to many honest aliens should end. A district court in Boston denied him citizenship, holding that his claim of exemption as an alien from military service in this country during the war proved that he was not "attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good happiness and order of the same." Other courts have acted on the same principle. Few aliens, however, have had the energy and friends to fight this extra-legal practice. Tutun, aided by the colored former federal district attorney, William H. Lewis of Boston, and by Louis

Marshall of New York, carried his case through to the Supreme Court of the United States and back to the United States Circuit Court of Appeal in Boston, which ruled that while Congress had barred from citizenship aliens who had sought exemption by withdrawing their declarations of intention to become citizens, barring of non-declarant aliens was "unwarranted by law." The court sanely concluded:

While a wide discretion is lodged in the judge who hears a petition for naturalization, this discretion cannot be exercised arbitrarily or in a manner which adds to the requirements contained in the act, which must be liberally construed in favor of the petitioner.

THAT THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE FLAPPER is a good deal older than her name has just been demonstrated again by the discovery by the *New York Times* that a nineteen-year-old miss is the author of the successful literary hoax, "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion, 1764-65." Miss Magdalen King-Hall, the author, was sufficiently ignorant of certain historical details to warn the instructed reader, but she was able, by being herself, to be sufficiently like an eighteenth-century flapper to fool many, including the reviewer of the *New York Times* itself, who gravely conceded that even though her book had not "any of the importance that attaches to such a monumental record as was left behind by Pepys" the author did "throw the beams of her candle here and there on the features of her time." We are glad to remember that our own reviewer called the work "obviously a hoax," but we are willing to wager that such an eighteenth-century girl as it purports to describe would find herself quite at home if transported to this twentieth-century America, where flappers are sometimes supposed to constitute a new species. Miss King-Hall's antiquarianism was sometimes at fault, but her psychology was instinctively right.

DR. WALLACE BUTTRICK, secretary of the General Education Board, was one of the remarkable group of men, now nearly all gone, who at the turn of the century threw themselves into the work of reviving education in the South, first through the Southern Education Board which they created and later through the General Education Board with its huge endowment of Rockefeller millions. Deciding to work with and through the Southern States—chiefly, alas, with and for the whites—and to respect all prejudices, they threw themselves into their tasks with evangelistic fervor under the leadership of the saintly and rarely unselfish Robert C. Ogden. The work goes on with tremendous momentum. In comparison to 1900, huge sums are now being raised in the Southern States for white public education, and the credit for this goes to the pioneers—besides Mr. Ogden and Dr. Buttrick, to W. H. Baldwin, Jr., then president of the Long Island Railroad; Dr. Charles D. McIver of North Carolina, Walter H. Page, Albert Shaw, President Alderman of the University of Virginia, and others. No one who ever accompanied Mr. Ogden to the annual conference for Southern education will forget these "excursions into ennobling experiences," to use a phrase of Dr. Eliot. On these and all occasions Dr. Buttrick shone because of his forthright, rugged personality, his sparkling good humor, his keen understanding of human nature and of Southern psychology, his efficiency and ability, and his vision, which, though it had its limitations, was usually what is called statesmanlike.

The Richest Country on Earth

THE Federal Trade Commission, in response to a Senate resolution, has just released a report on the national wealth and the national income. The conclusions have taken some years to compile. It is probably the most exhaustive study of the kind ever made. The commission finds that in the year 1922—the last year for which figures were available—we were worth as a nation 353 billions of dollars. A rough calculation, based on a 1914 study by Sir George Paish, makes it evident that the national wealth of England could not have exceeded 200 billions in 1922 (and probably was less), while that of France could not have exceeded 125 billions. It is safe to assume that we were, in dollars, far richer than France and England combined. Another rough calculation based on the commission's study of the increase in our national wealth from 1912 to 1922, duly deflated for changes in the value of the dollar, makes it appear that an inventory of the wealth of America today would run close to 400 billions. We have been bounding forward since 1922; France and England have been standing still. Our margin over their combined wealth in 1926 is probably enough to cover most of Europe outside of Germany and Russia. We are indeed the richest country on earth, the richest nation ever heard of. In dollars.

The commission divides the 1922 total into the following main classes:

Value of land and national resources.....	122 billions
Real estate improvements.....	108 "
Tangible personalty and movables.....	123 "
Total	353 "

Or to put it another way:

Agricultural wealth	64 billions
Manufacturing and mining.....	49 "
Railroad and public utilities.....	46 "
Government property (federal, State, and local)	42 "
Houses, furniture, and personal effects.....	88 "
All other (wholesale and retail trade, etc.)....	64 "
Total	353 "

The commission's inventory does not include, and properly so, any valuation for stocks, bonds, or other credit instruments. Only tangible, physical properties are assessed. Of the total roughly a third is in land and the natural resources on or under the surface of the land; a third in the permanent structures—homes, factories, railroads, highways—which men have built on the land; a third in equipment, inventories, personal effects which can be moved around. It is interesting to note in the second classification that the government still retains title to 42 billions, or about one-twelfth of the national wealth. It is also interesting to note that while the valuation of all public schools and colleges is placed at 3 billions, private schools and colleges are assessed at 3.6 billions. Private benevolent funds and foundations are also valued at 3.6 billions. The wealthiest church in the country is the Roman Catholic with total properties of \$800,000,000.

The total wealth of corporations was estimated at 102 billions of tangible property, of which manufacturing corporations accounted for 33.7 billions, transportation and public-utility corporations 27.3 billions. Steam railroads comprise 17.3 billions of the latter total. The commission

finds that in 1922 6 corporations controlled one-third of all water-power in the country, 8 corporations controlled over three-fourths of the anthracite deposits, 30 corporations controlled over one-third of "immediate bituminous deposits," 2 corporations controlled over half the iron ore, 4 corporations controlled nearly half of all copper deposits, 30 corporations controlled over one-eighth of the petroleum reserves. The commission goes so far as to say that these figures "indicate a distinct concentration of control in the hands of a few large companies." One suspects that a like study made in 1926 would be even more distinct. There have been many merry mergers since 1922.

Professor T. N. Carver and his optimistic theory that workers are turning capitalist receive little support from the commission. The total value of employee holdings in corporation stock is less than 2 per cent of the common and preferred outstanding.

How is this total national wealth distributed among individuals? A special study is made covering probate records in 24 counties in 13 states the country over. The counties were selected to give a cross-section of typical city, town, and rural life. In the 185,000 estates examined, totaling over \$200,000,000, it was found that 1 per cent of those who died left 59 per cent of the wealth; and that 13 per cent owned more than 90 per cent of the wealth. The commission thus checks within 1 per cent the estimate of the Commission on Industrial Relations in 1916, when it was declared that 1 per cent of the people of America owned 60 per cent of the wealth. Of the estates which went to probate, only one-third showed real estate directly owned, which means that far fewer than a third left a home to live in. A nation of tenants we are indeed.

On the basis of the 1923 dollar the commission computes the national income as follows:

1918	59.0 billions
1919	61.3 "
1920	61.3 "
1921	50.6 " (depression year)
1922	63.0 "
1923	69.8 "

We give in the above summary only a few of the figures which pack the commission's report. They are interesting figures; they deserve the attention of every citizen. But they tell us little about the real wealth as against the dollar wealth of America. The need is great to supplement such studies as the commission has made with inventories showing our increases and decreases in tangible goods, particularly useful consumable goods. Land values doubtless inflate the national ego, but for the wayfaring citizen they are more of a liability than an asset. How many of our dwelling houses duly valued on the assessor's sheets are fit for human beings to live in? Ask Governor Smith. How much of the goods on our shelves is wealth rather than illth, sound and beautiful rather than shoddy and vicious? What is the percentage of idle capacity in our vast industrial plant? We may be the richest nation on earth in dollars, but our wealth in terms of the good life remains largely unexplored. Meanwhile the fact that 1 per cent of those who die leave 59 per cent of all property bequeathed keeps us from any excess of optimism.

The Brookhart Victory

WE rejoice exceeding well over the success in the Iowa Republican primary of Smith W. Brookhart. Robbed of his seat in the Senate by order of the President, and contrary to the facts in the case, because of his outspoken criticism of Mr. Coolidge in the last Presidential campaign and his practical support of Senator La Follette, Mr. Brookhart was fortunate in being able to submit his case immediately to the electors who had previously returned him to Washington. This rarely happens under our electoral system; he might have had to wait two or four years for vindication. Instead, he went direct from the Senate chamber to his campaign and has now been triumphantly upheld by his fellow-citizens. It is at once a triumph for Mr. Brookhart and a stinging rebuke for the President—the worst of a long series. Knowing the facts, the Iowa electorate has sent back to Washington a man who will oppose the President at every turn, who voted for farm relief, against the debt settlements, against the World Court, and most of the issues that the President desired enacted. He therefore has a commission from his State to increase his opposition to the President.

What makes the fight the more remarkable is that the wet-and-dry issue did not enter into it and that Senator Cummins himself said very little about President Coolidge. A request that he send out a day or two before the election a ringing declaration that a vote for Cummins is a vote for Coolidge was hastily frowned upon by his campaign headquarters. In all the campaign literature with which he deluged the State Mr. Coolidge was only mentioned once. Mr. Brookhart paid his respects to both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Cummins throughout the fight. He did not go so far as one prominent Iowa lawyer, who declared a week before the election that Senator Cummins was senile and inefficient, but Mr. Brookhart attacked him as a Senator subservient to Wall Street interests and to the influences opposed to justice for the farmer.

Thus does the whirligig of time have its revenges. Eighteen years ago when Albert B. Cummins entered the Senate at the age of 58, at the height of his powers, he was looked upon as a Lochinvar come out of the West to attack those same predatory interests. He was a dangerous man, for he was a progressive who had extreme ideas on the curbing of corporations, and his arrival in the Senate was heralded as one of the signs of the awakening of the American people, at least of the West, which flowered in the Roosevelt Administration. Gradually, however, Senator Cummins has gone the way of so many men who have come to Washington as ardent reformers, and, either because of the influence of their surroundings or because of an inherent lack of principle, have changed from the radicals of yesterday to the conservatives of today. He is still an excellent lawyer and an upright man; it is not necessary to believe that he has consciously gone over to those whom he once called the enemy in order to realize that the time had come to substitute for this veteran a younger, bolder man.

Mr. Brookhart will bring back to the Senate those fighting qualities which have made his reputation. His limitations are also in part his strength. Without laying claim to being a cultured man he has a great deal of knowledge, and he has that shrewdness and ability to go to the heart of men and issues which is so often character-

istic of those who have been close to the soil. It is useful, too, to have in the Senate a man so obsessed with the significance of the cooperative movement. His return strengthens the progressive group.

We must not lose sight of the fact that this vote is really part of an agrarian revolt. It was the Iowa farmers who sent Brookhart back, and it is in considerable part due to their outraged feelings at the failure of the President and the Congress to do anything for their relief. We in the East must not be mistaken about the situation. The farmers are aroused, and aroused against Mr. Coolidge. A shrewd political observer who has just returned from southern Illinois reports that the farmers there are seething with unrest and wish it known that their vote against Senator McKinley was a vote against Mr. Coolidge. From further West come similar reports. There is a genuine depression in agriculture and it is spreading through the East. Neither Congress nor the President has really grappled with this fundamental American problem. Senator Brookhart's views were expressed in his article *The Plight of the Farmer* in *The Nation* for April 7. We believe that price-fixing and government cornering of the market are economically unsound, defensible only as temporary measures in a crisis. What is needed is the abolition of the tariff and a nation-wide cooperative movement to bring us in that field up to the level of Russia. No half-way measures will carry us far. More than that, time presses. This is the lesson of the Brookhart success.

Germany Experiments in Democracy

TORMENTED Germany faces a new decision on June 20: Shall she confiscate the property of her princes? It would have been easier for her had the revolutionaries of 1918 been more revolutionary and solved by force the question which she is now painfully struggling to settle by ballots. The orderly German psychology barred the simple procedures by which some countries to the east of her divided up the great royal estates, vestiges of feudalism, and left her to work things out by halting processes of parliamentary democracy. So that a question which seemed simple enough to an unsophisticated peasant mind is now tangled up in legalistic subtleties and political antagonisms, and the German voters who might have voted on nationalization of the princes' property stand befuddled by a mass of propaganda which presents the question as one of Monarchism *vs.* the Republic, or Law and Order *vs.* Confiscation.

It is in Prussia that the question is most acute. Except in Prussia and Gotha compromises have been worked out, or the questions settled in the courts. But the ex-Kaiser and the Prussian princes were not satisfied with the half-pie that was offered them. The German Government had restored some of the most valuable Hohenzollern properties, among them the lovely estate of Rominten, together with substantial pensions. Wilhelm wanted almost all that he had ever had—and he once had seventy-three palaces and lodges, beautiful art galleries, vast fields and forests. Altogether the demands of the princes totaled a million acres of land or 2½ billion gold marks in money. When Wilhelm's demands became known there was a revulsion. The Government did nothing, but the Communists proposed to make use of the forgotten initiative-and-referendum clauses of

the German constitution and started a demand for total expropriation.

The German constitution provides for a popular vote upon a measure if one-tenth of the qualified voters so petition. There are 40,000,000 voters in Germany. The Communists, who were joined by the Social Democrats and some Democrats, undertook, doubtful of success, to secure the needed 4 million signatures. On April 14 it was announced that 12,523,939 had signed the lists! The extent of the victory amazed the most sanguine sponsors of the movement. Thereafter the referendum could be avoided only if the Reichstag should pass the proposed measure. But it rejected not only the measure for total confiscation but every suggested compromise. The national plebiscite became inevitable. Constitutionally such a referendum can win only if carried by a majority in a vote in which at least half the total number of voters vote. Twenty million favorable votes are thus required—for the Right, knowing that it cannot win a majority, is urging its supporters to abstain from voting at all. And it is doubtful whether twenty million favorable votes can be obtained. Chancellor Marx, running for President as the Republican candidate in April, 1925, obtained only 13,751,615 votes, and Hindenburg, who defeated him, only 14,655,766.

If the referendum fails the Monarchists will sing songs of victory. If it should win, the Communists would claim the glory. Both would be half right, and neither wholly justified. The Catholic Center, a republican party, is against the referendum; the Democrats are divided. Even the Social Democrats are unenthusiastic. For the plebiscite involves more than a form of government; it strikes at the sanctity of private property. If the property of princes can be wiped out by popular vote, these middle parties wonder, is the property of industrial magnates any safer? The cry of Republic *vs.* Monarchy resounds from every street corner, but the fear of confiscation speaks louder to the man of property at home. Many sincere Republicans, too, who favor partial confiscation, feel that to leave the princes, untrained as they are to earn a living, pfennigless would be unfair and would also tend to make popular martyrs of them.

Defeat in this referendum, then, would not really be defeat for the republic. Fifteen million votes in favor would not win the poll, but it would mark a gain for the progressive forces in Germany. There are signs that the tide of reaction, so long rising in Germany, may be beginning to ebb. Possibly the signs of change in the Allied attitude, the growing foreign recognition of Germany as a self-respecting nation (which feebly registered itself in the Locarno treaties) are beginning to liberate Germans from the desperate depression in which they have been laboring. Victory in the referendum, on the other hand, would indicate a tremendous change, a new trend of progress in the heart of Europe.

In any case the world may well study this referendum as an experiment in direct democracy. Fascism and dictatorships, open and disguised, are having their day among the political wise men. We are being told that the people can never concentrate upon an issue, that they do better to leave their problems to experts and specialists and assorted varieties of strong men. Germany's plebiscite is no epoch-making revival of democracy, but it is at least a sign that the experiment of democracy has not been exhausted. It may flower most where its blossoming was least expected.

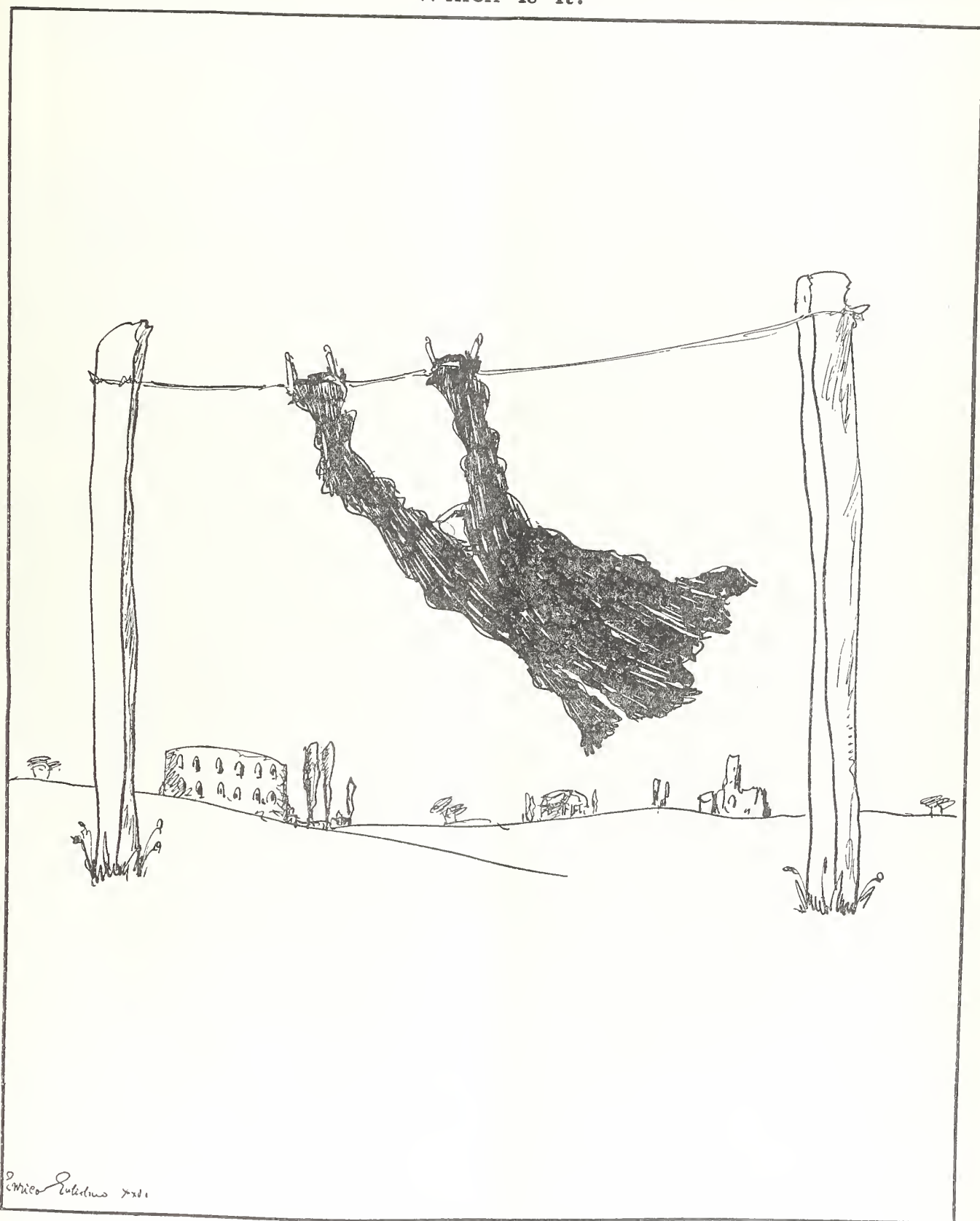
The Land of the Lazy

THE sixty-horse-power, steel-blue-eyed business man with stenographers at his elbows and a chewed cigar between his teeth is not, perhaps, the perfect symbol of America. Readers of certain magazines have been led to suppose he is, and the legend has stolen abroad that we are all like this. But there is another symbolic American, one of equal importance, and one whom in these days of the new gospel we are likely to forget all about. He sits on a soapbox in some far-away country store, back in a corner where the mingled dust and sunlight of the crossroads never comes. If he has not tilted his rickety chair against the wall he is slouching down upon its seat, and probably he has not expended the energy necessary to lift one knee across another. If he is not completely silent he is talking in a drawl; and his talk is mostly in contempt of those men and women of the place who have notably got on. He knows as well as the author of Ecclesiastes ever did the futility of human effort. He will go home after a while to a casual meal. When the sunlight does strike in, it reveals in him a pair of dim and lazy and perhaps attractive eyes.

For all anyone knows this is the man who settled America. Social historians would do well to study him carefully, determining the precise extent to which he is the full expression of the original impulse to found here a series of commonwealths in which life would not be so hard as it had been for centuries in Europe. We are proud of the enterprise in our ancestors which drove them to pick up and leave; we seldom turn the medal over and see written there: "They ran away from difficulties." They did do that, among other things, and the suspicion arises now and then that most of us have been doing it ever since. We like to think of ourselves as heroic workers. We have erected a gospel of pep and ginger; our ideal is to be head over heels in business day and night. All this, however, may be our way of escaping the admission—if it needs to be made—that we are a lazy people. Not merely do we so value comfort that we have stuffed our houses with furnaces, bathrooms, electric buttons, vacuum sweepers, dumbwaiters, clothes chutes, and hundreds of labor-saving devices. We do not work as hard as we pretend to, or as we like to believe we do. Our schools and colleges, compared with similar institutions in France, are loafing-places. Not only students but parents would cry out at the imposition of a scholastic discipline such as young men and women sweat under in either France or Germany. Oxford and Cambridge sound careless enough, yet the better students and the famous scholars there punish themselves with tasks which most of us can never hope to understand. It is a commonplace among European professors that an American exchange student will be ill-prepared. Our laborers on farms and in factories are put to shame by newly arrived Poles, Italians, and Swedes who know no better than to dig and drill their heads off. Never mind. In another generation these foreigners will be Americanized—they will have learned to take it easy.

We do not admit as much. Walt Whitman did not become popular by announcing that he would loaf and invite his soul. If Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer did become popular, they were only boys, and the assumption doubtless has been that they grew up to be Babbitts. But Babbitt was a lazy man. He could not and he would not think.

Which Is It?



Word has come from Washington that Secretary Kellogg continues to be deeply worried about the situation in Italy. The Nation, ever eager to help the Administration, wishes to make itself useful in this crisis and hereby offers 5 (five) lire in Albanian currency to that subscriber who can definitely state whether the famous Fascist Emblem, which has recently been making its appearance on our own free shores, is a patriotic uniform or just a plain dirty shirt.

Liberty and the Roman Catholic Church

I. The Catholic Position

By JOHN A. RYAN

THE liberal elements of the American people have quite generally and quite properly denounced the destruction of Italian liberties by Mussolini. With a very few honorable exceptions, however, they have taken a different attitude toward similar assaults upon liberty by the existing Government of Mexico. Concerning the latter situation the majority of American liberals have been silent. A minority has expressed sympathy with the Mexican Government's denial of fundamental liberties, as a justifiable retaliation for the assumed opposition of the Mexican clergy to social and economic progress. Underlying the attitude of American liberals toward the present Mexican persecution there are, consequently, two assumptions, one of principle, the other of fact. Before dealing with these assumptions let me summarize briefly the provisions of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 which violate fundamental human rights and liberties, as these are understood and guaranteed in our own federal and State constitutions. These prohibitions are all found in Articles III, V, XXIV, XXVII, and CXXX of that document.

1. *Religion.* The ownership of churches is vested in the federal government, which reserves the right to determine which of them shall continue to be used as churches. No new place of worship may be dedicated without the permission of the government. All acts of religion must be performed within the churches. Only civil marriages are valid. The legislatures of the various states can determine the maximum number of ministers of any creed. Under this provision one Mexican state has decreed that there shall be only one priest for each 30,000 inhabitants. In the United States the ratio is about one to 700 among Catholics and one to a very much smaller number among Protestants. Only Mexicans by birth can function as ministers of religion.

2. *Education.* No religious corporation or clergyman may establish or conduct primary schools or institutions for scientific research or the diffusion of knowledge. All private schools are subject to official supervision. Under this constitutional provision, the Minister of Education for Mexico has recently issued regulations which prohibit in private schools the existence of altars or chapels or statues or any other objects of a religious nature, and which forbid any spiritual exercises or religious instruction.

3. *Association.* No religious corporation or minister may establish or conduct institutions for the sick and needy or for mutual aid. Churches are not juridical persons and have no corporate rights. Religious vows, monastic orders, and convents are illegal.

4. *Property.* Religious corporations are prohibited from owning not only churches, but bishops' residences, parochial rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, collegiate establishments, convents, or any other building used for the purpose of a religious creed, or any kind of real estate. No clergyman may inherit property from religious or charitable associations, or from ministers of the same re-

ligious creed, or from any private individual to whom he is not related within the fourth degree of kinship.

5. *Speech and writing.* No minister of religion may criticize the fundamental laws, the authorities, or the government. No religious periodical may comment upon political affairs or publish anything concerning the political authorities of the country.

6. *Political action.* No clergyman may exercise the electoral franchise or hold public office or take part in any political assembly.

7. *Due process of law.* Presumptive proof that a church is holding property contrary to the law is sufficient for conviction. No person charged with violating any of the foregoing provisions of the Mexican Constitution may be accorded the right of trial by jury.

The first assumption underlying the tacit or explicit approval given by American liberals to these astounding violations of liberty is that they are excused, if not justified, by the conduct of the Mexican church. In other words, it is assumed that fundamental liberties may properly be destroyed in Mexico, although a similar action by State or federal government in the United States would be intolerable and unthinkable. Obviously this is inconsistent with the principles of liberalism. All the rights which are denied in the foregoing summary are guaranteed without qualification in our American bills of rights. American liberals who attempt to justify the denial of these rights in Mexico seem to agree with the Constituent Association of Mexico which, in *The Nation* of March 31, excused the prohibition of freedom of education on the ground that the clergy had used their schools as "a weapon of propaganda against national institutions." That is precisely the argument used by those who brought about the enactment of the unconstitutional Oregon anti-private school law. If it were valid it would justify the suppression of every form of freedom of teaching and freedom of speech which was displeasing to any government or any political administration.

The assumption of fact relied upon by American liberals who defend those tyrannical provisions of the Mexican Constitution is supported by no specific evidence. No instances are cited of opposition by the Mexican church or clergy to political or social or economic reform measures undertaken by the Mexican Government. Such opposition, if it amounted to anything, would have to be manifested either in the form of pastoral letters by bishops or addresses by priests or organization of armed forces under the direction of bishops and priests. So far as I know, nothing in the nature of physical opposition has ever been charged against the Mexican clergy. Nor have I seen any pastoral letter or statement by a priest cited in proof of the general charge that the Mexican clergy have opposed the social or political reforms of the Mexican Government during the last half century. Even if the clergy had offered opposition by speech or writing it would not, on the principles of liberal-

ism, justify governmental denial of fundamental liberties.

The provisions of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 concerning the distribution of the great landed estates and the welfare of labor are, in the main, excellent. But their realization in Mexican society will not be helped by

the present persecution of religion. On grounds of expediency, as well as on grounds of principle, American liberals should deplore and denounce those provisions of the Mexican Constitution which are summarized in the body of this article.

II. The Mexican Position

By JOSE MIGUEL BEJARANO

AN intimate knowledge of the history of Mexico and of the psychology and social evolution of the Mexican people and the ability to divest oneself of the natural tendency to gauge Mexican problems by American standards are essential in order to understand the situation prevailing in that country, particularly the present conflict between the Church and the People, which is nothing but the continuation of a state of affairs existing since 1521 when the Spaniards under the lead of Cortes conquered the Empire of Moctezuma.

The Mexicans then had their own religion, their highly developed arts, their gods, and their temples, and although some time elapsed before a Pope decided that the conquered people were human beings and had a soul, the first act of the Spanish soldiers and the Spanish priests upon taking possession of the land was to demolish the magnificent places of worship in the Mexican towns and to erect upon the debris Roman churches. The idols and icons were destroyed, the religious monuments razed to their foundations, and the Mexicans baptized en masse.

The church became the center of the life of the communities, and the church controlled all the activities of the people. With forced labor, temples were erected in every village; with forced contributions, they were enriched with magnificent ornamentations. The church was the extractor of most of the gold and silver that went to Rome and to Spain: \$27,000,000 in gold in one year; \$3,000,000,000 worth of silver and other metals in three centuries. Ten per cent of the product of the land was for the church; the ground had to be blessed by a priest before sowing; processions and religious services were organized to pray for rain in times of drought. Even domestic animals had to be taken to the church once a year to be blessed. The priest was pastor, physician, chief of police, school-teacher, and judge.

On November 4, 1571, only fifty years after Mexico had been occupied by Cortes, the infamous tribunal of the Holy Inquisition was established in Mexico. Luis Gonzalez Obregon, in "Mexico Viejo," writes: "From that day terror began among the good inhabitants. . . . Fear swept over all. . . . No one lived at ease; secret denunciation threatened every one; unfortunate was he who gave grounds for the least suspicion, and unhappy was he who merely neglected to wear a rosary." In one day alone, on April 11, 1649, one hundred and seven persons were burned alive or tortured to death by the Inquisition in Mexico, most of them simply because they were accused of professing the Jewish faith. Under this system the masses in Mexico developed into a condition of the utmost fanaticism and bigotry, while the church became the greatest power in the country. Possessor of practically all the wealth in the land, controlling the conscience of the people, even the civil authorities had to submit to the clergy.

Perhaps the most progressive monarch that Spain ever had was Charles III. Because the Jesuits were hindering his work he ordered them expelled from Spain and his dominions in 1767 and confiscated their property. President Lerdo de Tejada similarly expelled foreign Jesuits from Mexico in 1874. But the first move toward the attachment of church property in Mexico took place as early as July 4, 1822, when it was decided to occupy the buildings of the Philippine Missions and to confiscate the funds for religious activities outside of Mexico. Then, on June 25, 1856, the disentailing of church property was decreed, and this, following the law of November 23, 1855, canceling the special privileges enjoyed by priests who before were above the law, precipitated the most bloody religious war in the history of Mexico.

Presidents Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada and Benito Juarez are undoubtedly the most conspicuous figures in the social reform of Mexico which culminated in the adoption of the Reform Laws in Veracruz in 1859, two years after the adoption of the Constitution of 1857. These laws provided for the suppression of all monastic institutions, allowing only secular priests. In this same year civil marriage was established, cemeteries were secularized or taken away from church control, religious holidays were abolished, and government officials were forbidden to take part in religious ceremonies. Priests, when in public places except churches, were obliged to wear civil garb.

During the regime of Porfirio Diaz, who began as a liberal and gradually became a bitter reactionary, nearly all the laws curtailing the activities of the church became ineffective. Convents and monasteries were reestablished throughout the country; the pastor in the farm districts and the small villages became again the instrument of the landowners and the industrial magnates. When the revolution [of 1910] came, the church, as one of the agencies of the old regime, was naturally considered an enemy by the new government; and the revolution was similarly opposed by the church, which continued to side with the reactionary element. But practically no new legislation was issued in connection with the church in Mexico, except a law, adopted in 1917, prohibiting religious corporations or ministers of any creed from establishing or directing primary schools, and the regulation that in order to exercise the activities of priestcraft a person must be Mexican by birth.

The existing laws were not rigidly enforced, and might have been permitted to lapse had the church confined its activities to the religious field. But the patience of the Mexican Government was worn thin by the continued political activities of the clergy. It was the defiant and open opposition of the Archbishop of Mexico City, who issued a pastoral letter urging general resistance to the organic laws of Mexico, that finally caused the radical element of the country virtually to force the Calles Administration to

enforce the laws by expelling foreign priests and closing convents and church schools. This manifesto found an echo in many parts of Mexico. While some bishops have protested their allegiance to the laws of the country, a number have openly and defiantly opposed the Government. Bishop Zarate, of Huejutla, when arraigned on account of his subversive appeals to his flock, declared that civil courts had no right to try him and that he would be subject only to a

church tribunal. Other bishops, including the Bishop of Sonora, and quite a number of dignitaries of the lower ranks, have followed suit, forcing President Calles to address an open letter to Mgr. Mora, Archbishop of Mexico, on June 3, confirming the Government's position and emphasizing his determination rigidly to enforce the laws in regard to the church as long as the church continues to adhere to its policy of opposition and rebellion.

The Negro-Art Hokum

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

NEGRO art "made in America" is as non-existent as the widely advertised profundity of Cal Coolidge, the "seven years of progress" of Mayor Hylan, or the reported sophistication of New Yorkers. Negro art there has been, is, and will be among the numerous black nations of Africa; but to suggest the possibility of any such development among the ten million colored people in this republic is self-evident foolishness. Eager apostles from Greenwich Village, Harlem, and environs proclaimed a great renaissance of Negro art just around the corner waiting to be ushered on the scene by those whose hobby is taking races, nations, peoples, and movements under their wing. New art forms expressing the "peculiar" psychology of the Negro were about to flood the market. In short, the art of Homo Africanus was about to electrify the waiting world. Skeptics patiently waited. They still wait.

True, from dark-skinned sources have come those slave songs based on Protestant hymns and Biblical texts known as the spirituals, work songs and secular songs of sorrow and tough luck known as the blues, that outgrowth of ragtime known as jazz (in the development of which whites have assisted), and the Charleston, an eccentric dance invented by the gamins around the public market-place in Charleston, S. C. No one can or does deny this. But these are contributions of a caste in a certain section of the country. They are foreign to Northern Negroes, West Indian Negroes, and African Negroes. They are no more expressive or characteristic of the Negro race than the music and dancing of the Appalachian highlanders or the Dalmatian peasantry are expressive or characteristic of the Caucasian race. If one wishes to speak of the musical contributions of the peasantry of the South, very well. Any group under similar circumstances would have produced something similar. It is merely a coincidence that this peasant class happens to be of a darker hue than the other inhabitants of the land. One recalls the remarkable likeness of the minor strains of the Russian mujiks to those of the Southern Negro.

As for the literature, painting, and sculpture of Aframericans—such as there is—it is identical in kind with the literature, painting, and sculpture of white Americans: that is, it shows more or less evidence of European influence. In the field of drama little of any merit has been written by and about Negroes that could not have been written by whites. The dean of the Aframerican literati is W. E. B. Du Bois, a product of Harvard and German universities; the foremost Aframerican sculptor is Meta Warwick Fuller, a graduate of leading American art schools and former student of Rodin; while the most noted Aframerican painter, Henry Ossawa Tanner, is dean of Ameri-

can painters in Paris and has been decorated by the French Government. Now the work of these artists is no more "expressive of the Negro soul"—as the gushers put it—than are the scribblings of Octavus Cohen or Hugh Wiley.

This, of course, is easily understood if one stops to realize that the Aframerican is merely a lampblack Anglo-Saxon. If the European immigrant after two or three generations of exposure to our schools, politics, advertising, moral crusades, and restaurants becomes indistinguishable from the mass of Americans of the older stock (despite the influence of the foreign-language press), how much truer must it be of the sons of Ham who have been subjected to what the uplifters call Americanism for the last three hundred years. Aside from his color, which ranges from very dark brown to pink, your American Negro is just plain American. Negroes and whites from the same localities in this country talk, think, and act about the same. Because a few writers with a paucity of themes have seized upon imbecilities of the Negro rustics and clowns and palmed them off as authentic and characteristic Aframerican behavior, the common notion that the black American is so "different" from his white neighbor has gained wide currency. The mere mention of the word "Negro" conjures up in the average white American's mind a composite stereotype of Bert Williams, Aunt Jemima, Uncle Tom, Jack Johnson, Florian Slapppy, and the various monstrosities scrawled by the cartoonists. Your average Aframerican no more resembles this stereotype than the average American resembles a composite of Andy Gump, Jim Jeffries, and a cartoon by Rube Goldberg.

Again, the Aframerican is subject to the same economic and social forces that mold the actions and thoughts of the white Americans. He is not living in a different world as some whites and a few Negroes would have us believe. When the jangling of his Connecticut alarm clock gets him out of his Grand Rapids bed to a breakfast similar to that eaten by his white brother across the street; when he toils at the same or similar work in mills, mines, factories, and commerce alongside the descendants of Spartacus, Robin Hood, and Erik the Red; when he wears similar clothing and speaks the same language with the same degree of perfection; when he reads the same Bible and belongs to the Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or Catholic church; when his fraternal affiliations also include the Elks, Masons, and Knights of Pythias; when he gets the same or similar schooling, lives in the same kind of houses, owns the same makes of cars (or rides in them), and nightly sees the same Hollywood version of life on the screen; when he smokes the same brands of tobacco and avidly peruses the same puerile periodicals; in short, when

he responds to the same political, social, moral, and economic stimuli in precisely the same manner as his white neighbor, it is sheer nonsense to talk about "racial differences" as between the American black man and the American white man. Glance over a Negro newspaper (it is printed in good Americanese) and you will find the usual quota of crime news, scandal, personals, and uplift to be found in the average white newspaper—which, by the way, is more widely read by the Negroes than is the Negro press. In order to satisfy the cravings of an inferiority complex engendered by the colorphobia of the mob, the readers of the Negro newspapers are given a slight dash of racialistic seasoning. In the homes of the black and white Americans of the same cultural and economic level one finds similar furniture, literature, and conversation. How, then, can the black American be expected to produce art and literature dissimilar to that of the white American?

Consider Coleridge-Taylor, Edward Wilmot Blyden, and Claude McKay, the Englishmen; Pushkin, the Russian; Bridgewater, the Pole; Antar, the Arabian; Latino, the Spaniard; Dumas, *père* and *fils*, the Frenchmen; and Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnut, and James Weldon Johnson, the Americans. All Negroes; yet their work shows the impress of nationality rather than race. They all reveal the psychology and culture of their environment—their color is incidental. Why should Negro artists of America vary from the national artistic norm when Negro artists in other countries have not done so? If we can foresee what kind of white citizens will inhabit this neck of the

woods in the next generation by studying the sort of education and environment the children are exposed to now, it should not be difficult to reason that the adults of today are what they are because of the education and environment they were exposed to a generation ago. And that education and environment were about the same for blacks and whites. One contemplates the popularity of the Negro-art hokum and murmurs, "How come?"

This nonsense is probably the last stand of the old myth palmed off by Negrophobists for all these many years, and recently rehearsed by the sainted Harding, that there are "fundamental, eternal, and inescapable differences" between white and black Americans. That there are Negroes who will lend this myth a helping hand need occasion no surprise. It has been broadcast all over the world by the vociferous scions of slaveholders, "scientists" like Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard, and the patriots who flood the treasury of the Ku Klux Klan; and is believed, even today, by the majority of free, white citizens. On this baseless premise, so flattering to the white mob, that the blackamoor is inferior and fundamentally different, is erected the postulate that he must needs be peculiar; and when he attempts to portray life through the medium of art, it must of necessity be a peculiar art. While such reasoning may seem conclusive to the majority of Americans, it must be rejected with a loud guffaw by intelligent people.

[An opposing view on the subject of Negro art will be presented by Lanston Hughes in next week's issue.]

The British General Strike

By HAROLD J. LASKI

I

London, May 19

I HAVE already recorded in your pages the fact that at one o'clock on the morning of May 3 the Baldwin Cabinet broke off negotiations—at a most promising stage—with the Trade Union Council. The occasion was a trumpery and entirely unofficial incident in the office of the *Daily Mail* which the council was given neither opportunity to repudiate nor time to investigate. That day was passed in a conciliatory debate in the House of Commons where everyone made gestures of peace without any attempt being made to abandon points of punctilio and get back to the real problem of the mines. The strike, accordingly, began at midnight on May 3, and continued until the morning of May 12, when it was called off unconditionally in at least a formal sense.

It was astonishingly complete and orderly. The men everywhere responded with magnificent loyalty to the call of their leaders. In general, over 90 per cent of those asked to stop work did so. Not the least difficult task of the council was to keep at work the literally hundreds of thousands who were insistent in their desire actively to stand with their fellows. I saw unceasing deputations of men who had not been called out, who came to headquarters in passionate protest at the order to remain in. As an example of working-class solidarity there has been, on this side, no finer demonstration in English trade-union history.

It was an orderly strike. Every observer, British and foreign, has borne testimony to the peaceful conditions

everywhere prevailing. The strikers were told by their leaders to be law abiding whatever the provocation. I doubt whether the total number of arrests, throughout Great Britain and on every charge, passed the five hundred mark. It was conducted with a sober earnestness which makes one realize the fine reserve of moral strength there is in the workingman. Incidents like the football-match between strikers and police in Plymouth (which the strikers won) are fairly typical of the temper which prevailed. A foreign correspondent who described the incident which did occur as "an extended boat-race night" was not, I think, exaggerating the character of the atmosphere.

It was a complete strike. Train services, outside milk-trains, practically ceased the country over; so did the buses and trams in all but a few cases. The volunteer services arranged by the authorities could not cope with a fraction of the need. The owners of private cars in general remained owners of private cars; even the exceptions left one (in London) with the impression that most owners had little desire to help the average pedestrian. In a walk, for instance, from Kensington to Whitehall (a distance of some three miles) I tried to get a lift vainly from over seventy cars which passed by either empty, or half-empty, of passengers. Outside the two official newspapers, the *British Gazette* from the Government side and the *British Worker* on the trade-union side, our press consisted either of multigraphed sheets of single-leaf broadsides, of four pages, almost void of foreign news, from the *Times* and the *Paris Daily Mail*, which came over by air. One or two provin-

cial newspapers, usually printed by non-union labor, were nearly normal; and the *New Statesman* achieved something of a *tour de force* by printing, with blackleg labor, a flaming denunciation of the Government. The Trade Union Council made its stoppage in the printing trade complete. The suppression of the press extended to the *Daily Herald*, the *New Leader*, and *Lansbury's Weekly* equally with the capitalist press. It was found impossible by the Government to print more than stray copies of Hansard, and the Order Papers of the House of Commons had to be type-written for, I think, the first time in history.

The Government's attitude throughout was one of proud punctilio. This was a general strike; a general strike was unconstitutional because it was political and therefore aimed at the Government; it would not negotiate until the strike was called off unconditionally. In its newspaper, on the wireless, in the House of Commons this attitude was emphasized daily. So adamant was it that it paid no attention to an appeal by the Archbishop of Canterbury, acting in conjunction with the united churches of the country, that the strike and the lockout notices to the miners should be called off simultaneously; it even refused to allow it to be broadcast. It was supported by the whole Conservative Party, by Lord Oxford, Lord Grey, and Lord Buckmaster. Sir John Simon, in a notably bitter and angry pronouncement, told the House of Commons that in his view as a lawyer the trade unions (despite the Trade Disputes Act) were liable in damages for having called out their men in defiance of contract on a political dispute; and he drew a grim picture of trade-union leaders being mulcted in damages to the last penny of their possessions. Mr. Justice Astbury issued an injunction to the Seamen's Union not to strike, or to pay benefit to their workers on strike, in almost (it is significant) Sir John Simon's words. Ministers vied with one another in denouncing this revolutionary conspiracy in which no troops were called upon and not a shot was fired. What the man in the street thought heaven only knows. The Government said he was wholly on its side, and governments, of course, are omniscient. As it promised him, if he remained at work, all his union rights and security against victimization by the strikers it was perhaps less secure in its belief than its protestations seemed to imply. Mr. Baldwin combined a passionate demand for reasonableness with the insistence that the strike must be called off. He asked for trust from the nation with the promise that he would do all in his power to secure justice for the miners and an absence of bitterness in the settlement.

Almost every day from May 4 efforts were made to find a means of settlement. On May 6 it became known that while the Government wanted to save its face by receiving an unconditional surrender, if a man of high authority were to find reasonable terms that the Trade Union Council could accept, terms which, it could be stated securely, the Government would act upon later, a settlement might be had. Sir Herbert Samuel, who had been chairman of the Coal Commission, returned home hurriedly from the Continent. He had discussion with the miners, the Trade Union Council, and Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, the Minister of Labor. The results of his discussion were embodied in a memorandum of what he thought fair terms. He emphasized the fact that (1) he could not and did not bind the Cabinet, (2) he thought the terms fair. On late Tuesday, May 11, the Trade Union Council discussed them

for many hours among themselves and with a committee of the Miners' Federation. As they involved a reduction of wages the latter would not accept them. The Trade Union Council, after long and anxious thought, arrived at the conclusion that, all in all, they involved a chance of a just peace. On May 12 they therefore went to Downing Street, called off the general strike, and asked that negotiations on the mining issue be renewed. Formally, it was the "unconditional surrender" the Government was compelled to ask after the position it had assumed. Actually, everyone knows that it was the result of a "gentlemen's agreement" in which, without formal documents, the basis upon which negotiations were to be resumed on both sides was well understood. In the afternoon Mr. Baldwin spoke to the House of Commons, chanted a little hymn of victory, and pleaded for a peace without recrimination. Some big employers (notably the railways and docks) tried to seize the opportunity to victimize the men. This was promptly countered by a refusal of the men to go back on terms involving either victimization or cancelation of agreements, and by the announcement of a strike afresh by all the railway unions. On May 13, indeed, it seemed as though the ending of the general strike was only to be followed by a series of strikes on a national scale. Luckily from Friday onward common sense prevailed, agreements were made in all the big industries, often containing clauses in which the unions, in return for the reinstatement in full seniority of their members, agree that they have been very naughty to strike without notice and will not do so again. By May 17 things were as nearly normal, outside the mining industry, as could be. There the men remain out. They have received from Mr. Baldwin terms fairly similar to the Samuel memorandum with one significant and dishonorable exception. A delegate conference will take its decision (I think a rejection) on Thursday, May 20.* They have thanked the trade-union movement for its magnificent demonstration of sympathy. But it must be added that they are profoundly dissatisfied with the terms of settlement.

II

It is far too early yet to draw more than purely tentative conclusions from such a vast upheaval as this. Here I shall not touch upon the mining dispute proper, reserving the later history of that issue, from the time of the Samuel memorandum, until a settlement has been made. I shall attempt only to emphasize certain obvious tendencies which a reasonable observer would, I think, be impelled to take note of:

1. The whole burden of blame for the occurrence of the stoppage rests absolutely on the shoulders of the Government. For (a) it allowed the mine owners from March 8 until April 30 (when thousands of miners were already locked out) before it secured from them a proposed wage scale; (b) it transmitted on the afternoon of the *day before the subsidy expired* an offer which the whole country denounced as scandalous; (c) it had no plan or offer of its own at any time in the prestrike negotiations yet it knew that miners and mine owners would never agree if left to themselves; (d) it broke off negotiations upon a minor issue which it never gave the unions the chance to explain

* The "significant and dishonorable exception" which Mr. Laski mentions was probably the government proposal for an immediate reduction in minimum wages, other than subsistence rates, in all districts pending a final decision of the National Wage Board. On May 20 both miners and owners voted to reject the Prime Minister's peace proposal.—Editor *The Nation*.

or investigate. I believe myself that when the *Daily Mail* incident occurred Mr. Baldwin was presented with an ultimatum by certain members of his Cabinet and that he was too weak to fight them and gave way. The unions did not want to strike; they were at the point where a strike could almost certainly have been avoided. But it looks as though Mr. Churchill, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, and certain other of their colleagues were anxious for a fight with the unions and seized this pathetic pretext to force it.

2. At no moment in the strike were the unions fighting on a political issue. For them it was a sympathetic strike on a massive scale to demonstrate their solidarity with the miners and to compel the withdrawal by the owners of the lockout notices. At no time did they raise any political or constitutional issue. At no time did they challenge any law, custom, or convention of the constitution. They were fighting to get the discussion on a reasonable basis. Once, in their belief, the Samuel memorandum had done this they called off the strike. For the Government to represent their action as a challenge to the constitution was pure propaganda intended to blind the public to the real issue. With the Tories and all Liberals except (a notable exception) Mr. Lloyd George, who remained throughout opposed to government punctilio, they probably succeeded. With insignificant exceptions, they produced no effect on the solidarity of labor.

3. It is improbable that, except financially, the strike will seriously affect the power of trade unionism. Its solidarity and order impressed universally. Any sense of surrender has already been largely countered by the revelation in the attitude of the great employers that without the unions there would always be victimization on an immense scale. The unions have shown that they are the real protection of the worker and confidence in them in each industry is not, I think, seriously impaired.

4. On the other hand, it is, I believe, pretty clear that a general strike for industrial purposes will not be called again in my lifetime. For, in the first place, it cannot continue on its massive scale without becoming revolutionary. The Government will, through the use of troops and blacklegs, seek to provoke it to violence. Further, few workers have the resources, even with strike-pay, to stay out for a period long enough to strain the resources at the service of Government.

5. It is a difficult question whether the unions were wise in calling out the printers. Many Labor men I respect think definitely they were not. They say that it was a blow at the freedom of the press, that it prevented moderate opinion from making itself heard, that it left wireless and the paper supply at the mercy of the Government, that it is an evil example to set the Government. The unions dissent on a variety of grounds. They say that the printers would, as the *Mail* incident showed, have come out despite orders to the contrary. It was better to have them out in an orderly and disciplined way. To have left the press unhampered would have meant the suppression by the Government of the *Daily Herald*, thus leaving Labor without an organ of opinion. It acted fairly in that Labor as well as capitalist organs were held up. It is useless to talk of "freedom of the press" when outside such notable exceptions as the *Manchester Guardian* what is really meant is that a dozen such men as Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook are left at leisure to poison the public mind unhindered. The mean and unscrupulous character of the *British*

Gazette (edited, it is said, by that master of truculent histrionics Mr. Winston Churchill) shows the kind of government propaganda Labor would have had to fight in massed form.

6. The strike was a failure in so far as the miners were not victorious as a result of the aid given to them. But it was a success as a demonstration of the loyalty inspired in the workers by their unions and as a proof brought home to the country of the depth of working-class antagonism to the mine owners. And though, in form, the Government compelled the council to call off the strike without conditions, not even the well-organized absence of documents persuades men in general that there were not well-understood conditions by which the Government is broadly bound.

7. Should the council have called off the strike when the miners did not agree to the Samuel memorandum? This is a difficult question. I think myself that it must be judged in the light of the following facts: (a) The strike as a purely industrial strike was at its peak. After Wednesday it would either have had to go further or it would have begun to crumble. Had it gone further it would have been compelled to become revolutionary. (b) The Trade Union Council had secured what it believed to be a reasonable basis of renewed negotiation. That was its whole purpose in calling upon the unions to strike. It had, then, in its view, achieved its aim. (c) It had to remember larger responsibilities even than those it had to the miners. It had called its men out; there would remain the bigger problem of getting them back; this would be more difficult every day longer the strike lasted. This, on the whole, it has managed remarkably well. There are casualties, but, compared to the total effort, they are small. (d) To have stayed out until the miners got terms satisfactory to themselves was to accept an unlimited obligation probably involving ultimate disaster. As it is an unbroken army was led from the field, and the power of the trade unions is psychologically and morally unimpaired. I myself believe that it would have been wiser for the Trade Union Council to have called a three days' strike with every union in the country out for that period. But in so serious a responsibility, I believe the leaders acted with great courage and much insight.

8. The political struggle of the next two years will turn upon the issue of this strike. Wisely interpreted, and the full force of the Government's folly and weakness properly insisted upon, I believe it will be a source of strength to the political labor movement. Badly handled, it may prove as dangerous as the Zinoviev letter. We shall know more of this after the next two or three by-elections.

I venture to end this record with an expression of my own admiration for the spirit and courage of the rank and file of the trade unions. Their patience, their soberness, their moderation have been wonderful. They deserve great leaders and great service. They cannot help but win in the end the victory their quality deserves. I add that certain of the leaders, notably Mr. Pugh, Mr. Bevin, and Mr. Thomas, have in different ways acted with resolution and intelligent courage. I may add that I write as one who spent each day of the great fight at Ecclestone Square; and the devotion of the trained staffs of the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party was encouraging beyond words. It has been a great landmark in English history. Its spirit has been worthy of its purpose.

Mr. Benn Sees It Through

The Diary of a Cambridge Undergraduate During the General Strike

By EDWARD BENN, of Clare

[The class-conscious young author of this diary is a son of Sir Ernest John Pickstone Benn, head of the publishing firm of Benn Brothers, Ltd., editor of the Hardware Trade Journal, author of a recent autobiography "The Confessions of a Capitalist," and an enthusiastic opponent of trade unions. Edward Benn is a student at Clare College, Cambridge.]

Monday, May 3

FOUND a letter from dad on coming in from golf: ". . . situation looks bad, but somehow I refuse to believe that the General Strike will really take place. It is a Continental notion, and the British workingman is too sensible a being. . . ." Still it seemed best to be on the safe side, so I signed on with the O. M. S.* at the Guildhall. Put myself down as a lorry-driver—pity the lorry that gets me.

Tuesday, May 4

To the Union early to hear the News Bulletin. The strike has arrived. Went to 10 o'clock lecture, but very few there. Stopped by H. as I came out, who asked me to review "Patience" at the New Theater tonight for the *Granta*. Said I would, adding "if tonight ever comes." Talked with S. the historian. He drew an alarming parallel between the present situation and the start of the French Revolution. Went and played golf, feeling that it was very much "fiddling while Rome burns." Still what can one do? Some people have got onto the railway, it seems, stoking and portering, but no transport workers have been called up yet. To "Patience" in the evening. Couldn't think of anything to say; and this my first job of the kind for the *Granta*! Luckily a few ideas came on the way home, which I wrote up before going to bed rather late.

Wednesday, May 5

To *Granta* office early with my stuff. Was asked to help produce a special Strike Supplement. Working a duplicator is great fun! The *Granta* staff seem an amusing lot. We got 1,000 copies finished by 11 p. m.

Thursday, May 6

Message from the tutor arrived during breakfast: ". . . be ready to leave at short notice." Sufficiently terse and unsettling! Spent the rest of the day wandering aimlessly about between the Union, Clare and the Guildhall, meeting everybody else in a similar state of uncertainty. Heard that A. had been called up. Was asked to join a gang in the evening and accepted. Gangs of eight or ten are getting called up faster than separate men, evidently.

Friday, May 7

Raining all day. The rain and this uncertainty are damnable. Heard that our gang leader had been called up separately. Tried to ring up dad's office and get a job there, but couldn't get through. Remainder of our gang and another lot joined together and were officially registered. All Clare men luckily.

Saturday, May 8

Another ghastly morning. No news. A few gangs went to Hull. Docking ought to be quite fun. Played tennis in the afternoon, feeling every minute that my gang was probably being called up. But no such luck!

Sunday, May 9

The likelihood of our going seems to get less and less. Talked to L., who, being a cripple, has no hope of going. He seemed thoroughly alarmed. Troops have been used in London to escort food convoys. He thought this was the first sign of revolution.

Monday, May 10

Did some work in my room during the morning. If they want to call me up, they must come and find me! Just as I had got into this frame of mind and had given up all hope, a message came from our gang leader. Packed a bag like lightning and rushed to his rooms. We're off tomorrow! To meet at the Guildhall at 10 a. m. This really seemed definite at last. Went home, unpacked, and repacked a fresh set of things, including a decent suit and some reasonable shirts. We are going to London, and one never knows. . . .

Tuesday, May 11

Got to Clare at 9:30, after saying goodbye to my landlady and the old ferryman on the way. Joined rest of the gang and proceeded to the Guildhall. Terrific crowd—about 700. Talked to by various people. One wretched man struck the patriotic note, but soon sat down amid cat-calls. We're going to London, as part of the Civil Constabulary Reserve—but not till tomorrow, of course! Bought some eating utensils: mug, plate, and so on. No chance of going today now, so I went off and played golf. Beaten by an elderly parson; an Old Harrovian, curiously enough.

Wednesday, May 12

Arrived with the gang as ordered at the cross-roads on the "Backs" at 7:30 a. m. A long string of cars in view. Then we really are going! We were part of No. 3 Company, and went in the 5th bunch of 20 cars. Wonderful run to London. The foot-brake on our Austin gave out half-way, so the driver had only his hand-brake, but managed to avoid bumping the car in front. The man behind was not so skilful. He charged our behind in a London traffic block, and my suit-case acted as bumper! Passed several trams near London driven by volunteers. Not a soul on board in the passenger way—the public evidently don't trust the amateur.

A Cambridge man in a steel helmet directing our convoy was the first sign that we were near our destination. Large Yiddish-looking crowd assembled to see us arrive. Rather hostile. One woman struck an undergraduate in the face. We disembarked outside our warehouse-barracks. And presently had our first meal. Lunch: round of thick bread and meat, cocoa. Shown our quarters. We've got to sleep in a series of passages between shelves of ironmon-

* "Organization for Maintaining the Services."

gery, on a concrete floor! Not too much light or air, but plenty of dust. Steel helmets and truncheons distributed. Hitting each other over the head to test the shock-absorbent qualities of the tin hat was our occupation for the afternoon. Heard that the strike had been settled. Commandant assembled us and said that ". . . we shall probably go back to Cambridge straight away, if a special train can be secured." Tea: round of thick bread and margarine, tea. No more was heard of the special train, and we proceeded to be sworn in. This was done about ten at a time, and one regrets to record that all the oath that most people swore was "urgle wurble gurgle burble," or words to that effect. After the oath came pay; which everyone was surprised and pleased to find was £2 per man. Supper: round of thick bread and cheese, cocoa (with considerable tea content). After supper I wandered round the building and up and down the street in front of the warehouse. A considerable company of prostitutes abroad; but the contingent had been warned that the chances were five to three on venereal disease. From the appearance of these poor Whitechapel Jewesses these odds were considered by most to be distinctly generous.

Drew an army pallias, filled it with straw, and was given three blankets. Made a remarkably comfortable bed, considering.

Thursday, May 13

It transpired during the morning that there had been a row in Poplar overnight, so the Government considered it expedient to keep us in Whitechapel. Breakfast: round of thick bread and cold bacon, tea (with considerable cocoa content). Inspection at 10:30. Our company commander remarked: "I shall give the order Shun! when the general arrives. Do what you can." Discipline is not a strong point with our force! Lunch: round of thick bread and bully beef, cocoa. Afternoon: One company paraded in the

road, and marched to the Tower of London, presumably for exercise, or possibly as a demonstration of strength. Our company was supposed to be on duty, and had to remain in barracks, fully dressed. I took advantage of this opportunity to strip to the waist and have a proper wash and shave. Tea: round of thick bread and margarine and piece of cake, tea. Discipline tightened up slightly. No one allowed out of the building onto the streets. Supper: as usual, but with meat or cheese, not both. "Lights out" 10:30. Very good night.

Friday, May 14

More inspections, but not very thorough. Am getting quite familiar with the round of gramophone records that our gang has brought. Also my bridge is improving, not to mention nap. Went to the Tower after lunch as a company. Took towels and washing gear. This, combined with tin hats, made us look a distinctly motley crowd. Had baths in the Guards Barracks at the Tower. Felt quite clean for the first time for some while. Managed to get onto the telephone in the evening. Chat with mother. Told her that we expect to be disbanded on Monday.

Saturday, May 15

Reveille 6 a. m.—an unearthly hour! Breakfast 7. Why this hurry? We're going to be disbanded! Impossible! But it was quite true. Spent the morning emptying palliases, rolling piles of blankets, and generally clearing up. Paraded and marched to the Tower, where the entire crowd was officially disbanded, with the usual speeches and cheering. We were allowed to keep our truncheons, but not the tin hats, much to everybody's disgust. Lunch, and then paid off. Another five bob—this extravagance will break the Government! Got my pay, seized my suit-case, and jumped into a taxi. Heigh-ho! a private citizen once more. And now for a week-end at home before going back to Cambridge and ordinary, dull work.

Germany, Russia, and the League

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, May 15

THE Russo-German Neutrality Treaty which was signed here at the end of April is part of the aftermath of the recent Geneva fiasco. It is a blow to the League of Nations and yet, or one is tempted to say therefore, a step toward the pacification of Europe.

The negotiations which led to the agreement were initiated as far back as December, 1924. But when the Locarno sun was at its zenith Wilhelmstrasse turned its face to the West and gave Moscow a cool shoulder. Then intervened that memorable week at Geneva during which Germany was to have been accepted into the "comity of nations"—at the end of which Germany was left standing on the doorstep.

This, all concede, was a cruel disillusionment for the ardent supporters of the League in Berlin. Their implicit faith in the much-advertised "spirit of Locarno" was a bit shaken; sections of public opinion favorable to the "East orientation," or pro-Russian policy, began to reassert themselves. Even Chancellor Luther was considerably distressed by the farce in the Swiss capital, and Prime Minister Held of Bavaria has averred that "what we have experienced

since Locarno is nothing more than a chain of disappointments. . . . The League of Nations is a weapon of the victorious Powers with which to press us to the wall." Then he advocated a friendlier policy toward Soviet Russia. The worm of doubt is troubling the Catholic Center too. Father Kaas, one of its leaders, reflected it in a speech before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Reichstag.

To be sure, Stresemann still feels confident that the League and the West will redeem themselves in September when the Council, he hopes, will not duplicate the sorry performance of March, and the Social Democrats are so pro-British (their spokesmen go to the length of defending the British Empire) and so convinced of the good-will of France that they will probably stand by the League as long as Robert Cecil. None of the other German parties, however, are as unalterably anti-Russian as the Socialists. With the exception of the Nationalists, Racialists, and Communists, who are flatly opposed to the "West orientation," the several groups in the German body politic are ready to give Locarno another chance, but in their uncertainty of the outcome they have prepared a retreat in the shape of the Berlin Neutrality Treaty.

Next to the disappointment over Geneva, the recent Polish-Rumanian military entente was without question the most potent influence in bringing the Stresemann-Krestinsky discussions to a hasty and unexpected close. "The Polish-Rumanian pact," writes the diplomatic correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, "is a far more extensive and ambitious instrument than the former treaty of alliance. The latter was exclusively directed against Soviet aggression upon the eastern border of either state. The present pact," he continues, "is directed against Germany as well as Russia, and against Lithuania as well as Bulgaria. Germany considered herself threatened especially since French and [or] British inspiration was suspected and the result was a warmer understanding between Moscow and Berlin."

Nor were Mussolini's fulminations calculated to fortify Germany's faith in Locarno. He had hardly returned from Locarno when he delivered himself of violently anti-German speeches and ordered anti-German repressions in the Tyrol. The Duce, too, then, must bear his share of the blame—if blame it is—for that modification of German feeling which made the neutrality treaty possible.

The Bolsheviks are happy over the treaty. It does not go as far as they might have wished; nevertheless, as Litvinov said, "it reduces the possibility of an attack," for the Soviet Union, he affirmed, does not regard itself as secure from foreign aggression.

There are those who insist that this fear of offense is a hallucination of a diseased Bolshevik brain. I spoke this afternoon to an able German journalist who has just returned from a seven months' sojourn in the Far East. He, too, he confessed, had always made light of the Communist "fantasies" about an English cordon around Russia stretching from Finland to Afghanistan and then on into China. But now that he has seen British imperialism in action on the Pacific he is convinced that the Moscovites are talking *Realpolitik*. Austen Chamberlain's anti-Bolshevik bloc of last year may have been a failure, but the Russians believe that the idea is not dead, and for this and other reasons they are continually and sincerely disturbed by signs of impending coalitions against them. This feeling was only intensified when Germany initialed the Locarno documents and signified her intention of entering the League. Moscow said Germany had been drawn into the British orbit, and argued that Germany's consent to Article 16 of the League Covenant opened wide the door for an attack on Russia by the West.

For Europe Article 16 is the most ominous. It provides for the passage of punitive military expeditions approved by the League through the territories of all League members. Now, Germany is the bridge between the West and Russia. As long as she remained without the League no foreign army bound for Russia could march through the country without German permission or without first declaring war on Germany. But the moment Germany adhered to the League her consent to troop transit became a relatively simple matter. Chiefly for this reason the Moscow diplomats openly urged Germany not to join the Geneva body. And when Germany spurned the Bolshevik counsel only to accept Locarno (which predicated Berlin's admission into the League), Chicherin insisted on at least an unequivocal interpretation of Article 16. Would the Wilhelmstrasse permit the armed units of a country which had declared war on the Soviet Union to pass unhindered across

her territory? The present neutrality treaty seeks to define Germany's attitude on the subject.

The treaty consists of four short articles. The first reaffirms the Rapallo treaty, which, it will be remembered, fell like a bombshell during the Genoa Conference and pledges the Soviet Union and Germany to remain in "friendly contact with one another in order to promote an understanding with regard to all matters of a political and economic character mutually affecting both countries." Articles 2 and 3 are the most important clauses. Each contains a single sentence. Article 2 binds the contracting parties to neutrality should either be attacked by a third party. In Article 3 Germany and the Union agree to refrain from joining an economic or financial boycott aimed against one of the signatories in the event of its being attacked or when it is in a state of peace. The last article provides for ratification and sets the duration of the treaty at five years.

The treaty was accompanied by an interchange of notes between Stresemann and Krestinsky, the Soviet Ambassador. Krestinsky's letter is little more than an acknowledgment in which, incidentally, the Soviet Government accepts the idea of an arbitration argument, but the Stresemann communication is probably as important as the whole treaty and claims special attention.

It will have been noted that Article 1 makes it incumbent on Germany to discuss with Moscow any question affecting herself or Russia which may arise in the League Council. To this the Stresemann note adds the promise that the Wilhelmstrasse will combat "most energetically" any efforts directed by the League exclusively against the Soviet Union. Legal experts on Downing Street, in the Quai D'Orsay, and elsewhere are still pondering over the true inward significance of this and other statements in the treaty and the appended correspondence. One dare not, then, do more than suggest that this promise of most energetic opposition to any League efforts directed exclusively against Russia could possibly be the basis for a flat refusal by Germany to participate in any League sanctions against the Union. But it does not end here. Stresemann proceeds to assure Moscow that Germany's friendly intentions toward Russia cannot "be adversely influenced by the obligations" which Germany accepts under Articles 16 and 17 of the League Covenant. The sanctions under these paragraphs, Stresemann explains, giving the official German version, would come into consideration only if Russia should be the aggressor against a third party, and whether Russia is or is not the aggressor Germany herself will decide. Finally, Stresemann recalls the Allied note to Germany of December 1, 1925, in which it was conceded that Germany's participation in League sanctions would depend on the state of her armaments and on her geographical position with respect to the combatants.

This is conditional neutrality. The World War taught us that neutrality lasts as long as it is in the interests of the nation which maintains it. At the dawn of hostilities this Berlin treaty, like every other agreement now in existence, will become a scrap of paper unless the countries concerned would benefit by its fulfillment. If this conception offends the distant and idealistic observer it is nevertheless the attitude of every practical statesman. At the given moment Germany could, by the terms of this treaty and pressed by France and England, allow the passage of troops under orders to invade Russia. She could also refuse on the

the ground that Russia was not the aggressor. Who was the aggressor in 1914? The Entente Powers said Germany. The Central Powers said the Entente. After all, it depends entirely on one's sympathies until years later when cool history records its verdict.

Today, however, the Berlin treaty has tremendous significance. It will sober stormy militarists like Poland and Rumania. It will pave the way to close economic cooperation between Germany and the Soviets. By signing the neutrality treaty at this juncture Germany has indicated that she can set cordial relations with Moscow above the pleasure of the West and has put the matter to the Western Powers: If you accept us we will be faithful to Locarno; if not we have an alternative policy in the East. I believe that the majority of the German parties prefer, but without enthusiasm, the former alternative to the latter. But if France continues to look upon the League as an instrument for the execution of the Versailles Treaty, if Mussolini continues to propose Latin and Latin-Slav coalitions against Germany, and if Great Britain persists in anti-Russianism of so violent a variety as to increase Moscow's pressure on Germany for a protective policy, one can scarcely expect Germany to await her sole salvation from the League or to stake all her cards on the West. Formally there is nothing to prevent Germany from remaining loyal to Locarno and yet pursuing a friendly policy toward Russia. Actually, however, and in the long run, the one excluded the other. This is why the Powers fear the new neutrality treaty. They fear it especially since their own acts have sown broadcast in Germany seeds of skepticism as to the sincerity and efficacy of the League.

In the Driftway

THE *Quill* has moved to Brooklyn! What, some will ask, is the *Quill* and where, others may add, is Brooklyn? The *Quill*, the Drifter hastens to explain, is the magazine of Greenwich Village; hence the surprise that it should emigrate to any other place, especially to the city of churches and baby carriages. Yet in the June issue stares the announcement: "Published for the last time, praise God, by Robert Edwards, 144 Macdougall Street, New York City," and just below, "To be published regularly in future by Henry Harrison, 76 Elton Street, Brooklyn." Does this mean that Greenwich Villagers, to escape high rents and invading electric signs, are about to move across the East River; or is it that the *Quill* is to be no longer their house organ? The Drifter has been informed that neither of these alternatives is in prospect and—although he suspects that both may in a measure be coming to pass—he is assured that the Village is to be villagier and the *Quill* quillier than ever before.

* * * * *

SO be it. The Drifter would hate to see either one or the other grow less, and they seem to him, in a way, like Siamese Twins that could hardly exist apart. The *Quill* was started nine years ago when the Village had just risen over the horizon as a national institution. Previously the purlieu of Washington Square had for years been the quiet haunt of writers, artists, and others of Bohemian instincts, but a decade ago the ancient garrets and courts awoke with much surprise and some chagrin to find themselves a hot-bed from which a strange, new, verdant crop of protest

was pushing up obstreperously through the babbittized surface of America. Ten years have brought changes and vicissitudes in plenty. The Village has been anathematized, patronized, and commercialized; it has been glorified, purified, and pie-eyed. It had had many magazines before the *Quill*; it has had several since. But the *Quill* is the only one that has lived through this amazing decade, constituting, as the Drifter believes, the best record and expression of the Village during the period. A purely amateur atmosphere still hung over Greenwich Village when, in 1917, the *Quill* was started by Arthur H. Moss, who "never had a lesson in his life." The now ubiquitous tearoom was just beginning to sprout. Tearooms in those days were run for fun by girls just arrived from Harlem or the Middle West. Ten cents bought a cup of tea or a glass of grape juice, entitling the purchaser to stay until the place closed—any time between midnight and sunrise. As an early number of the *Quill* remarked: "In the Village everyone has two businesses—her neighbors and a tearoom." The dance craze, too, had just started then in the region of Washington Square. "We have sold our bed," announced the *Quill*. "Why sleep when there's a dance at Webster Hall every night?"

* * * * *

THE Village as a whole has not been able to maintain the amateur character which was its distinctive feature ten years ago, but the *Quill* has. After three and a half years of the magazine, Editor Moss departed for Paris, and a few months later the *Quill* was left one dark night on the doorstep of Bobby Edwards, the bard, historian, and prophet of the Village. He is the 100 per centest amateur that the Drifter knows—almost a professional amateur, it might be said. "We welcome even the poems of painters, the drawings of cello players, or the melodies of sculptors," he said in his first issue. A month later he added with a shade of doubt: "Unfortunately it is easier to extract something a person wants printed than a really interesting contribution." And after a year's experience came this:

If your verse is very vile,
You might send it to the *Dial*.
If your verse is viler still—
Send, oh, send it to the *Quill*.

* * * * *

THE bard of Greenwich Village blazoned upon his magazine the motto: "Eternal Villageance is the Price of Liberty," and upheld the fair name of the quarter against all detractors. Of the Rev. John Roach Straton he wrote: "Somehow I have a feeling that if Dr. Straton were to preach a jeremiad on the awfulness of young girls chewing tobacco, every flapper in town would try it at least once. Such is the power of the pulpit. We sin to please our preachers." But even the trials of an editor could not quench the amateur spirit and in his valedictory in the June issue of the *Quill* the bard says:

It would be impossible for the present scribe to make money at anything; also it would be against his philosophy of life. . . . I know I should have canned the *Quill* and the Village years ago. I should have gone out into the great world and said, "Greenwich Village—that slum—full of poseurs! I never lived there"—even as the many celebrities who have left our happy shores for the sordid community of highly paid hacks.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Do Women Want Protection?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Lena Richman had attended the hearing in Albany she would have met women factory workers from all over New York State who came to protest against the passage of the 48-hour-week bill unless amended to apply to both men and women.

Women are not in industry from choice; they are there for precisely the same reason as men—to earn for themselves and their dependents clothing, food, and lodging. No question of the strength or weakness of our sex enters. A working woman's expenses are the same as a man's, her responsibilities are the same, consequently she must have the same chance as a man to earn a good wage. The greatest majority of men are unorganized; and it is this majority that working women have to compete with.

The National Woman's Party is not in favor of long hours for either men or women, but believes it speaks in the best interests of women when it protests against special protective legislation for women. The Woman's Party takes the same position on this question as do the largest English women's organizations, who favor a shorter workday for both sexes.

I speak from actual experience, having twenty years to my credit as a working woman, being left a widow many years ago with five children to support.

New York, May 4

MARY A. MURRAY,

Chairman Industrial Council, National Woman's Party

A Recruit to Sanity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is interesting to note that the Ohio opposition to the Illinois Waterway Project has turned the *Chicago Tribune*, once staunch defender of Daugherty, to an attack on the latter as the leader of the Ohio gang (May 10), whose record "is as shameful a chapter as is to be found in the history of the republic."

Gary, Indiana, May 18

MAURICE H. FRIEDMAN

Truth in Advertising

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The majority of the Federal Trade Commission recently decided that the often-reproduced cut of the swelling Ostermoor mattress somewhat (from five to six times) exaggerated its expansive properties, and issued an order forbidding the use of the offending cut.

Commissioner Humphrey disagreed with his colleagues. Part of this representative of the public's sentiments on "truth in advertising" follow:

The order is an attempt to compel exact truth in advertising. It will be noticed that the order allows no room whatever for exaggeration. It eliminates the thrilling and time-sacred art of puffing. . . .

If the commission is going to attempt to enforce exact truthfulness in advertising it seems to me that we should realize the magnitude of the undertaking. . . .

If this rule of exactness is to be enforced in advertising by pictures, what will be done with a large part of magazine advertisements? . . . What will become of our seed catalogues if pictures must correspond with the finished product? What of the advertisements on canned fruit if the picture must truthfully depict the contents? What of the "before-and-after" pictures of baldness? Must they, like Providence, number the hairs when the photographs are taken? What of the fat and lean photographs? Must there be no exaggeration of poundage?

What of the countless thousands of patent medicine advertisements if the eured victims must be represented exactly as they are? What about the millions of dollars that are spent in advertising the virtues of creams, powders, and other toilet articles? Are we going to compel a true photograph of the lovely creature who shows the magic results of these cosmetics to be used? It would be a dark day for advertisers, for the makers of these nostrums, and for certain ladies more or less known to fame if we should decree that the use of photographs of those paid to advertise these articles should not possess any greater pulchritude than the female subject of the picture.

If this order is sustained and the policy therein announced enforced, it will destroy one-half of all the magazine advertising in America. . . .

WHITNEY COOMBS

Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., April 21

In Justice to Hiram C. Todd

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on The Alien Property Scandal by Edgar Mels, in *The Nation* for April 21, has just been brought to my attention, and I call to your attention the following reference to myself in said article:

Hiram C. Todd, the same Todd whom Senator Wheeler has exposed and dismembered during the Brookhart investigation into the Department of Justice, was named prosecutor at \$1,000 a month.

The plain implication of the above-quoted statement is that under Senator Wheeler's examination some sinister and unlawful acts on my part were brought out in evidence during the Brookhart investigation of the Department of Justice. The statement is not true.

I hand you herewith a printed copy of the transcript of my testimony before the Brookhart committee. I ask that you accord me the same fair treatment in the premises that you feel that you would be entitled to receive if you were in my place.

New York, April 30

HIRAM C. TODD

[Careful reading of the record of the Brookhart investigation does not bear out Mr. Mels's phrase, and we regret it and offer our apology.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Delphi Lives Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since coming to Athens I have learned more of the plans for giving a Greek tragedy in May, 1927. A committee, working with and under Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Sikelianos, the inceptors of the project, proposes to present in the theater at Delphi Aeschylus's "Prometheus" in a modern Greek rendition by the poet J. Gryparis. Music for the choruses will be in the ancient Greek modes and rhythms, composed by Professor Psachos. The costumes are being woven by hand by Mme Sikelianos and are exquisite both in tint and design; their rich, clinging texture shapes itself to the human frame and evokes the classic spirit. Arrangements are making for sports, dances, and other exhibits in the stadium at Delphi.

It has seemed to me that many of your readers would be glad to know of this spectacle. Those who can hope to witness it in that magnificent mountain scene may learn further details by writing to M. et Mme Angelo Sikelianos, Delphi. It is fitting to note that Mme Sikelianos, in her devotion to the country of her adoption, still carries on the spirit transmitted by her father, the late Courtlandt Palmer. New Yorkers of the elder generation will recall his large-minded tolerance and generosity, which expressed themselves in part in that first general debating forum, the Nineteenth Century Club.

Athens, Greece, May 15

EMILY E. F. SKEEL

Books and Plays

Memories of A—

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I, Edward, an old man about to die,
an old man under a cloth
dying, a numb thing underneath a cover—
let me think,
let me probe before the moth,
before the worm let me discover
what is hidden underneath. Let me think,
let me lie
silently, an old man dying.
There was something that I knew,
there was something I am trying
to recall. Let me pursue
this circuitous recession
through the doors I have been through.
Let me think.
Let me finger each digression,
let me touch
knobs and banisters and panels:
let me think. I traveled much.
I read the Year Books and the Saxon Annals.
But there was something that I learned.
Let me think—leaves—leaves—
when the poplar leaves turned under, when they turned,
when they clattered on the eaves,
when I smelled
a marshy exhalation from the drain
and the window in the pantry, if you pulled it, held
and the edges of my sleeves
showed the mark where they were burned,
then I knew that it would rain—
then I always used to say that it would rain.

Let me lie
quietly and think about the leaves.
There is so much to remember when I die.

Mrs. Evans

The Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

THE movie rights of this book should yield rich profits to an enterprising holder. Here are all the makings of a Wild West film: a lone woman on a frontier ranch fighting officials, militarists, bandits, revolutionists, agrarians; a woman battling for her property against the land-distribution laws of the Obregon Government and harvesting her crops under fire; a brave woman caught in the swirl of social upheaval and flung to disaster on the reefs of unruly events. There are hair-raising horseback rides, sniping from *barrancas* and thickets, gruesome deaths, tense housetop vigils, and in general the melodramatic spectacle of Mrs. Evans, single-handed, revolver leveled, alternately attacking and holding off her crowds of foes. The Hacienda of San Pedro Coxtocan is for the time being the world. Nothing else matters. And Mrs. Evans is finally shot down from ambush with all the relentlessness of a classical tragedy in a heightening atmosphere of suspense, treachery, hatred, pathos, and terror. An excellent movie! And such super-excellent anti-Mexican propaganda!

The book does reinforce many unpleasant truths: that

Mexican officials, with a few notable exceptions, are the vilest representatives of their class on earth; that Mexican militarists by and large—as Mexico has learned through a hundred years of bloody independence—are unscrupulous scoundrels and reckless murderers. Mrs. Evans reveals how blunderingly and cruelly and unjustly the Mexican land problem was being handled; here is all the crooked intrigue among generals and officials and agrarian leaders; here is favoritism, crassly and cynically displayed. Her book reveals that revolutions are not tea parties; that social change does not work with Solon's impartiality; that in times of civil war individuals pay bitterly and wrongly. Mrs. Evans paid with her life.

Mrs. Evans was fighting for a cause and for personal justice. Paradoxically her cause was probably unjust and her personal demands just. She was fighting for a lost cause against invincible odds. And Mrs. Evans has all the earmarks of those who fight bitterly for a cause: earnestness, injured righteousness, passion. Her violence and intrepidity make her the twin-sister of my old-time neighbor and godmother, Carrie Nation. Given a different background and training she could have been another Manuel Montes (the badman agrarian agitator whom she hates), leading peasants to recover lands stolen from them in the Diaz epoch.

Thus she has only one criterion by which to judge the personalities and events that sweep over and past her—did they help her to keep her 2,700 acres? Obregon, because he did not immediately free her from difficulty, becomes "crafty, cruel, a dangerous brute." This is her last word on the greatest statesman of the revolutionary epoch. Similarly Mr. Warren (who arranged recognition and later became ambassador) was a fine gentleman as long as he championed her cause; afterward he was a hard, cold politician. She had seen him "in the old interviews wipe tears from his eyes and be sentimental—but none of our recent talks has been emotional." Villains and angels abound in the book—no shades.

So is Mrs. Evans prevented, and the unwary reader also, from seeing any of the vital major forces at work in the Mexican revolution. San Pedro Coxtocan is a minor tragedy in the working out of a vast racial and national experiment. This the reader is likely to forget. Mrs. Evans visits the neighboring state of Tlascala. The Indians are cultivating their own lands, awarded them back in the days of Carranza. They grow corn only for their personal needs, and Mrs. Evans bewails their ignorance and laziness. But Tlascala has never suffered the violences that have occurred in Puebla; few Mexican states are so peaceful and prosperous. Mrs. Evans was utterly unconscious that a great social movement has been sweeping over Mexico. Mrs. Evans flung herself before the Juggernaut of social change and civil war, bravely, quite madly, futilely, and was snuffed out—a modern Canute. It is unfortunate that her small ranch was made up, in part, of inclosed village lands which according to the constitution had to be returned. It is unfortunate, in her case brutally painful, that the Government was not able to indemnify her immediately for these lands, even at her exaggerated evaluation. But governments cannot afford to make exceptions and unpleasant precedents. No one can fail to feel poignantly with Mrs. Evans in her bitter trials. One boils with indignation at the outrages she suffered. But from the larger viewpoint the book seems a strange distortion.

Mrs. Evans created many of her own difficulties. She cut off all compromise. She did not begin to be seriously attacked until she tried to drive the Indians off the lands awarded to them, unjustly perhaps, by the Government; and the officials were more than patient with her idiosyncrasies. It is not true, as her sister states in the preface, that "Mrs. Evans was only seeking her rights under the Mexican law." She obstructed the law with pistol and rifle, and was incensed because she did not have calm consideration, respect, and justice in a frontier

locality notorious, even in Diaz's days, for banditry. She never sought to obtain anything by legal means, though many landowners have successfully done so. More than one observer declared her unduly obstinate and reckless. She gained her earlier victories by parleying; but as her mood became more bitter she declared of the agrarians: "They always mean harm, and you are lost if you parley."

On one occasion Mrs. Evans saw a ghost; perhaps, too, she saw more red flags than were really waving—a red boundary flag does not necessarily imply bolshevism. Mr. Warren called her hysterical, and Mr. Cummings, the British *chargé d'affaires*, in an official *informe* to his Government apologized for her overwrought emotional state. There is a suggestion of stage-acting and self-imposed martyrdom; she had a persecution mania and she liked to be called "the heroine." The letters are too bitter to form a permanent contribution to the literature in English on Mexico, as did the brilliant letters of Madame Calderón de la Baren. The many informative descriptive passages are further invalidated by the obvious efforts of the writer's sister in preface and notes, and of the publishers in their jacket blurb, to make the book anti-Mexican propaganda—revenge for Mrs. Evans's murder. This is a book decidedly worth reading, but one to be read with caution; not merely with sorrow for Mrs. Evans's hardships and foul murder but with sympathy for the problems of Mexico, the difficulties of its leaders, and the century-old sufferings of its oppressed people.

CARLETON BEALS

Babbitt Returns to Nature

Mantrap. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

IN the science of general aesthetics the term catharsis may present certain difficulties of interpretation, for we are sometimes purged in ways that are obscure and complicated; but when used in connection with the major novels of Mr. Sinclair Lewis the process implied is as simple as that performed by a resounding "damn." Mr. Lewis is coherently angry with an anger that his readers can share. They have been irritated, obscurely perhaps, by *Main Streets* and *Babbitts*, and here they have the cause of their irritation neatly defined and roundly sworn at. The process is much the same as that of the old-fashioned melodrama in which the audience rejoices to see the villain get it in the neck, and yet though similar it is more important, because the villain, instead of being created for the purpose, has been generated by the society in which we must live, and for the health of our souls the anger must be purged away. Doubtless no *Main Streets* were remade and no *Babbitts* were reformed, but it was for us, not them, that Mr. Lewis wrote. They have been cursed root and stem, and cursing has its value, for free and adequate expression is a blessing which sometimes enables us to bear with greater equanimity what we cannot change. Gentle moralists notwithstanding, songs of hate help us even if they do not hurt our enemy.

Now, "*Mantrap*" is not a major novel. It is a rather commonplace story of adventure in the Canadian woods, and most of it, it is but fair to say, could have been written by any one of a score of competent contributors to the popular magazines. It does occasionally, to be sure, skirt the edge of forbidden topics, but the conclusion, in which the inevitable girl, a transplanted mamejist, returns to the city while the sturdy trapper reneges at the last moment upon his promise to go to New York with the hero, is exactly the conclusion which the most conventional writers would give it, and the book will not add anything to Mr. Lewis's reputation. Yet, significantly enough, the moments at which it rises above its own level are the moments in which the author finds occasion to perform his characteristic function. The hero, a capable lawyer with some taste for civilized living, has allowed himself to be persuaded in an

off moment that he ought to be a red-blooded man and that there is something essentially virtuous in the discomforts of a camp. He allows himself to be conducted to Canada by a bumptiously rugged business man, and he allows himself to be hulled until he can stand it no longer. Finally he revolts against all the dogmas of the camping cult in exactly the same manner that Carol Kennicott revolted against the dogmas of *Main Street*, and because Mr. Lewis, here as before, has taken care that the reader shall have revolted several chapters before, the rebellion comes with a liberating relief. There are some, of course, who like camping—more, for example, than there were who liked *Main Streets*—and for them the present cathartic will be merely bitter without being salutary; but there are others to whom the medicine will bring a welcome relief. Here are perfectly good reasons why a man who does not like camping should stay at home with a clear conscience, and here is the pest who insists upon making him uncomfortable given an adequate castigation. Once more Mr. Lewis has given an anger direction and outlet.

To be sure the occasion is a minor one. The camper is neither so pervasive nor so difficult to escape as the Babbitt. He is an annoyance rather than a menace, and he cannot hold a book full of anger. Hence it is that Mr. Lewis, having disposed of him, must proceed to matters which are not satire and in the handling of which he is not more than ordinarily competent. As a whole "*Mantrap*" is interesting enough; it is by no means memorable.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Iraq

Four Centuries of Modern Iraq. By Stephen Hemsley Longrigg. Oxford University Press. \$7.

The Heart of the Middle East. By Richard Coke. Frank-Maurice, Inc. \$5.

IN a sense these volumes are complementary. Both deal with the long and important history of Mesopotamia. Mr. Coke begins with the earliest days and develops his narrative rapidly, so that two-thirds of his volume deals with the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He gives almost no space to the years 1500-1870, a period which was marked by comparative economic and political stagnation in the Land of the Rivers. Mr. Longrigg, on the other hand, concentrates his attention upon precisely these comparatively uneventful years. He believes that an understanding of the four centuries from the sixteenth to the nineteenth, however unimportant they may be considered from the point of view of the relationship of Iraq to the world at large, is essential to a knowledge of what has happened since. Taking the two books together, therefore, one may get a reasonably complete picture of Mesopotamian history.

Judged by scholarly standards, the first is much the more important of the two books. Mr. Longrigg has undertaken and performed with distinction a task which no other historian writing in any language has ventured to attempt. He has laboriously pieced together out of widely scattered and inaccessible sources the long story of tribal insurrections, dynastic rivalries, Turco-Persian wars, and other episodes which form the record of four hundred years after 1500. If this is not altogether fascinating reading, it is because of the paucity of the subject matter rather than any ineptitude on the part of the author. Nevertheless there is much of inherent interest in this history, whether the reader's primary concern be with military campaigns, administrative systems, striking personalities, or social and economic institutions. Mr. Longrigg's circle of readers is likely to be confined to advanced students of Near Eastern affairs; but for them he has written a book which is original, suggestive, and authoritative—one which is hardly likely to be displaced as the standard treatise on the subject.

Mr. Coke covers ground which in large part has been covered before and most of which previously has been covered by more capable hands. So far as can be ascertained he has not had access to new and striking materials; in fact, his short bibliography includes some volumes of very doubtful value and omits others of genuine worth. But he has written a readable account of modern Iraq, with particular emphasis upon war-time and post-war developments. This is a service, but one of transitory importance. The chapters on the British administration in Mesopotamia, excellent as they are, will most certainly be replaced by more authoritative accounts. Mr. Coke, like Mr. Longrigg, knows Iraq well; they both write without bias and with an agreeable freedom from that form of trite generalization which characterizes so many works on the Near East. Because of the general spirit of objectivity which pervades his book, Mr. Coke's admirable treatment of health, education, industry, and social life may be accepted with reasonable confidence that it represents a fair, if incomplete, picture of contemporary conditions in Iraq.

These two volumes may be taken as an indication that there will be an increasingly large and increasingly important literature on Iraq, which Mr. Coke chooses to call the "heart of the Middle East." In the nineteenth century the advent of the steamboat, the telegraph, the railway, and the Suez Canal served to restore to Mesopotamia some of the time-honored strategic and economic importance from which it was temporarily deprived by the commercial revolution of the sixteenth century. More recently a world war, the coming of the airplane and the motor car, and emancipation from Ottoman rule have heightened the interest of the outside world in Iraq and the interest of Iraq in the outside world. That the British are conducting in the so-called Arab Kingdom of Iraq a unique experiment in colonial administration—or mandatory supervision, if you will—adds to rather than detracts from the fascination which Mesopotamian affairs seem to hold for students of international relations and world politics.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

Our Informal Government

The Usages of the American Constitution. By Herbert W. Horwill. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

MR. HORWILL has done well to remind us that there is more of the American Constitution than is to be found within the four corners of a written instrument. Too frequently we fall into the habit of conceiving our government as completely organized by the Fathers into a perfect system which, having once been wound up, will function automatically on the original plan to the end of time. Mr. Horwill points out that much of its actual working is in accordance with informal "usages" which have grown up more or less unconsciously, and which not only seriously affect, but in some instances have radically altered, the original design of the authors of the written document. Most important and obvious among these "usages" is that which has deprived the presidential electors of any freedom of choice in the exercise of their electoral function and has reduced them to mere "bell-punchers," in Woodrow Wilson's phrase, for the candidate named by a party convention. The result has been to give to the Presidency a very different standing and weight in the government from that contemplated by the Fathers through making its occupant the direct choice and, in consequence, the direct and only representative of the whole people of the country at large.

Mr. Horwill identifies and describes a large number of such usages of greater or less importance. Thus the institution which we know as the President's Cabinet is entirely the outgrowth of usage, having no recognition either in the written Constitution or in statute law. Again it is due solely to usage

that the heads of executive departments do not appear personally on the floor of Congress and communicate orally with the two houses. Presidential appointments to local federal offices are made in accordance with a usage which requires the President to accept the nominations made by Senators for the more important offices and by members of the House of Representatives for others. The rejection of the Warren appointment by the Senate marked a departure from a usage of many years' standing, that the President should have an absolutely free hand in the selection of the personal advisers composing his Cabinet. The practice of requiring members of the House of Representatives to reside in the district which they represent is due entirely to usage.

Mr. Horwill writes vividly and entertainingly and with a considerable knowledge derived from the standard works on American government and from recent political memoirs. He has no thesis to expound beyond showing the inadequacy of the written Constitution to account fully for the actual working of the American government; and he makes merely a casual approach to a generalization of the utmost significance regarding the usages of our Constitution as a whole.

The significant thing is that practically all these usages contribute to enhancing that separation between the executive and legislative departments which we have come to think of as so characteristic of our government. Thus the usage which has brought about what practically amounts to a popular election of the President has set up the Presidency in the public mind as a formidable and generally successful contender with Congress for the right to speak the national voice; and it has at the same time served to prevent the election of a President, except under the most unusual circumstances, from ever falling into the House of Representatives, as the framers of the Constitution expected that it would frequently do. The cleavage between Congress and the President has thus been doubly emphasized. It has been emphasized again by the growth of the Cabinet as a group of advisers for the President responsible to him alone, and by the usage which forbids Cabinet members the floor of Congress. It has been emphasized by the President's surrender to Congress of local patronage and by the residential requirement for Congressmen, which have together resulted in making Congress particularly the guardian of local interests and in thus enabling the President to appear all the more obviously the champion of national interests.

This uniform tendency of constitutional usage, growing up gradually and presumably in accordance with the most powerful instincts of our political life, bodes ill for the entirely rational and moderate proposals which have been so often made, and which have been recently revived, to bridge to some degree the gap between the executive and legislative branches by enabling Cabinet officers to exercise their constitutional prerogative of appearance on the floor of Congress. Necessary as some such rapprochement is for effective and reasonable government, and for eliminating the stupid and misleading deadlocks which so often bury the real merits of issues under the excitement of a quarrel between the President and Congress, the necessity is not perceived by public opinion under the dominance of impulses which make for narrow localism and for the selfishness of machine politics. The whole tendency of unconscious constitutional development, which is the index of the real desires of the governing element in the community, has been wholly in the opposite direction. As Mr. Horwill sums it up:

An observer may reasonably doubt whether any attempt to bring to an end the present isolation of the executive from the legislative branch of the government without impairing their mutual independence would be successful. . . . You cannot enjoy at the same time the advantages of the separation between executive and legislative functions which characterize the American plan of government and the union of them which is a cardinal feature of the English system.

JOHN DICKINSON

Disgusting Persons

Beatrice Cenci. By Corrado Ricci. Boni and Liveright. Two volumes. \$10.

FRANCESCO CENCI'S "pay-clerk," one Antonio Sangallo, who quit his service in 1595, stated in a court examination that he had "left Signor Francesco because there was no money to be had there and because he was a disgusting person." This is quoted early in the present work. The reader, having just been dragged through a chapter on Cenci's "trial for unnatural vice" and seen him paying huge fines to escape imprisonment, can believe there was no money there and will be sure he was a disgusting person. It seems to the present reviewer that Signor Ricci, who has done a really admirable and monumental piece of research, was faced with two alternatives when he came to Cenci's "unnatural" debauches: either to make an effort to comprehend a most complex, brutal, and interesting character by discarding the categories—empirical anyhow—of natural and unnatural or to state simply that Cenci was convicted of such and such sexual perversions. If the terms are unfamiliar to the reader, there is always the dictionary. Instead the author has related a series of police-court trials, and he has related them—with consummate skill—in the police-court manner; he has given the facts.

He has followed the same plan in his treatment of the major episode of his work: the murder of Francesco Cenci by the lover of his daughter Beatrice and at her instigation. He feels that the Beatrice of legend—of Shelley, for instance—is both more and less than the real Beatrice, who in her early twenties was as masculine as Lady Macbeth and as unscrupulous; who though not a victim of incest had yet every reason for loathing her really terrible father, a father whom in many respects she strongly resembled. In her particular case the author has combined his police-court methods with poetic insight and dramatic skill. This girl forces her weak-willed stepmother and her vacillating lover to a heinous crime. But the weaklings, the hesitant instruments of her will, crumble in her hands. And when the truth has been racked out of them she suddenly drops her cool denials and confesses. It is a magnificent tragedy, absorbingly written and handsomely published. Its Latin objectivity, already criticized above, nevertheless lends it an undeniable power. The people in it are all alive, and so is Rome, and so is the sixteenth century.

Only readers with strong stomachs and steady nerves need apply. The most horrible scenes from the torture chamber of a papal court alternate with scenes of revolting obscenity. What has happened, anyhow, to our stomachs and our nerves? We can scarcely read of torture, much less bear or witness it. Is it humanitarianism or an increased love of comfort or what? In this book a modern Italian can still speak, though with horrified disapproval, of animal ferocity and animal filth which in an Anglo-Saxon book review would be quite unprintable. Far from Italy, our stomachs are further still from 1600. A nice contrast in manners.

F. STRINGFELLOW BARR

Books in Brief

The Touchstone of Architecture. By Sir Reginald Blomfield. The Oxford University Press. \$3.

This book is strangely persuasive, strangely convincing, strangely blind. It is strangely persuasive because written so simply, so beautifully, yet with that naivete of which only the true scholar is capable; strangely convincing because written out of a hot passion, deeply sincere, for the art of architecture, although the art is seen always from the academic point of view; and strangely blind because with all his sound knowledge of the economic and social conditioning of art Sir Reginald

seems to lack entirely an appreciation of that anarchical, creative drive that is behind "modernism." One of the sanest of the more academic English critics finds equally uncreative the plagiarisms of archaeological design and the purely erratic explosions of the most secessionist of the moderns.

Elements of Form and Design in Classic Architecture. By Arthur Stratton. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.

With this book before him no student in an architectural school should ever lack the proper and approved classical solution of any detail in the ordinary problem of design. It is a remarkably comprehensive alphabet of classical motives, clearly and beautifully presented, with, apparently, little attempt at critical selection—a collection of the types that have been, rather than the types that should be, used. In this lies the danger of anthologies of the sort; the printed word on design still, to some, carries an almost mystic authority.

The Parthenon, Its Science of Forms. By Robert W. Gardner. New York University Press.

This large and fully illustrated book is an ambitious attempt to apply not only to the design of the Parthenon itself but also to the plan of Athens, the Piraeus, and the walls connecting the city and its port all the machinery of so-called dynamic symmetry—the "whirling squares," the "root five" rectangle, and so on. Mr. Gardner is modest enough to state that his magic system of three related series merely gives "a scale of related quantities which were, or could have been, used by the designer of the Parthenon." But his system is its own sufficient criticism. Oh, for a mathematician to study theoretically the algebraic probabilities of any three such systems fitting any given building, to settle once and for all the absurdity of these continual futile attempts to mechanize creative art!

The Dividing Line of Europe. By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

This book is a curious anachronism. While its dates and events are of 1924 and 1925, its attitude and reasoning are of 1919 and 1920. It begins with a doleful lament for the vanished glories of holy Russia, from the czar and the grand dukes down. It then goes on to describe the author's experiences on a trip through the little states that border Russia on the west—the cordon sanitaire—the dividing line between civilization and barbarism. The observations are punctuated by frequent sobs, the still pent-up emotions of the lament bursting through the attempt to appear objective. Mr. Graham offers a gratuitous insult to other observers of Russia in stating that "permission to visit Bolshevik Russia implies a readiness on the part of the visitor to serve the cause of the Russian Government." He then questions their qualifications for judging events happening under their eyes because of restrictions imposed upon them. Then he proceeds to tell what is going on in peasant Russia, away from the towns and the railways, with a wealth of detail and a depth of penetration which are truly remarkable for one who has not been in Russia since 1917. He even ventures to tell us what today is the "inner will" of Russia! "The Dividing Line of Europe" is the swan-song of the Russian émigrés.

The Economic Doctrines of Karl Marx. By Karl Kautsky. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

The Marxian Economic Handbook and Glossary. By W. H. Emmet. International Publishers. \$3.25.

Published in the nineties, Kautsky's book has been a classic in Germany for many years, and it is surprising that it should not have been brought out in English until now. Kautsky's exposition of the theory of surplus value and his treatment of the character of commodity production, the nature and function of money, the basis of wages, and the development of machinery in modern industry are acute and clarifying, simple and definitive. The one deficiency of the book is that it omits

all reference to the philosophic theory of historical materialism which is so essentially a part of the Marxian interpretation of individual and social life. Mr. Emmet's book is a more limited and specific popularization of Marxian theoretics. Its main purpose is to simplify the first three chapters of "Capital." The book is sound in its approach, interesting in its manner of clarification, and keen in its critique of many of the interpretations of Marx that have been made by both scholars and sciolists.

The Psychology of Time. By Mary Sturt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

The compulsion to include in our worldly adjustments something more than the sensed qualities of objects, something of the abstract order, arises through the rubrics of space and time; every engagement, practical or romantic, requires the three—the time, the place, the girl—or any other objective. The space-world grows by enlarged visual (and tactual) experience, still objective, though formalized in plans, designs, maps—visible symbols of reality. Time is a more abstract experience and the acquisition of a sense of it much slower in development and refinement, in the child and in the race alike. It varies from the seconds of a motor or auditory rhythm to the larger periods of days, seasons, years. Inventions for measuring time, from sun-dials to chronometers, measure the steps of culture; and the modern world has come to do its business by the time-clock, especially since the hustling American discovery that time is money. The historian not less than the astronomer and the geological or biological evolutionist thinks in terms of time; and mathematical and metaphysical speculations find in its essence an inviting mystery, from Ptolemy to Einstein. Lastly comes the psychologist to study experimentally the sense of interval and duration and the organization of the memory system by which we keep the continuum of our growing personalities and experience. All this is interestingly if eclectically surveyed by Miss Sturt, and makes a worth-while volume in a field rather sparsely covered. There is no attempt at proportioned presentation, and much space is given to a series of investigations somewhat tangent to the central theme. Yet the book forms a timely contribution to the natural history of the sense of time and to the career of the concept under the historical unfoldment of human interests, practical and theoretical.

The Riddle of the Earth. By Appian Way. Brentano's. \$2.50.

The answer to all the mysteries of the physical globe is, the author would have us believe, one word—meteors.

Drama Review

IF one were compelled to judge the theatrical season just closed by its average product the judgment passed upon it would be low indeed. Of the hundred and fifty or two hundred new dramatic offerings which the year has seen the majority have already passed into an obscurity as deep as that which surrounds the work of the third-rate dramatist who lived a century and a half ago, and not a few of those whose names still blaze over the doors of theaters constitute a depressing commentary upon the taste of thousands whom the shallowest sensationalism can still thrill. Yet in the realm of art averages are always low, for art is a phenomenal thing in which only the exception counts; and the critic, with his carefully cultivated power of forgetting, remembers only those things which are worth remembering.

Even as seasons go the one just past has not been particularly rich; and yet there have been evenings which remain, at least after the passage of these few months, memorable. Early in the season Patrick Kearney's "A Man's Man" introduced a

new playwright of obvious sincerity and power, while George Kelly's "Craig's Wife" revealed the combined technical dexterity and critical mind of an old one. Messrs. Maxwell Anderson, Laurence Stallings, Sidney Howard, and John Howard Lawson failed to reach the success, either financial or artistic, which their work of the previous year had led one to hope for, but Eugene O'Neill, the most dependable as well as the most brilliant of American playwrights, gave us "The Great God Brown," one of the most moving if also one of the most chaotic of his plays; and from England came the touchingly beautiful study in the psychology of adolescence called "Young Woodley." The Theater Guild wandered unhappily from the meretriciousness of Molnar's "The Glass Slipper" to the feebleness of Evreinoff's "The Chief Thing," but justified itself with admirable revivals of "Arms and the Man" and "Androcles and the Lion," while the Neighborhood Playhouse added to its achievements by a brilliant production of "The Dybbuk," a play which depends for its power upon the recreation of an alien spiritual world. "Hamlet in Modern Dress" and the recital of Raquel Meller were interesting novelties; of several revivals of Ibsen, "Hedda Gabler" at least was more than satisfactory; and, best of all, the Musical Studio of the Moscow Art Theater came to dazzle us with its productions of "Carmen" and "Lysistrata," in which were revealed a technique of dramatic expression as new as it was effective. Finally at the end of the season appeared a sound if not brilliant discussion of religious hysteria in "The Bride of the Lamb" and an unusually satisfactory production of "Iolanthe." Add to this list a dozen or more pieces like "Pomerooy's Past" and "The Romantic Young Lady," which are entertaining if not profound, and you have the dramatic year.

There are, I think, no conclusions to be drawn except the general one that even in an off year there are a good many plays in the New York theaters which are worth seeing. The excellences represented by the plays just mentioned are too diverse to justify any attempt at defining tendencies. The styles represented range all the way from the literal naturalism of Mr. Kearney's play to the synthetic art exhibited by the Moscow company; some of the plays are new, some are old, some native, and some foreign. The fact that most of them have met with considerable financial success testifies to the catholic taste of contemporary audiences, but it hardly encourages prophecy. The art of the contemporary stage in New York is highly eclectic and the theater is distinctly hospitable to achievement of almost any kind. It does not exhibit concerted, self-conscious effort in any one direction.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

CONFERENCES

"NEWER DEFENSES OF CAPITALISM IN AMERICA"
will be the subject of June Conference of the

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
to be held June 24-27, 1926, at

CAMP TAMIMENT, near Stroudsburg, Pa.

Harry Elmer Barnes, Stuart Chase, Scott Nearing, Norman Thomas, Benjamin Stolberg, James H. Maurer, H. S. Raushenbush, and others will participate in the discussions.

For further information apply to

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
HARRY W. LAIDLER AND NORMAN THOMAS, Executive Directors

International Relations Section

Organized Workers in Japan

By HIROSHI SHIMIDZU

ON January 13, 1926, a group of Japanese labor leaders, representing nine national trade unions, met at Tokio and organized a labor political party. Their plan was to build up an organization corresponding to the British Labor Party. The Government did not suppress them. Early in December, 1925, a similar meeting took place in the same city, and within three hours after adjournment the newly formed party had been dissolved upon government orders. Why the discrimination? The more recent meeting was held under the auspices of conservative trade unionists; the earlier one came into existence through the efforts of left wingers, among whom the Communists were active.

These attempts at political organization were a natural consequence of the passage of the manhood-suffrage law in March, 1925. The Japanese working class had been chiefly responsible for this reform and was anxious to utilize it to the fullest advantage. The Russian Revolution has been a tremendous influence among the Japanese proletariat. It gave them courage; it affected their mode of thinking. Then America's exclusion of the Japanese by the immigration law of 1924 forced the Japanese worker closer to Russia, increasing Communist influence. The conservative Government reacted against this by applying the peace preservation bill, punishing with fines and imprisonment Communists and Socialists.

This, of course, may cripple the political power that universal suffrage seemed to hold out for the Japanese workers. How far the Government can go will depend upon the economic strength of the trade unions. It is, therefore, necessary to make a careful analysis of the resources of the labor movement in Japan.

In spite of the fact that Japan is a great industrial Power, the mass of Japanese workmen are not found in modern industry. Rather are they in the primitive industries, such as farming and fishing. The following figures for 1920¹ make this clear:

Occupations	Number of workers	Per cent of the total number of classified workers
<i>Industrial occupations—</i>		
Mining	446,000	
Manufacturing	3,630,000	
Trade and Commerce..	1,109,000	
Transportation	647,000	
Total	5,832,000	36.5
<i>Primitive occupations—</i>		
Farming	9,020,000	
Fishing	390,000	
Total	9,410,000	58.9
<i>Miscellaneous—</i>		
Governmental service..	263,000	
Other occupations.....	465,000	
Total	728,000	4.6
Grand total.....	15,970,000	100.0

Among farm workers are included agricultural laborers, tenants who are practically of the same economic status as laborers, and seasonal farm workers.

Let us now consider the sex distribution of Japanese

workers. The following table for 1920 supplies the data²:

Occupations	Number of male workers	Number of female workers	Total number of both sexes
<i>Industrial occupations—</i>			
Mining	348,000	98,000	446,000
Manufacturing	2,431,000	1,199,000	3,630,000
Trade and Commerce..	523,000	586,000	1,109,000
Transportation	594,000	53,000	647,000
Total	3,896,000	1,936,000	5,832,000
<i>Primitive occupations—</i>			
Farming	3,125,000	5,895,000	9,020,000
Fishing	350,000	40,000	390,000
Total	3,475,000	5,935,000	9,410,000
<i>Miscellaneous—</i>			
Governmental service..	141,000	122,000	263,000
Other occupations	291,000	174,000	465,000
Total	432,000	296,000	728,000
Grand totals	7,803,000	8,167,000	15,970,000

A study of these figures shows, first, that women make up more than half of the total number of Japanese workers; secondly, that three-quarters of them are found in agriculture; and, thirdly, that they constitute two-thirds of the number of agricultural workers and only one-third of those in industrial occupations. When we remember that the universal suffrage law applies only to men, we can understand the weakness of the labor-party movement in Japan.

The organized workers form but a small proportion of the whole labor population of Japan. They generally fall into five political groups: (1) Communist, (2) Anarcho-Syndicalist, (3) Socialist, (4) Liberal, (5) Changing as the figures for September to December, 1924³, indicate:

Classification of unions	Number of unions	Number of male union members
<i>Communist—</i>		
Kwanto Labor Council ⁴	6	3,000
<i>Anarcho-Syndicalist—</i>		
Federation of Printers.....	8	1,500
<i>Socialist—</i>		
General Federation of Labor of Japan	62	25,000
<i>Liberal—</i>		
Japan's Farmer Union	1	52,000
Federation of Naval Labor Unions	6	45,600
Japanese Seamen's Union.....	1	37,000
General Federation of Laborers of Governmental Enterprises	7	13,500
Federation of Transport Laborers of Japan.....	4	11,800
Japan Muslin Workers' Union..	1	6,700
Federation of Japanese Labor Union	5	4,300
Federation of Machinists' Union	7	3,500
Yokohama Shipbuilders' Labor Union	1	2,000
Hakubun Printers' Club.....	1	2,000
Federation of Japanese Cooks..	2	1,800
Shibaura Laborers' Union.....	1	1,800
Federation of Central Labor Unions	4	1,200
Shipyards and Engineers' Union	1	1,100
Total	42	184,300

² "Abstract of the First National Census."

³ "The Labour Year-Book of Japan, 1925." The Sixth Issue. (In Japanese.) Compiled by the Ohara Institute of Social Research, Osaka, Japan.

⁴ This organization belongs to the General Federation of Labor of Japan, and was recently enlarged to the Japan Union Council of the G. F. of L. of Japan.

¹ Bureau of Governmental Statistics; "Abstract of the First National Census." Tokio, Japan, 1924. (In Japanese.)

Changing—

United Seamen's Union.....	1	12,000
Seamen's Association	1	7,300
United Friendly Society.....	1	2,300
Cooks' Union of Nippon Yusen Kaisha	1	2,300
Yokohama City Street-car La- bor Union	1	1,000
Total	5	24,900

If to the Communists, Socialists, Anarcho-Syndicalists are added some of the liberal union members, such as the Japanese Seamen's Union, the Federation of Japanese Cooks, and Japan's Farmer Union (these three unions being particularly close to the General Federation of Labor of Japan), there is an aggregate of about 100,000—42 per cent of the total labor-union membership.

On the whole, this portends better conditions for the radical and liberal labor unions, because the main purpose of the progressive Japanese labor unions is not only the emancipation of the workers from modern economic slavery but also the reconstruction of the capitalistic social order.

The Japanese workers now organized are a small proportion of the working classes, although the radical groups in the unions are a great power. Furthermore, the present universal manhood-suffrage law limits voters to those over twenty-five years of age. Therefore, the radical and liberal unionists, who have only between 50,000 and 60,000 eligible to vote, are weak politically.

Thus the radical proletariat in Japan is not strong enough to influence greatly the mass of working people in organized labor or in politics. The radical groups and the intellectual socialistic societies, however, are not static. Today, in Japan, there are some thirty workers' schools, and a number of radical or liberal groups, such as the Students' Federation of Social Science, which is organized in more than fifty branches and has a membership of 1,600 in the schools and colleges. Its aim is the reconstruction of capitalistic society through the action of the working class.

The labor parties at the next general election, which will be the first occasion for the exercise of universal manhood suffrage, will not exert much influence, but it is conceivable that within the next ten years they will control the Japanese Imperial Diet.

Scenes from the Italian Farce

The following scene from the Italian Chamber was reported in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 3, 1926. Federzoni, Secretary of the Interior, declared the home situation to be very satisfactory. There was great applause. The only opposition came from the Communist Maffi, who spoke of the first of May and cited Mussolini's former speeches on that occasion. Violent denunciations followed, stopping just short of physical attack.

MAFFI: You say that the Italian workers live in excellent circumstances. (Voice: The workers' contracts prove that!) But the cost of living is constantly mounting.

MUSSOLINI (interrupting): That is the case in Russia too.

MAFFI: Yes, but Russian workers are treated differently.

MUSSOLINI (in anger): The President of the Soviets declared recently that wages will never rise.

MAFFI: But the power of the Russian regime—

MUSSOLINI (interrupting): The power of the Russian regime rests on bayonets. (Great applause.) We, too, have our bayonets! (Enormous applause.)

We Cannot Let Them Starve!

The coal miners of Great Britain, their women and children, four million souls in all, are in desperate straits.

They are facing sure starvation—unless you help.

These workers have been making a courageous struggle for decent wages after a long period of depression when earnings have ranged from \$11 to \$15 a week.

The plight of the men is bad enough. That of the women and children pitiful indeed. In wretched hovels clustered near the bleak pit heads, children are being born by ill-nourished women who have been on the verge of starvation for months. Other children are growing up under the most wretched of conditions.

We appeal especially for these innocent victims of a cruel industrial war. Let us give them their chance for life.

Whatever funds you donate will be distributed by trained workers and will be entirely in the form of food.

To act promptly means the saving of lives. Give generously and give NOW. Send your check or money-order today to

EVELYN PRESTON, Treas.

*British Miners' Relief
Committee*

Room 638

**799 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY**

MAFFI: But your bayonets serve the establishment and defense of an outworn regime!

MUSSOLINI: No! No! (All the Deputies of the Government party also shout: No! No!) In Russia there are 200,000 neglected children.

MAFFI (continues): The necessity of raising the police budget shows the growing weakness of Fascism, which is seriously threatened by the unions.

When he endeavored to prove his point by statistics, Deputy Starace suddenly approached and tore away his materials, arousing great hilarity in the Chamber.

A similar scene was enacted a few days later and reported in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 15. On this occasion a Slovene representative attempted to put the case for the people of his nationality included in the present boundaries of Italy. The report follows:

BESDENJAK: The attempt is being made to introduce the Italian language among us at any price, though neither the children nor the parents understand it.

MUSSOLINI (interrupting): Go ahead and learn it! Your children have great ability in language study.

BESDENJAK: I have already sent to the Minister of Public Instruction dozens of inquiries—

MUSSOLINI (interrupting): That's far too many! (Hilarity.)

BESDENJAK: In Italy all foreigners can continue their language and literature in private. Only we Slovenes, who pay taxes—

GRECO (interrupting): —must learn Italian!

STARACE, Vice-General Secretary of the Fascist Party: If the Italian language does not suit you, why don't you get out of Italy?

BESDENJAK: Because we are in Italy and not in China. (Great noise and shouts: Stop! Enough! Enough!)

BESDENJAK: Our teachers are compelled to join Fascist organizations if they do not want to lose their bread.

MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION: That is not true!

GEMELLI: Will you finally understand, yes or no, that Italy is a unified state and not a potpourri of nations like the former Austria.

BESDENJAK: The dignity of Slav teachers rebels against certain conditions.

Interruptions: Who pays these Slav teachers?

MUSSOLINI: Don't be so theatrical!

BESDENJAK: The taxes which we pay are used by the Italian Government to denationalize us. Just as your children have the right to learn their mother-tongue, so have ours.

ARRIVABENE shouts: Enough! That's more than we can tolerate!

GRECO: You will finally have to understand that you are a defeated people and that, willy-nilly, you will have to obey our laws.

Next day Tienzl, Deputy from Merano [in the Tyrol], protested also against denationalization. He declared that as long as a German or Slovene Deputy sat in the Italian Chamber, these provinces would never cease their demand for the recognition of their mother tongues. Amid great noise he complained bitterly that German had been excluded from the curriculum even as an elective subject.

FEDELE, Minister of Public Instruction: Remember the resolutions of the Pan-German days of Sterzing! (Great applause.)

TIENZL: Nevertheless the attempts to denationalize the German population will fail completely. The Italian school has thus far shown no results whatever. (Violent protests.)

MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION: The Italian school will be victorious, for Italian culture is superior!

TIENZL closed with a plea for tolerance.

"A great picture of a little understood island"

Kinsley in Philadelphia Record

BLACK HAITI

By BLAIR NILES

"Humor and sympathy and keenness of inward as well as outward vision rarely blended."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The writer demonstrates the art of making the dead past the living present; weaving into the fabric of a perfect tapestry the Haiti of the first revolt with the Haiti she visited."—*New York Times*.

"A wholly extraordinary book."—*The Bookman*.

Illustrated. \$3.50 at all Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street

New York

A Dictionary of European Literature

By LAURIE MAGNUS

An alphabetically arranged survey of European Literature from the twelfth century to the present day, covering writers, periods, and forms.

"Here is a source of easy reference covering an extensive field as it has never before been covered in a single volume."—*Literary Review*.

"It is the kind of work that has been greatly needed for a long time. . . . The fascination of the dictionary for all inquiring minds is here doubled by reason of the full treatment of each entry."—*New York Times*.

Price \$10

E. P. DUTTON & CO. Publishers New York

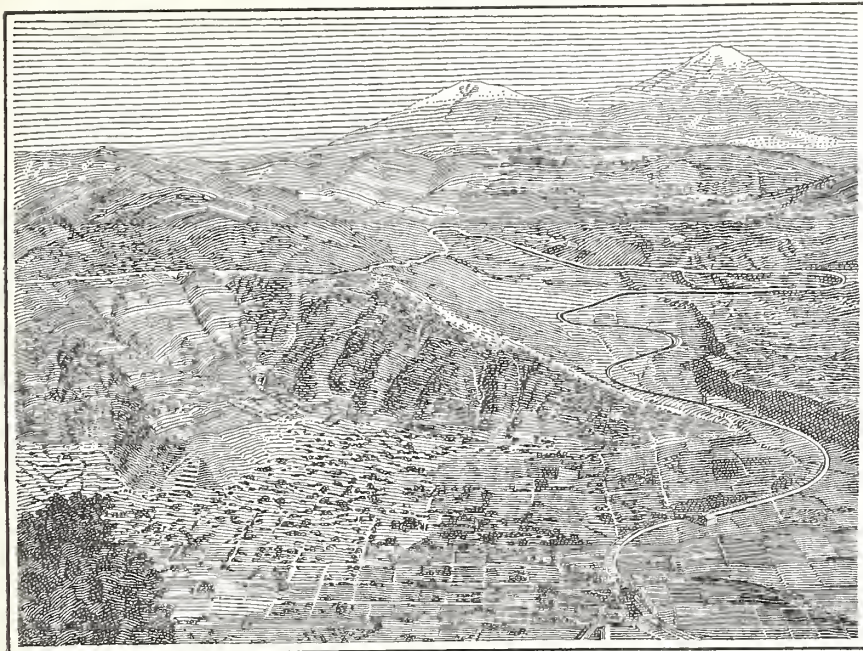
accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York



Twice the freight in half the time



You may never need an electric locomotive; but somewhere in your home or factory there is a task that electricity can do. Whenever you buy electrical equipment, ask for the kind that is marked G-E.

This Mexican railroad electrification is very significant. It replaced steam locomotives with G-E electric locomotives and hauled twice the freight in half the time.

This eliminated double-tracking, and is so economical that it probably will repay its cost in five or six years.

Some day all the railroads will follow industry's example and electrify. Cheaper transportation and cleaner cities will result.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS

The National Freethought
TRUTH SEEKER Weekly. Est. 1873.
G. E. Macdonald, Edr.
Three mos. Trial, \$1. Sample free.
Books: Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll. Catalog free.
TRUTH SEEKER CO., 49 Vesey St., New York

German Books a Specialty
W. BEYER, Inc., Books and Art
Now at 259 5th Avenue
Bet. 28th and 29th Streets New York

EDUCATIONAL

Spring Hill
A progressive boarding school
for boys and girls from 6 to 12
Healthful surroundings Outdoor life Creative
activity
MRS. WILLIAM SPINNEY MISS DOROTHY BULL
Litchfield, Connecticut

MISCELLANEOUS

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION
among undeveloped natural resources in British
Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy,
sent free by The Cooperative Club, Prince George,
B. C., Canada.

Privately Printed for Subscribers

THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH
BY E. POWYS MATHERS

Literal Translation by Dr. J. C. Mardrus

Just Completed Limited Edition

THE *Thousand Nights and One Night* rendered from the literal and complete version of Dr. J. C. Mardrus and collated with other sources by E. POWYS MATHERS.

Privately Printed for Subscribers

Burton's translation has hitherto been the last word. *But it is so no longer.* Dr. Mardrus began in 1899 his new French translation and this English translation of his completed work is now privately printed for subscribers. Of it *The London Times* says:

"It is safe to say that though Burton's commentary must always remain of scholastic value, most readers will prefer Dr. Mardrus' French text as rendered into English by Mr. E. POWYS MATHERS.

"In the 'THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS' the tale after all is the thing, and the tale is better told by Mardrus than by Burton. But let not those who are jealous of every word suppose he has attained this result by the method of a sub-editor. For artistic presentment the abhorred sears are not necessary. All the superfluities have also a value. Burton cut out a great deal. The Mardrus version is very much fuller in detail."

The London Spectator says: "The simplest and most vigorous translation into a European language is that of Dr. J. C. Mardrus. Mr. E. POWYS MATHERS has published a translation and we have an unexpurgated English text that will be for many years the best."

Each of these handsome volumes on hand-made, water-marked paper. Frontispieces in four colors from Persian illuminations. Sixteen volumes bound in four 6 1/4" by 9 1/4" by 2" thick. Bound in French boards, Oriental motif, gold tops, gilt backs, colored end papers.

The English Review of Reviews says of this remarkable set: "It is incomparably the best we have ever had—a revelation of new beauty. Its pages are packed with poetic imagery."

PRICE, \$50.

Mail the coupon for
descriptive brochure

DINGWALL-ROCK, Ltd.

41 West 45th Street New York City

Dingwall-Rock, Ltd.
41 West 45th St., New York City

Gentlemen: Without obligation or cost to me, kindly forward information in detail about "The Real Arabian Nights."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "Tolerance."

JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. His latest book is "The State and the Church."

JOSE MIGUEL BEJARANO is a Mexican journalist, known as a writer for the liberal and radical press. He is also secretary of the Mexican Chamber of Commerce in New York City.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER is on the staff of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, one of the largest Negro papers in this country.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science in London University and author of "Authority in the Modern State."

LOUIS FISCHER, who has been *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow, is now in Berlin.

CARLETON BEALS is in Mexico, where he has been for several years making a study of social and political institutions.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is assistant professor of history at Columbia University and the author of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway."

JOHN DICKINSON is lecturer on government at Harvard University.

F. STRINGFELLOW BARR is assistant professor of history at the University of Virginia.

HIROSHI SHIMIDZU, a graduate of Waseda University, is connected with the Ohara Institute of Industrial Research.

VACATION PLACES

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

It's a rare treat to spend the glorious June Days at

SCHILDKRAUT'S

PINE TERRACE PARK HOTEL on-the-Hudson

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

A PLACE of charm and distinction. Rustic beauty and scenic splendor to delight the eye and thrill the soul. You revel in the luxury of superior hotel accommodations and the outdoor-campers' paradise. Cheerful hospitality and congenial companionship. Unsurpassed food of flavor—the Famous Vegetarian Dishes—choice and variety to please the most fastidious.

Sports and social diversion make the days and evenings so pleasant and happy that you just love to lengthen your vacation. Phone or write Highland Falls, N. Y. 125 F 2.

In the City enjoy the Health Food in our Restaurants:

400 Fourth Ave.
37 West 32nd St.
171 E. Broadway

4 West 28th St.
221 West 36th St.
Main Office, 6 W. 28th St.

WESTERN VIEW FARM

OPEN MAY - NOV.

7th SEASON

A Beautiful Place in the Berkshire Hills
for a Week-End or an Extended Visit

Rates \$7 a day and \$37.50 a week. Address: E. G. Ohmer, Western View Farm, New Milford, Connecticut. 2½ hours from New York. Telephone New Milford 440. Illustrated literature on request. Among our guests are many artists, writers and other professional people.

SUMMER COURSES IN



JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK announces the opening of summer institutes for Jewish Social Workers in addition to its regular course of fifteen months' graduate study in preparation for Jewish social work.

The following courses will be given in the summer of 1926:

Social and Religious Institutions of the Jews.....	M. M. Kaplan
History of Early Jewish Community Life.....	L. L. Honor
Modern Jewish History.....	I. B. Berkson
The Field of Jewish Social Service in the U. S.....	M. J. Karpf
Aims and Methods of Contemporary Jewish Social Service.....	S. A. Goldsmith
Administration of Jewish Family Case Work Agencies.....	M. J. Karpf
Administration of Jewish Centers.....	H. L. Glucksmann
Administration of Jewish Federations.....	M. D. Waldman
Yiddish Language and Literature.....	M. Soltes
Problems of Jewish Adjustment to American Life.....	M. M. Kaplan
Post War Problems of the Jews.....	I. B. Berkson

Write for a Summer Bulletin

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street, New York City

REAL ESTATE

HOME BUILDERS—NOT SPECULATORS

While land at Mt. Airy (Croton-on-Hudson) is selling for considerably less than unimproved lots in the surrounding districts, and while the Mt. Airy property is steadily increasing in value, we want only HOME BUILDERS, not speculators, in this community of artists, writers and thinking people.

We frequently deny applications for land in justice to those already home owners at Mt. Airy. Beautifully wooded ¼, ½ and 1-acre plots—some with river views—still available; \$350 and up each or terms: 60 minutes from city; 100 trains daily; schools and stores near.

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., New York
Chelsea 0432

THREE SMALL COTTAGES

overlooking Croton Lakes. Just right for three couples wanting to be together, yet apart. Two at \$250 for season; one at \$400. For these and other summer homes, write

MARGARET LANE

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Tel. Croton 400

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Summer Time!

Camps, hotels, summer homes, boarding houses,
—and those who seek such accommodations

Those who have an apartment they wish to rent

Those who want to rent an apartment

we recommend placing an advertisement in the classified section of *The Nation*, as the best means of bringing the right person and the right place together. Rates on request. Address Dept. C, care of *The Nation*.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1926

No. 3181

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	681
EDITORIALS:	
China's Wars and Warriors.....	684
The Play Jury Functions.....	685
Real Help for Real Farmers.....	685
Meyer London	686
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	687
"UNCHANGING CHINA." By Lewis S. Gannett.....	688
A CHINESE RULER RUNS AWAY. By Rayna Raphaelson.....	690
AMOROUSNESS AND ALCOHOL. By Mary Austin.....	691
THE NEGRO ARTIST AND THE RACIAL MOUNTAIN. By Langston Hughes	692
THE COLOR QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Ruth S. Alexander..	694
A LIBERAL IN TENNESSEE. By John T. Moutoux.....	696
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	697
CORRESPONDENCE	697
BOOKS:	
Ditty. By Allen Tate.....	699
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren.....	699
Money Makes the Mare Go. By Henry Raymond Mussey.....	699
A Decent Traveler. By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	700
Old and New. By Clifton P. Fadiman.....	701
Helmholtz Continued. By L. T. Troland.....	701
Elizabethan History. By Sidney R. Packard.....	702
Books in Brief.....	703
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
A Message from Barbuse.....	704
Doorn and the German Conspirators.....	704
Syria Appeals to the League.....	705

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

NEWBERRY WAS A PIKER according to Pennsylvania standards. Gifford Pinchot spent \$195,000—as much to run third in the recent Pennsylvania Republican primary as Newberry spent in getting nominated in Michigan six years ago. Vare, who won, spent more than half a million dollars, and the Mellons and their friends spent more than a million in their vain efforts to hoist the pious Mr. Pepper into the Senate again. Washington is reported so shocked at Mr. Vare's vote-buying that the Senate may not seat him if elected. But what of Mr. Pepper, who already sits, and of Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, who helped finance his campaign? Are they more virtuous because they spent more, and lost? And what of Mr. Fisher, candidate for Governor, whom the Pittsburgh machine counted in on the day after election, apparently by counting ballots in bulk instead of individually? Joseph R. Grundy, chairman of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, who put up occasional checks for \$18,000, \$30,000, or \$80,000, whenever needed, was frank in explaining his passion to elect Fisher governor. Fisher's rival, he feared, might repeal the tax on coal, which the consumers have to pay, and "that might mean getting the taxes out of the corporations," which are now tax-exempt in Pennsylvania. Hence Mr. Grundy's readiness to dig into his bank roll. Will Mr. Fisher be allowed to run? Has

Pennsylvania any decency left, or does it like to be known as the corruptest State in America? And has America no sense of shame, permitting the chief bag-man of this vote-buying gang to run its Treasury?

"THE GREAT 'ELECTION FRAUD,'" says the New York Times, "is the primary itself." And Mr. Mellon's faithful Senator David Reed solemnly asserts that "Necessarily, in all propriety, the expenditures of vast sums were required because of the silly mechanism of primary elections that was thrust on us in a burst of unconsidered reform twenty years ago. We have got to get back to the convention system." The vast sums spent in Pittsburgh were used to buy "watchers"—about one in every four voters was paid as a "watcher"—at \$10 a head for men and \$5 for women (a new atrocity to excite the Woman's Party). It is difficult to understand what the primary system has to do with this form of systematic corruption. People who put up hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy a primary will surely be as generous at a regular election, and people who can be bought in June are certainly for sale in November. The only apparent advantage in the convention system is that it used to make it possible to buy nominations more cheaply, easily, and secretly. In the good old days of party conventions the bosses sat in their hotel rooms and made their deals with less likelihood of exposure by an inquisitive Senatorial committee. That, apparently, is what the Times and Senator David Reed want. The primary does not work perfectly, but it has its advantages—and these are precisely what make Mr. Mellon's friends mad. It made Brookhart's victory in Iowa possible, and it has repeatedly defeated machine candidates. On the whole, Pennsylvania's primary did not work so ill. Despite the Mellon-Grundy million Mr. Pepper was not elected.

JAPANESE POLICE arrested three hundred Koreans who dared demand independence during the funeral of their erstwhile emperor; the French are continuing their war of extermination against the Syrian patriots; England has bullied Zaghul Pasha, despite his overwhelming victory at the polls, into refusing the premiership of the "independent" kingdom of Egypt; and the red-blooded Americans who want Uncle Sam to join in the game of sitting on Asia are demanding increased powers for General Wood, our excessively military Governor General. Indeed, Representative Theodore Bacon of New York is suggesting that the rich southern islands inhabited in part by the backward Moros be separated administratively from the rest of the Philippines. He says the Moros want American and resent Filipino rule, but the recent killings occurred in Lanao, after General Wood had replaced a Filipino governor by an American. The joke is that the Moro Islands include the land which the rubber interests covet. Their people, for all their belligerent Moslem past, are the most backward in the islands, and Mr. Bacon's talk of "self-determination" for them is an obnoxious attempt to repeat, in the name of America, the old imperialist game of conquering by dividing.

THE VISIT to this country of Louis Borno, President of Haiti by grace of the republic's American conquerors, naturally raises the question, What for? Mr. Borno's departure from Port au Prince was accompanied by a demonstration anything but friendly on the part of his fellow-citizens, many of whom think the purpose of his visit may be to sell further rights in Haiti to American business or to create propaganda favorable to a continuance of our forcible occupation. Another disapproving crowd greeted Mr. Borno upon his arrival in New York, raising the question of his eligibility to the presidential office. So long as American business and bayonets are the actual rulers, it matters little what puppet is the nominal head of the government. More important than the academic controversy over Mr. Borno's eligibility is the fact that he is virtually self-chosen—having been selected last spring by a Council of State which he had appointed—and that the whole governmental scheme rests upon a constitution which the United States forced upon Haiti in 1918. Our conquest of Haiti in the interest of American business, and the bitter resentment that has existed among the inhabitants ever since, is the point for us to keep in mind. It is an injustice that hurts us even more than it does helpless Haiti.

EMILIANO CHAMORRO is not to be recognized by the United States as President of Nicaragua. That may be accepted as final by the announcement of the return of the American Minister on an indefinite leave of absence. General Chamorro is friendly toward American business penetration in the republic, while the Liberals who last winter undertook an unsuccessful revolution against his dictatorship proclaim a belief in Nicaragua for the Nicaraguans. The Department of State is deserving of credit, therefore, as William Hard suggested in *The Nation* of June 2, in that it is logically standing by its policy not to recognize a government set up by force in Central America, even if a friendly regime could be obtained in that way. Whether the policy itself is a sound one is another matter. *The Nation* believes that the old practice of international law, by which any established government is recognized regardless of origin, is wiser and less provocative of meddling in other peoples' affairs. Anyhow, General Chamorro can hardly expect to last as President without recognition from the United States. There is a prospect, now that hope of recognition is gone, that he may voluntarily step down and make way for a coalition government of a moderate and conciliatory sort. That is what Nicaragua thought it had set up in 1924. President Solorzano proved unequal to the job, but the plan is worth trying again.

BRAZIL HAS LEFT the League of Nations in a pique, and Spain, too, is talking of desertion because she cannot have a permanent seat on the Council of the League. Poland, meanwhile, is too absorbed in her own troubles to repeat the claim which roused such a furore and whetted so many appetites in March. The path is now clear to enlarge the number of non-permanent seats on the Council, and to admit Germany, as a great Power, to the charmed inner circle—England, France, Italy, and Japan are the others—of permanent members. And thus the shabby under-cover affair which Briand and Austen Chamberlain began when they made secret agreements at Locarno comes

to an anticlimactic end. It is true that the League is overweighted with European members, but Brazil's claim to a seat for Latin America was not made after consultation with her neighbors or in their name; it was just a case of grab, like Poland's and Spain's. The League's refusal to accept her ultimatum does it honor.

PREMIER AVERESCU won his general election in Rumania by a comfortable margin; he holds 100 out of 113 seats in the new Chamber. Considering the fact that he controlled only five seats in the last parliament, this is a handsome gain—and calls, perhaps, for a bit of explaining. When Averescu was called to the premiership at the end of Bratianu's term in office, it was generally accepted that his job consisted in preventing the legitimate opposition, the National Peasant Party, from getting control of the government. He has succeeded magnificently; and if his opponents growl—even Bratianu, who was doubtless responsible for his appointment, is complaining of oppressive tactics—it will probably be some time before their resentment grows to dangerous proportions.

AVERESCU'S PREELECTION METHODS were for the most part in the time-honored tradition of the Balkans. He made a hasty pact with certain leaders among the non-Rumanian elements and put up a ticket deceptively indicating a love feast of heretofore conflicting nationalities, with Hungarian and Rumanian jingoes, Zionists and pogromists, alike represented. He prohibited the opposition parties from electioneering in the country districts; he gave orders to the gendarmerie to eject all dangerous opposition candidates—particularly the more prominent leaders of the Peasants' Bloc—from their own election districts. According to the Bucharest daily *Adeverul*, the Captain of Gendarmerie Sfetcu, of the Vlach'ka district, sent this circular order to the posts of his district: "Pedestrian agitators for non-governmental parties are to be arrested, agitators in automobiles to be escorted by the chief of the post and a detachment of his gendarmes beyond the local border." Certain urban centers of opposition were put under a state of siege. Averescu also invoked the Red Specter, starting a conspiracy trial in Klausenburg on May 5, against eighty-seven alleged Communist conspirators between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, the chief defendant, Kate Abraham, being a high-school girl sixteen years old. In the course of this orgy of preelection repression Averescu executed one original coup: In Rumania soldiers under arms are deprived of the vote. Averescu had the lists of "politically unreliable" citizens carefully scrutinized by his local henchmen, and then called to the colors all "unreliable" males between the ages of 24 and 42 for military exercises to last until the first week of June.

THE PASSAIC STRIKE, now in its twenty-second week, continues to give America lessons in labor strategy. A striking plan suggested recently is the organization of a vertical labor boycott against the leading woolen firms of Passaic, such as Forstmann and Hoffmann's, the Gera Worsted and Spinning Company, and Botany Mills Consolidated—for the big needle-trades unions to refuse to make clothing from Passaic wools. The vertical combination which brings under one management the production of everything from flax to finished Fords has been hailed as a great American achievement, yet a similar vertical labor

boycott would doubtless be attributed to Moscow. Meanwhile the Passaic United Front Committee is extending its battle-line with relief committees in all parts of the United States. Textile unions outside the American Federation of Labor have created a new national committee for organization work. The strikers are running four grocery stores of their own in Passaic, each store having a manager and eight assistants who are all strikers. They have a warehouse, a clothing store where strikers, after investigation, are allotted second-hand clothing free, a corps of twenty investigators who check up on the expenditure of strike relief funds, and even a housing department which has placed about fifteen evicted families in new homes. All these enterprises are manned by strikers.

THE NET OPERATING REVENUE of the Canadian National Railways for 1925 has recently been announced as \$32,264,000. This is \$15,000,000 better than for 1924, and \$66,000,000 better than for 1920 when, as a legacy of practical bankruptcy in private hands, the Canadian Government was forced to take over this 20,000 miles of track and operate it somehow. Since 1922, operating surpluses have been obtained. Coincident with this news there came over our desk a recent bulletin of the Taylor Society, which carried a speech by Sir Henry Thornton, the chief executive of the Canadian National. Sir Henry has joined with Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in supporting the so-called union-management cooperative plan, whereby, in repair shops, the Machinists Union and the railroad management cooperate to increase production, decrease waste, promote safety and sanitation, and steady the curve of employment. Sir Henry gives unqualified approval to the plan, and is assisting in its introduction throughout the great system which he controls. Meanwhile the same bulletin carries a speech by Bert Jewell, one of the union leaders primarily concerned with the plan, and a paper by Otto S. Beyer, the union's engineer, who has been assisting with the technical direction of the plan, both on the B. and O. and on the Canadian National. Mr. Beyer states that since 1923 there have been no fewer than 2,180 joint meetings of management and men on the B. and O. Over 14,000 specific proposals—mostly technical—have been brought up at these meetings, of which 11,300 have been adopted in the shops. Here, moreover, is no tame dodo of a company union, steered into sweetness and light by benevolent feudalists. Here is a free, powerful, international union, working with the management of a great railroad, on the basis of a fair give and take.

AT SWORDS' POINTS with Senator Wadsworth on almost all issues, we none the less salute him as an honest, straightforward politician. No pussyfooting for him. When he takes a stand he is willing that everybody should know it. He never made any bones of his opposition to woman suffrage and he does not now. In face of determined prohibition opposition to his renomination, he has come out squarely, not for the modification of the Volstead Act but for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the substitution therefor of the Canadian system of government-controlled sale of liquor. That is the stand a brave and square politician ought to take if he does not believe in prohibition; it is throwing down a gage of battle worth taking up. We cannot go as

far as Mr. Frank Kent in deploring the mere possibility of the defeat of Senator Wadsworth because he is a gentleman, has brains, and leads, for we should like to see the political policies he stands for defeated at every turn. But it is so rare to find a politician of the Old Guard type standing four-square and risking unpopularity by frank avowal of a position which makes bitter attack—and, in this case, a rival candidacy—inevitable that we are glad to record our admiration.

THOSE OF THE OLDER GENERATION who every day contribute new opinions on modern youth must be freshly amazed each summer. The young idea seems to regard vacation—once the Utopia of the light novel—as a time to exercise minds cramped for months by academic requirements. Opportunity to discuss problems ranging from personal religious beliefs to international affairs will be offered at a multitude of conferences here and abroad, of which the *New Student* prints a comprehensive list in a supplement to its issue of May 26. Internationalism on a large scale centers at Geneva, where a student headquarters has been established at the suggestion of Gilbert Murray. In an old stone house at Honfleur, Normandy, a conference led by Norman Angell emphasizes intimacy of discussion and limits its numbers to twenty-five or thirty. On this side of the Atlantic an enterprising student can spend his vacation working and thinking or playing and thinking in equally good though perhaps less varied company. The National Student Forum has made over a barn in the Connecticut Berkshires into a home for a series of seven conferences. A camp at Oliveria in the Catskills of New York will be the scene of an experiment in self-expression. The students will lecture to one another instead of inviting expert members of the older generation. The Middle West has just concluded an all-inclusive three-day student conference at Kansas City. In various other cities the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. will continue to conduct their industrial groups of students who desire to work. With a firm belief in the efficacy of experience *The Nation* offers again this year three prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 each for three articles on the summer experiences of students in industry. The articles should be not longer than 4,000 words, and should be submitted before November 1, 1926.

HERE AND THERE TORIES still cry out: "Why give the workers more leisure? They don't know what to do with it." It would do these old fogies good—if they are honest—to visit the Workers Unity House at Forest Park, Pennsylvania. The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union some years ago acquired a summer hotel in the woods. Year by year this magnificent site has been more and more adapted to the workers' needs. On June 18 another season opened. There are quarters for children as well as adults. There is a program of lectures and music as well as of organized games. And always there is the beauty of woods and lake and sky. Last year nearly 4,000 workers and their children spent their vacation in their own union's summer home. The Pioneer Youth camps on which *The Nation* has often commented are other fine examples of the interest the workers take through their own organization in enriching the hours when they can be away from the machine and the mechanized life. To Unity House, the Pioneer Youth camps, and all similar non-profit-making enterprises *The Nation* wishes the best of summers.

China's Wars and Warriors

THE most significant thing about the confused fighting and peace-making in China is its insignificance. Whatever the outcome, nothing important will have changed. The Nationalist armies of the "Christian general," Feng Yu-hsiang, have been beaten, for the present, in the North; Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin are desultorily disputing over the spoils, and Sun Chuan-fong has seized the occasion to declare "independence" in the rich lower Yangtze Valley. All these Chinese generals are essentially bandits grown great; their armies are freebooters' armies, loyal with a personal loyalty to a chief rather than to a principle or a group. When they conquer or disappear the change is but a shift of personalities.

That any permanent solution of China's troubles can come this summer or in any immediate future is unlikely. The causes lie too deep. China has moved too far into the twentieth century for any single despot to be able to unite her and rule her with an iron will. The well-meant efforts of various foreigners since the revolution to aid one strong man to dominate the country have only aggravated the immense difficulties of the situation. China is emerging from a patriarchal, stable, medieval civilization into the restless, changing torment of the new industrial world. Industrialism has touched her only here and there, but it has destroyed the old equilibrium and upset the old balances. They cannot be restored. The only way out is forward, but her chaos is likely to be greater before she emerges from the birth-throes of the new epoch.

Where is the fighting in China? It is near the port cities and along the lines of the railways, where China's native village economy has been upset. Instead of peacefully producing only enough for the requirements of the local market, men along the railway lines have learned, in the Western manner, to specialize. They produce a surplus for an export market, and depend upon the railroads to bring from afar what they need to live. But the existence of a surplus, the existence of the railroads, is to the militarists a chance for robbery and gain. That they destroy the goose that lays the golden eggs means nothing to them; they will move elsewhere with their armies and rob other geese. The peasants who have been robbed of their means of existence are likely to turn to robbery, to form new local bandit bands which will in time be incorporated into so-called armies. So the process goes on. For the time it seems to produce only greater and greater chaos. But fundamentally it is revolutionizing China, breaking up the ancient stability of the local units, destroying that devotion to the past which was rooted in local customs, local bonds, and local divinities, and teaching the Chinese to work together in masses. It is creating, in its slow, mysterious way, that national consciousness which China has hitherto lacked.

Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, Sun Chuan-fong, Feng Yu-hsiang—the generals whose names appear in the newspapers—are survivals of an age that is past. Chang Tso-lin is a street gangster playing king; Wu is a scholar respected in China because he is personally honest and loyal to his friends, even if they be inefficient and dishonest; Sun is a clever product of a Japanese military school; Feng is a peasant leader who indiscriminately uses Russian muni-

tions and Christian texts as instruments of warfare. None of them speaks the language of the youth of China. All of them look back pathetically toward the golden past, speak with the exaggerated modesty which only a Chinese can adopt, and have confidence in none but themselves. When defeated they react, as Chinese do, by retiring to obscurity to gain new strength. Today Chang is supported more or less openly by Japan, Wu and Sun less openly by England, Feng by Soviet Russia. But none of them has any devotion to the Powers which support them, or any program. Their ambition is for their personal gang to get control. Like the old sages of China, they believe that a good man is always a good ruler, and, like all men, they believe themselves good. There is little hope for China politically until they and their generation have bled one another to death.

Feng, youngest of the three, has come nearest to having a program. His soldiers wear on their arms an inscription "Love the people! Do not molest the people! Help the people!" He has taxed his district into poverty, but his soldiers have a reputation for paying for what they take. They are disciplined; they even build roads, which is an occupation considered beneath his dignity by the average Chinese bandit. But Feng's alliance with the Russians, which is more geographical than ideological, has cost him the valuable sympathy of the British and Americans, who in China, as elsewhere, permit hate to blind their vision. And with all his discipline and his principles Feng has never learned to share power. He is, like the rest, a military despot, and when he retired his forces crumpled. The new China will not be built by soldiers; it requires civilians.

Away in the south of China, at Canton, is the most hopeful focal point in China today. There, where foreign influence has been strongest and resentment of it keenest, the Nationalist Party, the Kuomintang, acting through a party dictatorship which closely resembles the Russian system, has established something like civilian government, the only civilian island in the militarist sea which is China today. Canton's present government may not survive. Its generals may become too ambitious; it may make bad alliances. Already its influence has spread over other provinces, which may be its doom—Feng lost his significance when he began to make alliances with weaker men of weaker principles. But the idea upon which Canton rests, the democratic nationalism of Dr. Sun, is likely, through this or through some other agency, to spread.

Foreigners can do little to help China in her agony. Fundamentally, her need is time—time for the new generation to grow into responsibility, time to adapt herself to the twentieth century. To expect peace and law and order from a continent which is trying to compress a thousand years of history into ten is absurd. China will not uphold the letter of the treaties forced upon her in her weakness. She is not likely for some years to have a central government capable of so doing. The outside world may stand on its rights and check the speed of the revolution, thus drawing on itself the hatred of a perplexed and miserable people—or it can seek to understand and sympathize. Lewis Gannett's articles, beginning in this issue of *The Nation*, are an attempt at such sympathetic understanding.

The Play Jury Functions

LAST week the New York Citizens' Play Jury, which had apparently fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude, suddenly came to life and announced the result of its deliberations upon four plays. "Sex" and "The Shanghai Gesture" were approved, a minor elimination was recommended in "The Great Temptations," and "The Bunk of 1926" was said to be so objectionable that it should be closed. The Shuberts dutifully omitted the offensive few minutes from their entertainment, and the Actors' Equity Association, in accordance with its voluntary agreement, ordered the actors out of "Bunk." Mr. Ramsey Wallace, however, one of the producers of the latter revue, obtained from Supreme Court Justice Aaron J. Levy an injunction temporarily restraining the Actors' Equity Association from interfering, and the entertainment, after being provided with additional costuming, was resumed. Here for the moment the matter rests, Mr. Wallace maintaining that he has been unfairly discriminated against while the proponents of the Citizens' Jury accuse him of attempting to wreck the only institution which stands between the New York stage and some more offensive form of censorship.

The Nation, as its readers know, looks with suspicion upon any form of censorship, and it even doubts the wisdom of those compromises which consist in accepting one evil out of fear of a worse; but it must in fairness be said that both in theory and practice the play-jury scheme has so far proved relatively inoffensive. It avoids the monstrous absurdity involved in making policemen the judges of art and morality, and it does not, like the English system, repose arbitrary power in the hands of one person. Moreover, its decisions have been for the most part liberal. Last year it either wholly approved or caused to be only slightly modified three excellent plays whose fate in the hands of the police would have been, at best, doubtful. "Bunk" is the first production which it has ever tried to close. Yet the system has its disadvantages. In the first place, a separate jury is drawn for each play and, since indecency is undoubtedly a matter of unstable convention and personal taste, there is every reason to believe that the verdict in any given case would depend entirely upon the character of the jurors who happened to be drawn. In the second place, there hangs about the citizens' jury scheme the same pharisaical taint which is inseparable from any form of censorship whatsoever.

It is sometimes said that the only problem involved is the problem of finding decent and intelligent men for the role of censor, but the fact remains that no decent and intelligent man could possibly be persuaded to devote himself to the task for long. There is something essentially absurd in drawing lines or in pointing out details, and something essentially presumptuous in setting oneself up to judge what another may be permitted to see, in expurgating books and plays, or deciding what statues should, like some in Italy, be fitted with galvanized iron skirts. No right-minded man can do it often without feeling himself degraded and ridiculous. Censors may be drawn from many classes, from the stupid, the humorless, the fanatical, and the prurient, but they cannot be drawn for long from decent and intelligent men.

Upon this fact any scheme of censorship is inevitably

wrecked. In the case of a crisis, such as that which was precipitated last year, wise and honorable people such as have undoubtedly concerned themselves in the present movement may, either from a sense of public duty or in order to obviate the danger of police stupidity, consent to judge plays from the standpoint of the moralist. The majority even of those who believe that a censorship is desirable will shrink from themselves performing the function, just as the majority of prohibitionists still shrink from imitating General Butler or informing the police about the activities of the home brewer who has a still in the cellar next door; and they will both refrain for the same reason—because spying out indecencies, like telling tales, is naturally repugnant. Since the play jury has no legal standing, service upon it is bound to be voluntary, and it will become, in a short time, a body composed of those who find in its activities a congenial occupation.

In its favor it might be argued that it is, in contrast to the English system, "democratic"; but it is not, in our opinion, democratic enough. There is only one really democratic way to deal with spectacles concerning whose taste there is a difference of opinion: Let those who find them unobjectionable attend and let others stay away.

Real Help for Real Farmers

WORD comes from Washington that in consequence of the overwhelming Brookhart victory in Iowa's Republican senatorial primary election Congress must "do something" for the farmer before adjourning this summer. After a few futile gestures and many windy words in the spring, Republican leaders had thought to shelve the issue once again, but fear of disaster in the congressional campaign in the autumn is spurring them now to put together some piece of bric-a-brac the paint on which will not peel off until it has done its work of fooling the agricultural communities over the November election.

Meanwhile an existing means of helping the farmer—potentially the most important set up so far—has never been permitted to function as intended, but has become instead a roost for politicians. Under political control we have a farm-mortgage fund now amounting to more than a billion dollars, involving two thousand political offices, setting the farm-mortgage interest rate for the nation, and making more powerful certain men known to betray the trust they are administering. The Farm Loan System, owned outright by 300,000 farmers, established as a much-needed and valuable credit machine, was by law to be turned over to the stockholders practically as soon as set up. *The Nation* has already recounted the way amendments to the act were secured which robbed Farm Loan members of the right, inherent in the ownership of stock, to manage their property. It has described the secret fund set up in the Franklin National Bank, an account ordered closed by Secretary Mellon after a Senate inquiry. [The Politicians Betray the Farmer, by Gertrude Mathews Shelby, December 3, 1924.]

The kernel of the Farm Loan System is the opportunity that it offers for any group of ten farmers to combine to obtain loans. The group has to indorse each individual loan and each borrower subscribes to stock in the land bank of his district. Each group is liable up to twice the value of its stock for losses of its own land bank, and every

bank is liable for the losses of any other. The money comes from public subscription to bonds backed by this unusually good security. The reform of the Farm Loan System, its restoration to the genuine source of rural cooperative credit that it was intended to be, is one of the few programs upon which apostles of the farmer in Congress of all shades of opinion might unite. Here is a constructive measure to which no honest man can object.

Instead of such reform another link in the long chain of Farm Loan exploitation by politicians was forged by a congressional appropriation at this session increasing the already large overhead for the federal bureau by \$230,000. A new division of appraisers and examiners was set up, with a chief at \$12,000—the remuneration of the Secretary of the Treasury—and four assistants at \$6,000 each. A Farm Loan expert asserts that several added examiners might perhaps have justified their existence at a total expense of \$30,000. Yet two years ago two members at \$10,000 each, with eight-year terms, were added to the board itself. One immediately employed a \$7,500 assistant. The Senate, looking askance, finally approved their appointment because it was understood that these new members would perform expert tasks of the sort for which \$230,000 has now been voted. This unnecessary burden the system must carry is not the largest—merely the latest. Traveling expenses, necessarily large, are so high the board refuses to give figures. The whole system is padded with unnecessary jobs. Unknown to stockholders and even to Congress, Charles E. Lobdell, when formerly a commissioner, contrived two years ago to persuade the federal board to create a new position, that of fiscal agent, to sell the bonds which produce funds to lend. The twelve land-bank presidents voted him \$25,000 a year. The same summer their own salaries were raised.

Mr. Lobdell manages to retain his \$25,000 job. But he does not—perhaps cannot—dispense with the syndicate which, he once testified, advised him concerning the amount of bonds to issue and the best time to float them. The syndicate is in a position to indicate what interest the bonds may carry; in a word, how much money the farmers are to have and what they should pay for it. It is highly significant that our farmers are obliged to pay a higher interest rate than is paid in foreign countries under similar schemes. Others provide funds at $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Even our insurance companies lend at interest lower than the Farm Loan. Joint-stock banks, also supervised by the federal board, charging $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 per cent, like “the farmers’ own system,” are not only able to compete but to take Farm Loan business away.

The interest rate, meaning millions a year to farmers, should drop. Instead, Representative McFadden has proposed an amendment allowing the Farm Loan Board to increase it one-half of 1 per cent. Any increase in the Farm Loan rate would be slow death. Failure would be stamped upon the first federal move toward initiating economic liberty in this country. By the Farm Loan act freedom was actually granted to responsible men to pool their resources, to serve themselves at cost by applying the association principle so valuable in insurance fields. Here might have begun—might still begin if a thorough reorganization takes place—a decentralization of credit which, extended to other industrial classes, might render Americans to some degree independent of gigantic financial powers.

Meyer London

THERE was something immensely impressive about the tribute which the East Side of New York—not only the East Side but the labor and Socialist movement of the whole city—paid to Meyer London, the immigrant from Russia who became one of the fathers of the modern organization of needle-trade workers and one of the two Socialists who have sat in Congress. Mr. London died on a Sunday after being struck by an automobile. He was buried on a Wednesday. During the long hours while his body lay in state at the Forward Building an endless procession of people passed in sorrow. Thousands marched behind his coffin through streets black with people. The funeral services were not of a religious character, but in Mr. London’s honor the lamps outside one synagogue were lit and on the steps of another a rabbi chanted the prayers for the dead as the hearse passed by.

The tribute was to a man and not to an official position. Mr. London no longer represented his East Side district in Congress. In recent years the party of which he was a leader has waned in political strength. At the time of his death he was not even the principal attorney for the strongest of the unions which he had helped to build up. But he was, as he had always been, a lovable human being with strong likes and dislikes, great enthusiasm, much intellectual ability, and a sincere passion for the rights of the underdog. He might easily have become a rich man in his chosen profession, but money never appealed to him. More than once he sent back checks to labor unions because, he said, they were too large.

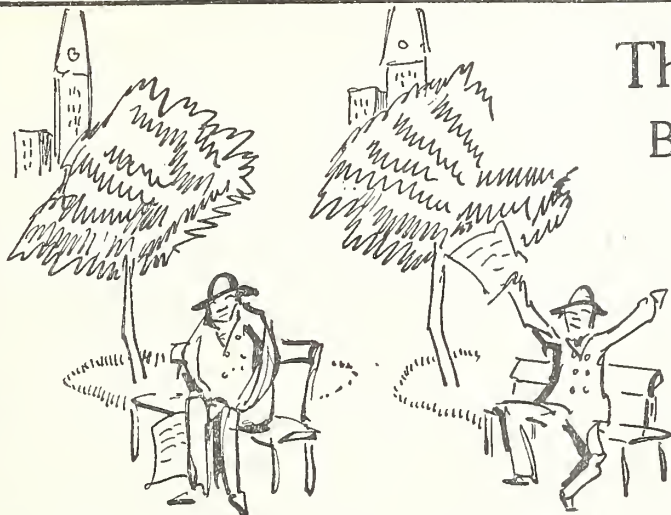
Of his political influence it is harder to speak. To many observers the funeral services brought other scenes to memory. Rutgers Square, where massed thousands wept for Meyer London, in 1914 witnessed an extraordinary jubilee in honor of his first election to Congress. Old orthodox Jews danced and sang with the younger radical generation. Meyer London had been elected; Utopia was near. One of the prominent workers in that campaign, now a close political friend of Governor Smith’s, boasted that Tammany’s day was done. The years brought disillusionment. Meyer London was a capable Representative, loyal to his conviction of what the difficult war years demanded, but he did not—perhaps could not—rise to heights of leadership.

No one Socialist Congressman from the East Side could ever bring the millennium. But he showed the citizens what they could do if they would stand together. The election of one Socialist Congressman did not portend the downfall of Tammany Hall, but there can be no doubt whatever that Mr. London’s election and similar Socialist successes were largely responsible for the more enlightened social and economic attitude of Tammany Hall under the leadership of “Al” Smith.

Perhaps Mr. London’s most lasting claim to fame will prove to be the great role he played in the famous 1910 strike which established the garment workers as a real power in industry and ended the days when the needle trades were the classic example of human exploitation which we call sweatshop labor. Whatever place history may assign him, the East Side’s sincere and spontaneous tribute is proof that there is gratitude in mankind and an immortality of influence for the personality and deeds of men who dare to dream of a just and beautiful world.

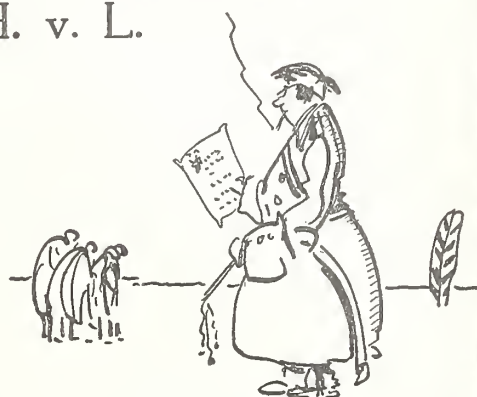
The Universe, Inc.

By H. v. L.

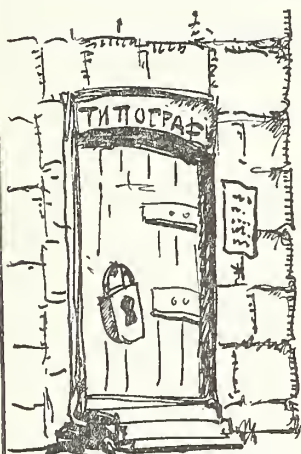


IN GRAMERCY PARK I met my friend Pavel Osholowitch Oshol, formerly a high Russian official. He now washes dishes at the Union League Club.

He showed me an announcement of the suppression of the *New Masses*. "What bungling," he shouted.



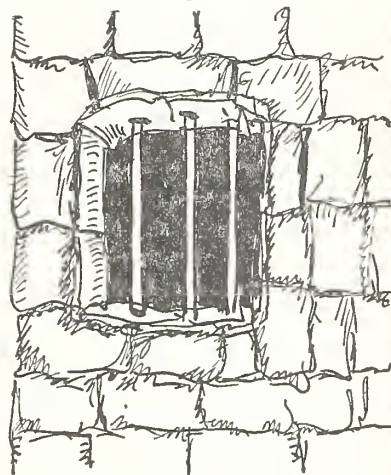
"In Russia in my day they knew how to handle such things better."



"Did we merely suppress a paper that offended us? Of course not. We padlocked the whole plant."



"We burned all the books and all the copies of the paper found on the premises, together with the lists of subscribers and such minor clerical data."



"We put the printers behind the bars for six years, and a Russian jail in those days was a jail."



"We sent the reporters and the artists and the special writers and the book reviewers to Siberia for twelve years or more."



"And the editors were condemned to twenty-four years in the lead mines across Lake Baikal. That was the way, my boy. That was the way." I hastened to agree with him.



"Of course," I said. "That was the way and it was highly successful. For example, look at the present condition of the Imperial fami—" "Pardon me," Pavel Osholowitch Oshol interrupted, "but I hear the clock strike. My dishes await me." And off he went.

“Unchanging China”

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

WE Occidentals enter China at Shanghai, the greatest of those hybrid Eurasian cities known as “treaty ports” and, in some eerie way, the most unpleasant city in the world. Here, in what was once a swamp outside the city walls, white men have built the greatest trading city of the East. The old Chinese town is only a local slum today; what men call Shanghai is the foreign city, the “International” (British) and French Settlements along the river front. Here, under European flags and protection, the business of China is done.

It is a mighty city that the white men have built upon the banks of the Whangpoo. Broad paved streets; massive stone buildings, as gloomily vast and permanent as any in London’s City; clanging street cars, electric lights in imitation of Broadway; gas, running water, sewers, all the trappings of Western civilization that are so uncomfortably missing in most of China. Automobiles clog the streets; the telephone system works in English; the pretty river-front park is “reserved for the foreign community.” (Shanghai is politer today than when the sign read, “Chinese and dogs not allowed.”) For miles factory chimneys cloud the sky; here, as in the West, men work in droves of thousands. Here, if anywhere, the West seems to have made itself at home in the East.

Yet ten minutes in this smoothly functioning city give one a panicky realization that it is neither Europe nor Asia, but something precariously balanced between them. Among the autos dodge swarms of ricksha coolies, clad in every imaginable combination of blue cotton rags, some barefoot, some straw-soled, many naked to the waist—all running, sweating, panting. There is almost no horse traffic. Men—and sometimes women—pull the carts. Watch them—each at his rope, six or eight to a cart, straining up the bridges over Soochow Creek, and you will realize the human meaning of the simple phrase, “Labor is cheap in China.” Nor is it white men who crowd the sidewalks. Oriental figures—a few in ugly Western felt hats, coats and trousers, more in skull-caps and stately long silk robes—make up these sedate throngs. And at every bank, club, hotel, office-building a huge black-bearded turbaned Sikh stands guard, ready to cuff out of the way any saucy yellow man.

In Shanghai, as everywhere in China, one is impressed, and often oppressed, by the sense of the crowd. Here men teem; they swarm; the individual seems as insignificant as a single ant in an ant-hill. No one knows how many human beings live in Shanghai, for the native cities that cluster about the foreign settlements have never been adequately counted; but in the foreign cities alone there are a million and a half Chinese and only 40,000 foreigners, of whom more than half are of races ineligible to citizenship in the United States. The Chinese form 97 per cent of the population of the cities which white men govern; they pay 80 per cent of the taxes; but they have no share in the city administration, their children cannot play in the city park, and if they want to send their sons to school they must pay for it themselves. The foreign clubs (the French Club is an exception) do not admit Chinese even as luncheon guests; the line between white and yellow is drawn as sharply as

that between black and white in Georgia; and one ends by understanding the bitter fear psychology of the tiny oligarchy which has built this city, is proud of it, and wants to retain it as a white citadel in a country of 450 million yellow men. One ends, too, by hating Shanghai; no one, foreigner or Chinese, can feel at ease there.

* * * * *

Life is warm and intimate in the narrow old streets of Hangchow. In one shop open broadly to the lane a whole family, from seven to seventy years old, sociably weaves baskets; another family saws wood with ancient Chinese saws, and makes the product into furniture; in a third shop bronze bells are being cast; and across the street one family is making brooms, another idols, a third coffins. They live so close that their lives are interwoven, as is their conversation. No stranger passes but they all note him; no accident but all share in the distress and laughter. The hours are long—indeed, there is no respite except for food and sleep—but there is little strain; work and play are intermingled.

One suddenly becomes aware that this is the Middle Ages. The carved wood railings of the second stories; the richness of color and sound and smell (most of the cooking is done on the street, and the little restaurants send out a rich cargo of Oriental odors); the beautiful shop signs—vertical strips of painted wood inscribed with gilded Chinese characters—this must be very like the medieval back streets of those European cities which still preserve their proudest squares to remind us of what guild life was before the days of factories and efficiency.

Through the narrow streets dodges an endless line of ricksha boys, while the occupants strike little foot-bells to emphasize the musical shouts with which the boys warn of their coming. It seems very ancient, very Oriental. And then one learns that the first ricksha came to Hangchow fifteen years ago, imported from Japan for an American missionary, and that the ricksha itself is a missionary invention only fifty-odd years old. It dawns upon one that China can change, has changed, is changing. There must be thousands of darting ricksha boys in Hangchow today; fifteen years ago the mandarins rode in sedan chairs and the merchants walked. One is no longer surprised to turn the corner from these handworkers’ shops and find, behind high white walls, a great modern silk factory, where thousands of trousered Chinese girls work thirteen hours a day, and earn, if they are very skilful, almost a quarter.

* * * * *

Long before Shanghai Canton, far to the south, was opened to foreign trade. It has been the center of half a dozen wars and near-wars with the “foreign devils,” but by some miracle, which may have its root in the vigor of the Cantonese character, it has maintained its Chinese soul and its Chinese rule. It is proudly tearing down the narrow lanes and opening wide avenues; it razes temples and creates schools; it has its own traffic police and a municipal sprinkling-cart; it even has a ten-story department store, hotel, and moving-picture palace on the Bund (built by a Chinese

peanut vendor born in Australia); but it has not succumbed to the West. Stand, if you doubt it, at the South Gate of a morning and watch the long lines of coolies pass out, bearing, trembling from the tips of bamboo poles, great slopping vessels which contain the night's human refuse without which the Canton delta, the most densely populated region in the world, could never maintain its ancient and intensive agriculture. Or watch the life of the river.

Ocean steamers come up to Canton, but anchor in mid-stream. The sampans, bobbing on the water with their long and short oars, do the rest. Tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of sampans line the shores and dot the river for miles. People are born on them, live their lives on them, die on them. The women pull at the oars with tiny babies on their backs; solemn-faced children a year old sit like silent dolls watching their mothers row. Two- and three-year-olds scamper recklessly from boat to boat; at four or five they help their mothers with the oars. Some sampans carry passengers, others cabbages, pigs, silk, kindling-wood, offal, whatever comes to hand. They go where destiny sends them, and tie up where night finds them—fifteen- or twenty-deep against the river bank. River-folk do not need to go ashore for food; itinerant vendors ply their wares in and out of the narrow fairways between the piles of sampans, selling cotton cloth, charcoal, bean-cake, rice over the gunwales—the woman working the oars while the man tinkles a bell and sings his wares. They drink the filthy river water and deposit their refuse there—Arabs of the waterway, they know no other home.

For centuries they and their ancestors have lived thus—have watched the first Western ships sail in, seen iron replace wood and steel iron, watched the coming of steam and of oil fuel—and their lives go on unchanged. So it seems. But already a score of motor launches snort up and down the river, doing the work of several hundred sampans; at Whampoa, nine miles downstream, where the cadets were trained who cleared the province of hostile troops, modern docks are being built. Men on strike against British Hong-kong have dug a road to link Canton and Whampoa; and if ships come alongside and discharge directly what will become of the sampans? The city has an electric-lighting plant, and there are plans for supplying power looms to the home workers who spin silk on Honam Island, between Canton and Whampoa. Already modern-minded Chinese have destroyed the independence of Honam's silk industry and developed an efficient modern sweatshop system of exploiting home workers.

Honam Island is ruled by Lei Fook-lom, once a village bad boy, then a bandit, now a general. Lei Fook-lom cannot read, but over the gate of the castle which he has built himself are two mottoes: "He studies gardening, forestry, and the science of growing trees" and "He loves the sound of his children and brothers reading books." Lei Fook-lom, too, has changed. He has begun paying over taxes to the central government; he is building a hospital for Canton Christian College, on his island; and he has given the youngest son of his sixth concubine to be adopted by a Christian missionary and brought up, he hopes, as a Western doctor.

* * * * *

Men and camels seem like midgets filing along beneath the colossal walls of Peking—walls so vast and powerful that the gates can still be shut to bar out an invading army. The red and gold doorways of the dusty gray lanes of the

Tartar City; the bold red walls and the smoldering fire of the glazed tile roofs of the Forbidden City within; the yellows, the blues, the greens, the gleaming contrasts in the painted beams; the vast, perfect proportions of a metropolis laid out as a unit—Peking has something of the grandeur of Rome, the glory of Greece, the charm of Paris, and is the Eternal City of China.

So-called. But in reality Peking is no more eternal than Carthage or Ur. It is already half dead. It was only half a century ago that the "Old Buddha" built the marvelous gardens known as the Summer Palace (to replace still more marvelous gardens sacked by the Vandal British and French, in the Second Opium War), with the infinite richness of old China—the long painted gallery, the marble camel-back bridge, the strange piles of buildings that climb the mountainside. Yet the Summer Palace is already archaeology. It is a museum, a relic of a past that can never be again. If you look for unchanging China, do not seek it in the magnificence of an empire that is gone forever—go to the Chinese village.

* * * * *

In North China the drab villages, built of brown mud bricks, roofed with brown mud, sink colorlessly into the brown mud plain. You do not realize at once how many of them there are. Only a mile or two separates one cluster of houses from the next. But these villages have no shops; they buy and sell at the market-town, and it may be twenty miles from one market-town to the next.

The market-town of Kweichiu is only seven miles from Tungchow and the railroad, but the seven miles make a breach of centuries. You cross the Grand Canal on an ancient ferry propelled by three wild-looking ruffians with poles, and join the parade of overlaid donkeys, rickety horse-carts, and warmly padded Chinese. The road is just a rut across fields of winter wheat, sometimes across nothing but blown sand. It seems to stray and wander aimlessly, finding its true course only in the villages, where the commerce of centuries has worn the roads deep beneath the level of the farmyards. For these villages, rebuilt every few years out of the eternal brown mud, have histories that antedate Charlemagne.

Kweichiu is just one market-town among tens of thousands scattered over the continent that is China. It is big enough to hold two inns, where a Chinese traveler may lodge for about one cent a night; half a dozen herb drug-stores; a wine-shop; two blacksmiths, a draper, four rice merchants, a silversmith, a pewter-shop, a saddler, a salt-dealer, the inevitable vast pawnshop, and a "foreign-goods shop." Probably it has had most of these since the remote day in the Sung dynasty, a thousand years or so ago, when the town's first mud wall was built. The "foreign-goods store" has only two foreign commodities—cotton thread, from Japan; wire nails, from America. "We used to make our own thread," they will tell you; "but the foreign thread was so much cheaper that we stopped; now the price has risen, but we have forgotten how to make our own." Tobacco and oil, universal in China, of course come from abroad. The cotton goods are of local weave. In the old days, the blacksmith remembers, the coal came down from the Western Hills by camel; now he uses Manchurian coal mined by the Japanese. The iron used to come from Huai-lu on the border of Shansi; now it, too, is Japanese. Apart from that Kweichiu lives as it has lived for centuries—each of the mud-walled villages about it grows its own crops, makes its own products and

takes its goods to the market-town of Kweichiu, there to exchange them for the products of another village. Civil war a hundred miles away hardly touches them.

Coal and iron and cigarettes and kerosene have done little to disturb the minds of these villages. Yenshing, five miles away, boasts two village scholars, one so advanced that he has a daughter studying medicine in far-away America. He is the only man in his village who has ever sent a child away to study; his is the only family that does not bind its daughters' feet; yet old Tang, scholar and head-man of a village twenty-five miles from Peking, knew not a thing of the "unequal treaties" that had fired the youth of the treaty ports, caused riots, and put China on the front pages of newspapers in cities ten thousand miles away.

[This is the first in a series of articles by Lewis S. Gannett, who has just returned from the Orient. The second article, A Nation of Anarchists, will appear next week.]

A Chinese Ruler Runs Away

By RAYNA RAPHAELSON

Peking, April 18

THE tale may now be told of the coup d'état of April 9 to 10 which made Tuan Chi-jui, so-called President of China, a refugee in the Legation Quarter and left his Government suspended in mid-air, while the foreign dignitaries stood about wondering where the Government was to which they were accredited. It is a tale of how an old man, ostensible head of a great empire, calmly left his palace, evaded a net of three thousand troops, and wended his way into the safe harbor of foreign territory in Peking's Legation Quarter.

We must go back to the year 1640. In that year a Ming prince, high in favor with the court and fabulously wealthy, built himself a palace that was to outdo the glories of all other princes in those final years of the Ming dynasty. Its walls were high and stretched a mile around his park. For four years this prince participated in the decadent pleasures of the dying regime. He was shrewd and politic, as well as gorgeous in his way of living, so that when the smash came and the Manchus overthrew the Mings in 1664 he somehow saved his skin and rose to official position under the new rulers. But he participated in one court intrigue too many and was finally forced to flee Peking. The avenging party in power razed his palace and stole his numerous concubines to replenish the imperial harems.

From that day until the very recent year of 1918 the park of that astute—but not quite astute enough—Ming prince remained a ruined inclosure. Its trees grew, but its marbled walks cracked, its lacquered pagodas tumbled into the vines, and the foundations of its razed buildings, surrounding the innumerable courts, became one with the dust.

So it was—a ruin—when in 1918 Tuan Chi-jui came to Peking to become premier. Tuan looked about for a site upon which to erect a home suitable to his wealth and new official station. He found the site of that ruined Ming palace, with its broken walks and towering trees, and chose it for his own. There he built one of the most spacious of all the great houses in Peking.

A trusted follower of Tuan supervised the building

operations, and while construction was going on noted curious hollow-sounding places where men were at work. He said nothing, but thereafter kept an even more careful eye upon the building. When the great place was finished Tuan's lieutenant told him of the strange noises. The old man, wise in the ancient ways of his country, cocked an attentive ear. Together they removed the flooring in one of the buildings over a hollow-sounding spot. They excavated, and found, directly under the palace, a maze of underground chambers and passage-ways leading far from the palace grounds.

In the late afternoon of April 9, 1926, word was brought to Tuan that unexplained troop movements were going forward throughout the East City. The old man set down his opium pipe and meditated. He knew there had been high feeling against him ever since the student shootings of March 18, for which he was generally blamed. He knew that the Nationalist army was desperate, with the "enemy" almost at the gates of the capital. He knew his own body-guard of 3,000 men (more than a thousand of whom were quartered in his palace grounds) could not hold out against the 20,000 Nationalists inside the city. So he came to a decision.

He gave orders that there was to be no fighting. Whoever came was to be admitted peaceably. Then he dismissed his informer and disappeared into the palace.

The Kuominchun had completed their encircling maneuver. The district was thoroughly covered. All exit streets and lanes were guarded. Then a select troop marched to Tuan's main gate. They entered, ostensibly to bring a message from the local commander, General Lu Chung-lin. But Tuan was not to be found.

Early in the evening of April 9 intimate friends of Marshal Tuan Chi-jui were somewhat astonished to have the old man call upon them. They were still further astonished when, with true Chinese courtesy, they came out into the entrance courts to greet him and found he had come in a hired and none too clean ricksha instead of in his own big motor car. Quietly the old marshal told of the change in his political fortunes. Then he departed. After he had called, thus, upon four or five of his intimates, he went to a refuge in the Legation Quarter.

Next morning all Peking knew that Tuan's regime was ended, that the old man had somehow eluded the soldiers of the Nationalist army, and was safe under the protection of foreign flags.

It seems an incredible story. But if it is remembered that three days after the deposition of the old marshal another change of fortunes took place on the kaleidoscopic political screen of Peking, forcing the Nationalist army to leave the city; that after the army had gone the enormous iron gates of this ancient city were closed behind them; that today it is only those stout relics of a former age which make it possible for life to go on in the capital in seeming peace—it may, then, seem a little less incredible that in 1926 the nation's head should evade a modern army by calmly disappearing through a labyrinth of underground tunnels built in days when walls were more than a temporary protection against invaders.

Eight days after this quaint escape old Tuan was back in his great palace, issuing mandates, again for the moment the ostensible ruler of China.

Amorousness and Alcohol

By MARY AUSTIN

IF there is one premise which, more than another, has won, in the past decade, the general acceptance from which social conclusions are derived, it is that wars seldom, if ever, originate in the occasions that are most in the public mind. Nor are their origins likely to be in any way related to what is being thought and felt about them while they are going on. This has come to be so generally believed in respect to conflicts of arms that it is the more surprising to find the protestants of a purely regulatory or moralistic struggle deriving origin from what is or is assumed to be the immediate personal reaction of either side. Thus we have prohibitionists convinced that they are proceeding along logical lines of social betterment in the face of an opposition which never suspects that its own resistance is directed against anything but an infringement of essential personal liberty.

While the Drys on the one hand are inferring that all pro-alcoholic propaganda is motivated by depraved appetite, the Wets on the other are obsessed by the persuasion that back of the Volstead Act is the equally depraved operation of a diffused and morbid puritanism. But the writer, having been practically born and brought up on a temperance platform, led about by her mother throughout her young womanhood in the train of Frances Willard, and having, in an insatiable appetite for American experiences, given herself to all manner of causes—hopeful of others—has come to the same conviction about the origin of social conflicts that has been recently accepted of military wars. Not only do all large-scale social movements have sources that are hid from the majority of their adherents, and goals that only the perspective of time reveals but this particular movement toward the elimination of alcohol from our social life aims at a mark not only unsuspected by the majority but probably inadmissible. It has all the marks of one of those slowly evolving progressions that surge from unplumbed depths of the social complex, giving rise to many subsidiary movements, not at the time realized as pertinent to the larger urge, and adding to their impetus many lesser billows whose motivation appears wholly unrelated. All manner of minds are caught up in these social groundswells, formulating therefor, in man's incurable passion for rationalizing his convictions, many curious reasons. By and large, the subterranean push of such a long-time swing as the fight against alcoholic beverages turns out to be biologic. But if I mean anything more by the term than that the urge to prohibition is somehow concerned with the preservation and continuity of the human race, I must mean that it is an instinctive forward thrust of the life-force.

No doubt in the tremendous social and biological activity stimulated by the opening up of the American continent, accentuated in the quarter century following the Civil War, many dormant and budding tendencies of the life-force were released, particularly, in our Midwestern valleys, that complex of emotions and ideas which found expression in the sentimental idealization of what was always referred to in capital letters as the Home.

Among generations of land-hungry European immigrants, the traditional quarter section and the house upon

it, as the Home, became the object of honorific devotion such as had Europeanly been paid to the Family, or to the Landed Estate. And in those days the outstanding menace of the Home was corn whiskey. Nobody that I can recall in the Illinois of that time, except the Germans, settled about the regional home of Anheuser Busch, drank more than incidentally for pleasure or refreshment. They drank to get drunk. And of all possible offenses against peace and prosperity a corn whiskey drunk is the most appalling. In my recollection of these things it appears in the line of logical behavior for the desperate wives of drink-bedeviled citizens of Ohio towns to have knelt together in the mud of small-town streets, in front of saloons, to pray. It was also eminently American for the local police to have jailed the praying women and so set in motion the oscillation of pro and con which eventuated in a constitutional amendment.

The movement so inaugurated had already taken social form and high visibility in the early eighties, at which time I began to observe it; and by the nineties plainly exhibited characteristics which suggested derivations deeper than the practical—and surely justified—prejudice against the saloon, deeper even than the most devastating personal experience of the "drink evil."

It was about the time the Volstead Act began to be of legal force that I heard—with the effect on my mind of a thunderclap—people in New York for whose opinion on other matters I had the greatest respect saying: "Well, if we don't drink, where's all the fun coming from?" "It's going to destroy all the good feeling, all the geniality."

With the flash that accompanied the thunder I seemed to see the admitted failure of affective "good feeling" in Western civilization as proceeding from a drugged avoidance of social reality. How could it be otherwise where geniality was rated a mere chemic reaction from our cups? Was our vaunted superiority, then, no more than the outward show of an alcoholically sustained form of obfuscation? This sounded so much like the end of a long-followed clue that my mind reverted automatically along it to what had been so definitely indicated as the trend of the "temperance movement" in 1890, the circuitous trend of escape, not so much from whiskey drunkenness as from drink-induced unreality. For what else is the distinguishing mark of our prideful modernity but continuous escape, whose high accent is a recent reaction against the emotional reactions of war, from all artificially produced social emotion? Never again, even with the foaming bumper of propaganda, shall our young men be gloriously drunk on war. As for political tipsiness, that went out with torchlight processions. Since 1914 in the United States even the campaign of moral reform has gone flat. Of the two remaining sources of human befuddlement, amorousness and alcohol, does not the fight against the second figure universally as the masked and indirect repudiation of the first?

This is what is meant by the biologic urge of the social groundswell on the surface of which the movement for the abolition of alcoholic beverages is carried. It must,

be clear, as with the steadily narrowing limit of supportable population the reproductive obligation of sex lessens, its unabated emotional compulsions tend to assume the proportions of a terrible—if ecstatic—enslavement. Already this appears in the current saturation of our art and literature with aspects of the struggle to rid ourselves, by rationalization, of this most ancient type of befuddlement. It is suggested in the querulous resort of certain of our intelligentsia to Europe, where achievement is not yet cleared of the mingled odor of amorousness and alcohol with which for five thousand years it has been penetrated. Under competent social scrutiny the confused and increasingly unsatisfactory handling of what are called sex problems is shown more and more to be involved with artificially induced extra-biological states of sex attraction. Inevitably with the shrinkage of the reproductive obligation these extra-biologic states will be found to be of diminishing interest and effectiveness.

With our characteristically American sentimentality in respect to sex, it is natural that the instinctive urge to reduce the emotional obfuscations of amorousness to something like their biologic proportions would be indirect and more or less unacknowledged. The numerically popular success of the movement toward prohibition, though it draws a considerable quota of the experientially convinced, quite certainly draws other numbers motivated by the instinct to seek relief from urges that exceed their function, by destroying artificial excitements. And for at least five thousand years extra-biologic amorousness has been so identified with alcohol that our popular phraseology scarcely takes account of one without the other. It is not inevitable that such general and instinctive movements as this one for the riddance of alcohol should be altogether wise in their procedure or even widely intelligent. It is normal to all mass movement that the individual assent or resistance to any deep-seated urge should appear so variously motivated. There are no doubt numbers of the adherents of prohibition whose subconscious recompense is the satisfaction they take in the deprivations of other people; just as there are ardent protagonists who under the slogan of personal liberty are masking a love of drunkenness—alcoholic or amorous—for its own sake. Nor does it affect the essentials of the problem one way or another that much of the practical resistance to the Volstead Act is mere adolescent protest against regulatory discipline, the as yet unsocialized need of doing what we like because we like it.

The variety and incongruity of the reasons for and against are only further evidences of the power of deep-seated social urges to transcend all our logic and intelligence.

To any one who will take the pains to uncover the early phases of the prohibition movement, as revealed in the pamphlets, public pronouncements, and programs of that time, it will be plain that its biologic derivation was then much more nearly conscious than it is now. This also follows the law of the emergence of wars, the generative causes of which tend, as the reality of war approaches, to disappear under a cloud of incidental emotionalism. That Frances Willard herself was perfectly clear as to the complete implication of all our hopes of social betterment in the removal of the one great source of moral and intellectual befuddlement, I think there can be no doubt. In the effort to avoid or uproot whatever blurs the edge of reality—drink, or lust, or war, or moral enthusiasm—all of which are more or less interchangeable as individual motivation, it is natural that drink should be the first to be objectively attacked. It presents a visible measure of economic convenience as a hand-hold, and strategically undermines the others. With the elimination of alcohol amorousness loses much of its enticement, and it is quite possible that the waning popularity of war is partly owed to its diminished opportunity for indulging the confluent appetites for drink and lust. That the effort to eliminate the first three occasions of emotional obfuscation should be the occasion of an accession of the last, most insidious intoxication, is perhaps the worst thing that can be said of it. For any moral enthusiasm invariably gives rise to counter-enthusiasms of immorality, against which the first frequently arrests itself, sometimes to the degree of temporary defeat. As this appears to be the present state of the prohibition movement, falling over itself in a too rapid progress toward its goal, this would seem to be the moment for both sides to abate their mutual fury of attack in a mutual recognition of the nature of the urge in which the movement takes its rise. It might prove in the end as doubtful an advantage to escape too soon as to hug too long, and on mistaken premises, a traditional release and incitement. One feels certain that a completely rationalized society would waste no more time in argument, but assign drinking privileges in conformity with demonstrable inability to perform a biologic function or achieve a preferred emotional release without it. But then ours is not, possibly never has had a genuine desire to be, a completely rationalized society.

The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain

By LANGSTON HUGHES

ONE of the most promising of the young Negro poets said to me once, "I want to be a poet—not a Negro poet," meaning, I believe, "I want to write like a white poet"; meaning subconsciously, "I would like to be a white poet"; meaning behind that, "I would like to be white." And I was sorry the young man said that, for no great poet has ever been afraid of being himself. And I doubted then that, with his desire to run away spiritually from his race, this boy would ever be a great poet. But this is the mountain standing in the way of any true Negro art in America—this urge within the race toward whiteness, the desire to pour racial individuality into the mold of American

standardization, and to be as little Negro and as much American as possible.

But let us look at the immediate background of this young poet. His family is of what I suppose one would call the Negro middle class: people who are by no means rich yet never uncomfortable nor hungry—smug, contented, respectable folk, members of the Baptist church. The father goes to work every morning. He is a chief steward at a large white club. The mother sometimes does fancy sewing or supervises parties for the rich families of the town. The children go to a mixed school. In the home they read white papers and magazines. And the mother often

says "Don't be like niggers" when the children are bad. A frequent phrase from the father is, "Look how well a white man does things." And so the word white comes to be unconsciously a symbol of all the virtues. It holds for the children beauty, morality, and money. The whisper of "I want to be white" runs silently through their minds. This young poet's home is, I believe, a fairly typical home of the colored middle class. One sees immediately how difficult it would be for an artist born in such a home to interest himself in interpreting the beauty of his own people. He is never taught to see that beauty. He is taught rather not to see it, or if he does, to be ashamed of it when it is not according to Caucasian patterns.

For racial culture the home of a self-styled "high-class" Negro has nothing better to offer. Instead there will perhaps be more aping of things white than in a less cultured or less wealthy home. The father is perhaps a doctor, lawyer, landowner, or politician. The mother may be a social worker, or a teacher, or she may do nothing and have a maid. Father is often dark but he has usually married the lightest woman he could find. The family attend a fashionable church where few really colored faces are to be found. And they themselves draw a color line. In the North they go to white theaters and white movies. And in the South they have at least two cars and a house "like white folks." Nordic manners, Nordic faces, Nordic hair, Nordic art (if any), and an Episcopal heaven. A very high mountain indeed for the would-be racial artist to climb in order to discover himself and his people.

But then there are the low-down folks, the so-called common element, and they are the majority—may the Lord be praised! The people who have their nip of gin on Saturday nights and are not too important to themselves or the community, or too well fed, or too learned to watch the lazy world go round. They live on Seventh Street in Washington or State Street in Chicago and they do not particularly care whether they are like white folks or anybody else. Their joy runs, bang! into ecstasy. Their religion soars to a shout. Work maybe a little today, rest a little tomorrow. Play awhile. Sing awhile. O, let's dance! These common people are not afraid of spirituals, as for a long time their more intellectual brethren were, and jazz is their child. They furnish a wealth of colorful, distinctive material for any artist because they still hold their own individuality in the face of American standardizations. And perhaps these common people will give to the world its truly great Negro artist, the one who is not afraid to be himself. Whereas the better-class Negro would tell the artist what to do, the people at least let him alone when he does appear. And they are not ashamed of him—if they know he exists at all. And they accept what beauty is their own without question.

Certainly there is, for the American Negro artist who can escape the restrictions the more advanced among his own group would put upon him, a great field of unused material ready for his art. Without going outside his race, and even among the better classes with their "white" culture and conscious American manners, but still Negro enough to be different, there is sufficient matter to furnish a black artist with a lifetime of creative work. And when he chooses to touch on the relations between Negroes and whites in this country with their innumerable overtones and undertones, surely, and especially for literature and the drama, there is an inexhaustible supply of themes at hand.

To these the Negro artist can give his racial individuality, his heritage of rhythm and warmth, and his incongruous humor that so often, as in the Blues, becomes ironic laughter mixed with tears. But let us look again at the mountain.

A prominent Negro clubwoman in Philadelphia paid eleven dollars to hear Raquel Meller sing Andalusian popular songs. But she told me a few weeks before she would not think of going to hear "that woman," Clara Smith, a great black artist, sing Negro folksongs. And many an upper-class Negro church, even now, would not dream of employing a spiritual in its services. The drab melodies in white folks' hymnbooks are much to be preferred. "We want to worship the Lord correctly and quietly. We don't believe in 'shouting.' Let's be dull like the Nordics," they say, in effect.

The road for the serious black artist, then, who would produce a racial art is most certainly rocky and the mountain is high. Until recently he received almost no encouragement for his work from either white or colored people. The fine novels of Chestnutt go out of print with neither race noticing their passing. The quaint charm and humor of Dunbar's dialect verse brought to him, in his day, largely the same kind of encouragement one would give a side-show freak (A colored man writing poetry! How odd!) or a clown (How amusing!).

The present vogue in things Negro, although it may do as much harm as good for the budding colored artist, has at least done this: it has brought him forcibly to the attention of his own people among whom for so long, unless the other race had noticed him beforehand, he was a prophet with little honor. I understand that Charles Gilpin acted for years in Negro theaters without any special acclaim from his own, but when Broadway gave him eight curtain calls, Negroes, too, began to beat a tin pan in his honor. I know a young colored writer, a manual worker by day, who had been writing well for the colored magazines for some years, but it was not until he recently broke into the white publications and his first book was accepted by a prominent New York publisher that the "best" Negroes in his city took the trouble to discover that he lived there. Then almost immediately they decided to give a grand dinner for him. But the society ladies were careful to whisper to his mother that perhaps she'd better not come. They were not sure she would have an evening gown.

The Negro artist works against an undertow of sharp criticism and misunderstanding from his own group and unintentional bribes from the whites. "O, be respectable, write about nice people, show how good we are," say the Negroes. "Be stereotyped, don't go too far, don't shatter our illusions about you, don't amuse us too seriously. We will pay you," say the whites. Both would have told Jean Toomer not to write "Cane." The colored people did not praise it. The white people did not buy it. Most of the colored people who did read "Cane" hate it. They are afraid of it. Although the critics gave it good reviews the public remained indifferent. Yet (excepting the work of DuBois) "Cane" contains the finest prose written by a Negro in America. And like the singing of Robeson, it is truly racial.

But in spite of the Nordicized Negro intelligentsia and the desires of some white editors we have an honest American Negro literature already with us. Now I await the rise of the Negro theater. Our folk music, having achieved world-wide fame, offers itself to the genius of the great in-

dividual American Negro composer who is to come. And within the next decade I expect to see the work of a growing school of colored artists who paint and model the beauty of dark faces and create with new technique the expressions of their own soul-world. And the Negro dancers who will dance like flame and the singers who will continue to carry our songs to all who listen—they will be with us in even greater numbers tomorrow.

Most of my own poems are racial in theme and treatment, derived from the life I know. In many of them I try to grasp and hold some of the meanings and rhythms of jazz. I am sincere as I know how to be in these poems and yet after every reading I answer questions like these from my own people: Do you think Negroes should always write about Negroes? I wish you wouldn't read some of your poems to white folks. How do you find anything interesting in a place like a cabaret? Why do you write about black people? You aren't black. What makes you do so many jazz poems?

But jazz to me is one of the inherent expressions of Negro life in America: the eternal tom-tom beating in the Negro soul—the tom-tom of revolt against weariness in a white world, a world of subway trains, and work, work, work; the tom-tom of joy and laughter, and pain swallowed in a smile. Yet the Philadelphia clubwoman is ashamed to say that her race created it and she does not like me to write about it. The old subconscious "white is best" runs through her mind. Years of study under white teachers, a lifetime of white books, pictures, and papers, and white manners, morals, and Puritan standards made her dislike the spirituals. And now she turns up her nose at jazz and all its manifestations—likewise almost everything else distinctly racial. She doesn't care for the Winold Reiss portraits of Negroes because they are "too Negro." She does not want a true picture of herself from anybody. She wants the artist to flatter her, to make the white world believe

that all Negroes are as smug and as near white in soul as she wants to be. But, to my mind, it is the duty of the younger Negro artist, if he accepts any duties at all from outsiders, to change through the force of his art that old whispering "I want to be white," hidden in the aspirations of his people, to "Why should I want to be white? I am a Negro—and beautiful!"

So I am ashamed for the black poet who says, "I want to be a poet, not a Negro poet," as though his own racial world were not as interesting as any other world. I am ashamed, too, for the colored artist who runs from the painting of Negro faces to the painting of sunsets after the manner of the academicians because he fears the strange un-whiteness of his own features. An artist must be free to choose what he does, certainly, but he must also never be afraid to do what he might choose.

Let the blare of Negro jazz bands and the bellowing voice of Bessie Smith singing Blues penetrate the closed ears of the colored near-intellectuals until they listen and perhaps understand. Let Paul Robeson singing Water Boy, and Rudolph Fisher writing about the streets of Harlem, and Jean Toomer holding the heart of Georgia in his hands, and Aaron Douglas drawing strange black fantasies cause the smug Negro middle class to turn from their white, respectable, ordinary books and papers to catch a glimmer of their own beauty. We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either. We build our temples for tomorrow, strong as we know how, and we stand on top of the mountain, free within ourselves.

[In last week's Nation Negro art was discussed from an opposing point of view by George S. Schuyler.]

The Color Question in South Africa

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

[The color problem in South Africa has been made more acute by the policy of the present Government, which frankly favors repression of both the native and the Indian inhabitants. The Government aims to diminish, ultimately to eliminate, the Indian population; it has proposed a measure restricting the areas in which Indians may live, thus establishing virtual ghettos; taking away the right to buy or lease land except in narrowly limited districts in Natal; and creating other limitations on the rights of people already living under heavy restrictions.]

Cape Town, May 1

ON April 23, in a quiet and rather tense House, the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Malan, announced that, owing to a formula which had been agreed upon between his own Government and that of India, the Asiatic bill would be postponed, pending a round-table conference to discuss the whole Asiatic problem in South Africa. The crux of that formula—oh, blessed word—is the sentence which states:

The Government of the Union have impressed on the Government of India that public opinion in South Africa

will not view with favor any settlement which does not hold out a reasonable prospect of safeguarding the maintenance of Western standards of life by just and legitimate means.

General Smuts, for the Opposition, gave the Government his rather lugubrious blessing, and the House agreed formally and unanimously to the postponement. The time and place of the conference have not yet been announced, but the oppressive bill, in any event, cannot come before Parliament until next year.

On this result of their visit the Government of India deputation, consisting of Mr. Paddison, an Englishman; two Indian members of the Council of State; and the Indian secretary of the deputation, Mr. Bajpai, have every reason to congratulate themselves. That their tact, their knowledge, and their unfailing courtesy under conditions calculated to try that courtesy to the uttermost were important elements in bringing it about cannot be doubted. In view of the feeling in South Africa on what General Smuts called "this very great and difficult question," the Government, in consenting to the round-table conference, has

made a very marked concession and one which, one may be certain, was not yielded without some strenuous protest from its own followers and some arguments of extraordinary persuasiveness from the deputation. What these latter may have been time will probably unfold. But the fact that compulsory repatriation of the South African Indians was unthinkable, while the voluntary repatriation so much desired by the South African people would cease automatically from the moment a bill unacceptable to the Indian people was placed on the statute book, may have made its impression. So also may the equally vital and previously unrealized fact of the almost limitless market which a friendly India might afford for South African products, notably for South African fruit.

Whether that carefully worded formula will in the end prove sufficiently potent to exorcise the fears and the prejudices of white South Africa remains to be seen. The mere fact of the prospective conference has undoubtedly lifted the whole question on to a higher plane, but the whole trend of the present Government, both in speech and legislation, has been in the direction of a harsher and franker declaration of white supremacy than any previous Government since Union has allowed itself, and there is little indication in the press or in the talk of the man in the street that this policy is unwelcome.

Meanwhile the plight of the Indians in the Transvaal and in Natal remains pitiable enough. Present restrictions press heavily upon them, and the uncertainty of their future shadows their days. A few of them have attained comfort, if not wealth, but most of them are poor and without facilities for education and self-improvement. They live among people who almost universally dislike and distrust them, even while making use of them, and who will do nothing to help them to improve their conditions. They lack leadership, and have rather deteriorated than otherwise since Mr. Gandhi left them. On the other hand, for the bulk of them repatriation would take them away from home rather than return them to their own place. Many of them are South African born of the second or third generation; and even those who are only domiciled here have for the most part been overlong away from the self-contained and caste-ridden atmosphere from which they came. Pariahs in this country, they are likely to be outcasts in their motherland. To this pass have the joint exertions of India, South Africa, and England herself brought them that commerce might be served.

But if the case of the South African Indian is pitiable, that of the South African native is at once more pitiable and more ominous, a menace to himself and to South Africa as a whole. Here again, though with more basis, it is fear, fear akin to panic, that dictates the bulk of the speeches and of the legislation of which he is the object. The Prime Minister himself, in a recent speech, drew attention to the fact that the whites were outnumbered by the natives three to one, and added that the proportion in numbers of the natives to the Europeans received its true significance only when they realized the difference between the two races. When they had done so they would understand how important a fact this disparity in numbers was in influencing the solution of more than one problem. The feeling behind these words has sent the Secretary for Native Affairs and the Police Commissioner hotfoot to Parliament, to plead before a select committee the necessity for a new Prevention of Disorders Bill which

shall render persons held to have been guilty of sedition liable to a penalty of £500 fine or five years' imprisonment, with or without hard labor, or to such imprisonment without the option of a fine. It is not even pretended that the object of this bill is other than to permit the effectual terrorizing and silencing of certain native agitators.

Yet of the swarming millions of natives it is a handful, indeed, which has sufficient education either to become liable to these drastic penalties or to lament the franchise which is denied them. Nor are the millions likely to occupy themselves to any extent for some considerable time to come in any other business than that of keeping alive. And this is a matter which the fear and the race prejudice of the white man, coupled with a bland ignoring of economic laws, are rendering more complicated not only year by year but month by month. Last session a paternal Parliament imposed a high protective duty on the cheapest native blankets, on the plea that these could be manufactured in the country.

This to people who earn as little as fifteen, ten, or even six shillings a month (roughly three, two, or one and a half dollars) is, as Professor MacMillan of the Witwatersrand University has pointed out in one of a recent series of articles, a "really cruel" tax. This year a tax "to encourage native development" is proposed. All adult natives are to contribute ten shillings per annum to a "native development fund," in addition to the uniform hut tax of twenty shillings. This will render the situation of the poorer natives even worse than a steady decline in prosperity since 1913 has made it. Among the causes of this decline, according to Professor MacMillan, are the Natives' Land Act of 1913, which checked the natives' power to acquire land to meet their increasing wants; the rise in prices during and after the Great War, to which the wages of the natives were never adequately adjusted; several years of little or no rainfall, ruining crops sown in a soil always more or less starved and in need of scientific treatment; and, since 1920, a drop in the price of cattle and of wool. The "boys" who work on the mines or in towns do, it is true, earn comparatively good wages, but most of their money is swallowed up in the relief of their families from the burden of debt that is the result of their poverty. When to conditions such as these are added the "civilized labor" policy of the present Government, and the Color Bar Bill,* which on May 7 is to come before a joint sitting of the upper and lower houses, and which will then almost certainly become law, it is not surprising that the Deputy Commissioner of Police should say publicly "that we shall have serious trouble with the natives before long."

Led by crudely educated men of their own race, men embittered, ill-balanced, and often extremely egoistic, barred from avenues of employment long open to them, and from all hope, whatever their ability, of rising any higher in the scale of industrial work, it is like enough, as General Hertzog said at Malmesbury, that the frankly rebellious speeches of Kadalie and Professor Thaele are "going to be an incentive toward the beginning of a movement among the natives in general to get into their possession the most widely extended powers for having a say in the control of the country."

General Hertzog's proposals for the solution of the native problem are not yet before the country, but the

* After a debate lasting four days the bill was passed on May 12 by a majority of 16.

chances are that they will be as sincere, as well-intentioned, and as vague as his many speeches on the subject. Of the temper in which they will be received by Parliament and by the country there can unhappily be little doubt. A panic of self-preservation plus a deeply rooted race prejudice is hardly the atmosphere in which wisdom, justice, or even foresight can have its being. Nor is there any real difference in feeling among the three parties in the country on the question. Sectional economic interest may lead to a temporary difference of attitude, as in the

Color Bar Bill, where the South African Party, which is identified largely with the Chamber of Mines, has opposed a measure which will deprive the mines of a certain amount of cheap labor. And in a few constituencies in the Cape, where a native franchise still exists, a gesture of humanitarianism is at times in order. But the body of opinion in Parliament and out of it which is prepared to consider the native problem with detachment, constructive sympathy, and wisdom is appallingly small. The outlook for the next generation of South Africans is gloomy indeed.

A Liberal in Tennessee

By JOHN T. MOUTOUX

IT is not likely that the Tennessee Supreme Court will pass on the Scopes case until after the fall elections, in which event a test of the sentiment of the voters of the State on the anti-evolution law will be afforded in the Democratic primary in August. What will in effect be a referendum on the anti-evolution law is being made possible in the race for the Democratic nomination for governor by two proponents and one opponent of the law.

The present Governor, Austin Peay, who is running for a third term, and Hill McAlister, State treasurer under both of Peay's administrations, favor retention of the act, while John Randolph Neal, ousted law professor of the University of Tennessee, who was largely responsible for the Scopes case, is running on a platform demanding repeal of the law. Neal was one of the defense attorneys in the famous trial at Dayton a year ago. Peay boasts that much of the credit for the law is due him for signing the act in the face of strong protests. McAlister goes him a step farther, claiming authorship of the bill, although this claim has been repudiated by George Washington Butler, the representative who introduced the bill in the legislature. As a matter of fact, Peay solemnly proclaimed when the storm over the Scopes case first burst that the whole affair was nonsense; he predicted that the trial would last less than half an hour. When things got hot he went to Michigan for a "rest" and did not come back until it was all over.

Evolution is not the only issue of the campaign. In fact, Neal would have preferred that the Supreme Court dispose of the Scopes case before the primary in order to have eliminated evolution as an issue of the campaign. Not that he fears the consequences of his stand against the law, as the sentiment of the people would not be changed by the court decision; but he thinks other planks of his platform, of an economic nature, are of more importance.

In the arid South, as in the Midwest, it is dangerous for a politician to attack the Anti-Saloon League, but Neal is doing it. He is urging that a referendum be taken on retention of the Eighteenth Amendment and he is advocating modification of the State prohibition law, which makes possession of more than a gallon of intoxicating liquor a felony and prohibits the use of whiskey for even medicinal purposes. Neal recently sat in a State court and saw a mother with a child in her arms sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for part ownership of an automobile in which a small quantity of liquor was found. He determined then to campaign for modification of the State law to make such a thing impossible in the future. In a recent letter to the president of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union Neal served notice that he did not in-

tend to take orders from the Anti-Saloon League, whose methods he opposes. He believes that both the Wets and the Drys should welcome a referendum on the prohibition amendment so that the wish of the majority may be ascertained.

Throughout last fall and winter Neal fought the attempts of the usual water-power combine to grab all the available power-sites on the Tennessee River. The permits have not yet been granted, and only the other week O. C. Merrill, secretary of the Federal Power Commission, assured Neal that they would not be granted until after he had had an opportunity to appear before the commission in protest. Carrying his water-power fight into his campaign, Neal is urging the passage of a law which would permit the State and municipalities to construct and operate hydroelectric plants and to build transmission lines. In recognition of his efforts to prevent this Tennessee River water-power steal Senator Norris of Nebraska named Neal a member of the Muscle Shoals government-operation board. Neal showed his appreciation of the compliment by helping Norris in his fight against the leasing of Muscle Shoals. Recently he addressed the Alabama Federation of Labor on the subject, and before the meeting was over resolutions had been passed strongly opposing the lease to the affiliated power companies.

Among other reforms advocated by this liberal candidate is abolition of the contract-lease system in the State's penal institutions. The prisoners are leased to private companies. Neal thinks the system is as bad as the Alabama system and in his platform terms it "the foulest blot on our State's escutcheon." The corporation-packed public-utility commission he would deprive of its power to fix rates for cities, restoring home rule to the cities and towns. He wants also to strengthen the workmen's compensation act and increase the amounts allowed for injuries, and he advocates repeal of the blue laws—which require the closing of filling stations, soft-drink stands, and ice-cream parlors, and prohibit all forms of amusement on Sunday.

Middle-aged, with a thick head of hair just beginning to gray, Neal's bushy eyebrows and square jaw command attention in spite of his extreme carelessness of personal appearance. The largest landowner in the State, his income from this estate has been sufficient for his simple tastes; although he has devoted most of his life to teaching law and in fighting for the under dog, he has never been interested in making money. For a dozen years he taught for practically no salary at the University of Tennessee. In spite of this and of the fact that years ago, as a mem-

ber of the State Legislature, he introduced the bills which created the university and which provided for its annual appropriation from the State, he was dismissed along with six other professors three summers ago for protesting against the dismissal of Dr. Jesse W. Sprowls. Neal took his revenge by starting his own law school at Knoxville, where the university is located, which is already almost as large as the university law school.

Probably Neal is the best-known man in Tennessee, and the best-liked. The farmers all like him for his simple tastes and ways; most of the young lawyers over the State would be willing to die for him, for during his dozen years as law professor at the University of Tennessee he was more like a father than a teacher to his students, and even outside of his law classes he was the most popular of the faculty members; and all the liberals in the State—and there is no way of knowing how few or many there are—will vote for him because they know he is a liberal heart and soul.

It's not possible to predict the outcome other than to say that nobody expects Neal to win. Nevertheless it is an interesting experiment, for it is the first time in the history of the State that a real liberal is running on a liberal platform.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is a 100 per cent American; that is, he is a whole-souled admirer of any one who can extract a dollar out of another while giving only fifty cents—or less—in return. Therefore, the Drifter is an apostle of what in modern business jargon is called salesmanship. Salesmanship is the art of selling a person something he doesn't need—and possibly doesn't even want—at twice what the article is worth even to one who needs it. Salesmanship is the foundation of modern business, the *sine qua non* of the competitive system of industry. But though the word is new, the art is old. Indeed there was far more salesmanship in America a hundred years ago than there is today. There had to be because there was less money. The old-fashioned American horse trader—and at one time every American was a horse trader—was a better salesman than Florida's late-lamented "binder boys" for the simple reason that in a civilization where money was scarcer it took more craft to get it away from one's neighbors. The richest country on earth is the most gullible. So the Drifter is inclined to pooh-pooh a good deal of so-called modern salesmanship; it's too easy. Too many persons are like a young cousin of the Drifter who went to a neighbor and said: "Mr. Whosis, Dad said to offer you \$10 for your calf, but if you wouldn't take it to give you \$15."

* * * * *

BUT there is one type of modern salesmanship of which the Drifter thinks too little has been said. It is that type which induces persons to pay hard cash to see articles assembled as an "exhibition" which merchants are panting to show them for nothing on the remotest chance of a sale. How is it that a supposedly sane man will pay a dollar or more to be elbowed about in an "automobile show" when any of the dealers exhibiting would be delighted to send a car to his door for a free demonstration? Is it the elbowing he pays for? The Drifter thought the limit in this direction had been reached with the annual "business show"

in New York City—a display of adding machines, pencil sharpeners, and rubber bands. But no. There has just been held the National Hosiery and Underwear Exposition. In a country where every other shop-window is a hosiery and underwear exposition this extra spectacle would seem superfluous, but it appears that one most important piece of business was transacted. Out of 300 competitors the girl with the most beautiful ankle was selected. She is none other than the girl who three years ago won the "ankle and leg contest" at Bradley Beach. Her measurements are: ankle, 7¼ inches; calf, 12 inches; knee, 13¼ inches; thigh, 20 inches.

* * * * *

"SIC semper gloria mundi." In years past standards of womanly beauty were set by sculptors and painters. Now they are regulated by the ladies' hosiery and underwear manufacturers, or by the realtors of any mosquito-infested beach that chooses to stage a bathing-beauty competition. Our corset-makers long since tumbled the Venus of Milo off her perch and substituted as the standard of feminine pulchritude a lady with less ample bosom and more slender waist. The Drifter awaits with interest the new standard ankle of the hosiery- and underwear-makers, models of which are to be cast so that any schoolgirl in the forty-eight States can go and grow likewise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Reactionary Drys

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Dry voters of Pennsylvania will have presented to them for their votes for United States Senator this autumn, William S. Vare, Wet, disreputable, reactionary. Opposing him will be William B. Wilson, Dry, respectable, and considered progressive by all who approve, overlook, or forgive his former membership in an ultra-reactionary Cabinet. Which will get the votes of the great bulk of Drys? Very probably Vare. Why? Because most Drys are reactionaries first. The hearty approval given by them to the disregard of the Bill of Rights in enforcement of the Volstead Act is alone enough to make that clear. Then again the average Pennsylvania Dry is a protectionist and will rather take chances with the Demon Rum than with a 1 per cent reduction of tariff duties.

Whatever support Wilson may get, aside from the thick-and-thin Democratic vote, will come from the overwhelmingly Wet miners, the same element which gave bone-dry Governor Pinchot the bulk of his vote in the recent Republican primary. Governor Pinchot was deserted by the Drys, who preferred the reactionary Pepper, backed by the reactionary and anti-prohibition Secretary Mellon. In order to win Wilson must convince his fellow-Drys that he is a protectionist reactionary.

Baltimore, June 8

SAMUEL DANZIGER

The Movies Move

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you seen the motion picture called "The Volga Boatman"? The Bolshevik military leader marries a princess of the old regime. No women are nationalized. The only indecencies committed against women are by the Czarist white forces. What a change since Norma Talmadge's excruciatingly anti-Bolshevik picture a few years since!

Washington, June 4

H. B.

The Law and the British Strike

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some very muddled accounts of the general strike must have been sent to America, judging from your comments in *The Nation* of May 26.

You cannot understand why the strike was illegal. The miners did not strike; the railway men (the best-paid labor in England), shipping men, printers, and others, without grievances against their employers, struck illegally. They had contracts under which they were bound to give their employers a certain notice before leaving work. Their lightning strike was a violation of those contracts, hence illegal. Under English law the employers could obtain damages where there were any assets, on proof that they had suffered losses through breach of contract.

As for the miners, they were working under a temporary arrangement for the duration of the government subsidy. With the termination of the subsidy granted for nine months the arrangement ended automatically. The mine-owners posted notices of the terms they offered the men to continue work, as they had a legal right to do. The miners refused to accept these terms and discontinued work, as they had a legal right to do.

You state five points on which you say the miners won. The first is a continuation of the subsidy. There has been no continuation for the reason that the mines have remained idle and there is nothing to subsidize. Baldwin promised a further subsidy of £3,000,000 if owners and miners would get together.

That is all Baldwin has been able to promise because the owners would not agree to such terms as you specify. He could no more promise that there would be no reductions of wages, etc., than President Coolidge could promise the Negroes there would be no lynchings.

What killed the strike was that the railway men and others called out from work suddenly by the Trade Union Council had no heart in the business. The sympathy of all classes throughout has seemed to be with the miners.

London, May 30

R. L. MOORE

Trusts and Ultra-Trusts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article Bigger and Better Mergers you state that trusts "have not the slightest notion of ever letting a penny of the savings which they make through lower unit costs get into the hands of the ultimate consumer." Do you think trusts were organized as charitable institutions to be operated for the benefit of the whole public? Certainly not. Your cry is against the system of production for profit, the essence of our acquisitive society. Stockholders want dividends, and woe to the corporation that does not pay them. This system existed long before trusts were formed and would be retained if every trust were abolished tomorrow. How many of your dear old private corporations were ever seized with a fit of benevolence in the days of cutthroat competition?

"And, what is more," you say, "if their control is sufficiently dominant, they may be able actually to increase prices." Yes, they may; again, they may not. Internal elimination of waste and the additional security realized after the suppression of competition are in themselves reasons why prices should not be increased. Oil, for instance, was cheaper after the organization of the oil trust than before. You state that trusts "may pass in mere size the limit of low-cost operation." They may, indeed, but that is exceptional. Trusts are formed because they pay and the overwhelming majority never lose.

"Trusts," you say, "tend to destroy initiative in the ranks of the great majority of their employees. They flatten life out for uncounted human beings." Here you confuse trusts with large-scale production. As a matter of fact, large-scale

production can be carried on by the lone corporation and a trust can exist without large-scale production. Upon the whole labor has been treated as well by the trusts as by the lone corporation. And what is more, labor prefers to deal with large combinations of capital. Labor enjoys greater security under trusts than under scattered corporations engaged in a mad scramble to survive the blessings of competition.

Finally you turn to the government and find that trusts "are forever meddling in politics, running up legislative back alleys." What of it? The industrial structure now towers over the political structure. If this were a functional society trusts would be publicly owned and self-governing. Hence recourse to political government would be unnecessary. In fact, there would be no place for the state at all. All the functions of political government would become the functions of an economic government made up of representatives, duly qualified economists, accountants, and statisticians elected by the representatives managing the various trusts, who, in turn, would be elected by the workers. The workers in each trust would elect its managers, and each group would be supreme in its sphere.

The general convention to be called to draw up this new economic constitution would, of course, have to appoint experts to appraise the value of the property necessary to be purchased to accomplish this scheme. If the present stockholders refuse to accept the bonds issued for the property, then their property would be seized without compensation, until they repented. Why not, indeed? The Yankee manufacturers and their retainers turned Virginia chattel slaves loose without compensation to their masters. And what is the difference between chattel slavery and wage slavery? Quite recently the people deprived distillers of the right to make booze—another precedent.

Mount Ida, Alexandria, Va., May 31 JOSEPH B. DAY

On the Color Line

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Pickens's article Youth Attacks the Color Line calls to mind how the pupils at the Ethical Culture School have been trained in the better attitudes toward the race problem. One of the graduates of the school, Miss Mason, who later distinguished herself at Fisk University, was twice elected president of her high-school class by the girls and boys both.

On one occasion, another private school learned that a player on the Ethical Culture baseball team was a colored boy, and declared that it would not play the game unless he were taken off. The matter was referred to the student council, which thereupon voted not only that the boy was to remain on the team but that all engagements for any kind of game whatever with the school which had protested were to be canceled.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 3

HENRY NEUMANN

Tolstoi's Granddaughter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Excuse my liberty to write to ask you an advice to a private cause. Forgive also my poor English; I am Russian.

One of the two living daughters of Leo Tolstoi opened recently a boarding-house near Paris to support herself and her daughter Tatiana, the favorite granddaughter of Leo Tolstoi, for whom he wrote many children's stories. But the business, maybe in beginning only, is very poor, the house almost empty, and she has very hard time now.

Is there any possibility to let the American tourists know about it? Her address is Mrs. T. L. Souhotina-Tolstoi, 236, Avenue Victor Hugo, Clamart, Seine, France.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., June 8

K. N. ROSEN

Books

Ditty

By ALLEN TATE

The moon will run all consciences to cover,
Night is now the easy peer of day;
Little boys no longer sight the plover
Hung on the sky, and cattle go
Warily out in search of misty hay.
Look to the grackle, the pretty eager swallow,
The crow, and all the birds that sail
With the smooth essential flow
Of time through men, who fail.

For now the moon with friendless light carouses
On hill and housetop, street and marketplace;
Men will plunge, mile after mile of men,
To crush this lucent madness of the face—
Go home and put their heads upon the pillow,
Turn with whatever shift the darkness cleaves,
Tuck in their eyes, and cover
The flying dark with sleep like falling leaves.

First Glance

IT is significant that "The Devil" (Harper: \$2), now for the first time translated into English by the best of Tolstoi's translators, Aylmer Maude, should have been written by Tolstoi during the same year that saw the publication of "The Kreutzer Sonata." For both novels deal with the problem—a terrible one for Tolstoi in that sixth decade of his life—of chastity in men, and both of them treat it tragically. As Mr. Maude makes clear in a preface, the present work is founded directly upon a critical incident in the life of the author, who in 1880, when he was fifty-two, besought a tutor in his house at Yasnaya Polyana to come with him on his daily walks about the estate and talk concerning a sexual temptation into which he had fallen. He confessed as they walked that he had found it pleasant to look upon Domna, the servants' cook, and that he had even gone so far as to arrange a meeting with her—which only by accident had been prevented. Both reflection and prayer having failed him, he had resorted to confession; and Mr. Maude records that in the end this device succeeded, though Tolstoi rendered his position still safer by removing Domna to another place.

Ten years later "The Devil" was written. It was not published in Russia until after the author's death, and until now it has remained unknown to readers of English. Its hundred pages are a valuable find, in my opinion, not merely because they strengthen our evidence as to Tolstoi's absorbed concern with sex, or because they make an important footnote to his biography, but also because they contain some of the best writing we have from this most convincing novelist in the world. In "The Devil," the title of which, by the way, is revealing of Tolstoi's extreme antipathy toward woman in so far as she is by necessity a temptress, the hero, Eugene Irtenev, is just half as old as Tolstoi was at the time of the Domna incident; but he too is beset by the image of a tall, healthy peasant woman—Stepanida—and he too, as the attraction grows upon him even to the point of filling all his thoughts at the time

when he wants to think only of his young wife, Liza, resorts to confession in order to clear his brain. In his case, however, nothing avails; Stepanida is not sent away; tragedy ensues. Tolstoi wrote two endings, either of them desperate enough, and Mr. Maude prints both. In one of them Eugene shoots himself, in the other he shoots Stepanida as she flaunts her diabolical beauty in the threshing-barn.

Mr. Maude is eager to convince his twentieth-century British readers that "The Devil" may still have merit though its theme be "obsolete." He fears that "the unrestraint of today" may too much seem to such readers to be a norm wherefrom Tolstoi departs into weird regions of "repression and suppression." That in itself is an amusing commentary upon Georgian life and literature. I thought it odder yet, however, that Mr. Maude should have attempted to justify the novel on the ground that there have actually existed, and may conceivably exist again, men capable of an interest in continence. The true materials for the justification lie in the book itself, which, written in the same decade with some of the most telling fiction ever composed by Tolstoi, and therefore by anybody (What Men Live By, Two Old Men, The Three Hermits, How Much Land Does a Man Need), is brilliant by any test that a calm critic could apply. It is real in the same awful way in which Tolstoi at his best was always real—and in a way that the term "realism," incidentally, cannot illuminate.

MARK VAN DOREN

Money Makes the Mare Go

Profits. By William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

THIS book elaborates somewhat farther the theory which its authors announced in their earlier work on "Money," the theory that our present method of financing industry out of profits inevitably leads to insufficient consumer demand for finished goods, and so around the weary cycle of boom and depression and back again. It is really two books in one. The first half is far and away the best existing explanation and defense of the profit system, embodying as it does an unequaled body of statistical data admirably analyzed. The second half is a savage criticism of that system; it constitutes the authors' answer to their own initial question: "Why is it impossible for the people, as consumers, to acquire and enjoy all the commodities which, as producers, they are perfectly able and willing to make?" Let us look at both halves.

To begin with, as our authors insistently point out, profits are the heart of present industrial life, just as money is its blood. The gradual weakening of the profit motive in one industry after another is impracticable, and it would be disastrously silly to scrap it without discovering another motive equally effective. Such a substitute Messrs. Foster and Catchings believe cannot be found; so they are for finding out why the animal behaves badly, and then reforming it, if possible, instead of slaughtering it out of hand. This would seem to be good sense, provided the creature be not incorrigible, as the socialists maintain.

Now, profits and losses arise out of taking risks, and risks there must be, provided the consumer is to have freedom of choice as to what, when, and where he will buy. Our competitive system puts the risks on the business man, and pays him in profits. Even communism could eliminate the risks only at cost of robbing the consumer of his freedom of choice—and who recalls war rationing with pleasure? Risks, how-

ever, and with them profits, may be reduced by the increase and diffusion of knowledge, as by better crop reporting, for example, and by lessening fluctuations in the value of money. To summarize the argument in a series of successive chapter headings: "Buyers determine prices. Prices determine who gets the goods. Profits determine who produces the goods. Large profits are sometimes unavoidable." Since the dollar votes of consumers, acting through profit-seeking business men, bring into existence and distribute the goods wanted, communism would do away with prices and profits only at cost of disfranchising consumers.

But how does the machinery actually work? In the first place, profits are not always profits. Losses run into billions annually. In 1921 less than 45 per cent of the corporations of the country reported any net income, and even in the record year 1917 a full third of them had no taxable income. Total corporate profits, which were ten and a quarter billions in 1917, were less than two-fifths of that amount in 1921. Profits among industries vary widely, running from 8.9 to 60.3 per cent on capital among 108 industries in 1917. Within the same industry there are enormous variations. One coal-mining company made 13 per cent, another 329; one contractor had to content himself with 3 per cent, while his fellow made 5,530 per cent. The Steel Corporation made twenty-three millions in 1914, 271 millions two years later, and only thirty-five millions in 1921. What bosh, then, to talk of a "normal rate of profits." Profits are, above all, fortuitous, capricious, uncertain.

With these differences in profits, dividend and surplus distributions vary widely from year to year, despite all attempts at steadying the former. One hundred ninety-one industrial corporations added 379 millions to surplus, for example, in 1920, only to subtract the same amount next year. Corporate surplus received 1.5 per cent of the national income in 1914, and no less than 8.5 per cent in 1916, the percentage going to persons with incomes less than \$2,000 falling in the same years from 56.3 to 47 per cent. Such fluctuations, in this case connected with changes in the value of money, mean wide variations in the money available to consumers to buy goods.

Here we approach the authors' theory of the cycle. In their own words: "First, there is no possibility of attaining the economic aim upon which all are agreed unless consumers somehow obtain enough money, year in and year out, to buy the goods about as rapidly as they are produced; second, the present money and profit economy does not enable consumers long to obtain the required money; third, there is consequently no possibility of sustained economic progress, and extreme alternations of prosperity and depression are inevitable." Consumer demand is bound to be short, because the expansion of industry is financed out of profits; as soon as the new capital facilities come into use, then, the value of goods produced must be greater than the amount of money passing into the hands of consumers, unless prices be reduced, which in turn will make business unprofitable and slow it down. In the words of the authors, "industry does not disburse to consumers money enough to buy the goods produced," while "consumers, under the necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive." Now, at this critical point the cautious reader is likely to pause. It is true that the mathematical examples given, both hypothetical and actual, lend plausibility to the idea, and a considerable body of statistical evidence is at any rate "consistent with the theory that the chief cause of our failure to make substantial progress is the failure of the flow of money to consumers, in a period of increased productivity, to keep pace with the flow of goods." No one familiar with the difference between illustration and proof, however, will consider the case proved, nor do the authors themselves make any such claim. They separate themselves from the overproduction theorists, and from underconsumptionists like John A. Hobson, who find the source of inadequate consumer demand in bad distribution. In truth, the theory seems to have most in

common with the esoteric and incomprehensible doctrine of Major Douglas, from which it differs, however, at any rate in being so stated that it is possible to extract meaning from it. But even if the theory be rejected in toto, it is nevertheless a distinct service to theory to point out, as the authors have done in both their books, that trade in a money economy is not simply refined barter, and that the profit-seeking business man acts differently from the way he would act if he were simply trading goods for goods, and acts with different results. When Karl Marx emphasized the sacred formula M-C-M [Money-Commodity-Money] as against C-M-C, he was after all indicating a truth too much neglected by the economists, that the object of business is to make money, not goods.

But just how to enable the business man to make money continually in order that he may find it possible continually to make goods for us at top speed, as he would be only too happy to do, the authors unhappily do not tell us. So far as one can make out, their theory would oblige them to look for a remedy somewhere in the process of financing. Apparently the government or some *deus ex machina* must each year issue additional money equal in amount to the total savings of the community, and by some hocus-pocus must get it into the hands, not of producers, but of consumers. On what principle shall it be distributed? Perhaps to us all, in proportion to our last year's expenditure—or shall it be on the basis of what we should like to spend next year? In the latter event Messrs. Foster and Catchings will find themselves the most popular of economic theorists.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Decent Traveler

Sunlight in New Granada. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$3.50.

THE dear brethren are at it again. From the land of Mexico come loud wails. The church is in danger. The oil-fields are in danger. President Calles is a despot who rules with the help of a small minority of wicked Bolsheviks. At the same time the "really nice" little Mexican peons are rushing to the defense of the foreign concessionnaires and the Spanish ecclesiastics, and all they need to gain a complete victory is just a few hundred thousand brave American soldiers. It is an old, old story and it grows a little dreary.

Meanwhile what sort of people are those Mexicans? What sort of country do they inhabit? I don't know and I shall probably never find out. Unless Mr. McFee will cross the Rio Grande and tell me about it. Which brings me to the inner kernel of my little story.

Of course I know full well that there is no dearth of books upon the present subject. Once upon a time I even went so far as to read a good many of them. I began with the series composed by one of our famous globe trotters, a man who has walked from Upernavik to Tierra del Fuego and from Peking to Novgorod. I studied his works and from them gathered the opinion that South America must be a dreadful place indeed. But that caused a serious inner conflict. For I lived in Washington in those days and I was constantly meeting South Americans. They seemed very decent people. A little darker of skin perhaps than our Nordic neighbors. But well read, simple of manners, hard workers, and with an incredible devotion to their countless grandfathers, great-grand-uncles, aunts, nieces, servants, cousins, and foster-mothers. And many of them were exceedingly intelligent. Indeed, the quickest and most brilliant mind I ever had the pleasure of meeting belonged to a man who hailed from that self-same land of Colombia of which McFee has written with such great charm.

A little later it happened that I ran across the learned doctor who was just then "explaining" the South American

people to their Northern neighbors. He was terrible. His manners would not have been conspicuously bad in the fore-castle of a Greek tramp, but I hate to think what my punctilious Peruvian and Argentinian friends would have thought of them. Not much, I fear. Well, this fellow who had the graces of a professional coal-heaver had spent the greater part of his adult life carrying the gospel of his own Americanism to the benighted heathen of the Andes. That he had not been killed long before demonstrated a tenderness of heart on the part of those long-suffering foreigners which I for one felt compelled to admire in no uncertain terms.

My curiosity having been aroused by this encounter, I went in for South American travelers. And I am sorry to say that the investigation revealed a pretty unhappy state of affairs. Go-getters from the hinterland of Ohio and Methodist missionaries without a job seemed to make a specialty of Chile and Ecuador and the other republics. The result was exactly what one would have expected. These authors contemplated *Land und Leute* from their own atrocious angle, and although they were unfit for the company of decent men in their native land, they greatly wondered that they were not wanted in countries where formal manners are the only part of the constitution which is carefully observed. They got even (in the meanest sense of that mean expression) by revaluating their personal mortification into general terms of contempt and derision for their former hosts.

The McFee book, therefore, was a most welcome surprise. A pleasant and humorous soul visited other pleasant if less humorous folk and they liked each other. The next time some puzzled newspaper editor looks for a worthy subject for his posthumous charity, I recommend a smallish sum which shall keep Mr. McFee traveling and writing steadily in the Southern Hemisphere for at least a dozen years. I shall miss an agreeable neighbor. But our glorious republic may be saved another couple of wars.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Old and New

Ashe of Rings. By Mary Butts. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

ONE of the many discoveries we owe to English romanticism is the sentiment of place. Somehow it was revealed in the early 1800's that localities, like persons, have active and sensible souls. It is such an adumbration of locale that should have formed the backbone of this very arresting novel by a writer of indubitable talent. As a matter of fact, there are two backbones—and the result is that we are faced with a museum curiosity, not an integrated work of art.

The earlier and more powerful section of the book is devoted to an evocation of the estate of Rings in England. From the arrogant lips of Anthony Ashe, master of Rings, we learn the fragmentary tale of the magic memories, the medieval horrors, the incantations that lie coiled and potent in the stony Druid circles which give the place its name. Ancestral witches, crucified sorcerers, hieroglyphic volumes, subtle caretakers who feed like vampires on the family tradition—the whole paraphernalia is effective in its way, the more so because old Anthony is shadowy and gnomish and his little daughter Van is another Ariel. There is little solidity of flesh and bone to intrude and dispel the atmosphere of place. Here Miss Butts's touch is firm and sensitive. She achieves a sort of spiritualized Gothic romance which substitutes the cumulative force of eerie legend for Anne Radcliffe's trap-doors and sanguinary nuns. If you are at all susceptible to the *frisson* here is *un nouveau*. But Van grows up, is exiled from the holy and enchanted Rings of her spirit, starves in London, lives in a garret, engages in artistic conversation, loves an

artist-nihilist, and acts for the movies. She takes on reality, lives a separate organic life which is but feebly linked to the magic on which her childhood was nurtured. The realistic novelist steps upon the stage. The latter part of the novel, in which Van returns to the home of her fathers, struggles with its enemies, finds a brother, and loses a lover, is sheer mechanism. One perceives the synthesis. The joints show. The book as a whole collapses.

It is not to be denied that some very high art accompanies this fatal clash of material. Miss Butts understands the pattern of words, she has fine insights, and there is a certain rigor-ousness in her style which makes one regret that it has been expended on what is, after all, to the contemporary habit of thought, a decadent literary convention. For when all is said and done, places cannot live for us today as they did for the excited imaginations of Scott and Poe. A platitude, but a valuable one: this is a psychological age. Mary Butts would do well to ponder on the convincing exposition of this thesis contained in Virginia Woolf's essay, Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown. Character is fate, it has been said. Certainly it seems to be the fate of the modern novel.

To an American particularly there is one other important element in the book which seems anachronistic. We can no longer be moved by the mystic tradition of family. The fungoid mania that forces the Ashes to live as much and as deeply in the memory of their ancestors as in the consciousness of themselves hardly convinces us. The whole carefully built-up system seems rickety and unsubstantial. One remembers the devastating absurdity of that sentence in Donald Ogden Stewart's "The Crazy Fool": "We were Southerners—and proud . . .," he added simply."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Helmholtz Continued

Helmholtz's Treatise on Physiological Optics. English Translation from the Third German Edition. Edited by James P. C. Southall. Volume II: *The Sensations of Vision.* Published by the Optical Society of America.

THE principles of physiological optics, like those of many other branches of physiology, are involved in every moment of our waking human life; but they have not been disseminated freely in the lay mind. Indeed they are none too firmly rooted in the minds of ophthalmologists, oculists, and other eye specialists to whom the layman turns when the principles in question fail to operate for him to the best advantage. Even scientific physicists and psychologists—and even certain physiologists—have occasionally revealed some ignorance in this regard. Some excuse for such a state of affairs may have existed hitherto in the fact that no authoritative treatise upon the subject was available in English. The excuse is now removed by the Optical Society of America.

When it was originally published, Helmholtz's "Handbuch" created a science of vision and of the eye out of a previously chaotic mass of problems. The book rose so far above the scientific level of its times that it has not been surpassed in the nearly seventy years which have elapsed since its inception. There has been much progress but no new comprehensive and systematic discussion of the whole domain of physiological optics. The most important new advances in the field have been incorporated in successive German editions of Helmholtz's work. The present translation is more than a mere disclosure to English readers of a scientific classic; it is a scientific reference work of the highest value to those interested in the principles of vision.

Volume II considers facts which for the most part would now be classed as psychological in character. The original chapters by Helmholtz treat the way in which the eye is stimu-

lated, the physical nature of simple and compound light and their relation to color, the intensity and time relationships of luminous sensation, variations in sensitivity, contrast, and various subjective phenomena. Appendices by Nagel consider changes in the retina due to light, adaptation, twilight vision, and the "duplicitry theory." An appendix by von Kries deals with normal and anomalous color systems and with theories of vision. An important new contribution is made by Christine Ladd-Franklin under the title *The Nature of Color Sensations*. This stresses the importance of the psychological standpoint for the analysis of color, and advocates the author's well-known theory of color vision. It also incorporates the valuable data concerning color mixture resulting from the researches of König, included in the second edition of Helmholtz's work but omitted from the third. A new bibliography of publications on vision between 1911 and 1924 is added by the American editor.

The utmost credit is due to the editor, Professor Southall, not only for the perfection of his task but for its accomplishment in any form. The translation of nearly two thousand pages of scientific text, with a maze of notes and references, is a stupendous task; and although the editor has had numerous assistants the responsibility for the unity and accuracy of the whole has been upon his hands alone. The Optical Society of America is also to be complimented for its creation of so fitting a memorial to a great scientist on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

L. T. TROLAND

Elizabethan History

Mr. Secretary Walsingham and the Policy of Queen Elizabeth. By Conyers Read. Harvard University Press. Three volumes. \$20.

A History of England from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth, with an Account of English Institutions During the Later Sixteenth and Early Seventeenth Centuries. By Edward P. Cheyney. Longmans, Green and Company. Vol. II. \$6.50.

DISPROPORTIONATE in length and utterly unlike in viewpoint and objective, these two studies in Elizabethan history have far more in common than even their juxtaposition for purposes of review would indicate. Together they embrace the last thirty-five years of Elizabeth's reign, the former setting forth the career of one of her most distinguished ministers and the whole gamut of her foreign policy with which he was involved from 1568 to 1590, the latter displaying the England of Elizabeth in the seven years preceding her death in 1603. Both works are real contributions to historical knowledge. Thoroughly informed, absolutely sound in workmanship, and ably written, they will stand for more than a generation.

This life of Walsingham, "something more than a biography and something less than a history of Elizabethan policy," is "an attempt to establish the position of the man in the public affairs of his times." Three solid volumes have been devoted to the task. They embody the researches of years and are based upon a wealth of unprinted material from the English archives both public and private. No important phase or detail of the activities of Walsingham as agent or Councilor of the great Queen is neglected. Relations with France, Scotland, the Low Countries and Spain, the conflict of Catholic and Puritan at home and its ramifications abroad (the best chapter in the whole work), the execution of Mary Stuart, the war with Spain, the functions of a privy councilor, the parsimony of the Queen, English maritime enterprise in the last part of the sixteenth century, and, least important of all, the private life of Walsingham from the cradle to the grave—all are treated adequately, now separately and now collectively, but always with a clarity

to which many of these topics have long been unaccustomed. The apparatus of scholarship, never obtrusive, is everywhere evident in numerous excerpts from unpublished documents interspersed throughout the text, occasional appendices, and voluminous foot-notes. The bibliographical essay which concludes the final volume is a model of what such things should be. The illustrations, whether portraits or facsimiles of manuscripts, form an integral part of the work and add distinctly to its value.

There are no startling interpretations of Walsingham or of the affairs of his day. He still stands forth with Drake as the protagonist of militant English Protestantism and with Leicester as the unrelenting advocate of war with Spain. He treated the Catholics merely as the traitors he deemed them to be. He was no more desirous of the death of Mary Stuart than she of the death of Elizabeth. Walsingham had a flair for the unraveling of intrigue and plot and was well served by a much overpraised spy system, but his success was as often dependent upon luck as upon science. He was no parliamentarian, but a staunch royalist, yet he rebuked James VI as a child with the same arguments which the Puritans later directed against James I, grown to manhood. Walsingham was a zealous promoter of English exploration, although with a view more to wealth than to empire. An "archgrafter" in the eyes of posterity and certainly well-paid by his Queen albeit in devious ways, he died poor but solvent. Patient, devoted, and far-sighted, he seems to have thought only of the state; he had no life outside his official business.

Walsingham may have been more Elizabethan than the Queen herself, but her personality dominates every page and permeates the whole work. Her attitude was consistently a maddening combination of parsimony, vacillation, and doubt. She was not really religious. She feared French expansion into the Low Countries more than she feared Spain. She would not dismiss her ministers and she would not support them. Yet the very things which "appeared to be feminine caprice in the Virgin Queen proved in the end to be very subtle policy." The tortuous nature of Elizabethan policy will never be justified completely; it can hardly demand a more impartial or a more masterly exposition.

Professor Cheyney's concluding volume more than fulfils the promise of its predecessor. There is still the same happy combination of sound learning and charming style. As before, the work is based upon an extensive acquaintance with all printed sources of information. This material has been thoroughly integrated and admirably set forth around a few, carefully chosen topics. There are no appendices; foot-notes contain merely citations of references. The bibliography promised in the earlier preface is not forthcoming. There is a deplorable lack of all maps and diagrams. No attention has been given to church organization or to intellectual factors.

But the carping critic remains to praise. The chapters devoted to the last four Elizabethan parliaments are beautifully done. The section on local government has no equal at the moment. In both instances there is a clever fusion of definition and discussion, with no lack of specific illustration, yet with constant stress upon the general and typical factors involved. The remainder of the book contains a realistic description of economic and political conditions in 1596 and again at the end of the reign, graphic accounts of the Cadiz expedition of 1596 and of the usually neglected Armada of the same year, a discussion of foreign policy at the turn of the century, and a rather complete account of the fall of Essex. The last is a real achievement. The whole book overflows with clever characterizations, striking comparisons, and thought-provoking statements. It will take its place on the library shelf between Froude and Gardiner, not because of its chronological limits but by right of its unmistakable merit.

SIDNEY R. PACKARD

Books in Brief

Paris in the Revolution. By G. Lenôtre. Translated by H. Noel Williams. Brentano's. \$4.50.

To devote one's time to examining historical buildings or, where the buildings have disappeared, maps, plans, and memoirs which mention them; to search laboriously into the ultimate fate of this great man's bathtub and that great woman's lock of hair; to delve into forgotten rubbish in museums and archives—all in order to prove, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, that a certain room was never inhabited by Marie Antoinette, that the skull of Charlotte Corday never was buried, that Madame Lebas never loved St. Just, and a number of other trivia of a similar nature—requires, to be sure, a commendable fund of patience, but also a tremendous lack of a sense of proportion. This shortcoming makes for the author's patent inability to understand the spirit of the French Revolution. One would get a better portrayal of Danton's character from the poetical effusions of Lamartine, of Robespierre's politics from the venomous rhetoric of Carlyle, of Marat's significance from the complacent prejudices of Michelet. Indeed, except for a chance allusion now and then to Aulard, the present writer never goes for secondary information beyond the so-called classical historians of the French Revolution; and so gullible is he in using the memoirs and other primary sources that we are asked to believe that the events of August 10, 1792, following the capture of the Tuileries, were scenes of pillage and slaughter such as no sober bystander could have witnessed and remained alive and sane, that the September Massacres were possibly the work of "a vast and secret association whose members had chosen for their object the destruction of the monarchy," that the exact words of the conversation between Danton and his confessor Kéravenan are known—though we are assured that "never was the secret of that strange and solemn interview violated." Despite the fact that there are some historical data in this volume that are not readily to be found elsewhere, on the whole it is a bit of sensational sentimentalism. In general it may be said of it that *exceptis excipiendis* whatever in it is important is untrue and whatever is true is unimportant. In extenuation it might be pointed out that the original French edition was written some years ago and that the author—a historian of reputation—is himself sometimes painfully apologetic.

Color-Blindness. By Mary Collins. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

However familiar it may be, the fact that to some eyes the world is reduced in its color-scheme is difficult to realize. Color is such an elementary experience, known only to and by sense, that no other source of knowledge of its vast role in nature and art is available. Your color world depends upon the minute structure of the retina with which you are born. The present volume is a convenient manual giving the facts in regard to the only common variety of the defect, the several methods of testing the degree and manner of the departure from normal vision, and also an accurate study of about a dozen cases around which the discussion of the theories of color-blindness is centered. The position taken is critical and correct; while color is defined by the length of light-waves, which belong to physics, color itself is a phenomenon of sensation belonging to psychology. Physical theories have interfered with the free investigation of the findings which only the color-blind can reveal; the variations are so many that each such subject seems almost to have a system of his own. The most common type is one in which the two ends of the spectrum seem to present a neutral (gray) zone, along with another such zone in the green region. The resulting confusions prevent the subject from seeing the ripe strawberries under their leaves and induce him to speak of a "reddish-green," while grays may seem either reddish or greenish. The color-

theories explain the result on an evolutionary basis, but are both conflicting and imperfect. The hereditary mystery, by which a mother who has normal color-vision carries a latent defect from the color-blindness of her father which appears in the color-blindness of her son, is impressive and shows that we are dealing with an objective, sex-limited (there are at least forty times as many color-blind men as women) factor. In addition, the practical danger arising from undetected color-defects compels a permanent interest in this as yet unsolved problem.

Drawings for the Theater. By Robert Edmond Jones. Introduction by Arthur Hopkins. Theater Arts, Inc.

Thirty-five drawings by one of the most imaginative of American stage designers.

Personality. By R. G. Gordon. The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

A gallant attempt to bridge the gap which lies between our knowledge of the physiology of the nervous system and the theories of the new psychology. Starting with the old axiom, "There is no psychosis without a neurosis," the author endeavors to look at various fundamental mental processes both as they take place in the nerves and as they appear in the consciousness. While it must be admitted that the exact physiological basis of, for example, a "repression" is still far from clear, the book represents an admirable summary of knowledge upon the subject. The author devotes considerable attention to the theory of "emergents" and attempts to define personality in terms of it.

□ T H E A T E R □

The Neighborhood Playhouse

466 Grand Street New York Dry Dock 7516

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES

Every Evening (except Monday) at 8:30
Matinees, Saturdays, June 19th and 26th
and Fridays, July 2nd and 9th

—THE THEATRE GUILD Presents—

AT MRS. BEAM'S

A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.

GUILD THEATRE, 62nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

□ C O N F E R E N C E S □

JUNE CONFERENCE LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

70 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. CITY
June 24-27, 1926

Camp Tamiment, near Stroudsburg, Pa.

Subject: "NEWER DEFENSES OF CAPITALISM IN AMERICA"
Among the participants will be George Soule, Harry Elmer Barnes, Florence Kelley, Norman Thomas, Stuart Chase, James H. Maurer, Ordway Tead, Benjamin Stolberg, J. S. Potofsky, Evelyn Preston, H. S. Raushenbush, Alfred Sheffield, Leland H. Jenks, M. M. Knight, A. Phillip Randolph, Robert W. Dunn, McAllister Coleman, Fannie M. Cohn, Harry W. Laddler.

Saturday night, L. I. D. Play on "Jersey Justice"

Music—Itcecreation

For further information apply to

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

International Relations Section

A Message from Barbusse

THE unfavorable reception by certain American publications, including *The Nation*, of "Chains," the recent novel of Henri Barbusse, caused the author to write the following message addressed to The Free Spirits of America. It has not been printed elsewhere.

I seize the occasion offered by the publication of the American edition of my novel "Chains" to address to the free spirits of the United States, those who compose the advance guard of American thought, this statement of the point of view from which I undertook to build my epic drama of the crowd, its past and its future.

My desire to enter into lively contact with the American public is one of long standing. I feel this desire not only because of my personal origin—my mother was Anglo-Saxon; not only because I am drawn to America by many deeply felt bonds of sympathy; it is also because America is today, in large measure, the arbiter of the world.

If this is true, is it not important that America should have a clear awareness of this world, over which it acquires from year to year an increasing material supremacy? Yet I doubt that America has such an awareness. America fails, especially, I feel, to plumb accurately the depth and significance of the most powerful current which now agitates all the older countries of the world—the current of revolution.

American opinion accepts too uncritically the myths and distortions with which constituted authority and its official apologists, ever at work, both with you and with us, travesty this vast and inevitable movement of the masses. That is why I offer this book, in which, using the methods of the student and the writer, I undertake to give historical and philosophical form to an idea which I believe to be new in the world.

To be a revolutionist does not mean that one is consumed by a sick need of disturbing the existing order; that one must wave the red flag, threaten, and make excited demonstrations after the manner of the demagogue. Neither does it mean that one dreams vain dreams of unworthy vengeance and reprisal; nor that one pursues the Utopian will-o'-the-wisp of making the poor rich and the rich poor. To be a revolutionist as I conceive it is to claim for oneself a role far greater, more noble, and more intelligent.

The task of the revolutionist is to bring to birth a society in which the interest of all will supersede the special interest of any individual or class. It is to attack our present system because it is both oppressive and unstable; it is to eliminate the struggle of the classes by eliminating the classes themselves; it is to institute a world community based on the necessities of work and production.

The revolutionist knows that this has never been done, in spite of superficial appearances, in spite of the hypocritical pretensions of our contemporary "democracies" and their leaders, notably those of France and England.

As I delved into history seeking the materials for my present book I became convinced that the historical succession of social forms presents only slight differences, but profound resemblances. The differences are those of place, of manners, one might almost say of dress. But the underlying forms are alike. The slavery of antiquity, the serfdom of the Middle Ages, and the condition of the workers of today are but three forms of the same thing: the unequal struggle of the masses and the unfailing victory of privilege, supported by the constituted authorities. It is this which I have wished to reveal as the essential tragedy of all history. And there is this further modern corollary: Scientific and industrial progress has perfected the exploitation of men by men, this division of

the world into robots and profiteers. If there has been any intellectual and moral progress it has consisted in the elaboration of purely verbal systems with which to disguise, under the masques of liberalism and republicanism, the eternal recommencements of this dreary cycle of exploitation.

The revolutionist is the only true liberal, the only true republican. He agrees with the avowed principles of the great spokesman of democracy—equality, liberty, fraternity. But unlike them he wishes these principles to be not merely proclaimed but applied. Furthermore, revolutionary logic shows plainly how indissolubly the abuses of our present system are linked; that we can end none of these abuses unless we end them all.

The revolutionist desires the goal and grasps firmly the means to the goal. Rejecting abstract formulas and solutions he adheres consistently to pragmatic science. He is both honest with himself and loyal to his principles. He links himself with the great libertarian tradition for which the true innovators, the true apostles, have always sacrificed themselves.

Unfortunately the libertarians of the past have worked in the unsubstantial and spectral domain of ideas; or they have not known how to achieve a reform sufficiently radical so that the reviving forces of vested greed would not be able to devour their gains and turn them to their own advantage.

America, which is young, firm, strong, and clear-headed, should perceive that the one need is to organize positively in the domain of facts one of these great ideas which recur again and again through the centuries of human aspiration. The ideal will become the reality when and only when we have the audacity to march directly to the goal along the path of common sense and essential morality.

In the midst of our contemporary parody of a civilization which calls itself moral although it is utterly material; amid the thundering orchestra of our false republics, let America be grateful for those who are the true champions of the rationalist spirit, and who are also the real upholders of the Christian ideal; who bring to their task today, in far greater degree than did the defeated saviors of the past whose struggles they resume, a knowledge of economic laws and a conqueror's grasp of reality.

Doorn and the German Conspirators

A WIDESPREAD monarchist conspiracy, involving a large number of parliamentarians, ex-cabinet ministers, and high judicial and military dignitaries, a conspiracy aiming at the deposition of President Hindenburg, his replacement by an extreme monarchist, the dissolution of the German National Assembly, the abolition of the Weimar Constitution, a nation-wide state of siege, and the offhand execution of all eminent Republican leaders was uncovered in April by the Prussian authorities. The strong monarchist elements within the Prussian administration tried to keep the evidence secret, but rumors of its definitely incriminating character and extensive implications leaked out. The pressure of public opinion demanding publication of the main documents became irresistible, and the Official Prussian Press Service (Amtliche Preussische Pressedienst) had to publish, in the first week of May, the names of the chief conspirators, their "program of initial action," and part of the incriminating correspondence found at their dwellings and headquarters.

The overthrow of the republic through an armed rising of monarchist organizations was planned for June.

The chiefs of the conspiracy were Dr. Neumann, Ex-Burgomaster of Lubeck, slated as Chancellor of the Empire; Privy Councilor Hugenberg, selected for Minister of Finance; Dr. Wegener of Kreuth, Bavaria, a magnate of heavy industry, prospective Minister of the Interior; General von Möhl, the conspirators' choice for chief of the national militia (Reichswehr); and finally, Dr. von Luning of Bonn, to be made food dictator of the revolt. Their manifesto, as published by the Prussian Official Press Service, contained twenty-nine paragraphs, providing for all the main contingencies of a victorious insurrection and decreeing, among other essentials, a complete suspension of railroad traffic, the closing of the exchanges, the internment of the Jews in concentration camps, confiscation of their property, dissolution of all political organizations, capital punishment for strikers, and two modes of execution: shooting for "honorable" and hanging for "dishonorable" Republicans, with an express inclusion of the "November criminals," meaning the organizers of the Republic in 1918, within the latter category.

But the chief interest of these official Prussian disclosures centers in two letters, addressed to the Ex-Emperor and his Empress at Doorn by one of the conspirators, Mr. Class, president of the Alldutsche Verband (Pan-German Union). These letters point to Doorn as a directing center of monarchist conspiracies. We reproduce them below.

Berlin, December 15, 1925

TO HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY—MOST SERENE EMPEROR AND KING—MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LORD!

Your Majesty has been pleased to express to me, under date of December 9, your appreciation, and to transmit to me your portrait, with a gracious inscription. For this delightful souvenir I beg leave to submit my most cordial thanks.

This manifestation of your Majesty's good pleasure was all the more significant for myself and my friends, inasmuch as we see in it a proof that our labors for our Emperor and the Empire are conducted in the right spirit and with the right means. Your Majesty may rest assured that the loyalists gathered around me—whose number and resolution is growing with the increase of our national sufferings—are indefatigably at work, with the aim of a restoration of the House of Hohenzollern to renewed splendor and the liberation and purification of the Fatherland. Despite our present miserable plight we are certain of ultimate victory, because the very heaviness of our present afflictions has welded together all true-hearted Germans into a unique commonwealth of fighters, resolved to carry on in the service of our Sovereign and our people. If anything could strengthen the determination of our fighting fraternity and its assurance of victory, it was your Majesty's gracious manifestation.

I remain, worshipfully, your Majesty's ever faithful

CLASS

Berlin, January 26, 1926

TO HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS:

Your Majesty's gracious letter of January 9—for which my most sincere thanks—came to hand in time. I am deeply appreciative of the fact that your Majesty would like to have me confer with the Emperor in person, but I cannot conceal from myself the weighty considerations speaking against such a meeting. Permit me to suggest that the honor of an imperial invitation be graciously bestowed upon Prince Otto Salm-Horstmar, an old and dependable loyalist. The Prince belongs to our inner circle,

is minutely informed about the state of our movements, and would assuredly feel proud of a chance to report to the Sovereign in person.

It is perfectly plain to us that the prestige of the President [Hindenburg] depends upon his insight into the true needs of the realm, before it is too late, and his logical deduction of the requisite steps. It is pitiful to see how the Fieldmarshal honors with his confidence a number of highly obnoxious individuals. It is generally admitted today that the Dawes treaties are not workable—yet the President perseveres in putting his confidence in their chief sponsor, Dr. Luther! God grant success to our efforts to enlighten him!

Public distress is increasing. The Communists are preparing a coup; the government and the cowardly bourgeoisie remain inactive. Confronted by such a situation, we are about to resort to patriotic self-help. Our propagandistic efforts have succeeded beyond reasonable expectation. The inclosed documents will enlighten your Majesty about developments. I remain, in deepest devotion, etc.

CLASS

Syria Appeals to the League

THE text of this document, dated March 17, was published in the *Tribune d'Orient* (Geneva) of April 12. It is addressed to the Council of the League of Nations:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

Several times already we have addressed ourselves to the League of Nations to draw its attention to the regime under which the unhappy population of Syria lives. We have indicated the spirit in which France applies the regime of the mandate, transforming its obligation to give aid and counsel to the country into a veritable colonial enterprise. Several times we have protested against the regime of the mandate and have shown that our country aspires to independence and liberty with all its heart.

Our appeals, alas! have not been heard and, as we foresaw, war has broken out in Syria. The people had come to the end of their patience and could no longer endure the vexations of all kinds to which they had been subjected for five years. We have been suffering all the horrors of war for eight months. The country marches to its ruin.

It is in vain that our enemies seek the causes of the conflict in the feudal spirit or in the ambitions of various individuals of the Syrian world or even in the intrigues of certain Powers. The feudal regime disappeared from Syria long ago and from Djebel Druse more than thirty years ago, following a rebellion of the peasantry, as everybody knows. After that Turkey established complete equality between the sheiks and the peasants.

The true cause of the war must be sought in the regime to which the country is subjected, under the false name of mandate, even though in 1916 the Syrian populations hoped for independence and liberty. They have witnessed a regime of extreme imperialism, which has taken from them their most elementary rights and prerogatives solemnly promised. Since that time numerous revolts have taken place and finally actual war has broken out.

On several occasions we have requested that the League of Nations send a committee of investigation into Syria to study events, determine responsibility, and discover the wishes of the inhabitants. Our proposal contained nothing which might be considered an accusation against anyone. It would have the effect of bringing into the country a generous spirit of pacification and quiet. We do not understand why France, if it has a good conscience, is opposed to a committee of inquiry of the kind that acted in Mesopotamia. Only such as

are in the wrong fear the intervention of an impartial body charged above all to establish the truth. We shall never cease to call upon the officials of the League of Nations to appoint such a committee. . . .

We are convinced that the investigators will be able only to record the most ardent desire on the part of the population for independence and liberty.

Seeking pretexts for the maintenance of a foreign military regime in Syria, it has been alleged that a free Syria would shortly be the prey of its neighbor to the north. We must protest against this view of things. If Syria had its independence it could organize its national army which would be a guaranty of resistance against any invaders. On the other hand, as long as France exercises sovereign authority in Syria the organization of a national army will be retarded. A few mercenaries in the service of a foreign state would not be able to stop the invader, if at a given moment France were obliged to withdraw her troops from Syrian soil, on account of trouble in another part of the globe.

We protest further against the fact that France and Turkey are negotiating in the course of which Syrian soil is dealt with as a medium of exchange just as if it constituted part of the territory of the republic. Syria must have the right to be a party to all agreements which concern it.

In all the documents which we have had the honor to submit to the League of Nations, whether manifestos to the Assembly or memorials to the Committee on Mandates, we believe that we have given proof of the capacity of our country to govern itself. We deny energetically the statements which continue the pretense that Syria cannot govern itself, statements which can have no other purpose than serving French political interests. Our spirit of tolerance and humanity has always been manifest, even in tragic moments as during the bombardment of Damascus, when Moslems protected their Christian brothers despite the provocations of the French authorities. You will find proofs of this in the testimony of the representatives of the foreign states, as well as in the international press whose representatives were present. We add a copy of the report of the Consular Corps of Damascus.*

We appeal to the League of Nations, whose essential task is the safeguarding of peace and the preservation of the peoples from the scourge of war. We place our trust in the Council to carry through an intervention which shall put an end to the shedding of blood and to the systematic destruction of a country confided to its protection.

Again, it is the duty of the League of Nations not to grant entire freedom to a great Power which holds its mandate from the League and which abuses it to follow private ends contrary to the very spirit of the mandate.

We have the firm conviction that we represent the real wishes of the Syrian population. It is vain to reproach us for the ardor of our convictions and the fervor which, under polite forms, appears in our manifestos.

Is it not permitted within the League of Nations for patriots whose country is enslaved to protest in the name of independence and liberty? Could we act otherwise than we have done when we saw the unhappy population of Syria terrorized, maltreated, and violated? The war on the side of the French has exhibited all the characteristics of a colonial expedition, and we have seen women and children massacred by airplanes and bombs. We have seen our villages and our cities destroyed, our legitimate rights trampled under foot. We cannot help protesting. In doing so we are the advocates of an entire people, the mouthpiece of a whole nation. Nevertheless, despite the sentiments we harbor, we have never ceased to wait with patience and to present respectfully our memorials to the Committee on Mandates. Several times we have proposed to France advantageous agreements with the desire to establish peace. Several times we have suppressed our true sentiments

* Published in the International Relations Section for June 2.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

by Edward Channing

**"THE MOST SATISFACTORY, THE
BEST BALANCED AND THE
MOST COMPLETE HISTORY OF
THE UNITED STATES."**

Vol. I. THE PLANTING OF A NATION IN THE NEW WORLD [1000-1660]	\$4.00
Vol. II. A CENTURY OF COLONIAL HISTORY [1660-1760]	\$4.00
Vol. III. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION [1761-1789]	\$4.00
Vol. IV. FEDERALISTS AND REPUBLICANS [1789-1815]	\$4.00
Vol. V. THE WEST [1815-1848]	\$4.50
*Vol. VI. THE WAR FOR SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE	\$4.75

* Awarded the 1926 Pulitzer History Prize

Each volume sold separately

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue

New York City

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

READ

Experimental Psychology

By MARY COLLINS
and JAMES DREVER

A clear and simple account of experimental methods and results, with a much needed discussion of mental tests.

\$3.25

Human Experience

By VISCOUNT HALDANE

Deals with the new line of distinction between blind reactions within nature, and action which is free, significant, and directed.

\$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., New York

accept
nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

and proposed an alliance with our oppressor which would have tied our lot to his. Such proposals have always been rejected.

We are now convinced that as long as France has the controlling hand in Syria it is impossible that violence shall cease. They promise now, to be sure, to change the entire spirit which has governed us till today; but we have little confidence in their promises. In spite of M. de Jouvenel, the military has not hesitated to commit the same acts that we experienced under the regime of General Sarrail and his predecessors. The European consuls resident at Damascus know well what happened several days ago in the Maïdan quarter—unheard-of atrocities. The notables of the city, Christians and Jews included, have protested to the military governor, General André, against these renewed atrocities.

Whatever improvement in detail France may bring to its policy, Syria will always suffer. For us it is a matter of the fate of Syria and we work with this in mind. For France it is merely a matter of economic, political, and financial advantage. There is, then, no possibility of reconciling the French mandate and national sovereignty. The way in which France has undertaken its task and continues it makes it impossible for her to be to us merely an organ of aid and counsel. . . .

For the moment, knowing the difficulties which confront us, we have formulated a clear and precise demand to the Council of the League of Nations: the immediate dispatch of an impartial committee of inquiry into Syria.

We address this request to you with great confidence. We know that it contains nothing presumptuous and that it is in accordance with the procedure of the great body charged to better, little by little, international relations and to assure the liberty of the peoples.

Accept, Mr. President and Gentlemen, the assurance of our very highest esteem.

The Delegates of the Syrio-Palestinian Congress and
the Parties of Syrian Independence.

LIHSAN EL-DJABRI
EMIR CHEKIB ARSLAN

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON has written and illustrated several books, the most recent of which is "Tolerance."

LEWIS S. GANNETT, one of the associate editors of *The Nation*, has recently returned to this country after spending six months in the Far East.

RAYNA RAPHAELSON is on the editorial staff of the *People's Tribune* in Peking.

MARY AUSTIN is the author of "The American Rhythm" and many other volumes.

LANGSTON HUGHES is a well-known Negro poet, the author of "Weary Blues."

RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a writer who lives in Cape Town. She has long been a contributor to *The Nation*.

JOHN T. MOUTOUX is a Washington correspondent. He reported the Scopes trial for the United Press and previously served on the staff of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *News*.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN teaches at the Ethical Culture School in New York City.

L. T. TROLAND is a research engineer at present connected with the production of motion pictures in natural colors. He is also assistant professor of psychology at Harvard University and the author of "The Present Status of Visual Science."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD is professor of history at Smith College.

*Babbitt gets himself transported
to the great open spaces——*

Sinclair Lewis's

New Novel

MANTRAP

"BETTER than the best of the thrillers."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"LEWIS will add another triumph to his cap of popularity."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT gets down to the truth of the north woods."—*N. Y. World*.

"MANTRAP will take the pole in summer fiction."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"LEWIS in this book brings all the detailed, relentless, and blistering realism that he brought to Gopher Prairie and Zenith . . . his pen depicts it masterfully."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"OF ALVERNA (the heroine) higher praise can hardly be given than that, as a creation, she is worthy to set beside Legra, of *Arrowsmith*."—*N. Y. Times*.

At all bookstores, \$2.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company

383 Madison Ave.
New York

Acclaimed by book-critics, book creators, book-sellers, and book-buyers as the long-awaited humanization of philosophy

[SECOND LARGE PRINTING]

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

by WILL DURANT

¶ The lives and opinions of the major philosophers: — SOCRATES • PLATO • ARISTOTLE • BACON • SPINOZA • KANT • VOLTAIRE • LOCKE • SCHOPENHAUER • SPENCER • NIETZSCHE • BERGSON • CROCE • RUSSELL • SANTAYANA • JAMES • DEWEY.

¶ Octavo size, 577 pages, 21 full page illustrations, price \$5.00 at all book and department stores.

¶ "Just what I've been hunting for for 44 years!" — HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

¶ "Thoroughly scholarly, thoroughly useful, human and readable." — PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY.

¶ "I have needed this book for many years. It is indeed a story, the story of the human being as thinker, the profoundest story that our race can tell. . . Full of wonder and delight." — JOHN MACY

¶ "I had no idea philosophy could be so readable. Will Durant is sparkling. He writes as brilliantly as Sainte Beuve does in his portraits. He sees philosophy as the expression of a personality. The book is spiced with anecdote, well integrated in the tale." — HARRY HANSEN, *The New York World*.



SIMON AND SCHUSTER—PUBLISHERS
37 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

VACATION PLACES

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

It's a rare treat to spend the glorious June Days at

SCHILDKRAUT'S

PINE TERRACE PARK HOTEL on-the-Hudson
HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

A PLACE of charm and distinction. Rustic beauty and scenic splendor to delight the eye and thrill the soul. You revel in the luxury of superior hotel accommodations and the outdoor-campers' paradise. Cheerful hospitality and congenial companionship. Unsurpassed food of flavor—the Famous Vegetarian Dishes—choice and variety to please the most fastidious.

Sports and social diversion make the days and evenings so pleasant and happy that you just love to lengthen your vacation. Phone or write Highland Falls, N. Y. 125 F 2.

In the City enjoy the Health Food in our Restaurants:

400 Fourth Ave.	4 West 28th St.
37 West 32nd St.	221 West 36th St.
171 E. Broadway	Main Office, 6 W. 28th St.

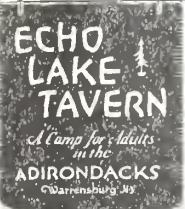
A SUGGESTION: Order copy of Schildkraut's edition of the new books, "Diet and Health" and "Vegetarian Cook Book," written in Yiddish by Dr. A. Mishulow. They explain intimately how to prepare delicious vegetarian meals and how to promote the health and happiness of your family at home.

Have you ever slept in

A Silo, a Chicken House, a Wood Shed, a Tobacco Barn, a Corn Crib or in a Milky Way (formerly a Cow Stable)—all of which have been modernized.

Western View Farm offers the opportunity to do so. A beautiful place in the Berkshire Hills for a week-end or an extended visit. 7th Season. Rates \$37.50 a week and \$7 a day. Illustrated literature on request. Address: E. G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut. 2½ hours from New York. Telephone New Milford 440.

ADULT CAMPS



ECHO LAKE TAVERN
A Camp for Adults in the ADIRONDACKS
Warrensburg, N.Y.

3d Year.
Spend June in the Adirondacks
All facilities for outdoor sports.
Fare, New York to Lake George, round trip \$12.28
Rate per week, \$30
Deposit, \$10

Accommodations limited to 125.
Make your reservations NOW. Direct to Tavern.
Address: ECHOLAKE TAVERN, Warrensburg, N.Y.
or Phone Wisconsin 3754-2165
LENA BARISH MOE NUDELL

VACATION PLACES

THE LLOYD, Bellport, L. I.
On Great South Bay. Open June 23d
Cool, Comfortable, Charming.
Regular guests and week-end parties.

PERSONALS

PIANO AND SINGING

INSTRUCTION by a distinguished European with the gift of teaching. I am aiding this gentleman to establish himself in this field here. He is a recognized composer, concert pianist, and has taught professionals. High personal endorsement from many prominent Americans. Pupils of all grades taken. Full hour lessons, \$3.00. Communications should be addressed to PIANIST, care I. F. Shapiro, 1836 Belmont Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

ADULT CAMPS

CAMP GREATER UTOPIA
A vacation ground for grown-ups
LACKAWAXEN, PENN.
Atop the Blue Mountains

All facilities for all sports
Diversified entertainment—Excellent Cuisine

Special offer. Take your vacation now and save money. Railroad fare free to patrons who come out for a two weeks' stay between June 25th and July 17th. Send for Booklet, 11 West 37th Street, Wm. J. PERLMAN, Managing Director

DR. WILL DURANT, Associate Director

INDIAN HEAD CAMP

ECHO LAKE
ADULTS LAND AND
SAFE BEACH WATER SPORTS



WATCH FOR THE INDIAN SIGN
PRIDE OF THE ADIRONDACK MTS.
P. O. Box 114, Warrensburg, N. Y.
City Address: R. HELFANT, 885 BROOK AVENUE
BRONX, N. Y.
Tel. Melrose 1821. Send for Booklet
and Reservation Card NOW
ONLY 100 GUESTS ACCOMMODATED

POSITIONS WANTED

WOMAN 29—12 years law office stenographer-secretary; also experience writing articles and public speaking; also worked in editorial office; wants satisfying job. Box 501, care The Nation.

BARNARD B. A., engaging personality, social background, two years law, will travel as secretary, companion, reader or governess. Thoroughly accomplished in French, violin and stenography. Box 502, care The Nation.

ADULT CAMPS AND REAL ESTATE

CAMP TAMIMENT
NOW OPEN

FOREST PARK, PA. For Adults

Nature's Wonder Spot in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania twenty miles from Delaware Water Gap.

All outdoor Sports. Fourteen splendid tennis courts. Delightful bathing. Excellent Food. Dancing and entertainment in glorious hall on shore of lake. Beginning July 5, daily lecture by eminent speakers.

Moderate Rates Make Early Reservations
CAMP TAMIMENT FOREST PARK, PA.
N. Y. phone Stuy. 3094 Phone Stroudsburg 71

Delaware Cliff Lodge

An adult camp for 50 guests in the Mountains of Northern New Jersey

All Land and Water Sports, Concerts, Dances, Discussions on Interesting Topics, under the Direction of Competent Athletic and Social Directors

Bessie Blumberg, Lodge Director

Write for our Illustrated Literature

1549 Morris Ave., Jerome 9616 Bronx, N. Y.

New York is a poor place to spend your week ends.

I know many delightful spots in Northern Westchester:
Some for sale, others for rent.
Real country, glorious views and excellent train service.
Write MARGARET LANE,
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., or Telephone Croton 400.

FOR RENT

FOR SUMMER RENTING—in beautiful Connecticut hill country, 1000 feet above sea level, rooms finished and unfinished, furnished and unfurnished in barns and outbuildings. BALL, R. F. D. 2, Torrington, Conn.

PLEASANT, sunny room, at reasonable rental in Kew Gardens. 20 minutes by L. I. R. R. Call Virginia 9986 J.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE. Hundred-year-old stone 2-story farmhouse, good condition, 7 large rooms and attic; barn suitable for garage; orchard; 9 acres; 25 minutes' walk from state road, 9 miles from New Milford, Connecticut railroad station; \$5,000; \$1,500 cash. Box 503, care The Nation.

SUMMER BOARD WANTED

WOMAN with three-year-old daughter would like room and board (for the summer) in a quiet place at the seashore, preferably in Sea Gate or along the Jersey Coast. House must be modern. Write full particulars, rates, number of guests accommodated, distance from beach, etc., to G. G., 1940 Andrews Ave., New York City.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION

among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, Prince George, B. C., Canada.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service



The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1926

No. 3182

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	709
EDITORIALS:	
The Exploited Farmer	712
Bootlegging Milk	713
Misguided Diplomacy	713
Henry Ford, Antiquarian	714
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon.....	715
ALTON B. PARKER AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A STUDY IN HISTORICAL CONTRADICTIONS. By Oswald Garrison Villard..	716
A NATION OF ANARCHISTS. By Lewis S. Gannett.....	718
HARVEST DAYS IN KANSAS. By W. G. Clugston.....	720
VIRGINIA WOOLF. By Edwin Muir.....	721
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	723
CORRESPONDENCE	724
BOOKS:	
Lothrop, Montana. By Whittaker Chambers.....	726
The Great Queen. By John A. Hobson.....	726
A Southern Liberal. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	727
The People of Youth. By Alice Beal Parsons.....	727
Action and Art. By Llewelyn Powys.....	728
The Art of Thobbing. By Stuart Chase.....	728
Why We Are Rich. By Paul Blanshard.....	729
Downhill. By George Genzmer.....	730
Books in Brief.....	730
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Canada and the Great Lakes. By Owen E. McGillicuddy.....	732
Von Bernstorff on Disarmament.....	734

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FRED A. KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is opposed to compulsory military training in the schools and colleges. His remarks in opposition, to be sure, were made by the famous "White House spokesman" in such fashion that it is impossible to quote him directly, and they are couched in his usual on-the-one-hand-but-on-the-other style. He "is opposed to compulsory military training for school or college boys," says the *New York Times*, but "he feels that the youth of the country should get the advantage of military training for its physical benefit." "Those who are in a position to take the training should do so," he is reported to believe, "but the Government should not attempt to make it widespread or anything like compulsory." For saying no more hundreds of college boys have been called traitors, Reds, and pacifists. The President's statement marks a vast advance over the War Department's attempt to goosetstep all the college boys of the nation, and should help the undergraduate campaign to reduce the military training courses to an elective basis. Educators, however, will want to go further. Military science is not a part of education, and physical training can be better provided in other ways.

WITH UNCONCEALED GUSTO the *New York Times* and the *New York World* have leaped upon the figures published by the Foreign Policy Association in its recent pamphlet, "State Capitalism in Russia." The *Times* seeks to prove by selected quotations that Soviet prosperity

varies inversely with the degree of government interference. "Where the principle of private initiative has been least hampered the nearest approach has been made to the pre-war status of production." Agriculture is cited as the most "capitalistic" branch of productive activity and the most prosperous. Industry, operated under a mixed system of public and private control, comes next. Foreign trade, a government monopoly, is furthest from the pre-war level. Thus the *New York Times* proves its point to its own apparent satisfaction by ignoring all the inconvenient facts. The *Times*, for example, fails to point out that agriculture, which last year reached 90 per cent of the pre-war level, never fell below 50 or 60 per cent; while industry, which dropped to 15 per cent after the Revolution, reached 70 per cent in 1925 (and for the current year is averaging 90 per cent); and foreign commerce—in spite of the continued suspicion or hostility of the trading world—rose to 45 per cent of the 1913 figure from a level approaching zero during the years of foreign intervention and the "cordon sanitaire." The increases in these last two categories are enormous—far more impressive than the improvement noted in Russia's "capitalistic" agriculture.

THE WORLD IS NO LESS disingenuous. In an editorial article entitled *Russia Returning to Sanity* it attributes the rapid improvement in Russia's economic life solely to the retreat from communism involved in the New Economic Policy of 1921. It stresses the fact that "38 per cent of the industrial establishments were privately owned" in 1923, and then it cheerfully throws its case away by acknowledging that "the average number of workers in private establishments was only 2 compared with 155 in government industries." It does not mention the supplementary fact that in 1923 only 12.4 per cent of the workers in Russia were employed by private concerns. It ignores the figures on internal commerce which show that, in spite of the rapid growth of private trade, government and cooperative trading has increased even faster. No one denies that capitalism received grudging permission to come to life when the "Nep" was installed, or that "the full-blown flower of socialism" failed to spring from the 1917 revolution. Small industries flourish in private hands; individuals cobble boots and shoe horses and carve wood and embroider linen; private traders carry on business in competition with government trading companies and cooperatives. But that is a small part of the picture. Let the *World* imagine for the moment an America in which all the oil wells, all the mines, all the steel mills, all the water-power developments, all the electric plants and radio stations, all the railroads, all the lumbering operations, all the chemical plants, all the construction jobs, all the foreign trade—and all the important newspapers—were in the hands of a powerful workers' government at Washington. The *New York World* would not like such an America or consider it on the road to sanity; but it would be what Russia is today.

STANLEY BALDWIN'S ATTEMPT to impose the eight-hour day upon the British miners without any guaranty against a wage reduction is a foolhardy betrayal

of the confidence which the union leaders placed in him when they called off the general strike. The miners have repeatedly declared that they will never accept an increase of hours until the owners actually initiate a reorganization of the coal industry. Even Baldwin's own coal commission rejected the proposal of an eight-hour day as economically useless because there would be no market to absorb the 30,000,000 extra tons of coal produced by a longer work-day. The trade-union leaders called off the general strike with the understanding that negotiations would continue on the basis of the memorandum prepared by Sir Herbert Samuel, chairman of the Coal Commission. This memorandum said nothing about the eight-hour day, but it said a good deal about the reorganization of the coal industry. Now Baldwin disregards the report of his own commission and goes back to the position of the coal owners six months ago, making their position his. He has not forced the coal owners to submit to a single basic demand for the reorganization of their industry. He is revealed not as the master of the crisis but as the creature of the economic groups which put him in power. He asks the miners to accept another promissory note. They refuse, recalling their inability to cash the former promissory notes of the Government which began with the Sankey Commission report of 1919. The labor movement stands with them solidly in their refusal. But why did not the leaders of the general strike protect the miners against this betrayal? Just now these leaders look like very gullible fellows.

THE TORY LEADERS of Great Britain certainly did not gain prestige by their tilt with the Soviet Government over the "red gold" sent to England to support the general strike. Since when has it been a crime for labor unions of one country to send strike relief to labor unions of another country? French, German, and American labor funds were accepted by the striking British miners; "the interference" of the Russian Government in British affairs consisted in the dispatch of strike relief by the Central Council of the Russian Labor Federations to the British Trades Union Council. The British council refused the money and it was then given directly to the miners. If the general strike was an attempt at revolution, then J. H. Thomas and A. J. Cook are the gentlemen to be hanged. If it was not, then the Government's protest against Russian money is cheap political blustering. In the exchange of notes on the subject the Russian Government established a clear legal case for its policy. The 1921 trade agreement has not been violated. The British Government was forced to climb down from its original position in a rather humiliating manner.

THE GERMAN REFERENDUM on confiscating the property of former royal families has resulted in defeat for the proposal, but the returns indicate a remarkable penetration of radical belief. To succeed the measure had to obtain a majority of the votes in a poll in which as many as half of the 40,000,000 voters took part. As virtually the entire opposition stayed away from the polls, this meant that the sponsors of the nationalization bill had to muster an affirmative vote on the part of half of the entire electorate in order to carry their proposal. They obtained 14,889,703 votes against 542,311 ballots cast in the negative. We said editorially in our issue of June 16 that an affirmative vote of 15,000,000 would mark a gain for the progressive forces in Germany. Virtually that figure was reached,

or nearly as many votes as elected Calvin Coolidge President of the United States in 1924. Probably the measure would have carried but for the argument that the principle might be pushed further so as to menace private property generally. As it is, the vote is an interesting manifestation of democratic thought in these days of reaction and dictatorship in Western Europe.

SECRETARY MELLON does not like the Haugen farm-relief bill, and his reasons seem to us cogent and of wide general application. They are so well expressed that we venture to paraphrase them and apply them to the similar question of the protective tariff—say on aluminum, in which Mr. Mellon happens to be personally interested.

Mr. Mellon said:

The effect of the [Haugen] bill will be to increase the cost of living to every consumer of the five basic agricultural commodities in this country. The "equalization fee," while it purports to be paid by the farmer, will be included in the increased price of the commodity, and will, in the end, be borne not by the farmer but by the consumer. The net result will be that the American consumer will pay the increased domestic price, which of necessity must include the "equalization fee," or the loss incurred in selling the surplus abroad.

We shall have the unusual spectacle of the American consuming public paying a bonus to the producers of five major agricultural commodities with a resulting decrease in the purchasing power of wages.

Mr. Mellon did not say:

The effect of the tariff is to increase the cost of living to every consumer of aluminum in this country. The "customs duty," while it purports to be paid by the importer, is included in the increased price of the commodity, and is, in the end, borne, not by the manufacturer but by the consumer. The net result is that the American consumer pays the increased domestic price, which of necessity must include the "customs duty," or the loss incurred in selling the surplus abroad.

We have the unusual spectacle of the American consuming public paying a bonus to the producers of aluminum, with a resulting decrease in the purchasing power of wages.

It will be a fine thing if Wall Street's fight against subsidies to farms should stir the country to apply the same logic to our present system of government guaranties of profits for banks, railroads, telephone companies, and protected manufacturers.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN, footsore and fervent in the cause of peace, on June 19 converged upon London from all corners of Britain. Some had been walking for a month; the groups of pilgrims, gathering numbers as they went, stopped in the square of each town, read their peace resolution, added the name of the town to their banners, and trudged on. Through London to Hyde Park the crusaders marched in four processions, following each a blue-robed leader on a white horse, carrying multitudes of blue banners bearing mottoes and devices—"The World Is a Family, Not a Barracks"; "End War or War Will End Us." In Hyde Park the pilgrims listened to M. P.'s and miners' wives, society women and business women and women preachers, and adopted the resolution demanding "Law, not War" and calling upon the British Government to take the lead in international action for disarmament and arbitration. This notable demonstration is

not the only recent evidence of vigorous peace propaganda in Britain. The Independent Labor Party at its annual conference at Whitley Bay unanimously adopted a resolution which, in effect, requires every member of the I. L. P. to refuse war service. George Lansbury, a member of Parliament, dared to rise up in the midst of that body and give voice to a proposal that the British navy be abolished—and nineteen Labor members dared vote for the proposal. The world may be filled with Pollyannas who strain all reason to find more than pretense in the Geneva conferences—there nevertheless remains a small but sturdy group of believers in peace who face the facts and work for the future in spite of an adverse present.

IF A PACKING-BOX falling on the wharf breaks a longshoreman's leg, he receives compensation under the law of the State where the vessel is docked. But if he crosses the gang-plank and a falling box breaks his leg while he is on the ship, no compensation law protects him. He must sue the owners of the ship for damages, and the company has every opportunity to escape payment by expensive legal delay. This discrimination applies not only to longshoremen but to the twenty-two other crafts of repairmen who work upon boats in our harbors. Most other types of workers are protected by State compensation laws, but the harbor workers have been placed outside the jurisdiction of State laws by a five-to-four decision of the United States Supreme Court. There is obviously only one means of protecting them, a federal accident-compensation law. The Cummins-Graham Bill, now before Congress, would give to longshoremen on board ship in any port of the United States the same accident compensation that is provided for longshoremen on New York State docks; and readers can help by calling this to the attention of their Congressmen.

AFTER SEVENTEEN WEEKS the strike of 12,000 fur workers in New York City has been settled. The agreement was brought about largely through the efforts of Mr. Motty Eitington, whose firm is the largest of the dealers in raw furs. He returned from Europe on June 9 and by the night of the twelfth the situation was liquidated—a reasonably fast worker! On the whole it was a victory for the union. The 40-hour week was won for eight months in the year, at the sacrifice of three holidays. Minimum scales were increased 10 per cent. Contract work was forbidden. The plan for unemployment insurance remains in abeyance. A gain has been registered in shortening the work period, balancing the seasonal load, and reducing the evils of occupational disease. But a great deal still remains to be done before we can rest assured that the furs we wear are not fabricated at too great a human cost.

SACCO AND VANZETTI, in the shadow of the electric chair, have sent out through their defense committee a last desperate call for help. Their attorney believes that he has located the real criminals who committed the South Braintree robbery and murder six years ago. He has the signed statement of a prisoner, Celestino Madieros, with many supporting affidavits, placing the responsibility for the crime upon a gang in Providence, Rhode Island. The evidence, if properly supported, may win a new trial at the last moment. The law of Massachusetts permits a motion for a new trial at any time before sentence. These men, tried in an atmosphere of hysteria, should have a normal

trial before a jury that can study the new evidence. There is need for more money to carry on the fight. The time is short. Funds may be addressed to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Box 93, Hanover Street Station, Boston.

SOME STUDENTS at the College of the City of New York—we regret that the *City College Student*, our authority in the matter, had to refer to them merely as “a group”—recently rated their professors and published the result. The names of very near 100 teachers appeared in the *Student*, classified under A, B, C, D, E, and F. Since “D” was explained as meaning about 50 per cent all right, we are sorry for the thirty whose names came under the last three categories; and we envy the ten—including Morris R. Cohen, Stephen Duggan, Camillo von Klenze, and John Whyte—who got “A.” For while prejudices of all sorts must have operated to affect the grading, surely as many prejudices affect the judgments which professors everywhere pass upon students; and we suspect that in the long run the best critic of a teacher is the boy who sits under him every day for nine months. During the first of these months the boy may find the teacher formidably dull or surprisingly bright; but with the passage of days his values are subject to change, and he may find the brightness not so surprising—or he may even discover that the truth, however ponderously conveyed, has its own luster. Certainly in the long run students do not mind being bored now and then by someone whom they have learned to respect. What they never forgive is failure to command this respect. Our confidence in the present rating body is substantially increased by its stern statement that “glittering platitudinizing and liberal-posing have been marked very low, as creating an ephemeral and specious interest.”

SIX YALE FRESHMEN caught cheating in an examination have been disqualified from rowing against the Harvard freshmen, and no one suggests that the New Haven university is unduly strict in thus ruining its freshmen crew. Standards have risen in intercollegiate athletics. Sixteen years ago the President of the United States and the Assistant Secretary of State thought Harvard acted too strictly in a similar case, and drew upon themselves one of the most crushing rebukes ever administered to a President. The telegrams are worth recalling:

PRESIDENT C. W. ELIOT, Cambridge:

Is it not possible and would it not be more fitting and just to substitute another punishment for ——— and ——— if, as is stated, they merely took away a book which they were permitted to use in the library? It seems to us, and, we feel sure, to the great body of graduates, that it is unfair and unnecessary to make others suffer for an offense of this kind for which some other punishment might surely be found.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ROBERT BACON

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, White House, Washington:

Each man did a dishonorable thing. One violated in his private interest and in a crooked way a rule made in the common interest, while the other gave a false name and did not take subsequent opportunity to give his own. The least possible punishment was putting them on probation, but that drops them from the crews. A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectively dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest or for the pleasure of others.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

The Exploited Farmer

SECRETARY MELLON'S letter in opposition to the Haugen farm-relief bill may become a document of much more historical importance than he imagined when he wrote it. Not that there is anything remarkable in its contents. It states what is plain to every economist, that the measure aims at subsidizing the farmer at the expense of the rest of the community by raising the price of food. But though the contents of the letter is not unusual its source puts on record two highly significant facts:

1. Mr. Mellon, personally a beneficiary of the protective tariff and spokesman for a class that has grown rich out of subsidizing manufacturers at the expense of the rest of the community through raising the price of manufactured products, comes out against extending this charity to another group in the country.

2. Mr. Mellon as the spokesman of the Coolidge Administration declares that no relief can be expected from that quarter for the farmer which is purchased at the expense of the more privileged groups whose interests the Republican Party is primarily organized to protect.

We think it highly significant to have these facts on record because we believe that for the last quarter of a century the farmer has been exploited by the business and professional classes and that his only hope of betterment is in picking up the fat boys of the cities by the slack of the breeches and throwing them over the fence out of the barnyard. There is a great deal of talk about increasing efficiency on the farms or in the methods of marketing their products. Heaven knows there is vast room for it. But no increase of prosperity among farmers themselves will reduce their discontent so long as the present relative disparity exists between their life and that of men with no more ability or energy in the cities. No matter how attractive life on the farm be made per se, our young men are not going to stay there as long as an easier and fatter life is to be had in the cities. In other words, a contented agricultural community can only be had by reducing actually or relatively the standard and way of living of the privileged classes in our urban centers.

Figures recently compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board show that whereas the economic situation of the farmer with respect to other groups in the community rose from 1850 to 1900, it has been falling since. The following table shows the percentages of workers in the major economic groups and their share in the national income:

PERCENTAGE OF WORKERS				
	1850	1900	1910	1920
Agriculture	63.2	35.7	34.8	29.0
Manufacturing	15.3	22.5	27.8	30.8
Mining	1.0	1.9	2.5	2.6
Transportation	2.2	5.2	6.9	7.3
Miscellaneous	18.3	34.7	28.0	30.2
PERCENTAGE OF INCOME				
	1850	1900	1910	1920
Agriculture	34.6	20.5	18.0	13.8
Manufacturing	19.6	28.5	29.2	27.5
Mining	1.0	3.3	3.0	3.6
Transportation	18.6	8.8	9.5	9.6
Miscellaneous	26.2	38.9	40.3	45.3

Thus whereas in 1900 farmers, with 35 per cent of the

population, had 20 per cent of the income, their economic position fell in twenty years so that in 1920, with 29 per cent of the population, they had only 13 per cent of the income. In the meanwhile the miscellaneous class—including a large share of the occupations that fatten off the farmer—which in 1900 had 34 per cent of the population and 38 per cent of the income had by 1920 dropped to 30 per cent of the population but obtained 45 per cent of the income. The Conference Board says further:

In 1924-1925, the most favorable year since 1920, the labor earnings of the average farm operator, including tenants with owners, were \$804. This includes the value of food, fuel, and shelter supplied by the farm, estimated by the Department of Agriculture at \$634, leaving a cash labor return of approximately \$170 available for other living expenses.

The owner-farmer appears to have been in a less favorable situation than the average. His labor return was \$573, or less than the value of the food, fuel, and rent enjoyed by the average farmer, a little more than the wages paid to hired labor without board, and less than half the average labor earnings of workers in other occupations.

Some of the things which the farmer has got to go after to retrieve his economic decline are these:

A reduction of the protective tariff by which privileged business groups are subsidized, largely at his expense.

A revision of our taxation system which at present is chiefly a tax on land and hence falls mainly on the farmer. It is estimated that in 1924-1925 the average tax burden of the farmer absorbed 27 per cent of his net cash income after payment of all other expenses.

Cooperative credit whereby the farmer can free himself of the usurious interest rates now exacted.

Simpler and more direct marketing facilities by which the farmer can cut down the vast spread of prices between him and the ultimate consumer. B. F. Yoakum says the farmer sells for \$7,500,000,000 products which are sold to the last customer, the consumer, for \$22,500,000,000 on an average turnover of thirty days.

No remedies in any of these directions will be of any considerable or permanent importance unless they are opposed to the interests of the business and professional classes that are now exploiting the farmer. It is useless, therefore, for the farmer to expect the slightest fundamental assistance from the Republican or Democratic parties, or in general from the leaders of our urban civilization. When the farmers of North Dakota a few years ago set afoot a genuine program of self-help under the Nonpartisan League it was smashed by the business and banking interests of the great cities. Cooperation has been Mr. Coolidge's favorite panacea for farm relief, but when Smith W. Brookhart advocated it the other day he was assailed by all the business interests of Iowa as undermining the Constitution. The Farm Loan System has been throttled in Washington so as to prevent it from serving its original purpose of cooperative credit for agriculture.

The farmer has been too long good natured, too long given to compromise. To save himself he must get his pitchfork, go to the feed trough, and drive out the hogs that have their snouts buried to the eyes in the swill.

Bootlegging Milk

OUR growing cities are facing new and serious problems of milk supply. While our city governments are well equipped with health departments, there is no assurance that the inspection service which was adequate five years ago will guarantee clean, rich milk today. New York City is a case in point.

Fifteen years ago the milk supply of New York City was totally unstandardized. No consumer was able to tell whether he was buying milk, water, or sewage. A body of public-spirited citizens got together, outlined standards and succeeded in enforcing them. New York came to have the cleanest milk of any large city in the world. The machinery they erected has endured to this day, but with the disbanding of the citizens' committee the energy which made the machinery function slackened, and abuses have been creeping in ever since. These defects have finally come out into the light, filling the New York papers for weeks past with serious charges of graft, illegitimate inspection, bootlegging of unauthorized supplies. Meanwhile the city has added a million to its population since the original standards and regulations were laid down, and a great increase in consumer-demand, particularly in seasons when dairy production is below normal, has led to a breakdown in the machine erected fifteen years ago. As why should it not?

The essence of the graft cases now being sifted before a jury in a Bronx court is essentially this: New York City's supply was supposed to be drawn from certain limited regions which constituted the "milkshed" of the metropolitan area. In this milkshed the Dairymen's League—a cooperative organization of farmers—played a dominant, and on the whole an efficient, role. Meanwhile city distribution was largely controlled by two large companies, which, however much they may be charged with monopoly, have succeeded in reducing some of the absurd wastes in milk delivery. For the supply which flowed through this highly organized system of production and distribution the city government, through its Health Department, laid down certain rules and regulations covering inspection, grading, and the testing of milk at its source. So long as the supply was ample, and the inspectors remembered the zeal of the citizens who had instituted the procedure, everything went well. But as population increased beyond the limits of the assigned and protected milkshed, and as the years went by with no consumer control, two things happened. A market for milk made itself felt which demanded more than the inspection machinery could supply, and the character and probity of the inspectors themselves began to collapse. To add a last touch, technical methods were perfected for transporting milk in glass tank-cars over areas which were unthinkable when the original machinery was set up. Milk can now go 1,000 miles with less danger of deterioration than it could go 200 miles twelve years ago. It is reported that glass tank-cars have gone from Wisconsin to Florida with a loss of temperature of only one degree.

These economic facts inevitably laid the basis of a very profitable business enterprise—provided nobody made any noise. With city consumers short of milk and ready to pay good prices, with distant producers ready to deliver milk in good condition so far as temperature was con-

cerned, and ready to pay for the right of entrance, what could an inspector with sound American regard for the welfare of the wife and kiddies do but take advantage of such a heaven-sent opportunity? He let the bootleg milk in without inspection and took toll from either the outside producers who shipped it or the retailers who sold it, or both. The czar of the traffic was one Danziger, who corrupted officials of the Health Department and split the spoils according to carefully-worked-out percentages. He has admitted in court that four Wisconsin companies paid him \$105,000 for the right to get their cream into the New York market. And he entertained the jury with a recital of the roadhouses, restaurants, and night clubs where no little of the \$105,000 was spent. It was a great life while it lasted. But the developing spiral of those who had to be "fixed" finally wrecked the whole enterprise, and Mr. Danziger and his friends will probably lead a quieter and more confined life in the immediate future.

Which is all very well; no one will shed many tears for Danziger and Company in jail, but the economic situation which led to their straying from the path of virtue remains untouched. What is needed, and that without an instant's delay, is a revision of the whole machinery, taking increased consumer demand into account and providing for the satisfaction of that demand upon the basis of inspected and tested milk. We are glad to note that Mr. Wilbur C. Phillips, who had much to do with creating the original machinery, is in the field again with a powerful citizens' committee behind him. But when they straighten it out this time, let us hope that the machinery includes organized consumers vigilantly and *permanently* on the job.

Misguided Diplomacy

THE official abandonment of the plebiscite in Tacna-Arica recalls that after the war of 1879-1883 between Chile on the one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other, Chile annexed outright the coastal strip, belonging to Bolivia, and the rich province of Tarapaca, belonging to Peru. Not satisfied with these conquests, Chile undertook by the Treaty of Ancon to occupy the Peruvian province of Tacna for ten years, at the end of which time a plebiscite was to be held to determine permanent sovereignty. As it was practically 100 per cent Peruvian in population, there seemed as little doubt as to how the vote would go in 1894, the end of the ten-year period, as there is now about the vote to be taken in the Saar in 1935. The terms of the plebiscite in Tacna, in which is located the important district of Arica, were not fixed in the treaty of 1883, but were left to future determination. Therein lies the source of the forty-year controversy, for Chile refused to agree upon the terms of the plebiscite, so none could take place.

Untold misery has been the lot of the inhabitants since 1904, when Chile first began seriously to entertain the idea of never surrendering the provinces. New theories were then developed in Chile, to the effect that a plebiscite was a farce designed to disguise an annexation, a mere formality never intended to be carried into effect, and that full sovereignty already was vested in Chile. Then also began the systematic expulsion and terrorization of Peruvians and the gradual importation of Chileans. During all this period Peru insisted on the promised plebiscite, but Chile resisted on one pretext or another.

Finally, after a long rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries, the obvious festering of the sore, the growing hostility of the two countries, and the threat of interference by the League of Nations came the suggestion of President Harding to submit the matter to the arbitration of the United States. The two countries sent delegates to Washington in 1922, in which the principal issue was whether a plebiscite should be held, forty years after it should have been held and when conditions had completely changed, or whether a plebiscite should be disregarded and direct negotiations between the parties invited. In the latter event, the United States was to lend its good offices to a settlement if the two countries could not come to a voluntary agreement.

In the award of President Coolidge in 1925, the President's advisers and Secretary Hughes, yielding to what they thought was expediency, made the mistake of deciding that a plebiscite should be held. Though always previously refusing a plebiscite, Chile, by 1924, felt that the expulsion of the Peruvians and the introduction of Chileans had gone sufficiently far to make a plebiscite safe, especially as she actually was in military and civil control of the territory and could "manage" the voting. Peru, knowing something of Chilean terrorism in the provinces, demanded direct negotiations and opposed a plebiscite, on the ground that Chile had so changed the conditions that an honest referendum could no longer be held.

The advisers of President Coolidge, who prepared the award for his signature, made several fatal mistakes, due partly to the desire to relieve the United States of all responsibility and partly to ignorance of conditions in the territory. They felt apparently that a plebiscite of the inhabitants would throw responsibility upon the people of the territory and avoid the necessity for further good offices, which the United States would probably be called upon to extend in the event of an award providing for a renewal of direct negotiations.

Peru, nevertheless, went ahead with the arrangements for the plebiscite on the promise that the United States would see that it was fairly conducted. Probably it could have been fairly conducted had the United States been willing to invite assistance from some South American nations and had there been military supervision of the plebiscite region. But Mr. Hughes, on the one hand, wanted the entire prestige of settlement to go to the United States and yet, on the other hand, was unwilling to take the responsibility of military supervision. The President appointed the neutral members of the Plebiscite Commission, headed first by General Pershing and later by General Lassiter. Both soon realized that a fair plebiscite was impossible so long as Chile remained in control of the territory.

General Lassiter's denunciation of Chile as fraudulently preventing an honest plebiscite is at the same time, though unintentionally, a denunciation of the intelligence of the arbitrator. Some months ago Secretary Kellogg, realizing the situation, proposed direct negotiations, as originally demanded by Peru. The proposal seems to be too late, for Chile refuses to cooperate further, insisting upon that plebiscite which General Lassiter has characterized as impossible. Thus the position is perhaps worse than it was in 1921 when President Harding proposed arbitration. The United States has lost in prestige, the feelings of Chile and Peru are more inflamed than ever, and a settlement appears more remote than before.

Henry Ford, Antiquarian

HENRY FORD, who does not believe in history, is tinkering with the past again. The schoolhouse at Sterling, Massachusetts, to which Mary Sawyer took her little lamb one morning in 1811 or 1812 (historians have not decided which), collapsed long ago, and still another schoolhouse has come and gone upon the site. But a few stones of the original foundation remain—or remained until a few weeks ago, when representatives of Mr. Ford came without credentials and purchased them for five dollars. They are to be removed, it seems, to Sudbury, Massachusetts, which the famous antiquarian is rapidly making over into a colonial village, and they are to become keystones in the foundation of a red schoolhouse approximating as closely as research can make it the building where Mary broke all the rules and earned an immortality in song. Another red schoolhouse, brought intact from Winchendon, will be in Sudbury before it. And of course the Wayside Inn, as unchanged from its condition in 1686 as money can manage, will be there too—not to speak of Mellie Dunham and his old-time fiddle, the ancient blacksmith-shop which Longfellow had in mind when he wrote *The Village Blacksmith*, an old grist mill, an old stage coach, and a collection of old tavern signs and artisans' symbols. All this was preceded in Mr. Ford's career as antiquarian by his undertaking to restore to its original state the house where he was born in the West, by his furtive passion for old-fashioned jigs behind the locked doors of his Michigan mansion, and by his very expensive search for the first McGuffey Readers.

The whole of this career has its curious aspect when one considers how with his other hand Mr. Ford has wrought as few Americans have wrought to transform the face of his continent. We hear that he is the best known of all Americans in contemporary Russia; and we are perfectly sure that a Russian who came over here with Henry Ford in his head would go to Detroit rather than to Sudbury. So, naturally, to most of his countrymen he is the maker of millions of cheap automobiles and 'the inspirer of thousands of miles of concrete pavement rather than a collector of rickety stage-coaches with moth-holes in their upholstery. With his left hand he restores a self-sufficient little eighteenth-century village; but with his right hand he had already caused the land to be dotted red and yellow with filling-stations, and he had raised a factory in Detroit which had become almost the symbol of standardized production.

With one side of his brain he has dismissed all history as useless; with the other side he indulges a passion which is almost a mania for the kind of history he can understand. We have no objection to Mr. Ford's kind of history. It is a real and important kind, and we are delighted over Sudbury. Doubtless no man can contemplate the whole past of his race with peace and understanding. Much of it will seem useless to his soul, as practically all written history does to Mr. Ford. What is amusing and impressive is this sign that Mr. Ford cannot down a certain hankering for the past. His effort, it would seem, is to reline the average American mind not with transmission-bands but with the images, the songs, the stories, and the convictions it once had—and, we hope, still has in so far as these things represent a living folklore.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



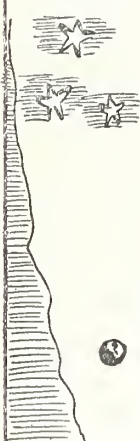
"OF COURSE it does seem rather a pity that I should have been obliged to leave this earth before I had made it completely perfect.



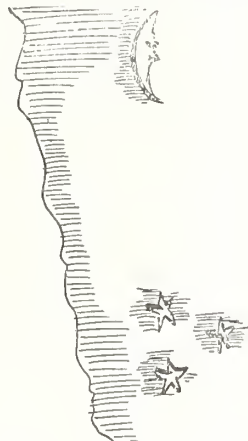
"But then I have done my best to make it as perfect as possible, and so, I am sure, all will be well with me.



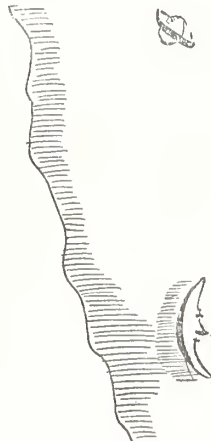
"I have kept the people from reading what I thought they ought not to read—



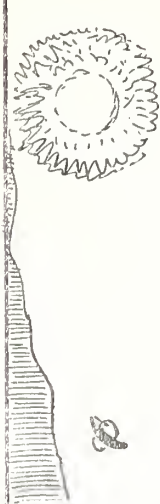
"I have kept them from seeing the plays which I did not think they ought to see—



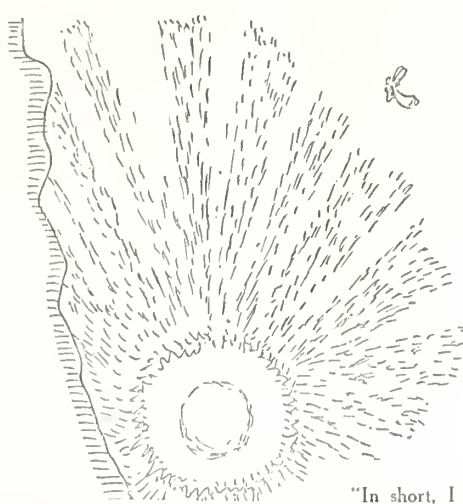
"I have kept them from smoking what I did not think they ought to smoke—



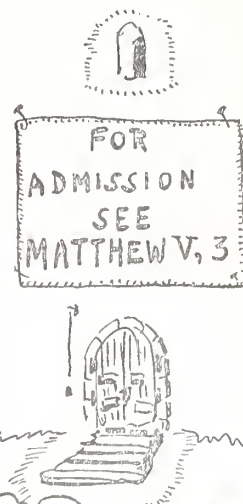
"I have kept them from drinking what I did not think they ought to drink—



"I have kept them from being happy on those days when I did not think they ought to be happy—



"In short, I flatter myself that I have aimed to bring about the sort of perfection which I am sure must be most agreeable to Heaven.



"Eh, what?"

Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt

A Study in Historical Contradictions

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TWO things made the late Alton B. Parker's campaign for the Presidency of the United States stand out: First, the telegram he sent to the Democratic Convention at St. Louis, which had just nominated him for the Presidency, declining the nomination unless a gold plank were inserted in the platform. The telegram electrified the country. Here was a man known as an able and upright judge of the Court of Appeals in New York who declined to accept the nomination for the highest office unless upon a platform which squared with his convictions. The New York *Evening Post* and *The Nation* burst into an enthusiastic panegyric. They spoke of Judge Parker as

a figure of heroic proportions. . . . when the judge wrote his astounding, his exhilarating, his conquering telegram. Such clear and shining courage has not been seen in a Presidential candidate since Charles Francis Adams wrote, "Take me out of that crowd." In Judge Parker's person the man who would rather be right than President exists anew. Taking his political life in his hands, Alton B. Parker put away the Presidency unless it were offered to him on terms squaring with his own convictions. No wonder the country was thrilled. No wonder that Europe rubbed its eyes. A man had risen, towering above the puny politicians.

When the Parker telegram arrived at St. Louis it was believed to be a forgery. Even the Associated Press questioned it. "Bravery's simple gravitation" had "drawn the whole world" again. But it is doubtful if Mr. Parker was himself conscious either of performing a heroic act or doing anything to strike fire from his countrymen. The dispatch gave him, however, a wonderful start in his campaign, for the convention had to give him what he wanted, and the currency issue was thereby eliminated from the campaign and the influence of William J. Bryan relegated to the rear. There was consternation in the camp of Theodore Roosevelt. Senator Beveridge had sneered at Mr. Parker as "a man of mystery," but now it appeared as if the man of mystery were a man of large intellectual stature, just the kind of a man to give Theodore Roosevelt a hard race for the Presidency. The independent Democratic press swung into line behind the New York judge, and there was every prospect of a spirited campaign.

The prospect was not borne out. I was one of those who went to Esopus and heard Judge Parker read his address of acceptance upon the lawn of his summer home. It stirred no man's pulses, and from then on his speeches proved sound, honest, sincere, and thoroughly dull. He was accepted as a Cleveland type of man, but times had gone far beyond the Cleveland era. Moreover, it gradually appeared that Judge Parker was the special protege of the rich men of the Democratic Party and was looked upon with great favor by the railroad and steel magnates who usually upheld, financed, and owned the Republican Party but had had their confidence in it rudely shaken by the trust-busting activities of President Roosevelt. I remember my shock when I once called upon the candidate at the Waldorf-Astoria and found him seated with Thomas F.

Ryan and August Belmont. But there was no alternative, and the *Evening Post* and *The Nation* stuck by their guns, particularly because Judge Parker had come out strongly against the conquest of the Philippines, against the imperialistic policies of the United States, and American militarism, which seemed to us then, as they had in 1900, the all-important issues of the hour. Had Mr. Parker been elected there is no doubt that the Philippines would have been freed and the story of our aggressions in the Caribbean an entirely different one.

The campaign dragged its weary length along without further sensations until toward the end of October when the other incident occurred which makes the Parker candidacy stand out. In the last week of the campaign the Judge issued a tremendous broadside against the acceptance by the Republicans of moneys from great corporations. He declared that the corporations were being "shaken down" by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou, and that huge sums had been raised in the last days of the campaign to win the election. Judge Parker stated that he had positive knowledge of this. He also pointed out most effectively the existence of a vicious circle: "Undue protection that riches may be unfairly acquired; contribution of riches so acquired that undue protection may be continued and extended." The President was compelled to reply in a personal letter in which he admitted that contributions had been made to his campaign fund by corporations. But because no one could produce a written agreement pledging to the contributing corporation special government privileges, Mr. Roosevelt asserted that there was no impropriety in such gifts of money and that to imply any such thing was slander. He kept absolutely silent about the charge that the tariff beneficiaries were pouring money into his campaign chest. It was an extremely effective reply, especially as it challenged Judge Parker to substantiate his charges with facts and details. Judge Parker could only answer that the information came to him in such a way that he could not reveal its source, but that he could guarantee its reliability. He had the facts, but he could not name names and cite specific sums, though he knew the names of the great magnates who were induced by Theodore Roosevelt personally to contribute in the last days of the campaign and even the amounts that they had agreed to contribute. Roosevelt's bluff "went," and so did his great popularity with the masses of the people, notably in the West, who really believed that he kept the corporations and their managers and all political bosses at arm's length.

Some years afterward the facts came out. As I happened to get the story at first hand from one of the participants it is worth recording as a chapter of never fully written history. Judge Parker had the information on which he based his charges from Daniel S. Lamont, president of the Northern Pacific Railway, who had been private secretary to Grover Cleveland and later Secretary of War in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, a lifelong personal friend of Alton Parker's and a Democrat when he was not a cor-

poration president. Lamont told Parker in detail how, in the later days of the campaign, Mr. Roosevelt had sent for a delegation of magnates, who actually went down to the White House. President Roosevelt assured them that if he did not obtain large sums of money at once with which to win the election Parker would succeed. He made distinct promises as to what he would do and how he would act if he got the money. He received it—some \$250,000. Of this sum Edward H. Harriman collected \$200,000 with which, so he wrote to his friend Sidney Webster, on January 21, 1906, "at least 50,000 voters were turned in the city of New York alone."

None the less, on November 4, 1904, President Roosevelt felt himself justified in making this statement in his long reply to Judge Parker:

The assertion that Mr. Cortelyou had any knowledge gained while in an official position whereby he was enabled to secure and did secure any contributions from any corporation is a falsehood. . . . The assertion that there has been made in my behalf and by my authority, by Mr. Cortelyou or by anyone else, any pledge or promise or that there has been any understanding as to future immunities or benefits in recognition of any contribution from any source, is a wicked falsehood. . . . As Mr. Cortelyou has said to me more than once during the campaign, if elected I shall go into the Presidency unhampered by any pledge, promise, or understanding of any kind, sort, or description, save my promise made openly to the American people that so far as in my power lies I shall see to it that every man has a square deal, no less and no more.

During the campaign of 1910 I was approached by the head of one of the most conservative and reputable banking firms in Wall Street, whom I had never met before, with the request that I come to his office to get the story of an important matter. When I arrived this gentleman told me that he had been one of the warmest friends of the late Hamilton McK. Twombly and that he had had from Mr. Twombly's own lips the story of the magnates' trip to the White House in the 1904 campaign. He told how the men making up the delegation had spent the evening at Mr. Twombly's country home in New Jersey, and had then been motored to a private car which lay in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad outside the Jersey City station. In order to keep complete secrecy the men entered the private car in the yards, where it was coupled to one of the night trains to Washington. It was similarly detached from the rear of the train when it reached Washington and was left outside the Union Station there. Here the magnates were met by a White House automobile and driven directly to the least conspicuous entrance to the White House, that opposite to the Treasury, on Fifteenth Street. They arrived there about seven in the morning and were immediately taken into the White House without being seen by any of the attendants—of course there are no reporters on duty at that hour. My informant related in detail Mr. Twombly's description of the absolute funk in which the brave Rough Rider found himself, and how he begged for the financial help he felt he must have in order to save New York. The details and the evident sincerity of my informant convinced me, but I pointed out that it would be impossible to print the story as he told it without some living person vouching for it, particularly as the broker himself did not wish to stand sponsor for it. I also reminded him that Edward H. Harriman had more than two years before declared that Roosevelt had asked him to raise \$250,000

for the Presidential campaign. "I never," Roosevelt had said, "requested Mr. Harriman to raise a dollar for the Presidential campaign of 1904. On the contrary, our communications as regards the campaign related exclusively to the fight being made against Mr. Higgins for Governor of New York. . . . He was concerned only in getting me to tell Mr. Cortelyou to aid Mr. Higgins so far as he could, which I gladly did." It was agreed that the story could only be used as told if it were sponsored by someone who had actually been on the party and that Mr. Henry C. Frick was the most likely man to avow publicly the correctness of the details.

I took the train to Boston and called upon Mr. Frick at his home at Pride's Crossing. He confirmed the story in every detail and was entirely cynical about it. Mr. Roosevelt had agreed to be "good" if they would raise the money for him. "Why, he fairly went down on his knees to us in his fear of defeat," declared Mr. Frick, "and said that he would be good and would leave the railroads and corporations alone if we would only give him this financial help. We did, but he didn't stay put in his second term. We got nothing for our money." To my surprise Mr. Frick agreed to vouch for the narrative, but at the last moment he declared that he would have to talk it over with his lawyers. Feeling sure that his lawyers would advise him to keep out of any controversy with Mr. Roosevelt I left the house in complete disappointment. I never heard from Mr. Frick thereafter, but was notified from his office that Mr. Frick would not permit me to use the story as coming from him. I thereupon toned it down and printed it upon the first page of the *New York Evening Post* of November 2, 1910.

The matter again came up in the campaign of 1912, at which time a Congressional Committee was investigating gifts to campaign funds by corporations. It was then made known that Mr. Frick raised \$50,000 and Mr. Twombly \$50,000 of the total amount. It was Mr. Frick who made Mr. Twombly go to the White House. Mr. Twombly was less than lukewarm about the candidacy of Roosevelt, but the assurances given by the Colonel at the White House won him over. Mr. Twombly was at that time the representative of the Vanderbilt interests and a director in no less than forty-six banks, railroads, and trust companies. Mr. Frick was one of the leading spirits in the United States Steel Corporation and a director in the Reading and Rock Island railroads. Both were the type of men against whom Mr. Roosevelt had railed as "malefactors of great wealth."

The investigating committee ran across the trail of a Standard Oil contribution through John D. Archbold to Cornelius Bliss, treasurer of the Roosevelt Campaign fund—Mr. Archbold admitted it. Mr. Roosevelt on September 1, 1912, replied in an eighteen-thousand word statement which filled ten or more columns in the daily press, in which he showed that he had written and telegraphed Mr. Cortelyou, his campaign chairman, asking him if a campaign contribution had been received from the Standard Oil Company, and ordered its return. Mr. Cortelyou assured him that no such contribution had been received. This long statement also included Mr. Roosevelt's reply to Judge Parker and his reply to Edward H. Harriman, in which he again declared that the Harriman money had been used for the election of Governor Higgins and not for himself, as if it were possible in a Presidential election to

all these tuchuns and tupans are more or less continuously at war with one another, in variously shifting combinations.

This civil war in China, while relatively courteous—the forces fighting in North China in December, for instance, declare a temporary armistice during a particularly bitter spell of cold weather—levies a deadly toll on the working population. They pay in taxes, sometimes collected by force for years in advance, in lost work, and in higher prices. Two years of civil war (1924-1925) raised the Peking price of millet and kaffir corn (grains much used by the work-people in North China) to an extent which, it is estimated, meant an increased cost of living for a working-class family of \$4.50 (gold) a month—an appalling sum in a country where many people earn no more than that. J. E. Baker, adviser to the Ministry of Communications, reckons that the loss of commerce in North China alone in the sixteen months of civil war ending with December, 1925, amounted to nearly \$400,000,000—more than the entire cost of construction of all China's five thousand odd miles of railways.

When I was in Tsingtao in February the military governor had just commandeered every freight car in Shantung for troop movements, leaving not one for commerce—while for months none had been available except by payment of an extra "squeeze" of \$50 per car. All winter the British-American Tobacco Company moved its goods by ox-cart from Tientsin to Peking, over a bad dirt road which parallels a good railway line—because the military had other uses for the freight cars. The nine higher government schools in Peking closed for the month of March because the instructors' salaries were months in arrears and there was no prospect of further payments; similar conditions prevail in the government schools in Nanking and elsewhere.

One could continue this recital of chaos and calamity almost indefinitely. But China is for the most part organized on a medieval village economy which enables her to withstand buffets which would destroy a more developed nation. She suffers most where the foreign-built railways and foreign machinery have upset the old economy and made the country dependent on the cities and their trade. There is no railroad from Canton to Central and North China, and Canton Province—which is itself a nation with more inhabitants than Great Britain or France—can suffer wholesale civil war without affecting other provinces at all. When Wu Pei-fu's troops marched north into Honan province, the Hankow industrial center breathed a sigh of relief and returned to business as usual. Fighting in North China leaves Shanghai almost undisturbed, and a war in Kiangsu hardly ruffles Peking. Ten miles off the line of march of contending armies the peasants plow their fields and tend their cabbages in peace.

Even the most modern industrial centers have a local vitality that amazes one accustomed to the intricate interdependence of our Western economic structures. Whenever Canton gets a six months' respite from local wars she begins to tear down houses in her picturesque narrow lanes and substitute wide modern avenues, to build more horse roads, to prolong the roads into the country, to develop a system of Ford buses; far-away Chengtu in war-ridden Szechuan does likewise; Hangchow, near Shanghai, has transformed itself during a period of civil wars. All over China local communities are building roads, installing elec-

tric-light plants, telephone systems, fire companies, even sprinkling carts. While civil war obscures the newspaper horizons the industrial revolution quietly takes its course. Power looms are installed; the small-home unit of production gives way to larger units; sweatshops, small factories, large factories develop like mushrooms. In the same months in which Mr. Baker was figuring the vast loss of commerce on the North China railways due to civil war, the number of Chinese-owned cotton mills in all China (mostly about Shanghai and Tsingtao) jumped from 54 to 69, the number of looms from 8,500 to 16,400, and the number of spindles from a million and a half to almost two million.

China is not a modern nation; she is a civilization, a continent bursting out of the Middle Ages. Each of her twenty-one provinces is bigger than most European nations. Canton alone—although the customs receipts are sent away to Peking to pay interest on the foreign loans—has a normal monthly revenue nearly three times Esthonia's. And a continent can survive civil wars as a nation cannot. The Thirty Years' War devastated Germany, but France and Italy attended to their own business relatively undisturbed.

Foreigners, accustomed to the national patterns of the West, curse China's chaos—and their business, radiating from a few centers of communication, may indeed be ruined by a few months of war. It is they who clamor for what we understand as "law and order." Some foreign-educated Chinese join them, and the Chinese Government, more and more powerless and out of touch with the real movements of China, is constantly devising brand-new, up-to-date codes and systems to prove to the foreigners that China is as progressive as may be desired. The ordinary Chinese, who has been taught by a tradition centuries old that a government is an institution which robs the masses by taxes for the benefit of the few, does not care whether there is a government in Peking or not; he wants primarily to be let alone.

M. Jean Escarra, one of China's most learned foreign legal advisers, says that "One may still wonder whether the Chinese will not turn from courts and modern laws back to their old preferences for conciliation, compromise, arbitration within the family circle, guilds, professional associations, which are in truth in their provincial and communal framework their true form of government." If they do adapt themselves to our ways, M. Escarra comments, "more than one thinker will close his book with melancholy at seeing the Sage's dream fading away from the minds of his people, the dream that wished to govern the world by virtue, disdaining mere laws."

A strong central government would undoubtedly be a convenience to the Western Powers, who today are not quite sure to whom to protest against violations of the treaties, but it is not at all certain that it is a matter of immediate importance to China. If we want to know what is happening in China we shall have to forget the political chaos and the evanescent military campaigns, cease hoping for a Napoleonic strong man, and look deeper.

[This is the second of a series of articles on China by Lewis S. Gannett. The first, printed in last week's issue, was called Unchanging China; a third, Is China Being Americanized, will appear two weeks from now.]

Harvest Days in Kansas

By W. G. CLUGSTON

THE wheat harvest is in full swing. Farmers of Kansas are as busy as a hive of bees when the honeysuckle and sweet clover are in bloom.

Across the endless plains the binders, headers, and "combines" are broadcasting their great annual humming symphony. Singly and in groups, they circle the waving stretches of the golden grain. Nature has finished painting her great picture; now man puts on his show—robbing the art gallery to enrich himself and his brothers in Baltimore, Berlin, and Bermuda.

But it is a grand spectacle. As the harvesters hum and horses and harvest hands sweat and the golden curtain which has hidden the earth drops and is gathered up, young rabbits, terrified by the monsters which have suddenly made their appearance, rush from corner to corner of their rapidly disappearing hiding places; the meadow lark and quail flutter about in agitated manner. Sometimes it seems that nature, angered at the outrage, strikes at her assailants: the sun pours down heat waves which all but fry one's flesh; sometimes the sky darkens, thunder peals, and forked lightning flashes about the flying sickles. But man must have his bread or perish.

It is, perhaps, a bumper crop—the State's total yield may go as high as 150,000,000 bushels. The farmers are nervously happy—happy over the heavy yields, and nervous about the gathering of the grain. Sleeping hours are short on the farm these nights, and the wheat grower is restless in his snatched slumber because his mind is burdened with so many duties and anxieties. Hands must be had, machinery must be in repair, and emergency breakdowns provided for; money must be borrowed for paying the help and buying grub; there must be coal or gasoline for threshing, and there must be oil for the machinery, and twine on hand if binders are used; the bins and granaries must be made ready; the weather signs must be watched.

While the farmer is busy and blustering with responsibilities, his spirit is buoyant; he is proud of himself because nature has brought him such a bountiful harvest. In the kitchen his help-mate, the wife, and daughters, if he is doubly blessed, must also hustle in a hazy confusion of never-ending labor. The farmer has learned that it is good policy to feed well his harvest help, and the responsibility for doing this falls upon the women folks. How the husky farm hands eat at harvest time! Fruits, cereals, fried meats, eggs, potatoes and other vegetables—always cabbage—bread of every description, butter, gravy, preserves, molasses, and milk disappear like slop poured into a hog trough. Many farmers feed their men five times a day during the harvest—three "regular" meals at the house, with lunches taken to the field about the middle of the morning and afternoon. On the smaller farms especially the housewives employ their culinary art without stint, serving pies and pastries of many kinds, even pies for breakfast at some places.

The harvest hands pour into the State from Oklahoma, from Kansas City, and other Southern and Eastern points—forty thousand of them finding work for a few weeks as they move northward with the cutting. It would be a tame

show without the variety they bring. There is the city laborer, unable to obtain work in his regular line or eager for a taste of the country; there is the migratory farm hand on his annual outing; the half-hobo, willing to work for a "feed-up" and a stake; the college youth and occasionally a college professor. They come on the rods, the blind baggage, in cattle cars, on "the cushions," and sometimes by the car-load when many men are needed in one community and labor-bureau officials undertake to fill the demand. They get from three to seven dollars a day and "keep." Scales usually run close to the lower figure. But every kind of specimen that humanity puts into her live-animal exhibits is lured to the harvest. Occasionally, there is even a feminine freak, disguised as a man.

Two college youths, of the tanned-tenderfoot type from an Eastern State, come up from Enid, Oklahoma, and land in Great Bend, Kansas. The surrounding farmers are "all fixed," but they learn men are needed at Olmitz, a German settlement a few miles up the railroad. Leaving their suitcases which contain their city suits at a local hardware store, they hit the trail for Olmitz. But the weather worsts them and it rains before they arrive—a real rainy spell sets in.

Olmitz is full of idle men who are waiting for the weather to clear up. More come with every train, freight and passenger; some also leave by every train. A few pick up chances to go out with farmers and do chores for their grub while waiting for the fields to dry out; the others loaf around the pool hall, post office, restaurant, feed store, and depot, some eating at the restaurant, and some buying grub which they cook on campfires down in the cattle pens. They sleep in barns, in sheds, out on the station platform—any place.

The college boys try all the varieties of living, but they become impatient. They hear there is work further west and decide to take Horace Greeley's advice. A Missouri Pacific passenger train is due about 11 o'clock at night which stops to take water. They decide to take a hop on the blind baggage. Besides the chance of getting work more quickly they have a desire to see what kind of a metropolis Scott City may be.

They climb up the front end of the baggage car, behind the coal tender, standing as close to the car wall as they can, holding on by gripping the brake rods. But the fireman has seen them and makes them get off before the train starts. As they walk down the track, dejected, a regular 'bo comes down from the top of the baggage car. He has heard the fireman bounce them and he offers a friendly tip.

"Why don't you deck the — of a —?" the hobo asks. The boys show by their looks they do not understand exactly what he means, and the gallant knight condescends to explain to them that if they will climb up on top of the car and lie down on their bellies they will have the best riding there is.

After a brief consultation, the boys do as directed and the train pulls out with them aboard, or atop. What an experience! What a ride! What thrills—what educa-

tion this is! Holding to the roof of the car with grips that make their fingers ache, they are soon chilled to the bone, while hot cinders pound them in the face and on the hands. Never did a train go so fast, never were fingers put to a more trying test. They decide not to go on to Scott City; they climb off at La Crosse, the first stop west of Olmitz.

It is not yet daylight as they walk down the track toward a flickering arc-light and bump into the night marshal, who looks them over and begins asking questions. They tell him of their experience and make him a witness to their pledge never to do any more deck-riding except on the water. The marshal tells them there is no work around La Crosse, but he has heard of a farmer down in Pawnee County who needs men, and he helps them bum a ride on a truck that is going to Pawnee Rock. There a farmer picks them up and loads them into his Ford with three other men. They are at the farmhouse before the sun is half an hour high.

"You guys is damn lucky," one of the men remarks

as they wash their faces down at the milk-shed and wait to be called to breakfast. "I've worked for this gazabo three years runnin' and there ain't no better grubber this side of grandma's dining-room. He's got a wife and three daughters what make up the best cookin' quartet I ever et after. Wait till you see the grub they shove at you!"

The speaker did not exaggerate. After a breakfast of cornflakes and cream, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, bread and butter and cherry preserves, coffee, milk, and marmalade they are out in the field following the binder. Day after day, until they are hardened and tough, they follow the trail the bull-wheel makes as it circles the ever-shrinking rectangle of standing grain. Finally, there will be only a swath standing. The scared, half-grown rabbits will begin to scamper across the stubble in every direction. And the boys will let out yells and take after them as the farmer stops his horses, props his feet high up on the platform lever, and leans back to enjoy the race of youth—the "young bucks" chasing the young cotton-tails.

One more round and harvest will be over.

Virginia Woolf*

By EDWIN MUIR

THE historian writing fifty years hence of the literature of today will find in it a certain note of inhumanity. He will speak of our hostility to mankind, and he will remark how different Mr. James Joyce's attitude to his characters is from that of Scott, for example, or Jane Austen. A thorough dislike of their creations characterizes, indeed, the majority of modern novelists. Mr. Joyce hates and scorns his characters; Mr. Huxley's inspire him with disgust or with ill-natured laughter; Mr. Lawrence hews his down right and left in the name of his "dark god"; Mr. Stephen Hudson submits his, most severe test of all, to a scrupulous intellectual scrutiny. These writers do not accept the character as an end in himself; he is always a means to them; he is always on a different plane from the mind which evoked him. The contemporary novelist does not walk through his crowds, on easy terms with them, good and bad, as Fielding and Thackeray walked through theirs. He is not among the works of his hands, but detached from them; he watches their movements as a scientist might watch the progress of an experiment. Jane Austen, we feel, is always at the excursions and tea parties she describes; she is one of the characters, the least observed and most observant of all. But this can scarcely be said of Mr. Joyce or Mr. Huxley or Mr. Hudson, even when they are portraying figures clearly autobiographical. There is always detachment in their spirit, a certain hostile watchfulness, a barrier of conscious or unconscious irony. They do not meet their characters on the same level as we should, if we were given the chance.

It may be said of Mrs. Woolf that she does meet her characters on this level. She accepts them as ends; she accepts them, that is to say, as people of the same status and existing in the same dimension as herself. She might walk into her novels and be at home in them. She stands

in the same relation to her characters as almost all the chief English novelists have stood to theirs. Her attitude, like theirs, is eminently practical, tolerant, appreciative, intelligent; it has the good sense and sagacity of the English prose tradition.

The point is important, for an easy coming and going between the mind of the novelist and the world he creates has characterized the bulk of great fiction. It characterizes the Russian fiction we know; it characterizes French fiction to the time of Flaubert; it has characterized English fiction up to Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence. The advantage it gives to the novelist is clear. It endows his imaginary world with an everyday actuality, a toughness which will stand wear and tear. It insensibly inclines us to the useful illusion that all we are reading about is actual; and when we once believe that, the background of the world will fill in readily behind it, as it fills in behind the happenings we hear of in actual life. But for the artist himself the pragmatic attitude has deeper virtues. If it does not make his imagination more profound, it makes it, at any rate, more dependable, sets it working more thoroughly. His relation to his characters being horizontal, being, that is to say, on the same plane if in one important respect not the same as the relations of the characters among themselves, he will understand their reactions to each other more naturally and feel them more concretely than he could if he were surveying them from a height, if he were sinking his mind into them instead of sharing it with them. For this practical, everyday, distinctively prose way of approaching the theme perhaps the best term is intelligence. It is not a purely intellectual quality; it consists rather in the use of the intellect and the imagination in a comprehensive but common-sense way, as if, exercised on imaginary situations, they were being exercised on the actual problems of life.

The quality of intelligence Mrs. Woolf has in a high degree. It is to be seen equally and is of the same quality

* This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with those younger authors of today who are in process of becoming established. Essays have appeared on D. H. Lawrence, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Stephen Hudson, and Aldous Huxley.

in her novels and in her volume of essays, "The Common Reader"; for intelligence works by the same means, whatever theme may confront it. All the notable English novelists of the past have possessed it; the only contemporary novelist, besides Mrs. Woolf, who has it in a striking degree is Mr. E. M. Forster. Mr. Joyce lacks it completely. He has a powerful, erratic intellect, but it is the differentiated intellect of the artist; it is hardly concerned at all with what is normal, expedient, practicable, but simply with what is, whether it be humanly possible or impossible. Mr. Joyce has objectified magnificently his personal world, but it is not a world in which we could live, and to him that is, indeed, a matter of no concern. Yet it is a matter of the first importance in the actual world, and an imaginative work which ignores it ignores something essential; that work may have truth, but it will not be an approximate image of the truth. Mrs. Woolf's novels are an approximate image of the truth. The world she shows us is not of such vast dimensions as Mr. Joyce's, but it is on a perfect scale: there are all the elements in it that there are in any of the worlds we actually live in, and there is, moreover, a perpetual reference to the world itself, the modern world which looms behind and makes possible our smaller, personal worlds.

Width and justice of comprehension are chiefly necessary in the writer who tries to grasp all these implications and strives to make the picture complete. They were shown in Mrs. Woolf's first novel, "The Voyage Out"; they were shown still more remarkably in "Night and Day." Nothing was more striking in these first two books than the undeviating sobriety of treatment, the absence of facility, the resolve to take all the factors into account and to be just to them all. The convention of the novel is accepted. The author, we feel, has resolved to take the novel as it is, and to make it do all that up to now it has done. In "The Voyage Out" she uses among other methods that of Chekhov. That book is still a little tentative, but "Night and Day," which followed it, remains in some ways the finest of Mrs. Woolf's novels. In depth, in meaning behind meaning, some of the scenes in it are superior to anything else written in our time. The meeting between Denham and Rodney on the Embankment, the description of Katherine's aimless wanderings through London on the evening that she broke her appointment with Denham, the Hilbery household, the delightful but pathetic irrelevancies of Mrs. Hilbery: these, brought intimately together in the book as they would be in life, give us the sense of the rich variety of existence which only Mrs. Woolf's predecessors in the English novel can give. Certain complex effects which were once characteristic of the English novel, effects in which comedy and tragedy jostle, have been almost entirely lost in our time. Sterne was perhaps the first great prose master of them; Scott is full of them; by Dickens they are exploited freely but crudely. The conversation between Bartoline Saddletree and Davie Deans about the trial of Effie is a perfect example of this style; but we find it again and again in Scott; it is an element in almost all his great scenes. Nothing perhaps can give us a stronger sense of the reality of the situation we are reading about than this juxtaposition of the comic and the tragic. We feel that the writer has seen all its aspects, even the most unexpected—that his imagination has not been canalized by the theme but is free and can move as it wills. Intelligence once more, the taking of all the factors into ac-

count, produces these imaginative juxtapositions; and in "Night and Day" it is Mrs. Woolf's intelligence that re-creates them.

In the small volume of short stories, "Monday or Tuesday," the experimentation with form began which later gave us "Jacob's Room" and "Mrs. Dalloway." It is tentative, but lighter, more buoyant, than anything Mrs. Woolf had written before. "Jacob's Room" was a great advance; its plan was admirable; the recreation of a figure through memories and associations was a suggestive and perfectly valid device. The book contains several beautiful scenes, but it is not sure, like Mrs. Woolf's earlier and like her later work; it has a good deal of the sentimentality which so often comes out of the mind along with a first attempt to express something in it which has not been expressed before. When the artist tries to liberate his essential emotion toward experience, at first he is likely to liberate a great deal more along with it, until in this new kind of expression he learns to distinguish what is essential from what appears so. "Jacob's Room" has a more living quality than Mrs. Woolf's earlier work, but it is less critical. "Mrs. Dalloway" is the most characteristic work Mrs. Woolf has written. It is so unlike "Night and Day" that they can hardly be compared. It has not the earlier book's finely dramatic development, nor its intensity; but it is more organic and in a more living sense it is infinitely more subtle in its means, and it has on all its pages, as "Night and Day" had not, the glow of an indisputable artistic triumph. As a piece of expressive writing there is nothing in contemporary English fiction to rival it. Shades of an evanescence which one might have thought uncapturable, visual effects so fine that the eye does not take them in, that only in the memory are guessed at from the impression they leave in passing, exquisitely graded qualities of sound, of emotion, of reverie are in Mrs. Woolf's prose not merely dissected but imaginatively reconstructed. All that in the earlier novels was analyzed is resolved in "Mrs. Dalloway" into evocative images. There is nothing left of the stubborn explanatory machinery of the analytical novel; the material upon which the author works is the same as before, but it has all been sublimated, and, although the psychology is subtle and exact, no trace remains of the psychologist.

Quiet descended upon her, calm, content, as her needle, drawing the silk smoothly to its gentle pause, collected the green folds together and attached them, very lightly, to the belt. So on a summer's day waves collect, overbalance, and fall; collect and fall; and the whole world seems to be saying "that is all" more and more ponderously, until even the heart in the body which lies in the sun on the beach says, too, That is all. Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking.

While Mrs. Woolf is describing the falling of the waves, we never forget Clarissa sewing. The greater rhythm as it were accompanies the less, and it brings into the room where Clarissa is sitting its serenity and spaciousness. There is something in the ritual of sewing, a memory of another rhythm buried deep within it, which an image such as this, so unexpected, so remote, reveals to us. The rhythm of the prose is exquisitely graded; it has profited, one feels, as prose may, whether poetry may or not, from the experi-

ments which have been made in *vers libre*; in the daring and fulness of the metaphors it has a remote indebtedness to Homer. There is no English prose at present, except Mr. Joyce's, which in subtlety and resource can be compared with it.

In a novel like "Mrs. Dalloway," where the sensory impressions are so concretely evoked and are so much more immediate than they were before, a sort of rearrangement of the elements of experience insensibly takes place. In the traditional novel we have on the one hand the characters and on the other the background, each existing in a separate dimension, and the one generally more solid than the other. Sometimes the environment reacts strikingly on the characters, as for instance in "Wuthering Heights" and in Mr. Hardy's Wessex novels, but the reaction is not complex and continuous. It is indicated rather than treated, and the character and the background retain their peculiar values. But in "Mrs. Dalloway" they are more intimately connected; the one merges into the other; the character is suffused with the emanations of the things he sees, hears, feels; and almost inevitably what is presented is a complex of life of which character and background are elements and are both animate, rather than the living character stalking among inanimate things. The characters in "Mrs. Dalloway" are real; they have their drama; but the day and the properties of the day move with them, have their drama too; and we do not know which is the more real where all is real—whether the characters are bathed in the emanations of the day or the day colored by the minds of the characters. The result is less akin to anything else attempted in the novel than to certain kinds of poetry, to poetry such as Wordsworth's, which records not so much a general judgment of life as a moment of serene illumination, a state of soul. What nature is in "The Excursion" London is in "Mrs. Dalloway," a living presence, a source of deep pleasure. The mood in which this presence is felt is perhaps the farthest removed from the dramatic, realistic mood. In "Night and Day" the chief thing is the action of the characters upon one another; in "Mrs. Dalloway" it is their intimate daily life with all the things which make it up and have reference only to themselves, but which are nevertheless more certainly their being than their actions are. Mrs. Woolf is not concerned in "Mrs. Dalloway" with the character, which is shown in action, in crises (and novels are consequently full of crises), but with the state of being. To give it its value she catches it at a particularly fortunate moment, at a moment of realization; but the means are justified and are, indeed, the normal means of art.

"The Common Reader," in which Mrs. Woolf's mind deals with figures familiar to us all, shows it perhaps at its best. Her themes range from Chaucer to Conrad, from George Eliot to the Duchess of Newcastle, and in them all she shows abundantly the intelligence and practicality of temper of the critic. She has the informed enthusiasm which criticism should never lack, but which is tending to disappear from it; her judgments have admirable breadth. The one important quality of the critic which she lacks is the power of wide and illuminating generalization. She holds the scales even, as she does between her characters in "Night and Day"; she uses her sensibility as she uses it in "Jacob's Room" and "Mrs. Dalloway." It is the same mind, and we never doubt its competence to deal with anything which it fixes upon.

In the Driftway

THERE is something pathetically human in the request of the Spanish Government that Mexico return the bones of Hernando Cortes for burial in his native land. A fat lot Spain cared about Cortes when he was alive, or he about her. But four centuries after his conquest of Mexico, his name having acquired high eminence if not unqualified esteem with posterity, the descendants of those who once looked upon his living face with a cold and clammy eye want to heap flowers and banners and inscriptions over his crumbled bones—or what they imagine to be such.

* * * * *

THE Drifter confesses more than a passing admiration for Cortes. No doubt he was a liar, a trickster, and a blackguard. He was ruthless, cruel, and bloodthirsty in his betrayal of Montezuma and his destruction of the Aztec civilization. Yet he was one of the world's great adventurers, as admirable a scoundrel as his age produced. He had an unflagging courage and a splendid audacity. He did not acquire his reputation, as many do now, merely by growing fat in the head or the pocketbook. He was a man for whom even the civilization of fifteenth-century Spain was too tame and too respectable. The Drifter has just been looking him up in the encyclopedias—having been advised by a friend to find out a few details about Cortes before discussing his career too extensively. One authority states that he was expelled from the University of Salamanca because of "his penchant for the fair sex," while another says "his superabundant animal spirits and unrestrained passions for the fair sex cut short his university career." He left Spain because his fellow-citizens regarded him as a scapegrace and a bounder. In Cuba his fighting abilities commended him to the Governor. Yet the latter trusted Cortes so little that after putting him in charge of the expedition that was to set out against Mexico the Governor decided to supersede him. Cortes became the conqueror of Mexico only by getting up sail and putting to sea before the Governor could carry out his plan. Even in his later years, after he had lost his hold in Mexico, returned to Spain, and sunk his fortune in the expedition of Charles V against Algiers, his courage and audacity did not desert him. Spurned at court, he stopped the carriage of His Majesty in the street one day, and when the latter coldly inquired "Who the devil are you?"—or words to that effect—Cortes replied: "I am a man who has gained you more provinces than your father left you towns."

* * * * *

IT appears that the poor bones of Cortes have already been shifted six times. He was first buried near Seville, but in conformity with his will his remains were later taken to Mexico. There they have been moved five times, in the last instance secretly to prevent a mob from smashing the tomb. It's not certain that anybody knows now where the conqueror of Mexico is interred. The Drifter would prefer it so. He sees no reason why this outcast of his own generation should be made the center of a silly nationalist demonstration by today's smug officialdom. But whoever else cares, it is certain that Cortes doesn't. To that great adventurer another sea voyage, more or less, is of no consequence.

THE DRIFTER
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
JUN 30 1926

Correspondence

First Aid to the Senile

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I commend the following quotations from William Kay Wallace's "The Passing of Politics" to your "liberal" readers:

Liberalism may be termed an effort to reform existing institutions which are growing senile. . . . Liberalism is at best a futile doctrine, a sort of social anacathetic. . . . Liberal movements attract men of high personal worth, and of natural conservative tendencies, who nevertheless represent themselves as on the side of the new order, when in point of fact they do more than their so-called conservative opponents to delay its advent.

This from a scientific writer on history and political evolution! I commend his book to all *Nation* readers.

Menlo Park, California, June 8 WILLIAM T. BROWN

Learning to Live

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why all the excitement about teaching a girl how to take care of a baby? Why is it left to a college to provide courses in anything so elemental? And if it is now necessary to teach such things to grown women, why is it that there are not similar courses in the colleges for men? Men need it as much as the women.

It seems to me an unqualified indictment of our public (and private) school system that those essential acquirements upon which all happy and efficient communal life is based should be a subject for a college curriculum and their appearance hailed as a progressive innovation. Our educational system appears to be based on the assumption that the minor tools of life are an end in themselves—learning to make satisfactory adjustments for a happy life in a complicated civilization is left to chance and to such experience as may be gained at home. The trouble is that too many homes are mere dormitories and restaurants on a small scale and the school absorbs such a large proportion of the time and energy of the pupils that there is no chance for the child to acquire any other knowledge.

Perhaps the new Vassar department of eutenics is a step in the right direction. But as long as the educational world looks upon "learning to live" as an elective curricular department for nearly grown students, so long will our schools be damned for their inefficiency and the highroad of life be clogged by crowds of unhappy people traveling to and from the divorce courts.

Of one thing I am sure: My own children, none of whom are in their teens yet, are not going to need a course in enthenics when they get to college even though they may never be able to repeat the multiplication table backward or give the names of the Presidents in their chronological order.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, June 7 CLARENCE R. LONG

The "Old Negro" as Artist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lately Negro art has become a fetish among the intelligentsia. Of a sudden it has been discovered that the Negro in his singing of hymns has created the American music, that what he has been singing for fifty years were not simple, ordinary, and oftentimes trite hymns but "spirituals."

So the Negro has come to be called the "New Negro" as if he had been a woefully inadequate being, now suddenly transformed and renovated into a new and better member of Ameri-

can society. And the leaders of the Negro race have given their sanction to this term, accepting it as a mark of distinction.

The Negro has been a negligible factor so far as painting and sculpture are concerned. As a writer of fiction there are as yet no great achievements to his credit. His originality has been manifested in the spirituals which represent the most distinctly original contribution of the Negro to American art. Yet the creator of these spirituals was the "Old Negro"—the plantation type. This new Negro is having laurels placed upon his brow that do not belong to him.

New York, May 17

MORGAN MAYO

Marquette College Admits Negroes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article on Negroes in College, which appeared in the March 3 issue of *The Nation*, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois is in error in his paragraph pertaining to Catholic colleges. The writer states that "of the Catholic colleges only Fordham and Detroit admit Negroes."

It might interest you and your readers to know that Marquette University admits students on the basis of fitness to pursue university work without reference to their race, religion, or nationality. Included in our total enrolment of almost 5,000 there are some Negroes—just a few, but some.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 9 EDMUND S. CARPENTER

When Liberty Should Stop

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Chicago *Tribune*, in its editorial columns, takes issue with the American Civil Liberties Union, contending that exposition of so-called dangerous social and economic doctrines should be checked by legislation before they reach the point of or result in overt acts detrimental to stable government.

It is interesting to note the opinion of the court, in the case of the will of Mrs. Eddy, involving the propagation of Christian Science (83 Atlantic 916):

Mrs. Eddy had the constitutional right to entertain such opinions as she chose, and to make a religion of them, and to teach them to all others: and their rights of belief are as extensive as hers. Her legal right to teach was not ended with her death. She might dispose of her property by a gift in public charity "for any use that is not illegal." Whether her opinions are theologically true "the court are not competent to decide." To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion, and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy which at once destroys all religious liberty; . . . it is time enough, for the rightful purposes of civil government, for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order.

And this, mind you, issuing from a court at a time when presumably judicial minds were ultra-conservative!

Chicago, Illinois, May 20

WILLIAM M. GARVEY

Eton College—Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to reply to Mr. Roger M. B. Nicholls's letter published in your issue of April 6? He says Eton College was not founded by some grateful native of long ago but by King Henry VI "for the sons of poor clergymen." Henry VI was an imbecile and diseased, and eighteen years of age when his name was used on the charter. The dukes of Gloucester and Bedford had governed the country up to that time, as the king was only nine months old when his dissolute father died. In the previous reign the endowments of alien priories had been seized, among these 180 acres

of land in the metropolis which includes Eton. (See Cardinal Gasquet's voluminous works on pre-Reformation history.) The school was financed out of these endowments with the approval of the Pope as an act of partial restitution in deference to the popular outcry. The charter of September, 1440, automatically issued in the name of Henry VI, provided for the education of "25 poor and indigent scholars by 10 priests whose duty was to give instruction in grammar without payment." Thus the endowment was actually by grateful natives of long ago, although the technical founding was in the name of Henry VI. (I should have used the word endowed rather than founded.)

The endowments of alien priories had hitherto been used for educating parish priests, of whom there was a great dearth since the Black Death, and Eton College was to continue this work. Any competent historian knows that parish priests were chosen from the poor and indigent for well-understood reasons. The number of scholars was later increased to seventy. Today it is 1,100.

But the provision was certainly not made "for the sons of poor clergymen," as Mr. Micholls alleges, because there were no "clergymen" at that date, only "clergy," and they were celibate. Apparently, Mr. Micholls has mistranslated his Latin. Catholic priests are addressed as "father" and the poor and indigent are their adopted children. That is a very different thing from "sons of poor clergymen." The number of important positions and offices occupied by old Etonians is sufficient evidence of the wealth and influence of their parents—careers booked in advance—which was my point in comparing the school to Antioch College. The solitary tradesman whose son was a contemporary of Mr. Micholls (one against 1,099 oppidans) was apparently sufficiently wealthy to pay the charges which bring up the bill from £6, the school fee, to more than £200, the charge for boarders. (It was £194 without pocket-money in my time, which ended twenty-five years ago.) That is scarcely a "poor and indigent scholar."

Oakland, California, April 13

EDGAR SUMMERTON

Help Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am hunting for some dialogues—from plays—which can effectively be enacted by two young men. I have found some in a few of O'Neill's plays, but the characters there portrayed possess a force and dialect which we cannot well imitate. "What Price Glory" contains some delicious and spicy tidbits. But since this play is not yet in print we would appreciate suggestions from your readers.

Philadelphia, June 7

PHILIP BAGDON

Higginson and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While browsing among my autograph letters recently I was interested in finding this letter from Thomas Wentworth Higginson, written to me in February, 1890. It is certainly of interest in these days when so many diverse opinions of what constitutes true literary criticism are prevalent.

The only way to find contemporary criticism on Lowell's art would be to look in the newspapers of the time, but it was certainly received at once (for I was there) with the same admiration since inspired. Howells reviewed his "Three Memorial Poems," including his ode in *Atlantic Monthly*, XXXLX, 374.

I think Lowell is undoubtedly our best critic, but he is not as remarkable for a judicial spirit as for penetration and wealth of thought. However, his "Democracy and other Essays" shows that time has mellowed him. He was brought up at

a time (the Poe period) when people believed in vehement and even in retaliatory criticism, and his treatment of Margaret Fuller in *A Fable for Critics* was unfair because personal and retaliatory. He was also cruelly unfair to Thoreau. But as I say, he has mellowed, and none of our writers equal him in wealth and penetration.

Stedman seems to me to come next to him. Howells, charming writer as he is, has not the judicial temper and wants also that thorough early training and wide knowledge of literature that are the real basis of criticism. I think the average criticism of *The Nation* is now better than that of any English periodical, and *The Nation* has the advantage that it never spares its own contributors, which all London periodicals do.

One great function of criticism is to help the author to distinguish between his good things and his poor ones, which he himself often cannot do. I know that I cannot after many years of writing. Sainte-Beuve in French is perhaps the best model of a critic, far better than Arnold in English, because more mature and dispassionate. Still I think that Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" remain the best English model.

VIOLA PRICE FRANKLIN, Reference Librarian
Willamette University, Salem, Oregon, April 27

Dating "Royal Highness"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thomas Mann, the eminent German author, asks you to kindly insert the following remarks relative to Joseph Wood Krutch's review of his novel "Royal Highness," which appeared in one of your issues:

I am greatly indebted to both *The Nation* and its brilliant critic Joseph Wood Krutch for his very kind reference to my book "Royal Highness." At the same time I should like to correct a slight chronological error which has occurred to your critic and which tends to put this novel in a somewhat wrong light. Not *after* the war but five years earlier this book appeared, four years before the novel "Death in Venice" and fifteen years before the "Zauberberg," of which latter book an English version is now being prepared. To read "Royal Highness" as a post-war book would be to misunderstand its satirical and fairy-tale-like character.

Munich, May 25

TH. ENGELMANN

In Memory of Joseph Conrad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been asked by Canon Ashton-Gwatkin of Bishopsbourne, where Joseph Conrad lived and died, to get as much publicity as possible for the appeal for a memorial to that great author. I am sure that the columns of *The Nation* will be hospitable to this appeal and that many American readers and admirers of Conrad will be glad to have some part in the erection of this simple but fitting memorial.

The scale of the memorial will depend on the funds available for the purpose; but the scheme at present favored locally is the addition to the present village-hall (in the construction of which Conrad took great interest) of a bowling green for the village, and of a wide porch, or loggia, with comfortable wooden seats for the general use of Bishopsbourne people—a kind of informal village center, such as might have provided an opening chapter for one of Conrad's own stories. The scheme has received the complete approval of his family and trustees. The cost is roughly estimated at £250. A suitable inscription will, of course, be placed in the porch; and perhaps, if funds allow, a medallion plaque of the great writer.

May I add that I shall be happy to receive, convert into English exchange, and forward any contributions which may be sent to me in care of the Guaranty Trust Company, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York City?

New York, April 19

ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS

Lothrop, Montana

By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

The cottonwoods, the boy trees,
 Inberbe—the clean, green, central bodies
 Standing apart, freely, freely, but trimmed,
 With the branches interlocking for support,
 Flower for caressing, except the wind blow
 And yet, leaning so fearfully into one another,
 The leaves so pensile, so tremulous, hung, as they lean
 Toward one another,
 Unable to strain farther into one another
 And be apart
 Held back where in the earth their secret roots
 Wrap one about another, interdruggle and knot, the vital
 Elements
 Writhing in druggles, heavy, fibrous, unbreathless life,
 From which the gap mounts lifting those trembling leaves
 Of the boy trees, the cottonwood.

The Great Queen

Letters of Queen Victoria 1802-1872 Longmans, Green and Company Second Series, Vols. I and II \$16

THE long sheltered life of Queen Victoria made her something of a mystery woman. This partly accounts for the interest attaching to Mr. Lytton Strachey's brilliant portraiture and to the revelations in the "Life of King Edward VII." The present selection from her correspondence and journals between the years 1862 and 1873 will have a steady influence upon the popular judgment of her character. She had no qualities of greatness, physical, intellectual, or moral, nor any very marked defects. But she had a distinctive personality, a strong, limited intelligence, great industry, and conscientiousness in the performance of such queenly duties as she chose to undertake. Full of prepossession and prejudice, she was insistent and censorious in her judgment both of private and public affairs. These volumes will help to demolish the carefully cultivated pretence that monarchy plays a negligible part in the public life and policy of Britain. For while it may not be true that any great determinant act of England, in internal or foreign policy, during this period can be attributed to the capricious will, the accumulative effect of her influence upon public appointments, foreign relations, and even domestic legislation is seen to be considerable. Where there is a sharp difference with ministers she often gives way; but she often gets her own back later on. When one realizes how much the government of a country depends upon the personnel of its officials, the discussions of preferment to high places in church or state which occupy many of these pages assume great importance. The Queen never forgot that she was "Head" of the English church, and her theological position, broadening with years from a rather narrow Evangelicalism, was deeply impressed upon the episcopal and diocesan government of the church. Her somewhat puritanical morals revolted against any proposal to confer "honors" upon a man of tainted reputation, however noble his family, however strong his political claims. Her not unreasonable revolt against the dissolute traditions of her predecessors on the throne made her somewhat of a outlier in her family and Court, and her attempts to curb the lighter proclivities of "Bertha" (the Prince of Wales) sometimes evoke an unintended humor, as, for example, when she seeks to obtain a promise to limit his attendance at Ascot races to two days out of four.

The virtual withdrawal of Victoria from all public appearances for many years of her widowhood not only was a source of great unpopularity but caused grave inconvenience to her ministers, who were frequently called to her distant residences at Balmoral and Osborne because she refused to stay in London even when ministerial crises were impending. On all matters of personal dignity she was most sensitive, and she had frequent spats with ministers for failing to submit dispatches or to consult her upon legislative proposals. It cannot be said that she was on easy terms with any of her Prime Ministers except Lord Melbourne in her youth and Lord Beaconsfield in her age. With Palmerston she was constantly bickering, of Lord Russell she had hardly a good word even when he died, Gladstone during the greater part of his long career she disliked, partly because he addressed her "like a public meeting" and partly because of his disestablishment, Home Rule, protectionist, and Majuba policies.

A large part of this correspondence is concerned with the intricacies of Continental politics (the Franco-German War of 1870 and the Russo-Turkish struggle serving as pivots), and sheds some useful light upon the ticklish problems of isolation and intervention. Few Englishmen now realize how nearly we were drawn into war with Prussia over Schleswig-Holstein, with America in 1862, with Russia in 1876. During the entire period the Queen's influence was generally on the side of peace, largely from sympathy with Germany, to which she was so closely attached by birth and marriage. Though bitter denunciations against the unscrupulousness of Bismarck are contained in the spirited letters from her daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, no inkling of the part played by Bismarck's tampering with the Ems telegram appears to have reached the Queen or her daughter. Here is an interesting entry from the Journal, 27th January, 1866: "Dear little William's birthday. May God preserve him and may he grow up good, clever, and liberal-minded in his views, worthy of his beloved grandpapa, who was so anxious about him, and that he should not grow up into a 'conceited Prussian.'" Though the Queen was personally friendly to Napoleon, and sympathized deeply with the misfortunes of the Emperor and Empress driven into exile, she remained most persistent in regarding Germany as our "natural ally" and in doing everything possible to influence British policy in this direction.

The latter part of this correspondence develops a powerful imperialist sentiment and a violent Russophobia, both in large measure the work of that astute statesman whose ascendancy over her mind became more complete with every year he held office. Disraeli with his imaginative sympathy knew how to distinguish a woman from a public meeting. In the very content of his official letters little indications of personal flattery and affection appear, and with further acquaintance they blossom into gorgeous tributes. But it was not words only that he dispensed. The conception of "Empress of India" was his, and it was he more than any other who laid the foundation of the sentimental imperialism which has grown into so grave a menace in the modern relations of Britain with her colonies and dependencies. The connection of this enthusiasm with the violent anti-Russian feeling of the late seventies is obvious. Our Eastern policy is a plain register of our fears of Russia. The very title "Jingoism" was begotten of this fear and a fighting determination that "the Russians shall not have Constantinople." We were ready to condone Bulgarian and other atrocities of the Turks in order to preserve a bulwark for our Egyptian policy, itself primarily a safeguard for the road to India; our wild Afghan tactics were dictated by the same fear. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Crown Princess are shown as eager for England to plunge into war with Russia. "Not a minute should be lost," writes Victoria in July, 1877. "We shall have to fight for our own interests when it is too late."

It cannot be said that these letters exhibit any genuine statecraft. Always the Queen is driven by feelings or by the supposed interests of her family. The personal factor is ever dominant, and those have most influence with her who know how to play upon it. In her young widowhood it is her dear Uncle Leopold of Belgium who feeds her passionate sorrow with repeated references to "our beloved Angel" (the dead Prince Consort). Various clergymen knew how to "manage" her, but nobody so well as the beloved Jew who remodeled English conservatism and furnished its inert body with a new spirit. Few American readers will have the patience to wade through the whole of this extensive correspondence. But it will have its proper place in all good reference libraries, and students of political history will find a good many rays of light shed upon dark points of diplomacy.

JOHN A. HOBSON

A Southern Liberal

The Advancing South. By Edwin Mims. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$3.

IN the present volume, whose optimistic title is hardly justified by its contents, have been collected a series of essays upon a variety of subjects which range all the way from industrial development to academic freedom and newspaper policy. The author, now head of the Department of English at Vanderbilt University, has taught in Southern universities for a generation and, perhaps because of that fact, he is a moderate in all things. Not blind to the backwardness of the South, he is nevertheless willing to find great promise in small things, and the most cautious of his fellow-liberals could hardly accuse him of wishing to carry anything too far. Sufficiently conservative in religion to look askance at the radicalism of a Percy Grant and sufficiently conservative in letters to fear that Miss Frances Newman has "gone too far from Georgia," he seems often in danger of casting doubts upon the validity of his own thesis by the pride which he takes in the very mild illustrations of liberal thought or artistic ability which he is able to adduce. The list of men who are, like Mr. Cabell, really distinguished in literature, or who are, like Julian and Julia Harris, really conspicuous in their courage is quickly exhausted; and he is compelled to fall back on clergymen who stand out rather because of the background of Clanders than because of their own merits, or upon litterateurs who would hardly be singled out for praise were they not representatives of a rare species. A society in which Underwood is a conspicuous liberal and Henry Sydnor Harrison a notable novelist may be advancing, but it still has a long way to go and it is measuring itself by standards which are in themselves a confession of its backwardness.

Nor, indeed, does Professor Mims deny this fact. Drawing, for example, upon a study recently made of the use of books in North Carolina, he points out that the thirty-five public libraries in the State contain only one book for each twelve people, that there is only one newspaper for every 13.5 inhabitants of the State, and that "the comparison is just as bad in the statistics of subscribers to such popular periodicals as the *Literary Digest*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*." The South has no publishing house and no general magazine of national circulation; when it does read it must get its books or magazines from the outside, and when, on the other hand, it manages to establish a periodical of genuine importance like the *Journal of Social Forces*, it must depend for its support upon the two-thirds of its subscribers who are not native rather than upon the one-third who are. Thus, whether it creates or consumes, it is parasitic upon other regions since it can supply neither its readers with writings nor its writers with readers.

Here and there a college will stand nobly for its rights as Vanderbilt University did at the time of the anti-evolution agitation, but another will crawl as the University of Tennes-

see did upon the same occasion in the most craven and hypocritical servility. And what it lacks most of all is courage, for the number of its citizens whose knowledge is reasonably sound and whose opinions are reasonably enlightened is much greater than the number of those who are willing to stand by their knowledge or opinion. There are too many Southerners whose boasted loyalty, whether it be a cloak for cowardice or a mistaken principle, makes them loyal to everything except truth. They will stand by their country, their traditions, their alma mater, their chamber of commerce, or their political party, but for some reason or other they are more likely than not to find a good reason for not standing by their convictions.

Professor Mims does not, so it seems to me, lay sufficient stress upon the one fact which more than any other has crippled the advance of the South, and that is the constant drainage away into the East of those who might come to be her intellectual aristocracy. Whoever wishes to obtain a first-rate professional training in any art, science, or profession is obliged to go somewhere else to get it, and once he is away he has nearly every inducement to stay away. To come back is to separate himself from the best laboratories, the best libraries, and the best markets for everything that is not material, and it is, moreover, to expose himself to the risk, great everywhere but greatest in the South, that his activities will be interfered with by some benighted force, whether it be a meddling clergy, a cowardly college president, or an illiberal public opinion. If he is interested chiefly in education in its broadest sense his home country may call him, but if he is interested chiefly in doing the best possible work in art or science he will stay where those things most flourish and are most regarded. Were the South an isolated community, relatively remote from regions more advanced, there is no reason to suppose that it would not in the course of a very short time work out its own salvation and produce its indigenous culture; but most of the conspicuous talent is drained away as fast as it appears. How long that condition will last no one can say. It will last at least until the most ambitious men can find training at home as good as any they can find abroad, and until they are as welcome in the South as they are elsewhere.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The People of Youth

The Great Valley. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

IN reading this book one remembers the days when one was sure one knew people. Not that one imagined they could never grow or never change, or that there might not be undiscovered countries behind those faces, but that essentially one knew them for what essentially they were. The days, in short, of personalities, instead of reflexes, livers, instincts, or complexes. Soon, of course, sophistication arrives, mounting in every generation a different thesis. Long before personality disintegrated under the assaults of complexes and inhibitions it had been broken into tiny bits by the pre-Freudian psychologists. With sophistication the observer finds that he knows much more about people, but that he knows people less well, so that often as he thinks back over the people he has known he feels that he really knows well only those he knew in youth, that he owned then some precious divining-rod that has since slipped out of his hands.

One knows the people of Miss Johnston's latest novel as one knew the people of one's youth. They are as far away as the people of one's youth seem today, as relatively unexciting, and as real. Yet Miss Johnston is far from being naive or ignorant. She has passed through sophistication. And because she has passed through it she cannot even be angry with the bigots who make rough the way of her Scotch idealist who in his search for freedom of conscience has taken his family to the bountiful wilderness of the valley of the Shenandoah. A

book that is beyond anger fails to make us catch our breath with excitement. Yet something of the joy of wresting from the wilderness shelter and food and place communicates itself to the reader through these slow-moving, wise pages. Of course bigotry and self-seeking spring up again as the settlements flourish, and John Selkirk must move on into the wilderness. Of course, like all silly idealists, he is undone. The war against which he has preached comes to overwhelm him and his, and those whom he has befriended kill him. But they do not kill the spirit of justice and understanding that was his.

Young, rash books such as "To Have and to Hold" for excitement, sophisticated books for sophisticated thrills, and an old, wise, slow-moving book like this for understanding.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Action and Art

The Dance Over Fire and Water. By Elie Faure. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

M. FAURE'S method of expression may be classed with that of the great poet Friedrich Nietzsche. In saying this I do not intend to give the impression that I undervalue the originality of the Frenchman, who probably possesses one of the most daring intellects in Europe today. To read a work by Elie Faure is to have the darkened down-trodden highway of human history illumined by flashes of forked lightning.

What, then, is his final word upon the human situation? As Bertrand Russell would have us take as our watchword "unyielding despair," so Elie Faure would have us know well that we do not conquer our true reality except in those rare hour when in a blinding flash of consciousness we have the power to comprehend with a gay and irresponsible comprehension our own terrible destiny. And he would have us believe that this blessed emancipation, this desperate spiritual insight, comes only to the nations through their artists and only to the artists through the agony and bloody sweat of the nations. Out of this evil friction of wars alone can spring the clear flame of beauty. There is apparently no escape from this appalling recurrence; tyranny succeeds slavery and slavery tyranny as seed-time the harvest. "This is the systole and the diastole of the heart, which always beats somewhere in space, the formidable common heart of the dead, and living, and those not yet born." "I tell you truly," he cries in the oracular manner of his master, "the Holy Spirit is art itself tending to realize itself." But so inert and apathetic in his opinion is the spirit of man that it requires the shock of bloodshed to let loose "the necessary enthusiasm to confront life and demand from it its secret."

Not without a suspicion of special pleading he constructs his case from the record of the past, showing as best he may how each age of social or national upheaval has been the hotbed out of which have sprung the finest achievements of the human imagination. "The important thing," he affirms, "is to set passions free. The drama is everything, the cause of the drama nothing." But what about the idea of progress, that notion so favored by our generation? Elie Faure believes in no aesthetic or moral progress. He is willing to concede that there has been a certain scientific progress, but that is all. With a civilized Frenchman's sense of the true values of life he says: "The telephone is annoying, but it is not useless for giving or returning some love rendezvous." For the rest he makes sport of us for wishing "to inflict upon the unfolding future the form of our most immediate interests, our most candid idealism, and our most infantile credulity." What has this monstrous "systole and diastole of the heart, which beats somewhere in space," unimpeded and inevitable as some fatal hydraulic ram, to do with such pretty schoolroom fancies? Of religion he writes: "Every collective belief of a sentimental kind is a moral slavery because one yields up one's critical faculties"; and with regard to morality he urges us to rid our minds of childish conceptions. "It is necessary to convince oneself that only force is moral."

Many of us are ready enough to believe that the idea of progress is a pathetic illusion, but as to this matter of revolutions and counter-revolutions being essential to the highest imaginative consciousness of man, I for one cannot stomach it. Even after Monsieur's most eloquent passages I still feel unconvinced that artistic expression depends for its élan on violence and tumult. It seems to me that art has always been, and will always be, profoundly detached from life as it manifests itself in the transitory political struggles of each era. Art that implicates itself may safely be ignored. Whether Revolutionary or Imperial it is official, and on that account alone is meretricious. I find myself here in complete accord with Roger Fry, who in his "Vision and Design" has said: "Under certain conditions the rhythms of life and of art may coincide with great effect on both; but in the main the two rhythms are distinct, and as often as not play against each other."

The fact is that such propositions are capable of sustaining arguments of an exactly opposite kind with equal plausibility. It could be asserted, for example, that the passionate intensity incident to personal intercourse between human beings under the shadow of eternity has at all times been sufficient to stir up the souls of men to see God. Not the carnage of battlefields alone teaches the artist to concentrate upon his own "interior life with poignant attention." Consider, for example, how the greatest period in the history of English literature came after the Wars of the Roses, when under the strong rule of the Tudors there was peace and prosperity in the land. Consider the genius of M. Faure's own compatriot, Marcel Proust, perhaps the most distinguished artist of our age: is it not grotesque to imagine that his chameleon-like sensitiveness, taking its color from each delicately shaded leaf of life's foliage, required any stimulus from the crude barbarism of the World War?

"Scientific progress is not civilization." That is the simple statement which, try as we may, we children of industrialism seem incapable of understanding. The acquisitive impulse, work divorced from the natural processes of nature, the pernicious infection of futile minds that live without understanding—of such is our damnation. Culture, the daughter of passion and curiosity, is ever the fair handmaid of leisure. Work, that necessary evil, is a horrible monster ever lying in wait to ravish these children of light in the dimness of a cave.

It is charmingly characteristic of the unrestricted temper of Elie Faure's mind that he should declare that Charlie Chaplin has influenced him more than anybody after Montaigne, Cervantes, and Dostoevski. This fiery philosopher looks upon the comic shuffling side steps of the little mummer "with his shoes, his little hat, and his cane" and takes his exhibition of heart-breaking gaiety as a token of the attitude appropriate to man. With the eye of genius he sees in each skip and gesture "the mute agreement which the metaphysical contemplation reveals between the sentimental sorrow of man and the indifferent laughter of God."

LLEWELYN POWYS

The Art of Thobbing

Thobbing. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

IF you take the first letters of three words, think, opine, and believe, you enrich the language by a new word—thob. It is not a noun, however, but a verb. To thob, according to its inventor, is "to think out the opinion that pleases us, and then to believe it." Thobbing is thus, in terms of Shaw, the use of reason to support prejudice, or just plain logic-chopping. It covers on analysis practically the entire field of human thought save in the realms of science and of art. Our author makes a noble inventory of the thobbing implicit in philosophy, ethics, pedagogy, radicalism, conservatism, psychology, economics, sociology, religion, morals, law, and methodology. It is not, if you please, a smart-alec inventory; it is,

on the whole, a very impressive inventory. He points out with a justice altogether compelling that almost without exception none of the pronouncements or the "laws" of these triumphs of the human intellect will bear analysis in the way that the conclusions of physics, chemistry, and biology will bear analysis. They escape any quantitative test; the findings of one competent observer cannot be checked by another; no solid ground of common acceptance is ever accumulated. The logic is unimpeachable, but it is pure logic, untouched with the vulgar realities of human life as it is lived on this planet; a logic which moves in the great and awesome spirals of the mind. Thus the history of philosophy is but the cap-sizing of system A by system B, and of system B by system C. The brilliance of the system-makers is beyond compare, but where are the common data of philosophy? Have we gained an inch since Plato? Has philosophy ever explained anything; or made life more tolerable here below? It has not. Instead of kittens chasing their tails, men of incredible scholarship have chased their thoughts. Round and round the Absolute the noble words have run. These words have been drawn from combinations among the nine billion brain cells in the cerebellum of which the permutations and combinations are, for all intents and purposes, infinite. These words are based on very little observation of the living world outside, and on no quantitative measurement of that world whatsoever.

If you ask a scientist about heredity he will tell you of Mendel's experiments and the important qualifications of Mendel's sweet-pea law. If you ask a philosopher he will start the nine billion reverberating, and probably tell you something about the Eternal Flux.

And so with ethics. The only man who has come within firing distance of defining right from wrong is Sumner of Yale, who, after unheard-of labor in observing the world outside, concluded that right was that behavior which at a given time and place was sanctioned by the mores, and that wrong was any behavior not so sanctioned. This is a usable principle, and thus an anthropologist has taught us more about ethics than all the thobbing professors since and including Aristotle.

And so with economics, sociology, and the rest of the social "sciences." Psychology, with the advent of behaviorism, is turning from the impossible task of introspection into its own mental processes to a measurement of the world outside. As a result most of the carefully classified "instincts" of the stomach-spinning school seem to be headed for the waste-basket. Our author even looks with a sour eye on the net results of the behaviorists to date—he catches Watson in some high-handed thobbery—but he at least recognizes that if psychology is ever to become a genuine science it must choose the quantitative path of the laboratory. And he detects, shrewdly enough, the absence of thobbery in Wesley C. Mitchell's quantitative approach to economics. He touches Mitchell's shoulder for an instant with a sword bloody from the heads of Kant, Hegel, Wundt, McDougall, and even poor John Dewey.

Yes, the blood of the great men he has decapitated would choke the Cloaca Maxima. A consummate ass, you tell me. Who is this whippersnapper who would set himself up to judge, etc., etc.? Patience. Much depends on the character of the judging. Before the intellectual and logical capacities of these great minds he stands abashed and humble. The least of them, he admits, can outreason him ten to one. All he does is to inquire mildly and curiously for three hundred pages: Where is the quantitative proof? And of course there isn't any. Practically all human reasoning (except in the physical sciences) which deals with general principles is almost pure thobbing in that there is no known method for checking it up. It may be noble, inspiring, elevating, brilliant, poetic, altogether beautiful; but it is incapable of verification. It stands shimmering in the sky until effaced by the next geyser of logic

... and the next ... and the next. There is no fault to be found with it, any more than there is fault to be found with playing crossword puzzles. Both give the nine billion employment.

Such is my rather thobistical report on thobbing. I now turn the searchlight of its import upon my own mental processes. When it comes to making the world over, I am no mean thobber myself. Such problems I do not attack primarily because I am curious about them, because I really want to know the truth wherever it may lead, but because the present state of affairs is emotionally repugnant to me, because I have a prejudice in favor of the poor against the rich, because I want to haul down the mighty from their seats, because ... a hundred good thobbing reasons. But Mr. Ward brings me up short. How about breaking the vicious circle of promoting the Uplift by thobbing (which to date has got us precisely nowhere), and really getting down to the job of being curious in the scientific sense about man and society? How about observing the world outside, measuring the world outside, and, however slowly, building a body of verifiable data on which men may some day lay the foundations for the Great Society? Good enough. But, my fellow-Uplifters, could we face the fact, if it should so turn out, that the Great Society was a biological impossibility? God knows it would be the most devastating, the most terrible fact to face which I can conceive of. In that awful hour would I cry: "Take your naked blade of science and give me back my colored balloons of thobbery"?

This book rocks the brain. You had better leave it alone.

STUART CHASE

Why We Are Rich

The Secret of High Wages. By Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

THIS little book tries to tell Englishmen why we are rich and they are poor. Coming from two young English engineers, it is a welcome addition to the literature of peace as well as of economics. It may relieve several hundred thousand American tourists of the task of telling the British why adding machines, telephones, and department stores work better in New York than they do in London. Also it may destroy the pet illusion of the Rotarian who visits Europe that the poverty of England has been caused by labor unions. The authors are not friendly to the British trade unions, but they place the major blame for British inefficiency where it belongs, at the door of management.

Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd admit from the beginning that we are the prize industrial nation of the earth. After visiting twenty-four American factories they proceed to list the explanations for our riches and efficiency under nine heads: (1) promotion of staff by merit; (2) low prices with a great volume of production rather than high prices and reduced production; (3) saving of working capital through rapidity of turnover; (4) per capita increase of labor capacity through trouble-saving appliances; (5) high wages that bear some proportion to output; (6) free exchange of ideas between competing firms; (7) elimination of waste; (8) attention to the welfare of employees; (9) research and experimental work.

They place the greatest emphasis upon high wages and large-scale production as the keys to American prosperity, pointing out that "contrary to the general belief in Europe high wages do not necessarily mean a high level of prices. It is to the advantage of the community that the policy of industrial management should be directed toward raising wages and reducing prices." The doctrine is not new, but it is one that many a niggardly and conservative employer in England has never faced. He has too often regarded his market as constant and his earnings as a permanent fund from which as little as possible should be paid to labor. The authors

strive to convince British capital that American prosperity is the result of the inevitable cycle of cheaper goods, more customers, more production, more profit in the long run, more work for labor, higher wages, more demand for goods. The immediate task as they see it is to increase the productive capacity of British industry by kicking out the incompetent executives and improving the industrial processes. Then the task is to use this margin of saving to reduce prices for the pauper customers of Europe with the hope that the reduced prices of British products will restore lost markets. If British capitalism can be saved by anything, it will be by this method.

Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd are good preachers, talking as they do chiefly to a British industrial audience that needs the sermon. But like most preachers they use only that part of the illustration which suits their moral. They look chiefly at the expanding automobile industry and proceed to rationalize its success into a set of handsome principles. They attribute too much of our success to intelligence and not enough to accident. They say, for example: "It is accepted in America that the higher the wages labor is able to earn the better it is for the community as a whole, since it enables the workman to raise his standard of living." Now, it is *not* accepted in America that the higher the wages labor is able to earn the better it is for the community. From Passaic to Los Angeles every employers' association in the country fights to "deflate" labor in order to "restore prosperity." The high wages of America are a coincidence and not a product of intelligent planning. They are the fruitage of a happy accident, the simultaneous birth of an undeveloped continent and a new industrial order. There are millions of underpaid workers in America whom the British engineers did not try to explain because the explanation would have spoiled their illustration. Yes, we are a great people! But Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd should read W. E. Woodward's "Bunk" and Stuart Chase's "The Tragedy of Waste."

PAUL BLANSHARD

Downhill

The Letters of Bret Harte. Assembled and edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THIS collection will not excite the general reader, for Harte was a poor correspondent and never wrote to anyone whose friendship he could do without; but for the literary anatomist it affords an opportunity for a long-desiderated autopsy. Authentic information about Harte has hitherto been scanty. He was reluctant to talk about himself and was seldom in literary society either here or abroad, and his family until now have been almost completely uncommunicative about him. His first biographer, T. E. Pemberton, was a personal friend and had access to some of the family letters, but he must have made his investigations and written his book in a hammock. The other biographer, H. C. Merwin, worked diligently, but was compelled to rely entirely on printed materials; he got no help from Harte's family. Even the grandson-editor seems rather uninformed about his grandfather. His collection is made up of letters from various sources, but the bulk of them consists of letters written to Mrs. Harte which were put on sale in New York last November. Certain unexplained gaps appear in the collection, and one letter, in which Harte complained that his American publisher was swindling him, has, to the grandson's discredit, been omitted. The volume throws no light on Bret Harte's career in California, but it does illuminate the latter part of his life and accounts for his literary decline. Harte spent the last twenty years of his life writing "monotonous romances" that were sure to sell, because he dared not do anything else. Thus ended a writer of undoubted power and originality whose imagination had strongly influenced American literature.

There is room here for only a brief outline of the curious

and pathetic story that the letters unfold. When Bret Harte came East from California in 1871 he thought he was well off. In a few years, however, he managed with the cooperation of his wife and four children to get heavily in debt to landlords and tradesmen. It has always been believed that he treated the situation as a joke. Apparently unperturbed, he once lectured in Boston with a bailiff scowling on the platform and dogging him to a friend's house where he was to spend the night; and he was known to laugh at witticisms on his own insolvency. But the bravado was all a sham; in reality he was shamed and humiliated beyond endurance, and when John Hay secured the consulship at Crefeld for him his departure was a flight. He was sick, cowed, disgraced; and although he was homesick all his life for America, he never screwed up sufficient courage to return for even a brief visit. His one resolve was to incur no new debts, to live honorably and unmolested.

The remainder of his life, as it is recounted in these letters, was an unremitting effort to support his family in America, where they could live more cheaply than in England and be educated at less expense, to have a few comforts for himself, to keep up appearances before his friends, and to accumulate a surplus so that he might bring over his wife and children and take a vacation from the drudgery of short-story writing. After a twenty years' separation his wife did come to England, but happiness, apparently, did not come with her. The surplus was never accumulated. Alone or in collaboration Harte labored on play after play, hoping that one of them might prove a bonanza; but none ever did. He tried unsuccessfully to find a position as an editor. Meanwhile he made little or nothing from the sale of his books; the prices paid for his stories in America steadily dwindled. His best market was the English popular magazines. To them he clung timorously, afraid to leave them for three months lest the editors discover that other hands could supply California stories, and at lower rates. Indeed he hardly dared to write anything except California stories, for California stories always sold and other material might not sell and he could ill afford to take chances. So he kept to his desk, elaborating his six hundred to a thousand words a day of meticulously polished manuscript, sending the monthly draft for sixty pounds to his "dear Nan," with extra money for birthdays and at Christmas, spending quiet holidays at the country houses of friends, enduring neuralgia, dyspepsia, weak eyes, and almost continuous colds, hoping for a respite and security, while cancer slowly gnawed at his throat and the pen slipped finally from his fingers in the opening sentences of a new story.

GEORGE GENZMER

Books in Brief

The Other Side of the Medal. By Edward Thompson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

This is a highly emotional but badly reasoned book. The author postulates among Indians an irreconcilable hatred of the British springing from the well-known but unemphasized atrocities practiced by the British during the Mutiny of 1857 and continuing sporadically as recently as the Jallianwallabagh affair at Amritsar in 1919. It is in the first place doubtful if such an unwavering hatred exists; our author does not establish its presence by more than his mere assertion. Even if we should grant its existence, it would then be too simple an explanation to say that it arises from the perpetration of these atrocities, and that "It is not larger measures of self-government for which they [the Indians] are longing, it is the magnanimous gesture of a great nation, so great that it can afford to admit mistake and wrongdoing, and is too proud to distort facts." We are prepared to admit the truth of the author's accounts of barbarities—he quotes good authorities—and the validity of his demand that they be weighed in the histories, but we think that the source of the British and Indian struggle

is to be found after all in the greater evil of imperialism, which our author does not seem to recognize. Imperialism is and has been responsible for military atrocities in India and elsewhere and for many other kinds of injustice from the times of the first Egyptian Pharaoh down to—may we say?—the present French adventure in Morocco and Syria and the American interest in Haiti. And the cure for India—that is, the cure for Mr. Thompson's problem, which would be the removal of this hatred—will not come merely from rewriting the history books to show "the other side of the medal" and paint the Indian no blacker than the British but from choosing for India as "in the case of South Africa the wisest and most magnanimous course of action that ever showed a nation's greatness." As to the wisdom of thus giving India "Dominion status" there may be argument possible, but nothing less than full self-government will stop the conflict and eradicate the hatred.

Sermons of a Chemist. By Edwin E. Slosson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Mr. Slosson more than any other one man is responsible for the present rapidly changing point of view toward the value of science in modern civilization. As director of *Science Service* he has for five years supplied newspapers, magazines, and publishers with the latest news on scientific topics and has opened the doors of publicity to the cloistered research worker on whom progress depends. He has done this, as was essential, without taint of propaganda. Both the scientists and the lay public are in debt to him. But his greatest service has been his own contributions in book form. He has collated from the facts that flow across his desk numerous volumes which aim at the understanding of science. His score of sermons here are those of a prophet who lives among the immortals; yet they are in lay language, so serene, so clever, and so readable that their acceptance would seem inevitable. On reading them one steps into a new era of intelligence with no more ceremony than the drawing of a deep breath. Theology is not mentioned, but he who thinks science is unethical has not read Mr. Slosson's restatement of the Golden Rule.

The English Factories in India, 1665-1667. By Sir William Foster. Oxford University Press. \$6.

The series of English Factories in India, of which the present volume is the twelfth, is a source-book for early British commercial enterprise in India before the East India Company's interests had brought about political penetration. The records here quoted or summarized are the original letters in the India Office, London, and are of prime value. Two of the subjects covered are of particular interest. The first is the occupation of Bombay, which had been ceded to the English by the Portuguese, but was actually surrendered by the Portuguese Viceroy at Goa only after much delay and the making of many unwarranted conditions. The second is the romantic account of Sir Edward Winter's misrule at Madras, his mismanaged deposition, and his amazing revolt and recovery of office. Coloring all events described in this volume is the second Dutch war, while in the background hover, like great ominous bats, the figures of Sivaji, Ncknam Khan, and the "Grand Mogull."

Jesus of Nazareth. By Joseph Klausner. Translated by Herbert Denby. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

Klausner is a Jewish scholar of the first rank as well as an ardent Zionist, and he writes primarily for Jews. He is interested in explaining why Jesus, though a Jew and very much a Jew, was rejected by the Jews. According to him, Jesus's emphasis on an abstract ethics at the expense of the countless teachings by which Judaism had built itself into the life of its adherents threatened the religious and racial solidarity of his people. This thesis Klausner develops at some length, adding to the scholarly achievements of the earlier critical and historical sections of his book a distinctive inter-

pretation of Jesus and a penetrating comparison of Judaism and Christianity. The book is so scholarly and so loyal to fact that there is not a chance of its enjoying the popularity accorded to the fairy stories of Papini and Bruce Barton.

This Is the Life! By Walt McDougall. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

Like Peck's Bad Boy, jolly old Walt has never grown up. The pioneer newspaper cartoonist who made "grotesque ribaldry" and the "lowbrow joke" his quarry in his drawings pursues the same game in literature. No event and no person of any importance seems to have escaped him; he has jogged elbows with Bill Nye, Bob Fitzsimmons, Steve Brodie, Nellie Bly, Grover Cleveland, Theodore—the list is endless. That whimsical age, so near yet so remote, when crinolines, bustles, and beards flourished in crass luxuriance—when "house flies were a third part of the godly atmosphere" and "spittoons of alabaster, near-jade, and gem-studded gold plate were to be seen in every parlor"—has found in him an almost perfect raconteur. But why should he say that he has accomplished "nothing of note in an extremely busy lifetime" when he has been gravely reproved by the Supreme Court for depicting its justices in tobacco-chewing session, and by J. P. Morgan, Sr., for drawing his nose in unduly extravagant proportions?

One Tree. By A. M. Allen. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

The smoke that fifty years ago first spread from factory chimneys over a remote Lancashire village works a subtle change upon the sturdy rural folk. This is a well-wrought story of detached community life invaded by new and disturbing influences; the theme is carefully developed and the characters are without exception real people.

Urkey Island. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Urkey Island is a town off the New England coast—a tabloid world at sea. Its story is essentially the story of neighbors, of local good man and bad man, of rich man, minister, constable, flirt. Mr. Steele uncovers the drama of these lives with much skill and adroitness, stretching invention far but not too far, holding one's interest with admirable climaxes and a running style. Perhaps if these tales were less planned and polished as literature they would move closer to life. There is about them a geometric ready-made neatness that robs them of the power of truth.

Vignettes of the Sea. By Felix Riesenbergl. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

A book of sketches and reminiscences by the author of that fine, salty record of apprentice days in a windjammer, "Under Sail." Many of the chapters have appeared before in the *Nautical Gazette* or other periodicals, and it is gratifying to see them brought together in a book.

□ T H E A T E R □

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES
4th Annual
Revue of
NEIGHBORHOOD Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Drydock 7516.
Eves. (Except Mon.) at 8:30—Sat. Mat.
June 26 and Fri. Mats. July 2 and 9th

—THE THEATRE GUILD Presents—

AT MRS. BEAM'S
A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL,
HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:30.
Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

International Relations Section

Canada and the Great Lakes

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

PUBLIC feeling in Canada is steadily rising against the diversion of Great Lakes water to the Chicago Sanitary Canal. For months the public press throughout the Dominion had been protesting against the behavior of the city of Chicago, and on March 24 the Canadian House of Commons, without a dissenting voice, called upon the United States Government to stop the violation of the Boundary Waterways Treaty of 1909 between the two countries.

In presenting a resolution calling for immediate action, T. L. Church, member for North Toronto, expressed the opinion that Canada had been ignored in regard to the diversion of water at Chicago. "The time has come for a show-down," said the Representative from Toronto, who pointed out that light and power plants were adversely affected in the whole Niagara Peninsula, and that he had received requests from municipalities along the Niagara River, asking him to urge in the House of Commons the necessity for doing something before another season of navigation.

"I am glad to see that a change of opinion has taken place in regard to this matter in the United States," said Mr. Church, as he drew the attention of the House to Secretary Hoover's statement that "a clear breach of the treaty had taken place." Mr. Church urged that Canada file her whole case with the British Government and that the British authorities should then communicate with the United States, presenting the Dominion's claim and asking for action thereon.

The leader of the Conservative Party, the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, declared that he and his party would stand behind the Government and strengthen its hands in any plan which might be adopted in bringing the question to a satisfactory conclusion. Speaking in crisp and biting sentences Mr. Meighen said:

The United States Government and the people of the United States are not much interested in the rights of Canada. We are left to look after our own rights. But the people and the Government of the United States are very much interested in preserving the good-will of the people of Canada. That good-will they regard as a great asset to their nation—an asset which they will be very careful neither to impair nor to lose.

When the whole people of Canada assert themselves on the question of water diversion, then the people of the United States will know exactly what position they will have to take. We have no legal right in this matter in the sense that it could be enforceable in any court, but we have a moral right, a right under the common law established in the Ashburton Treaty.

Mr. Meighen referred to the decision of one court in the United States which, without consulting the Canadian people, proceeded to uphold the legality of the Chicago diversion, notwithstanding the fact that it directly violated treaty rights. It had been stated that of the thirty-six inches by which the levels of the Great Lakes are now lower than normal, six inches were attributable to the Chicago diversion. "It would be very difficult," commented Mr.

Meighen, "to make the Canadian people believe that not more than six inches of a lowering is chargeable to the diversion." And he continued:

If we were a nation of fifty million people, and the United States of a similar population, we would not today be standing at the door of the United States on this question. Canada has pretty consistently protested against this diversion for some time past, and I must admit I cannot see what argument the United States can advance in defense of the diversion. The proper place for the settlement of this dispute is a tribunal already established by both countries—the International Joint Commission. The United States could hardly refuse to put the case before that tribunal; at any rate Canada should put that nation in the position of refusing to submit the case to an international tribunal.

Protests go a certain distance; keeping in close and constant contact is all right; and watchful waiting may have its merits. But these steps do not get us very far. We should at once get in the position where the United States would be at our door in this matter, rather than that we should be at the door of the United States. We should get the matter at once before the International Joint Commission. We must do this now, and I can assure the Government that it will have from this side of the House every possible assistance and cooperation in obtaining a satisfactory solution to this vexed problem.

Major F. G. Sanderson, Liberal member for South Perth, stated that the question was one which vitally concerned the whole Dominion. "The people of Canada are becoming more insistent for a settlement," he declared, "for it is recognized, not only in the United States but throughout Canada, that Chicago had been stealing the water." In closing he expressed the belief that the Government would have strong support if it took vigorous action in the immediate future.

The position of the federal Government was outlined by Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, who expressed himself strongly against the present diversion of water from the Great Lakes by Chicago. He said:

It is my opinion that Canada should take the ground that we will not admit diversion. We are not asking for compensation. We want the water back and nothing else. When in Washington recently I had a conversation with the Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Hoover is most anxious for a solution of this very vexed question. The Government wants the restoration of the whole of the water which has been diverted from the Great Lakes. We are willing to give Chicago a reasonable time to establish a sewage disposal works.

Mr. Hoover is anxious to have the decision of the United States Supreme Court carried into effect, but in Congress a great deal of pressure is being exerted by Chicago and the Mississippi States. The effect of that pressure will be evident within a short while.* In the meantime Canada is fortunate in having behind it the decision of the United States Supreme Court, and it is fortunate in also having the good-will of the United States Cabinet. This is

* The decision referred to was handed down by the Supreme Court January 6, 1925, and limited the diversion of lake water by Chicago, which up to that time had been 10,000 cubic feet per second, to 4,167 cubic feet per second. In March of that year Secretary of War Weeks set 1935 as the time for the reduction to that volume, permitting the diversion of 8,500 cubic feet per second during the ten years which the city was allowed for the construction of a sewage-disposal works. At the present time a case fought by Wisconsin and six other States against water diversion by Chicago is pending in the Supreme Court. Chicago argues that the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction.

"The truest picture of Spain I know in the English Language." *Adela Muñoz, Phila. Ledger.*

Virgin Spain

by WALDO FRANK

"Waldo Frank has opened magic casements on Spain; his book abounds in beauty as constructive as it is illuminating." *Laura Benet, The Literary Digest.*

"He presents with an air of irresistible authenticity, a marvelous conception of the soul of Spain." *William McFee, N. Y. World.*

"The only writing that at the moment occurs to us as similar is Doughty's 'ARABIA DESERTA.'" *Springfield Eve. Union.*

"Few men anywhere have felt so finely or expressed so vividly the soul of another race. Mr. Frank has contributed some splendid chapters to our literature." *The Independent.*

"Popular as were these flash-light glimpses of the personality and spirit of Spain when they appeared separately in various magazines in this country and in Spain, they should win an even wider recognition and appreciation now when all the gleaming parts are correlated in one masterly portrait." *Boston Transcript.*

Second Edition. Octavo. \$3.00

 **BONI & LIVERIGHT**  **Publishers**  **New York**

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE

By Margaret Sanger

Author of

"The Pivot of Civilization"
"Woman and the New Race"

The tragedy of modern marriage is often the result of ignorance and needless misunderstanding. With a profound knowledge of life the author writes of what men and women should know if they would find happiness in or out of marriage.

At all bookstores \$2.00

BRENTANO'S

Publishers

New York

A New Species! The Biography of a Country!

BLACK HAITI

By BLAIR NILES

"A wholly extraordinary book. . . . The narrative method is a delightful invention which places the reader in an Olympian position."—*The Bookman.*

"Brilliant chapters on Haiti's almost incredible rulers; in which Mrs. Niles' distinctive narrative method shows up magnificently. . . . She really ought to patent her sleight-of-hand manner of treating time and space."—*Will Cuppy, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"The great adventures of Toussaint, Dessalines and King Christophe, set down as if the author had gone through campaigns with one of them, witnessed the assassination of another, and accompanied the third through his dramatic rise from slavery to his suicide in the palace of Sans Souci."—*N. Y. Times.*

Illustrated. \$3.50 at all Booksellers.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street

New York

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL BOOK
OF THE YEAR

THE CABALA

by THORNTON NIVEN WILDER

[It has been said that the quotations covering the second edition wrappers of this book give one the impression of an Anatole France story more than any other novel of recent years. There follows a handful of these opinions.]

Time:

"ONE of the most delectable myths that ever issued from the seven hills of Rome. It presents with intimate precision and a strangely appropriate supernatural overtone the richest strata of the oldest center of Western civilization."

New York Sun:

"SOMETHING of the mocking irony of Max Beerbohm's *Savonarola Brown*. Witty and stimulating and thoughtful."

Carl Van Vechten:

"DELIGHTFUL. Almost as amusing as *South Wind*."

New York Times:

"A SIGNIFICANT literary event. His style bears comparison with Pater, Saltus and Cabell."

At all bookstores, \$2.50

Albert & Charles Boni—66 Fifth Avenue, New York

the time, though, when pressure must be exerted by Canada upon the United States Government.

Since the debate in the House of Commons the opinions expressed by representatives of the Government and the Opposition have been vigorously indorsed in the press and on the public platform. At present denunciatory remarks are centered mainly on "the Chicago steal," as it is termed in the press and by public speakers, but there is some resentment expressed concerning the methods adopted by both governments in dealing with a community which has broken an international covenant.

A leading editorial in the *Toronto Globe* of March 25 asserted that

Repeated protests from Canada and from States adjoining the Great Lakes, which have likewise suffered through lowered water levels, have been without effect. The Western metropolis, through delay and indifference, has caused untold loss and inconvenience. Chicago should instal a sewage plant as other communities have been forced to do, and rid itself of the reproach of being an outlaw city. This country has no thought but one of friendship for its neighbor, but it protests as vigorously as possible against continued flouting of its rights under treaty and of the rights of neighboring States—fellow-sufferers—who will refuse to submit forever to Chicago's impudent course.

In other words Canada is asking Uncle Sam to make his bad boy behave and return the stolen goods. The neighbors are not worrying about what punishment is inflicted upon Chicago, but they want their water back, and they want it as quickly as possible.

Von Bernstorff on Disarmament

THE official German position on disarmament was well stated at the meetings in May of the preparatory commission at Geneva by Count von Bernstorff. Only brief accounts of his speech were included in the press dispatches. The following quotation is taken from the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 19:

The Government and public opinion in Germany have watched with much interest and sympathy all attempts of the League of Nations to limit armaments. If these attempts have had no results to the present time, we hope that this conference will introduce a new era in which no competition in armaments will be found, but rather a peaceable competition of peoples along cultural lines. The general interest shown the question of disarmament in Germany has political, military, and economic roots. For moral reasons the attempt must be made to prevent the recurrence of war. This is also good politics, because history teaches that excessive armaments always lead to war. From the point of view of economic conditions no one will doubt that the world, impoverished by the last war, cannot permanently sustain heavy armaments.

If these general reasons offer sufficient cause to hope that this conference will bring about a limitation and reduction of arms, Germany has very special reasons for an interest in these questions. In the preamble to the fifth section of the Treaty of Versailles the chapter on disarmament is preceded by a declaration that this measure is designed to make general disarmament possible. It is also well known that on June 18, 1919, the delegates of Germany and those of the Allied Powers carried on a correspondence from which it was evident that the disarmament of Germany was looked upon as the prelude to a systematic general disarmament through the League of Nations. This was also specially provided for in the Locarno treaties. On the basis of these agreements the German people has completely

SUMMER COURSES IN



JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK announces the opening of summer institutes for Social Workers in addition to its regular course of fifteen months' graduate study in preparation for Jewish social work.

The following courses will be given in the summer of 1926:

Social and Religious Institutions of the Jews....	M. M. Kaplan
History of Early Jewish Community Life.....	L. L. Honor
Modern Jewish History.....	I. B. Berkson
The Field of Jewish Social Service in the U. S....	M. J. Karpf
Aims and Methods of Contemporary Jewish Social Service.....	S. A. Goldsmith
Administration of Jewish Family Case Work Agencies.....	M. J. Karpf
Administration of Jewish Centers.....	H. L. Glucksman
Administration of Jewish Federations.....	M. D. Waldman
Yiddish Language and Literature.....	M. Soltes
Problems of Jewish Adjustment to American Life.....	M. M. Kaplan
Post War Problems of the Jews.....	I. B. Berkson

Write for a Summer Bulletin

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

(Initiated by the National Conference of Jewish Social Service)

210 West 91st Street, New York City

WE ARE NOT OBSCENE



See the JULY issue

Now on all news stands

NEW MASSES

39 West 8th Street

New York

25c. a copy

\$2.00 a year

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS

The National Freethought
TRUTH SEEKER Weekly. Est. 1873.
 G. E. Macdonald, Edr.
 Three mos. Trial, \$1. Sample free.
 Books: Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll. Catalog free.
TRUTH SEEKER CO., 49 Vesey St., New York

German Books a Specialty
W. BEYER, Inc., Books and Art
 Now at 259 5th Avenue
 Bet. 28th and 29th Streets New York

EDUCATIONAL

✻ **Spring Hill** ✻
 A progressive boarding school
 for boys and girls from 6 to 12
 Healthful surroundings Outdoor life Creative
 activity
 MRS. WILLIAM SPINNEY MISS DOROTHY BULL
 Litchfield, Connecticut

Mt. Airy School
 A little school in the country where boys
 and girls from 2 to 12 may learn and grow
 in a world not only of text-books.
 ELIZABETH MOOS MARGARET HATFIELD
 CROTON-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

**Study
 AT
 Home**
 !
 Become More Efficient
 Courses in Mathematics, Chemistry,
 Psychology, Education, Business,
 and 40 other subjects command
 either High School or College
 Credit. Start any time.
 The University of Chicago
 57 Ellis Hall CHICAGO, ILL.

Want someone
 for a position?

Want a position?

The responsive employer and the
 intelligent applicant for employment
 read *The Nation*. Write for rates.
 Dept. W, *The Nation*.

HOME BUILDERS—NOT SPECULATORS

While land at Mt. Airy (Croton-on-Hudson) is selling for considerably
 less than unimproved lots in the surrounding districts, and while the
 Mt. Airy property is steadily increasing in value, we want only HOME
 BUILDERS, not speculators, in this community of artists, writers and
 thinking people.
 We frequently deny applications for land in justice to those already
 home owners at Mt. Airy.
 Beautifully wooded $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1-acre plots—some with river views—still
 available; \$350 and up each or terms; 60 minutes from city; 100 trains
 daily; schools and stores near.

HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., New York
 Chelsea 0432

How about your week-ends?

Northern Westchester is accessible but wild, inexpensive but beautiful.
 Where else can you find lakes, mountains, rivers and good commuting
 within 50 miles of New York? Cottages for rent; houses, farms and
 estates for sale.

Margaret Lane, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. Croton 400

AN AMAZING OFFER TO LABOR
AND LIBERAL ORGANIZATIONS!

Vanguard Press Will Publish New or Old Books for any Labor or
 Radical Group at Only One-Half Cost of Production—
 Wonderful Opportunity for Your Organization.

THE Vanguard Press will finance half of the cost of publishing any
 book that has permanent educational value. This unusual offer is
 extended to local labor unions, international unions, cooperatives, local
 or national political organizations, labor colleges, student groups, forums,
 radical and rationalist leagues, and labor, radical or liberal papers.
 The only requirement is that the book shall be in clear, readable English on a
 subject that is of benefit to the cause of labor and
 progress. These books may be new manuscripts or
 reprints from books now out of print or in high priced
 editions, and involving no copyright obligations.



The Vanguard Press is a
 non-profit publishing
 house established by the
 American Fund for Public
 Service. Officers and
 directors of the Van-
 guard Press are: Roger
 N. Baldwin, Elizabeth
 Gurley Flynn, Clinton
 Golden, Bertha H.
 Maily, Scott Nearing,
 Rex Stout, Jacob Baker,
 and Louis Kopelin.

appreciated. We suggest that you immediately take this matter up with
 your organization or group. First come will be first served. For further
 information write to

Concretely, our offer is to print an edition of 2,000
 copies of a book, on good paper, up to 256 pages,
 and bind it substantially in cloth. The organization
 offering the book is to pay for only 1,000 copies at
 the low price of 25c. per copy, or \$250.00, which is
 less than half of what it would cost to have it printed
 elsewhere. These 1,000 copies will be shipped to the
 organization for it to distribute, while the remaining
 1,000 copies will be circulated by the Vanguard Press
 by including the book in its own popular series of
 social science subjects and educational outlines. The
 title page of a book published under this offer will
 bear the imprints of both the organization sponsoring
 it and the Vanguard Press.

This is an unusual opportunity for an organization
 having ideas to promulgate. The advantages of pub-
 lishing and circulating such ideas in such a distinctly
 permanent form as a cloth bound book will be readily

VANGUARD PRESS, Inc.

70 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Summer Time!

Camps, hotels, summer homes, boarding houses,
 —and those who seek such accommodations

Those who have an apartment they wish to rent

Those who want to rent an apartment

we recommend placing an advertisement in the classified
 section of *The Nation*, as the best means of bringing the
 right person and the right place together. Rates on re-
 quest. Address Dept. C, care of *The Nation*.

BOOKS

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL
 SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.

Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

disarmed. Its effective forces are no longer sufficient to guarantee its national security in the sense of Article 8 of the League of Nations agreement. This obligates every member of the League of Nations to similar disarmament.

We shall be able to reach our goal if all governments show good-will in finding formulas which will make possible the limitation and reduction of arms. This goal will be reached far more easily if the number of questions under consideration is limited. The questionnaire placed before us deals with many interesting problems whose solution is not absolutely necessary to the great problem in hand. In all discussions of the League of Nations "security, justiciability of disputes, and disarmament" play a great role. Since "security" and "justiciability" have been greatly advanced through the treaties of Locarno, the time for the achievement of general disarmament has arrived. It was German initiative which led to the Locarno agreements, and I would like to declare again that our foreign policy is still carried on wholly in the spirit of Locarno. In the same spirit we must approach the solution of the disarmament problem, the most important question which the League of Nations will ever have to solve. Without disarmament the League of Nations will never work successfully. As long as there are on the one hand nations excessively armed and on the other those whose armament is not sufficient for their own security, every decision of the League of Nations will meet with great difficulties. Germany, which has complied so fully with its obligation to disarm, may expect with good reason that the other nations will follow on this path. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

W. L. CLUGSTON is a staff writer on the *Topeka State Journal*.

EDWIN MUIR is the author of "We Moderns."

JOHN A. HOBSON is an English economist and contributing editor of *The Nation*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

LLEWELYN POWYS is the author of "Black Laughter." His latest book is "The Verdict of Bridle-goose."

STUART CHASE, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is acting as special editorial writer for *The Nation*.

PAUL BLANSHARD, field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, is at present attached to the staff of *The Nation*.

GEORGE GENZMER is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY is connected with the *Toronto Star*.

accept
nothing but

(Non Depressant
non Habit Forming)
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

3 Tablets 15c
10 Tablets 40c

Midol
for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

READ MIDAS

By C. H. BRETHERTON

If you are curious about
the future of the U. S.

Or, if you are excited about the Future

Of your Morals? Of your Clothes?
Of your Health? Of your Mind?
Of your Faith? Of Manufacturing?
Of Art? CONSULT Of War?

THE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW SERIES

Send for a full list of these hand grenades
of "literary dynamite." Each volume, \$1.00

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 Fifth Ave., New York

ADULT CAMPS

CAMP TAMIMENT NOW OPEN

FOREST PARK, PA.

For Adults

Nature's Wonder Spot in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania twenty miles from Delaware Water Gap.

All outdoor Sports. Fourteen splendid tennis courts. Delightful bathing. Excellent Food. Dancing and entertainment in glorious hall on shore of lake. Beginning July 5, daily lecture by eminent speakers.

Moderate Rates Make Early Reservations
CAMP TAMIMENT FOREST PARK, PA.
N. Y. phone Stuy. 3094 Phone Stroudsburg 71

Delaware Cliff Lodge

An adult camp for 50 guests in the Mountains
of Northern New Jersey

All Land and Water Sports, Concerts, Dances, Discussions on Interesting Topics, under the Direction of Competent Athletic and Social Directors

Bessie Blumberg, Lodge Director

Write for our Illustrated Literature

1549 Morris Ave., Jerome 9616 Bronx, N. Y.

CAMP MILAN for ADULTS RHINEBECK, NEW YORK

on beautiful Silver Lake in the Berkshires. The comforts
of a hotel and all sports. \$35 a week.

Send for booklet Now.

Address Rhinebeck, New York, or 33 West 17th Street

ACTING AND PLAY PRODUCTION IN ALL OF ITS DETAIL
under a competent director, can be enjoyed gratis
by the guests at Western View Farm, New Milford,
Connecticut. The Farm Theater is now completed.

Address E. G. OHMER, Western View Farm, New Milford, Conn.

Rates \$37.50 a week.

2½ hours from New York

DR. WILL DURANT

author of "The Story of Philosophy"

will lecture twice weekly this summer at

CAMP GREATER UTOPIA

LACKAWAXEN, PA.

1st lecture, July 3rd

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

